NEW SERIES.
VOLUME V.

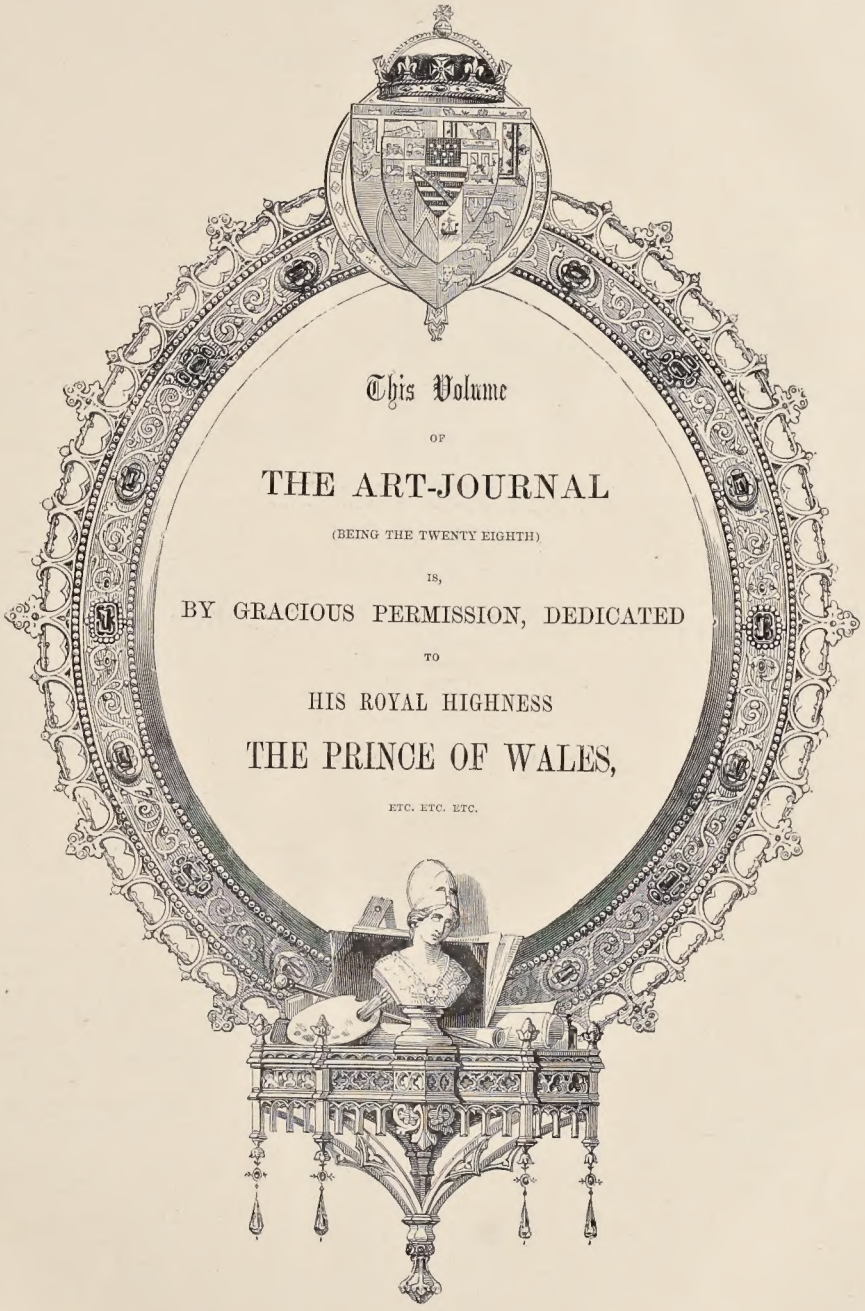
THE

ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON: VIRTUE & CO.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO.
CITY ROAD.



This Volume

OF

THE ART-JOURNAL

(BEING THE TWENTY EIGHTH)

IS,

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION, DEDICATED

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

Y05A+Y.20

4355

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

ENGRAVINGS FROM SELECTED PICTURES.

	PAINTERS.	ENGRAVERS.	PAGE
1. THE ORPHAN	T. Faed, R.A.	*P. Lightfoot*	4
2. PHŒBE MAYFLOWER	R. Gavin, A.R.S.A.	*C. H. Jeens*	12
3. SPRING	T. Webster, R.A.	*— Pelée*	40
4. SUSANNAH	J. R. Herbert, R.A.	*H. Bourne*	48
5. THE CAVALIER	Herring, Bright, and Baxter	*J. C. Armytage*	72
6. CHASTITY	W. E. Frost, A.R.A.	*T. Garner*	76
7. THE TROOPER	Herring, Bright, and Baxter	*C. Cousen*	100
8. NEW SHOES	W. P. Frith, R.A.	*H. Bourne*	116
9. PAOLO AND FRANCESCA DA RIMINI	J. N. Paton, R.S.A.	*R. Graves, A.R.A.*	140
10. THE MAY-POLE	J. Nash	*C. Cousen*	148
11. THE COUNTESS ISABELLE OF CROYE	A. Elmore, R.A.	*J. Stanclife*	172
12. THE BIRD-CATCHERS	W. Hemsley	*R. Brandard*	178
13. THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT	A. Elmore, R.A.	*S. S. Smith*	204
14. THE PARTING	P. F. Poole, R.A.	*F. Bacon*	212
15. "HUSH! ASLEEP!"	J. H. Mann	*J. Franck*	232
16. THE FOUNTAIN	C. L. Muller	*C. Cousen*	240
17. WRECK OFF HASTINGS	J. M. W. Turner, R.A.	*W. Miller*	272
18. SPANISH CONTRABANDISTAS	J. Phillip, R.A.	*W. Ridgway*	288
19. EVENING IN THE MEADOWS	F. R. Lee, R.A., and T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.	*J. Cousen*	298
20. THE STUDENT	J. Meissonier	*E. Gervais*	306
21. THE BREAKFAST-TABLE	T. Webster, R.A.	*G. Greatbach*	330
22. HAY-TIME	D. Cox	*E. Radclife*	344
23. WEARY TRAVELLERS	Rembrandt	*Mauduit*	352
24. THE CONFESSIONAL	Sir D. Wilkie	*T. W. Knight*	364
25. THE POSTBOY	F. Goodall, R.A.	*E. Goodall*	380

ENGRAVINGS FROM SCULPTURES.

	SCULPTORS.		
1. THE SLEEP OF SORROW AND THE DREAM OF JOY	R. Monti	*E. W. Stodart*	20
2. A SIBYL	W. Story	*E. W. Stodart*	54
3. RELIGION	J. Edwards	*R. A. Artlett*	92
4. MONUMENT OF MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. ROBERT BRUCE	J. H. Foley, R.A.	*R. A. Artlett*	156
5. BRITANNIA UNVEILING AUSTRALIA	G. Halse	*E. W. Stodart*	192
6. PART OF THE EAST FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON	J. Henning	*A. R. Freebairn*	230
7. THE MUSE OF PAINTING	J. H. Foley, R.A.	*R. A. Artlett*	256
8. SPORTIVE INNOCENCE	G. Burnard	*G. Stodart*	280
9. CUPID	Sir R. Westmacott, R.A.	*J. Thomson*	320
10. THE FALCONER	W. T. Fry	*J. E. Carew*	372

CONTENTS.

Albert Memorials, 126, 202, 381.
Alfred Casket, Prince, 226.
America, British Art in, 20.
Angelo, Michael, 383.
Archæological Association, British, 322.
Archæological Institute, 94, 127, 290.
Architects' Institute, 127, 195, 383.
Architectural Museum, 94, 382.
Architecture, Hindu, 259.
Architecture in Rome, Etruscan, 201.
Art-Collections for the Provinces, 351.
Art in Continental States:—
- Antwerp, 277, 306.
- Berlin, 154, 190, 381.
- Bombay, 256.
- Bordeaux, 17.
- Brussels, 48, 190, 217, 381.
- Canada, 155, 240, 306, 330, 354.
- Cape Town, 330.
- Carlsruhe, 123.
- Cologne, 48.
- Florence, 381.
- Frankfort, 123.
- Ghent, 48.
- Lille, 277.
- Madrid, 244.
- Melbourne, 255.
- Moscow, 123.
- Natal, 154.
- Nuremberg, 306.
- Paris, 48, 123, 189, 190, 221, 255, 306, 381.
- Rochelle, 190.
- Rome, 123, 154.
- Stockholm, 255.
- Sydney, 277.
- Vienna, 123.

Art in Gold, 18.
Art in Iron, 124.
Art in Parliament, 125, 290, 312.
Art in the Provinces:—
- Aberdeen, 344.
- Barnsley, 91.
- Bath, 192, 285.
- Battle, 322.
- Birmingham, 91, 123, 140, 285, 320, 321.
- Bolton, 54.
- Boston, 192.
- Bradford, 54, 381.
- Brighton, 154.
- Bristol, 225.
- Cambridge, 19, 192, 256, 381.
- Canterbury, 320.
- Chester, 19.
- Cirencester, 19.
- Cork, 19, 256.
- Devizes, 91.
- Devonport, 344.
- Dublin, 192, 195, 256, 381.
- Dudley, 91, 256.
- Dumfries, 320.
- Dundee, 19, 54.
- Dunrobin, 344.
- Edinburgh, 18, 137, 225, 285.
- Exeter, 91.
- Frome, 344.
- Glasgow, 19, 123, 154, 256.
- Halifax, 91.
- Hanley, 212.
- Hull, 91.
- Hulme, 91.
- Ipswich, 285.
- Irvine, 126.
- Keighley, 91.
- Kidderminster, 92.
- Leeds, 20, 192, 289.
- Leamington, 381.

Art in the Provinces:—
- Limerick, 192, 225.
- Lincoln, 20.
- Liverpool, 21, 285, 290, 320.
- Manchester, 20, 54, 123, 192, 322, 344, 381.
- Margate, 259.
- Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 92, 344, 381.
- Nottingham, 123, 225.
- Plympton, 54, 154.
- Portsmouth, 344.
- Preston, 20.
- Radstock, 320.
- Reading, 123, 154, 320.
- Salford, 192.
- Salisbury, 225.
- Scarborough, 20.
- Sheffield, 20.
- Shrewsbury, 344.
- Southampton, 20, 123, 192, 225, 256, 285, 344, 381.
- Stourbridge, 92.
- Strathfieldsaye, 285.
- Streatham, 123.
- Tiverton, 20.
- Torquay, 256.
- Whitehaven, 225.
- Windsor, 10, 123, 285.
- Winscombe, 320.
- Wisbech, 225.
- Witham, 192.
- Wolverhampton, 344.
- Worcester, 123.
- York, 92, 225, 285, 381.

Artists and Amateurs' Society, 94.
Artists' Benevolent Fund Society, 195.
Artists' General Benevolent Institution, 126, 195.
Artists of France, Young, 30.
Artists' Orphan Asylum, 195.
Art-Process, Ghost of an, 251, 269.
Art-Schools, 382.
Art-Season, The, 258.
Art-Union Societies:—
- Birmingham and Midland Counties, 91.
- Crystal Palace, 125.
- Dublin, 381.
- London, 62, 94, 127, 158, 191, 244, 287.
- Parliamentary Committee on, 195, 244.
- Scottish, 285.

Associated Arts' Institute, 31, 382.
Authors of the Age:—
- Campbell, T., 149.
- Cunningham, Allan, 369.
- Edgeworth, Maria, 345.
- Hemans, Felicia, 205.
- Hogg, James, 313.
- Mitford, Mary R., 117.
- More, Hannah, 186.
- Southey, R., 21, 49.
- Wilson, J., 81.
- Wordsworth, W., 245, 273.

Autographs, Heideloff's Collection of, 306.

Bath and West of England Society, 225.
Bird-catchers, 178.
Birmingham Art-Gallery, 31.
Birmingham Arts and Manufactures, 222.
Birmingham Society of Arts, 321.
Birmingham Water-Colour Exhibition, 140.
Bordeaux and its Art-Exhibition of 1865, 17.
Breakfast-table, The, 330.
Bremer, A Memory of Frederica, 53.
Britannia unveiling Australia, 192.
British Institution, 69, 222, 263, 382.
Brooches and Dress Fastenings, 46, 141.
Bruce's Monument, General, 156.
Busts:—
- Fowke, Captain, 126.
- Hill, M. D., 159.
- Hume, J., 323.
- Mulready, W., 322.
- Thackeray, W. M., 30.

Castellani Collection of Gems, &c., 115, 155.
Cavalier, The, 72.
Cestus of Aglaia, 9, 33, 97.
Chandelier by Defries, 62.
Chastity, 76.
Christening Gift, A Royal, 55.
Civil Pensions, 382.
Commons round London, 89.
Communion Plate, 95.
Confessional, The, 364.
Consumption Hospital, Concert for, 227.
Cottage Prints, 95.
Correspondence:—
- Art-Collections for the Provinces, 351.
- Dwellings for the Working-Classes, 287.
- Engravings *v.* Photographs, 351.

Crewe Hall, Destruction of, 62.
Croxden Abbey, Drawings of, 94.
Croziers: how they were carried, 203.
Cruikshank, Testimonial to Mr. G., 159, 195.
Crystal Palace:—
- Art-Union, 125.
- Fire-work Display, 259.
- Picture Gallery, 62, 126, 211.

Cupid, 320.

Delarue's Almanacs, 383.
Dessert Service, Ancient, 226.
Dessert Service for the Prince of Wales, 122.
Donaldson, Professor, 127.
Doré's Bible Illustrations, 122.
Dramatic College Art-Union Album, 355.

Eastlake, Lady, 61, 258.
Ecclesiastical Vestments, 357.
Electro-Metallurgy, 286.
Encaustic and Zopissa, 319.
Engraving, Substitutes for, 87.
Engravings *v.* Photographs, 312, 351.
Etching, 293.
Etna and Vesuvius, 261.
Etruscan Architecture in Rome, 201.
Evening in the Meadows, 298.
Exhibitions:—
- Dudley Gallery, 70.
- Flatou's Gallery, 377.
- French Gallery, 194, 374.
- German Gallery, 377.
- Hildebrandt's Drawings, 30.
- International Society of Fine Arts, 159.
- MacCallum's Pictures, 218.
- McLean's Gallery, 376.
- Morby's Gallery, 288.
- Shaw's Drawings, 53.
- Simpson's Drawings, 258.
- Sketches by Mmes. Bodichon and Bardill, 226.
- Sykes's Drawings, 236.
- Tuscan Paintings, 210.
- Wallis's Exhibition, 375.
- Winter Exhibitions, 373.

Falconer, The, 373.
Faucit (Helen), at St. James's Hall, 227.
Fine-Art Catalogue, Universal, 159.
Flowers, Drawings of Indian, 159.
Fontevrault Effigies, 361.
Footlights in Theatres, 383.
Fountain, The, 240.

French "Exposition Retrospective," 221.
Furniture, Fine-Art Door and Bell, 361.
Furniture, Mediæval, 62.

Gainsborough's Tomb, 30.
Garden Rock-work, 226.
Gems, Castellani's, 115, 155.
Ghost of an Art-Process, 251, 269.
Gibson, John, 61, 90, 113, 226, 353.
Glass: its Manufacture and Examples, 25, 57, 181, 278.
Glass, Salviati's Modern Venetian, 290.
Glass, Stained, 126.
Gold, Art in, 18.
Goldsmith's Studio and Workshop, 155.
Greek Art, Mr. Gladstone on, 45.
Guildhall of London, 31.

Hall by the Sea, 259.
Hanover Square Rooms, 126.
Hay-time, 344.
Heath, Mr. Vernon, 62
Heraldic Art, 30.
Historic Devices and Badges, 13, 109, 241, 325.
Holbein, Hans, 29, 123.
Holmesdale Fine Arts Club, 62, 355.
Houses of Parliament, 29, 158, 290, 378.
"Hush! Asleep!" 232.

Illuminated Scripture Texts, 354.
Industrial Exhibitions:—
  City of London, 124.
  Dublin, 195.
  Dudley, 91, 256.
  Frome, 344.
  Glasgow, 19, 154, 256.
  Hulme, 91.
  Liverpool, 92.
  Manchester, 123.
  Melbourne, 255.
  Metropolitan and Provincial Working-Classes, 30, 290, 319, 344, 382.
  North-East London, 125.
  Preston, 20.
  Radstock, 320.
  Rochelle, 190.
  Shrewsbury, 344.
  Southampton, 123, 225, 285, 344.
  South-East London, 94.
  Staffordshire, 212.
  Stockholm, 255.
  Whitehaven, 225.
  Wisbech, 225.
  York, 285, 381.
International Architectural Congress in Belgium, 277.
International Exhibition of 1867 in Paris, 61, 147, 194, 225, 250, 290, 329, 354.
Iron, Art in, 124.
Isabelle of Croye, 172.

Japanese Armour, 126.
Jewellery of Kabyle, 190.

Keble, Memorial of Rev. J., 290.
Kensington Museum, South:—
  Hall of Arts and Sciences, 125.
  Leda and the Swan, 126.
  Mosaic Decorations, 10, 210.
  Officials, 195.
  Pictures, Condition of the, 158.
  Portrait Exhibition, 55, 126, 353.
  Pulpit, Giovanni Pisano's, 353.
Kirkup, Mr. S. S., 127.

Lady-Artists in Rome, 177.
Law Courts, New, 158.
Leech, Drawings by John, 158.
Letts's Diaries, 30.
Liber Memorialis, 1, 65, 229.
Line Engraving, 158.
Lithography an Auxiliary to Photography, 250.
Litho-Photography, 226.
London (City of) Free Public Library, 61.
Lough Erne, 195.

McConnell, Mr., 323.
Madrid Museum, 244.
Manchester Academy of Arts, 20.
Manchester Architectural Association, 54.
Manchester Institute, 322, 381.
Marble for Sculptors, 154.
Maypole, The, 148.
Medal, Exhibition Prize, 342.
Metals, Preservation of, 300.
Monumental Tablets to Thackeray and Leech, 94.
Monuments:—
  Archbishop of Canterbury, 320.
  Bruce, Major-Gen., 156.
  Carlisle, Earl of, 92.
  Duke of Wellington, 285.
  King of the Belgians, 285.
  Mulready, W., 353.
  Palmerston, Viscount, 125, 290.
Mosaic, Modern Enamel, 257, 322.
Muse of Painting, 256.

National Gallery:—
  Additional Pictures, 225, 322, 379.
  Director, 62, 93.
  Proposed Enlargement, 29, 127, 158, 195, 289, 322.
  Report of the Keeper, 100.
  Restoration of Pictures, 382.
  Trustee, New, 126.
National Museums, 92.
National Portrait Exhibition, 126, 157, 299, 353, 354.
National Portrait Gallery, 195, 318.
Nelson Column, 158, 290.
New Shoes, 116.

Obituary:—
  Bellangé, J. L., 217.
  Carpenter, W. H., 286.
  Dunbar, D., 320.
  Eastlake, Sir C. L., 60.
  Fairholt, F. W., 179.
  Farrer, H., 158.
  Fowke, Captain, 60.
  French, G., 217.
  Gibson, J., 90, 113.
  Gilbert, J. G., 217.
  Grant, W. J., 217.
  Harvey, W., 89, 126.
  Hay, D. R., 331, 362.
  Heim, F. J., 19.
  Howard, F., 286.
  Jaley, J. L., 240.
  Joy, T. M., 240.
  Lebœuf, C. F., 19.
  Leeds, W. H., 217.
  Morten, T., 364.
  Newman, A., 154.
  Newton, Mrs. C., 100.
  Petrie, Dr., 99.
  Richomme, Mme., 180.
  Shenton, H. C., 332.
  Spence, B. E., 364.
  Stewart, J., 19.
  Sykes, G., 153.
  Telbin, H., 332.
  Thompson, J., 153.
Orphan, The, 4.

Painters, Modern Belgian:—
  Claes, C., 266.
  Coomans, J., 302.
  De Block, E. F., 73.
  De Bruycker, F. A., 75.
  De Groux, C., 266.
  De Jonghe, G., 301.
  De Keyser, N., 5.
  Gallait, L., 101.
  Leys, Baron, 197.
  Madou, J. B., 37.
  Portaels, J. F., 133.
  T'Schaggeny, C., 334.
  Van Kuyck, L., 335.
  Van Lerius, J. H., 265.
  Verboeckhoven, E., 333.
  Willems, F., 237.
Palmerston, Monument to Viscount, 125, 290.
Paolo and Francesca da Rimini, 140.
Papier Mâché, 259.
Parian Statue by Minton, 30.
Paris Exhibition of the Beaux Arts, 189.
Part, Dr. 354.
Parthenon: part of the East Frieze, 220.
Parting, The, 212.
Peabody, Mr., 195, 258.
Pencils: how they are made, 349.
Pencils, Poisonous Slate, 258.
Phœbe Mayflower, 12.
Photographic Lenses, History of, 143.
Photographs:—
  Bassano and Davis's, 159.
  Boulton and Watts's Mechanical Pictures, 123.
Photographs:—
  Campo Santo at Pisa, 319.
  Carbonic Drawings, Rawson's, 62.
  Celebrated Pictures, 362.
  Copies of Pictures by Lucas and Groom, 94.
  Kaulbach's Works, 62.
  Madrid Museum, 244.
  Negretti and Zambra's Glass Photographs, 126.
  Portraits by Locke and Whitfield, 289.
  Sarony's, 159, 354.
  Scenery by Frith, 323.
  Scenery by Jeanneret, 323.
  Scenery by Wilson, 290.
  Warwickshire Scenery, 383.
Photography, Optics of, 321.
Photography, Presumed early, 251, 269.
Photography, Sarony's Apparatus, 94.
Photo-relief Printing, 60.
Picture by G. S. Newton, Assumed, 227.
Picture Sales. The Collections of—
  Curling, Mr., 192.
  D'Espagne, Count, 123.
  Flatow, L. V., 157, 220.
  Grundy, R. H., 55.
  Martin, R., 259.
  Miscellaneous, 156, 220.
  Moore, McQueen, & Co., 191.
  Old Masters, 220.
  Pennell, G., 220.
  Reid, J., 191.
  Rogerson, G. B., 191.
  Soames, Rev. W. A., 156.
  Unwin, W., 354.
  Water-Colour Drawings, 124.
Pictures:—
  Aurora Borealis, Harvey's, 127.
  Burning of Santiago Cathedral, Hughes's, 290.
  Death of Nelson, Maclise's, 126.
  Deserted (The), W. W May's, 126.
  Falls of the Niagara, Mignot's, 259.
  Festival of St. Swithin, H. Hunt's, 289.
  Land of the Lotus Eaters, Duncanson's, 93.
  Life and Death of Buckingham, Egg's, 95.
  Palissy the Potter, Mrs. E. M. Ward's, 116.
  Portrait of the Queen for Mr. Peabody, 258.
  Riots in Hyde Park, Hughes's, 354.
  Rocky Mountains (The), Beierstadt's, 190.
  Studios of Painters, Ballantine's, 29.
  Where they crucified Him, Morris's, 94.
Polytechnic Institution, 256.
Porcelain, Lowestoft, 305.
Porcelain, Marryat's Collection, 289.
Portfolios, Harvey's, 30.
Postboy, The, 380.

Raffaelle's Cartoons, 29.
Religion, 92.
Restorations, 34.
Reviews:—
  Abbeys of the Border, Ruined, 31.
  Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, 32.
  Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression, &c., 95.
  Antwerp, Visit to, 196.
  Archers' Register, 196.
  Architecture, Glossary of, 356.
  Architecture of Ahmedabad, 250.
  Architecture, Village and Cottage, 291, 384.
  Art, Essays on, 228.
  Art, Philosophy of, 127.
  Atlantic Telegraph, 64.
  Aunt Margaret's Trouble, 324.
  Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, 96.
  Autographic Mirror, 96.
  Awake or Dreaming, 260.
  Beautiful in Nature and Art, 259.
  Benaiah: a Tale of the Captivity, 324.
  Bewick Collector, 268.
  Bible Dictionary, 196, 356.
  Bible Illustrations, 122.
  Bible Texts explained by Monuments, 356.
  Biblical Literature, Cyclopædia of, 260
  Birmingham and its Products, 318.
  Book of Gems, 355.
  Boulton and Watt, Lives of, 160.
  Bremer (F.) in Sweden, 228.
  British Workman, 96.
  Byron, Selections from, 228.
  Cast away on the Auckland Islands, 228.
  Children's Books, 32.
  Children's Friend, 128.
  Christian, Portrait of Prince, 226.

Reviews:—
Christian Symbols, Handbook of, 64.
Church Furniture, Decorations, &c., 355.
Clifton and other remarkable Suspension Bridges, 96.
Continental Guide-Books, 228.
Dante's Divine Comedy, 96.
Diamond Dust, 128.
Dictionary of Dates, Haydn's, 128.
Dole of Maluga, 292.
Drawing from Nature, 95.
Elijah the Prophet, 96.
English Poets, Passages from Modern, 64.
Ephemera, 160.
Ethics of the Dust, 63.
Fairy Realm, 127.
Ferns, British and Foreign, 324.
Fine Arts' Quarterly, 323.
Flemish Relics, 31.
Foliage, Anatomy of, 160.
Glass Painting, 95.
Griset's Grotesques, 384.
Gulliver's Travels, 184.
Herald and Genealogist, 291.
Holbein und Seine Zeit, 291.
Home Treasures, 63.
Illumination, Art of, 383.
Illumination, Handbook of the Art of, 342.
Ingelow's Poems, 384.
Island of the Rainbow, 32.
Legends of Croquemitaine, 384.
Jingles and Jokes, 32.
Kings and Queens of England, 196.
Lamb of God, 128.
Life of Man, 63.
Lights in Art, 31.
Little Songs for me to Sing, 64.
Luther, Scenes in the Life of, 64.
Lyrical Fancies, 63.
Magic Lantern, 384.
Marmion, 31.
Mehemet, the Kurd, 128.
Millais's Illustrations, 64.
Munchausen, Baron, 63.
My Beautiful Lady, 64.
My First Sermon, 63.
Nature and Art, 292.
Norman Conquest, Stories of the, 31.
Normandy, its History, &c., 324.
Oberland and its Glaciers, 323.
Old Merry's Annual, 128.
Our Children's Pets, 136.
Painters, A Century of English, 227.
Painters and Engravers, Dictionary of, 259.
Painter's Camp in the Highlands, 260.
Painting in Italy, New History of, 196.
Photographs of the American War, 127.
Piano-forte, A Little Book about the, 260.
Pictures of Society, 32.
Poems, Armstrong's, 32.
Portraits, Gossip about, 260.
Portraits of Men of Eminence, 31.
Pottery Marks and Monograms, 196.
Prince Christian, Portrait of, 226.
Prince of the Fair Family, 372.
Prince of Wales's Marriage, 323.
Proverbial Philosophy, 292.
Provincial Papers, 324.
Queen and her Grandson, The, 62.
Queen's Messenger, 128.
Raffaelle's Frescoes, Prints of, 356.
Records of 1865, 128.
Recreations of a Country Parson, 228.
Rome, Ancient and Modern, 258.
Round of Days, 76.
Shakspeare, Songs of, 160.
Signboards, History of, 336.

Reviews:—
Snooded Jessaline, 64.
Songs for Children, 40.
Spain, Travels in, 292.
Stories told to a Child, 96.
Sunday Reader, 356.
Sussex; its History, &c., 260.
Swiss Scenery, 218.
Tower of London, Memorials of, 292.
Transatlantic Sketches, 63.
Up the Elbe, 128.
Washington receiving a Salute, 228.
Watson, Life of M. L., 379.
Wayside Posies, 384.
Westmoreland and Cumberland, Handbook of, 324.
Wilson, Sketches by Richard, 356.
Winter's Tale, Scenes from the, 64.
Wordsworth's Poems for the Young, 64.
Yorkshire: its Abbeys and Castles, 31.
Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst, 324.
Rimmel's Almanac, 383.
Ritualism and Art, 297.
Rome, Lady Artists in, 177.
Royal Academy:—
Banquet, 194.
Cooper, Mr. A., 382.
Distribution of Medals, 29.
Election of Members, 194, 225.
Exhibition, 161.
Gibson's Bequest, 93.
Hangers, 95, 382.
Lectures, 29, 61, 72, 94, 98, 147, 178, 382.
Presentation of Books, &c., 127.
Presidentship, 61, 93.
Proposed Reform, 125, 158, 193.
Removal, 221, 289, 322.
Schools, Opening of the, 353.
Secretary, Resignation of the, 290, 382.
Royal Hibernian Academy, 381.
Royal Scottish Academy, 18, 137.
Royal Scottish Association, 285.

St. Paul's, 29, 289.
Savoy Chapel, 62.
Scandinavian Art, 290.
Scharf's Lectures on Portraits, 126.
Schools of Art:—
Bath, 285.
Boston, 192.
Bradford, 381.
Cambridge, 19.
Cirencester, 19.
Cork, 19.
Devizes, 91.
Dundee, 54.
Exeter, 91.
Female, 61, 94.
Glasgow, 123.
Halifax, 91.
Ipswich, 285.
Keighley, 91.
Kidderminster, 92.
Lambeth, 45.
Leamington, 381.
Leeds, 20.
Lincoln, 20.
Manchester, 344.
Nottingham, 123, 225.
Reading, 123, 154, 320.
Sheffield, 20.
Shrewsbury, 344.
Southampton, 20, 256, 381.
Stourbridge, 92.
Torquay, 256.
West London, 323.
Winscombe, 320.

Schools of Art:—
Wolverhampton, 344.
Worcester, 123.
York, 381.
Science and Art Department, 290, 382.
Sculpture by C. E. Smith, 290.
Sculptures, Injury to National, 322.
Seals, Ancient Scottish, 290, 304.
Sibyl, A, 54.
Sleep of Sorrow and Dream of Joy, 20.
Society of Arts, 30.
Society of British Artists, 145, 322, 353.
Society of Female Artists, 56, 94, 383.
Spanish Contrabandistas, 288.
Sportive Innocence, 280.
Spring, 40.
Statuette of 'The Smith,' 383.
Statues:—
Bacon, Lord, 31.
Barry, Sir C., 93.
Cobden, 30, 62, 290.
Cœur-de-Lion, 354.
Combermere, Viscount, 19.
Eglinton, Earl, 381.
Fielden, J. 383.
Franklin, Sir J., 383.
Guinness, T. H., 61.
Herbert, Lord, 61, 126, 323.
Hill, Sir R., 159.
Josephine, Empress, 255.
Locke, J., 91.
Macaulay, Lord, 381.
Marsh, Sir H., 354, 381.
Marvell, A., 62.
Northbrook, Lord, 344.
Oastler, R., 54.
O'Connell, D., 29, 192, 322, 381.
Palmerston, Viscount, 20, 133, 192, 226.
Prince Consort, 277, 285.
Queen, The, 306, 344, 354.
Schinkel, 190.
Scott, Lord John, 159.
Seaton, Lord, 344.
Sutherland, Duke of, 344.
Watt, J., 320.
Webb, J., 192, 256.
Young Dancing-Girl Reposing, 383.
Statues, Our Public, 332.
Student, The, 306.
Susannah, 48.

Trooper, The, 100.
Turner's Hidden Drawings, 258.

Valentines, Rimmel's, 95.
Visits to the Paradise of Artists, 41, 77, 105, 129, 213, 233, 281, 307, 337, 365.

Wall-Paintings at Battle, 322.
Water-Colour Painters, Institute of, 175, 373.
Water-Colour Painters, Society of, 11, 126, 173.
Weary Travellers, 352.
Wedgwood, Mr. De la Rue's Collection, 322.
Wedgwood, Life of, 322.
Wellington Monument, 125.
Westminster Abbey, 29, 195, 289, 322.
Westminster Chapter-house, 195.
Wiertz, M., 217.
Wife's Portrait, The, 204.
Windsor Castle, Albert Chapel in, 10, 123.
Wood-carving, 112.
Wood-carvings at Gatton, 258.
Wood-engraving, A Substitute for, 16.
Wood's Statue of the Queen, 306, 354.
Workhouses, &c., Art in, 30.
Working-Classes, Dwellings for the, 287.
Wreck off Hastings, 272.
Wright of Derby, 352, 377.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



London, January 1, 1866.

LIBER MEMORIALIS.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

PREFACE.

THIS is intended to be a memorandum-book of those natural facts which concern artists and all who study or talk about Art. I select the form of periodical publication for the first appearance of this work, because it is impossible to get the materials into proportionate order before the whole is completed; and a periodical will allow me to recur to any portion of my subject if the acquisition of fresh matter should at any time render such recurrence desirable. The work cannot, in its first form, be altogether orderly; but this fault may be corrected in a reprint, and an endeavour will be made to keep materials as much as possible together, under definite headings, so that each chapter may have a kind of separate completeness, like an essay.

"Liber Memorialis" simply means a memorandum-book, as every male reader will know; but as an unfriendly critic might make the remark that it would have been wiser to avoid a title which recalls the *Liber Veritatis* of Claude, and the *Liber Studiorum* of Turner, it may be necessary to observe, that whilst no notion could be more remote from me than any hope of, or pretension to, rivalry with those famous artists on artistic grounds, I may reasonably hope, in the course of this work, to direct attention to many facts of nature which were not illustrated either in the *Liber Veritatis* or the *Liber Studiorum*; and in this sense the present work will no doubt be an advance on its predecessors, just as the labours of a very humble living geologist are an advance upon those of far more distinguished and talented geologists who have been for some time dead. The knowledge of nature is accumulative: we build upon the labours of past generations, and the men of the future will build upon our own. To stand as we do now, on what is for the present the highest tableland, raised by the labour of centuries, is indeed matter for thankfulness, but not for vanity. All that we are we owe to the dead; even our most original discoveries would never have been made by us if we had not been prepared for them by inherited results of ancient toil. To add nothing of our own to this great inheritance of humanity would indeed be unworthy of us; but though we give a little branch to knowledge, we have scarcely more reason to be proud of our individual achievements than the coral zoophytes of theirs.

I limit myself very strictly to the artistic method of study. So far as science can serve me, I am ready to accept its aid; but when a fact does not visibly affect such appearances as Art deals with, it does not belong to my department of observation. It is only on these terms that a writer on Art, who is at the same time a practical artist, can ever hope to master the very numerous kinds of knowledge that he needs. He needs something of literature, to know the subjects treated by artists who illustrate literature, and to make readable writings of his own; something of half a dozen sciences. But happily his researches in these fields may in every case be rigorously limited, and he *must* limit them. My rule has been to get a painter's knowledge of these subjects, and I neither aim at more nor hope for more.

INTRODUCTION.
ON THE ARTISTIC OBSERVATION OF NATURE.

1. *How artistic sight differs from ordinary sight.*—Men are so constituted that they see only those aspects of things to which their attention actively directs itself. True seeing is never a consequence of the passive reception of impressions, but of active looking only. To look energetically we must consciously look *for* something—some object, or fact, or quality. If you have no aim in observation, you will see nothing and remember nothing; if you have an aim, you will see that which you look for, but no more.

Now, the difference between artistic sight and ordinary sight is occasioned by the fact that mankind generally do not look for those truths and qualities which artists look for. There is an unfortunate tendency in persons living habitually outside of Art to consider themselves contemptuously treated when we take it for granted that they are not likely to see, in the artistic sense of the word, so truly as we see, who have devoted our lives to that particular kind of looking. I desire to establish the distinction in the most decided manner; and yet to do so, if possible, without conveying to the unartistic reader the notion, which is entirely foreign to my thoughts, that his presumed incapacity to see, in the artistic sense, implies, in my conception, any degree of intellectual inferiority in him. Those who see artistically have necessarily purchased the faculty by a great expenditure of time; nor does it imply any general inferiority in others that they have devoted their hours to other objects. It is the business of artists to see artistically; it is the bounden duty of all who write on Art to learn to see in that manner; it is the happiness of all true amateurs; but it can never be considered a power necessary to humanity generally, nor a virtue indispensable to a blameless human life. But though I wish it to be understood that nothing can be more remote from my thoughts than any feeling of contempt for the millions of active and respectable persons who are, in the artistic sense, permanently blind; yet, at the same time, I may be permitted to express great regret that they should not be better aware of this. Their entire unconsciousness of deficiency in this direction leads them frequently to form estimates which are grossly unjust, and to use their influence in such a manner as to render their very possession of influence a misfortune. And yet this unconsciousness is inevitable. Let us only reflect how impossible it is that any human creature devoid of a sense should be able to conceive of it. Persons to whom red and green are the same colour live on for years in happy ignorance of their deficiency; nor do they, even after accident has revealed its existence to others, realise in their own minds the extent of their privation. When we possess a faculty in some minor degree, we are able to conceive of the existence of the same faculty in some more intense degree; but when we do not possess the same faculty *at all*, we are not able to realise what it is. For example, recollections of our boyhood may enable most of us to form some idea of the enjoyment of their own agility felt by monkeys when they throw themselves from branch to branch; but no recollections, no reflection, no dramatic force of insight into a foreign nature can enable the wisest of us to feel for one moment, or for one moment to understand or appreciate, the fierce joy of a young tiger when his strong jaws first tear the living flesh. And there may be senses possessed by other animals even on this planet, or by creatures intellectually our equals in other worlds, so totally inconceivable by us, that we cannot form the remotest notion of what they may be. Just so unknown, so inconceivable, are the æsthetic senses to those who have them not.

Men use their eyes as channels of information about what they want to know. You want to know the hour, and you look at the clock; you are a farmer, and you look at the sky to see whether it will rain; you are a lady, and anxious to see whether your rival has as good lace or as fine diamonds as your own, and you give keen glances to ascertain the fact. If I am careless about the time, I may look at the public clock and not see the hour it marks; if the weather is out of my mind, I may look at the sky and read on it no prognostics; and, as I am not a lady, lace and diamonds may float and glitter before me without leaving any impression of their value. The eyes are discreet servants: they only tell us what we want to know.

It is an optical fact, easily proved, that no two men ever saw the same rainbow. It is an æsthetic fact, scarcely more difficult of proof, that no two men ever saw the same appearance in any object whatever. What men will see is determined beforehand by very complex conditions of faculties, experience, and education. That is why no natural scene is ever exhausted ground; a new artist coming to it will discover new material in it. Landscape painters go in crowds to the same places—Bettws-y-coed, the Highlands, the Lake District, the Valley of Chamouni, the Roman Campagna—and fresh generations may go there for centuries, they will never use them up. On the other hand, what one sees another cannot see. That which is as plain to you, as a closed turnpike gate to a coachman on his box, may be as invisible to me as a thread of gossamer in twilight.

If there are wide differences in this respect between artists and artists, still wider must be the difference between men trained as artists and the laity who have never devoted their time to the study of Art in a practical manner at all. The world in general—seldom thinking about beauty, not intending to paint, nor looking at nature with reference to Art—either does not see the æsthetic aspects of nature at all, or only sees them in disconnection, and without those ever-present counter-facts which the artist cannot at his peril for one moment overlook. What we call ordinary sight is not by any means all of one kind, but varies with our desires and our infor-

mation. It may be broadly classed together, however, in this connection, as non-artistic, in opposition to that which is artistic. The non-artistic sight is penetrating, seeking always some special fact; the artistic sight is receptive, trying to grasp all the facts, so far as they are visible, yet no farther. This attempt at universal receptiveness, though all honest artists make it, is nevertheless doomed to eternal insuccess, as every artist is narrow in comparison with the immensity of nature—narrow, I mean, not only in comparison with the universe, but with the Spirit which pervades every fragment and detail of the universe.

This theory will account for the wide difference of taste which severs artists from the world. What pleases the people best is that which gives evidence of the qualities they most admire and approve; the qualities admired and approved by the *bourgeois* mind are wealth and order and cleanliness, *not* artistic feeling and invention. It results from this, that in buildings and furniture the *bourgeois* mind will always seek first for the expression of wealth and order and cleanliness, whereas these qualities are compatible with an entire absence of intelligence and taste and invention, for which the *bourgeois* mind cares infinitely less. Now, to the artistic eye, the costliness or cheapness of an object is always a matter of the most supreme indifference. A statue may be hateful and bad, though of pure gold; and a sketch in common modelling clay may be precious and beloved as a treasure, if it is only good Art. Order* hardly ever seems to artists to compose well (remember the litter in Rubens' pictures, and the foregrounds of Turner's pictures). Cleanliness has seldom so great a charm as the pathos and sublimity which exclude cleanliness; the cottages of the rustic poor are more pleasing to artists than the parlours of the prosperous middle classes; and gipsies on the march suit them better than gentlemen in a drawing-room. It is evident from this difference in taste between artists and the *bourgeois* world that there must be a wide difference in the things they look for and like to see, and hence just as wide a difference in the things or qualities they actually *do* see.

2. *That ordinary seeing may be blindness in the artistic sense.*—Not to see anything is, so far as that particular thing is concerned, equivalent to blindness. That ordinary sight is blindness in the artistic sense, is very easily proved. When people talk of learning to draw and paint, they ought rather to say they are learning to *see*, for that is the main object of artistic education. Beginners in drawing continually give proof that the uneducated eye scarcely sees at all in the artistic sense. They cannot see the proportions of things, they cannot see the true colours of things, they cannot see the relations of things. Forms which to an educated eye are obvious, the beginner does not indicate. If you are working from nature, your drawing, after making due allowance for the necessities of interpretation, is the accurate measure of your seeing; if you work from memory, your drawing is the measure of your power of recollection.

3. *That the faculty of artistic sight is to be acquired only by active artistic observation.*—Artistic sight is not a natural faculty, but is acquired artificially. There is, no doubt, a natural gift which enables some men to acquire the faculty more readily than others; and there are wide differences in the degrees to which men are capable of cultivating themselves; but notwithstanding the fact of the existence of genius, it is certain that no man, without educating himself or being taught by another, ever sees artistically. Artistic education gradually reveals nature to us æsthetically, and develops in us a new sense. Writers who have themselves never been educated artistically often deny this, and say that the "eye of the artist" is no better than their own. They may enjoy natural beauty in some measure without this education, and they may feel much and truly, but they cannot see artistically without artistic training. At the same time, the mere habit of looking at pictures is much, though practical drawing in addition to it is a great advantage.

4. *Utility of practical work in artistic observation.*—Practical work is chiefly useful because it fixes our attention, and takes it surely over the whole field. It is well known that if you have lost anything in an open place, the best way to find it is to divide the ground in small squares by cords, number the squares, and examine each one separately. So, if you make a careful study of any natural object, you insure a thorough examination of it, and you can insure it by no other means. It takes time to see anything artistically. The time required by a careful study compels you to look at the object long enough to learn something about it, which, under other circumstances, no human being would have the patience to do. When Ingres painted the Duke of Orleans, he stipulated for a hundred and fifty sittings, and so had time, let us hope, to study his royal highness's face.* Without the practical object of painting a portrait, no man would stare earnestly at another man's face for hundreds of hours. Still less would any one thoroughly examine the details of a landscape.

Practical work is useful also for the constant comparison it forces us to make. The qualities of things are impressed upon us by nothing so strongly as by comparison. In merely looking at nature, we compare nothing, or at the best only one part of nature, with another part, but in working actively, we continually compare our bad work with Nature's exquisite work, and so become much more acutely alive to the infinite beauty of the latter.

I believe that every reader who has drawn much will agree with me, that he knew nothing about the objects most familiar to him until he had drawn them. I have had a striking illustration of this in my own recent experience. Though long accustomed to a country life, and (in a very small way) an owner of horses and cows, I never knew anything accurately about these animals until two years ago, when I began to make studies of them with a view to painting. Indeed I may very truly say that until last year I had never beheld an ox or a cow artistically at all, and, being clearly aware of this, postponed writing a projected article on Rosa Bonheur from the humiliating conviction that although living summer and winter on a large French farm, and intimately familiar with all the oxen on it, and their labours, personally friendly with them even, and calling them by their names, I had not yet, in the deep critical and artistic sense, *seen* them.

The best way to know anything about an object, is to draw it over and over again in all its aspects. After that, whether we lose our drawing or not, does not much matter; we shall know the thing we have drawn, and know it in a manner of which no person who cannot draw is able to form any conception.

5. *That artistic observation may be, and usually is, very limited in its field.*—Even the best artists see only partially; the nearer they approach to universality the better the work they do: still, even the very best are limited. The taste and knowledge of their contemporaries usually erect impassable barriers around artists. If there is no feeling or desire for a certain order of truth on the part of the public, the artist will have no stimulus to study that order of truth; nay, if he does study and render it, he will incur insult and abuse, and be thereby driven back into the line of subject and treatment which his contemporaries understand. There is a belief amongst figure painters, that if you draw the figure well you will, of necessity, draw anything else well. No belief could be less consistently supported by experience. Whatever their powers of draughtsmanship, men only draw those things well which they have seriously studied. What figure painter ever drew the figure more tenderly and delicately than Leonardo da Vinci? Yet his landscape, considered as a representation of nature, is puerile; it is even occasionally ludicrous. And the landscape of Reynolds, even that of Gainsborough, though always pleasant in tone and suitable as a variously tinted surface behind figures, how deficient it is in definite knowledge of natural objects! They never drew the fracture of a rock, nor the build of a tree trunk, still less the anatomy of a mountain. And in our own day, what school of painting has devoted itself most consistently and laboriously to form? The French school. And what artist of that school has, by the admission of all his contemporaries, most successfully reached the special aim of the school? Ingres. Yet the landscape design of Ingres (considered simply as *design*, and setting aside all question of colour and effect, to which he has no pretension) is entirely worthless. We have a hundred landscape painters who can *draw* landscape better than Ingres, yet Ingres is called the high priest of form, and landscape painters are usually considered to be ignorant of drawing.

Is there any particular kind of Art which in our day has afforded a proof of the limitation of previous artistic observation? Yes; the introduction of pure topography in landscape has proved that former landscape painters have never accurately rendered the forms of natural scenery. The lowness of hills, the slight degree of steepness in lines that seemed nearly vertical, the comparative insignificance of features which formerly appeared so important that every artist enormously exaggerated them, the general length of horizontal measurements in proportion to vertical measurements; these are modern discoveries which prove to us in a manner not to be gainsaid, by the aid of demonstrations which cannot be disputed, that all previous landscape painters have drawn landscape with a degree of inaccuracy so gross, that it would have been rejected at once by the public if this violent distortion and exaggeration of natural forms had not its reason in some deep-seated want or passion of the ordinary human mind. Even at this day, true topographic landscape is considered false, and careless sketching true, and it requires extraordinary manual skill, or the choice of scenery in itself of extraordinary natural

* I mean what the *bourgeois* mind understands by order. There is in every true artist an intense love of a far nobler and profounder order: every good picture, however seemingly careless in its arrangement, is, in fact, an example of noble order.

* If we may believe Alphonse Karr. I have read elsewhere that the number of sittings *actually given* was eighty.

grandeur, to make truth of design in landscape acceptable. Until within the last few years, no natural scene was ever drawn as it is; yet the art of drawing is by no means so recent. I think that this affords sufficient evidence that even general powers of design are not enough to make one see a special object truly.*

The reader who has himself studied topographically will believe this at once, or rather not believe it, but *know* it for himself already; others, who have made no experiment on the matter, may prefer to take what they may consider the painted evidence of hundreds of excellent landscape painters, and reject these verbal assertions. The evidence in my favour is, however, patent, and easily tested. Photography, being topographic, proves very much, but any one may ascertain how false are the popular landscape forms by simply marking the chief lines of a hilly landscape on a pane of glass held up between him and the scene. I hope to give engraved illustrations of some curious experiments connected with this subject in a future paper.

6. *That intense clear-sightedness is compatible with partial blindness.*—This follows from the preceding proposition, but it is well to insist on it separately as a warning. English artists are intensely clear-sighted as to surface and detail, but they are often blind to matters of equal if not higher importance, to facts which more closely affect unity. French artists are, as a body, clear-sighted as to constructive truth in figures and animals, but blind to the truths of colour and to constructive truths in landscape. In Art we easily perceive the blindness of others, but do not so easily detect our own; if we began to be aware of it, that dawning consciousness would be a proof that our darkness was passing away, and the light of fresh truth breaking in upon us.

7. *Difficulty of finding out when we are ourselves artistically blind.*—There is a pretty theory that the spirits of the dead may often be with us in our daily life, but that the dulness of our grosser sense hinders us from beholding our ethereal visitants. Thackeray made use of a similar belief about fairies, and said that artists were enviable people who could *see the fairies* when others saw only what was commonplace and familiar. The difference between artists and others is indeed something as great as this, but not every artist sees *all* the fairies,—some only see fairies of quite an inferior rank. Let us pray that the best of beautiful spirits may become visible to us. How can we know how many may still be invisible? The only safe or progressive condition of an artist is to look at the world everywhere and every day with the humble hope and expectation of being permitted to see some new beauty and wonder there. Even in the things most familiar to us, there are yet a thousand discoveries to be made. Let us look at them always with untiring interest and curiosity. However successful as observers of nature, however famous as artists, let us humbly believe, what is most assuredly true, that with reference to very much of natural truth and beauty we are even yet in darkness! This is our only possible chance of getting to see more; but if we believe, as some do, that the whole truth is visible to us, the little we know will close round us like a prison, and the universe, for us, will narrow itself to the dimensions of a cell.

8. *Utility of advice from many artists.*—A good way of finding out where we are blind is to encourage many artists to criticise our work frankly in our own hearing. They will express opinions in direct contradiction with each other, and cause, perhaps, some degree of confusion in our own; but we shall hear, from time to time, some suggestion that will lead us to fresh observations and discoveries. Any one who has really studied nature for himself is likely to have seen something that no one else has seen. Let us encourage him to tell us what that thing is, so that we also may get leave to see it. Every new friend who will tell us what his own observations have been may be as good as a new pair of eyes to us.

9. *Critical study of many schools.*—Artists record their observations in their works: the greater the variety of pictures we have the opportunity of studying, the better our chances of meeting with enlarging suggestions. Hence, the critical study of pictures may be an important part of the education even of the practical artist. It is likely, at least, to save him from the besetting danger of narrowness. He will learn how various are the aims of Art, and select for himself those aims which are at the same time most compatible with his own powers, and most in harmony with his natural feelings and affections. One or two pictures by Constable, exhibited in Paris at a time when a new school of landscape was beginning to form itself amongst the younger men, sufficed to give a special direction to the efforts of that school, and their influence, transmitted through other minds, has not yet spent itself.

10. *Discoveries.*—It is for the advantage of Art, and conducive to its extension, that artists should be on the look out for discoveries in the realms of nature, and led to pride themselves on such discoveries, by the public encouragement and applause. This tendency is, on the whole, eminently beneficial by the increased stimulus it affords to all observation of nature, and by the increased interest of the very various Art which is called into existence by the desire to record discoveries worthily. At the same time, however, the love of discovery is not unaccompanied by its peculiar dangers. A consequence of it, very watchfully to be guarded against, is the habit of undervaluing truths, long and commonly known, which, nevertheless, may be just as valuable as the new, whilst it is probable that they will be even yet more necessary. For example, the maxims which filled such works as those of Burnet being universally known to, and long accepted by, the world of Art, and whose general utility no reasonable man will be disposed to question, have of late years fallen into neglect, and even into something like contempt, because the recent discoveries of our younger school have turned men's minds away from them. So far as such maxims assume the rigidity of rules, it is indeed a thankworthy service to prove practically that they may safely be dispensed with; but if they pretend to no higher character than suggestions for artistic convenience, it is as well to give them the attention which the experience of former generations seems to show that they deserve. When tradition is evidently in opposition to natural truth, or even when obedience to it would hinder us from recording some truth unforseen by our predecessors, the tradition ought, unquestionably, to give way; but when it compels us to no falsity, and restrains us from the pursuit of no veracity, it ought, at least, to be respectfully considered.

To this warning may be added another of an opposite character, yet equally necessary. The stupid opposition to discovery is at least as blameworthy as the too self-reliant independence of tradition. There are whole classes of persons concerning themselves with the Fine Arts, and very influential classes too, who systematically deny the merit of what is new, merely because it has not the authority of precedent. Whatever may be the necessity for precedent in the law, it is quite unnecessary in Art. If you have produced true and noble work of a kind for which there is a precedent, you have done well; but if you have produced equally true and noble work which is without precedent, you have done still better, and deserve not less honour and credit, but more honour, more respect, more serious consideration, on account of the greater originality needed for work, in the execution of which you have not profited by the guidance of example.

11. *The art of making observations.*—An artistic observation must always be made according to a certain method and for some especial purpose. The most useful observations are those made to ascertain some particular truth about which we want to be quite sure: for example, if I am painting an ox in my studio, and wishing to be right about the motion of a muscle in action, go into the road and walk by the side of an ox for ten minutes to see the action of that muscle, it is probable that the observation will be more profitable to me than a merely vague and general survey of the movement of the whole animal. Observations may, however, be synthetic, and, indeed, they naturally class themselves under the two heads of analysis and synthesis; but when synthetic, they are intentionally so, the one condition of a valuable observation being that it shall have been made with a purpose.

Observations are of little value without comparison: indeed, without comparison the memory cannot retain their results. And in order that this comparison may be possible, it is necessary to note all those conditions under which each observation, in any way likely to affect its result, was taken. The value of observations, unlike that of most possessions, increases with their abundance: the more we possess of them, the more valuable each becomes, because the more light is thrown upon it. It is necessary in making observations to guard against the natural tendency to the exaggeration which comes of excitement, and to divest ourselves as far as possible of that kind of enthusiasm which, once satisfied of the existence of a fact, has no longer the impartiality necessary to test its value with precision.

12. *The discrepancy between clear observation and defective performance to be attributed to weakness of the memory.*—There is a common injustice in criticism against which we all ought to guard ourselves. It is often said of painters, who, in their performance, visibly fall short of the truth, that they cannot see, or have not noticed the truth. It is very possible, however, they may have studied the facts with care, and observed them with perspicacity. Critics forget that between the moment when an artist sees an effect or a group in nature, and the moment when his completed picture leaves his easel, there is usually an interval of weeks or months

* Some critics have spoken of my own work as topographic. I have tried to do pure topography, but soon abandoned it for two reasons—first, the drawing, though demonstrably accurate, never satisfied any unprepared spectator; second, it never satisfied myself. After that I determined to draw landscape as it appeared to me, in a simple unreasoning frame of mind. To produce pure topography one must be in a highly artificial and self-conscious state of the coldest scientific tranquillity.

during which he has his memory alone to rely upon, if we except some slight memorandum, such as may be hastily scrawled in his note-book. Between seeing and doing there is a great gulf, and the difficulty is how to get the materials safely across it. Memory is the ferry-boat; but most people's memories are boats of very small tonnage, and many of the truths of nature are inevitably left behind.

13. *The art of retaining observations in the memory.*—There is, however, an Art of memory by which a good deal may be done. First, we ought to learn by heart those characteristics of each natural object which are common to all its kind: for example, a figure painter ought first to know by heart the structure of the male and female bodies generally, at different periods of life, from infancy to old age. These facts once mastered he has no further occasion to trouble himself about the facts of structure which are common to all, and his attention may now be exclusively occupied in noting the deviations from the type which constitute the individuality of his subject. When these deviations are strongly marked, he will remember them without difficulty, and by degrees his powers of observation and memory will become so keen, that very slight deviations will impress themselves strongly and be permanently retained. But if, on the other hand, the artist has not made himself perfectly acquainted with those facts of structure which are common to all, he has no standard of comparison in his own mind, and cannot measure the extent of the deviation. The great principle is to *possess standards* in the memory, and possess them thoroughly. Nor is this a matter requiring extraordinary mental gifts; it only requires patience and labour. It is recorded of Rosa Bonheur, that when she first began to study animals, she bought a sheep, and kept it always by her in a Parisian apartment. That sheep she studied in every detail till she knew it by heart, and no doubt it became her first standard. It does not much signify what we take for a standard, so long as we have one, if only it be not abnormal. The practical purpose is to carry always something in our own minds with which to compare the objects we see in nature.

14. *On scientific guidance in artistic observation.*—The Fine Arts owe a good deal to various sciences, and we may thankfully, up to a certain point, accept the hints which science offers. I should say that Art is seldom very far ahead of science in scientific matters: for example, accurate discrimination in rocks did not precede our recent geological development, but was contemporaneous with it. The rational attitude of artists towards science is one of gratitude and docility, so far as science offers them useful help. It may save them many mistakes; but it is not to be relied on to the extent of superseding purely *artistic* observation. If we are too exclusively scientific, we are apt to mark too strongly the merely scientific truths, and neglect the artistic, as bad draughtsmen, who have studied anatomy, make figure studies which are nothing better than a mass of muscles and bones, divested of the delicate æsthetic appearances. So, in landscape, studies of rock and mountain might easily, in the hands of a merely scientific artist, degenerate into geological memoranda, marking only those truths which are interesting to geologists.

15. *On the prevalent doubt whether artistic sight is of any use in ordinary life.*—It is of use in this way, that it opens fields of noble enjoyment, which without it are closed to us, and is therefore a definite addition to happiness. To men of the world artistic knowledge seems altogether vanity, because it seems to lead to no material results, except the making of pictures and statues, which men of the world consider one of the least important of our manufactures. But there is an argument in favour of artistic culture which has not yet been sufficiently insisted upon.

High artistic development is rare; but low artistic development is so common that we may safely call it universal. As P. J. Proudhon showed in his posthumous work on Art, as far as we attempt to beautify life in any way whatever, so far we are all of us artists. If you wear one single ornament—if you possess in your house one single object which is there for appearance alone, you are, so far, an artist, or a patron of Art. The ribbon and artificial flower in your wife's bonnet, the patterns on your wall paper and your carpet, the bit of meaningless curvature that is carved on the top of your mahogany sideboard, the mouldings round the ceiling of your room, even the cheap printed stuffs worn by your women-servants,—all these things are *Art*—they are low developments of it; but they are feeble early manifestations of the same instinct that has filled palaces with Art-treasures. Now, if I were addressing an audience of narrow-minded *bourgeois*, and not the subscribers to a journal dedicated to the Fine Arts, I should argue with them thus:—I should begin by showing them that even they, who professed to despise Art as frivolity, were compelled by their own natural instincts to have some of it nevertheless; and thence I should proceed to ask by what consistency they, who so encouraged Art in its lowest forms, could profess to despise it in its higher? Art, in one form or other, the whole human race must and will have: it is a necessity, and not a luxury. Even savages carve their spears and paddles, and decorate themselves and their belongings with shells and feathers. We argue, therefore, that since you *must* have Art, whether good or bad, it is better, considering the influence of Art on those who live with it, that you should live with good Art, and that artistic observation of the right kind will render a great service, by ridding you of the bad Art which must pervade the world until supplanted by better.

The "practical man" has, however, the peculiarity that he considers low Art rational, and a fit object for a nation to spend millions upon; whilst noble Art he despises as trifling, and of no use. Calico-printing, for example, he considers eminently practical; but noble Art, unpractical. With him all low Art, *that can be manufactured*, is serious; noble Art, that cannot be manufactured, is frivolous, and of no account.

16. *Possible utility of the Liber Memorialis.*—I hope this work may be useful to many artists and amateurs for reference as to matters of fact about which they may desire to be certain; and to many lovers of nature, not practically artists, who may feel the need of a guide in observation. I should desire to see it ultimately the trusted companion and manual of observers, and will do my best to make it safe and reliable. A work of this character might also be serviceable to purchasers of works of Art, who have not in every instance the time or opportunity necessary for direct reference to nature to test the truth of an artist, and who might be glad to possess a work which would often settle for them questions about which they might be in doubt.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN W. LEATHER, ESQ., NEWTON GREEN, LEEDS.

THE ORPHAN.

T. Faed, A.R.A., Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.

No description, whether in prose or poetry, could surpass the efforts of the painter in the recital of the subject set forth in this admirable picture, which speaks with an eloquence more powerful than words, and appeals with a persuasive silence to the most tender feelings of humanity. It is one of those pictorial compositions which takes its place legitimately within the range of poetical art,—not, however, of romance, but fact; and in it we see how far the painter's art may transcend that of the poet in the expression of a single idea, and giving to that idea manifest, palpable embodiment, and not an abstraction incidentally founded, as it were, upon the thoughts of another. Though Mr. Faed got a hint for his subject from a ballad by one of his gifted countrymen, Thom, the Scottish poet, he has worked it up with wonderful power, giving to the lines a reading as forcible as it is pathetic:

"Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still wa'ches his lone, lorn wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn.

"Oh, speak him nae harshly—he trembles the while—
He [illegible] and [illegible]
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the ldow for the mitherless bairn."

And here the wandering orphan-boy, coming, perhaps, he scarcely knows whence, and going he knows not whither, has reached a cottage, and, having found the door open, stands barefooted and ragged before its occupants, appealing to their compassion, less, as it seems, by his words than by his imploring looks and his utter destitute condition, though the face is not significant of absolute hunger. As the little intruder arrests the attention of the family group, how we seem to read the thoughts of each one of them. First and foremost of the number, is the boy, a miniature edition of his father, in all probability, as to sturdiness and healthy appearance, but a sort of "no'er-do-weel" at present: with his trousers tucked up, his waistcoat only half-buttoned, his hat slouched at the back of the head, and his hands stuck in the pockets of his jacket, he stands surveying the wanderer with a look of good-natured wonderment irresistibly ludicrous. By his side is a little girl, who would at once answer the orphan's appeal by offering him the piece of bread she holds in her hand, but the grandmother, a canny and careful old dame, restrains the act of benevolence till she has had some talk with the small stranger. Next, there is the mother of the family, whose sweet face—it is this—just now reflects a mother's heart; how tenderly and compassionately her eyes are turned towards the suppliant, as if the thought of one of her own children in such a condition were passing across her mind!

Turning from this brief analytical examination of the respective figures to the manner in which both they and all the accessories are placed on the canvas, the work must be pronounced to have a very high degree of merit; the story is admirably told throughout, the arrangement of the figures, and the drawing, are good, and the colouring is bright without excess.

The picture from which our engraving is taken is a small *replica*, with some little alterations, of one exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1855, under another title.



MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. I.—NICAISE DE KEYSER.

IN discussing the present character and condition of the art of painting as exhibited in the works of the principal artists of Belgium, we enter upon a field differing very distinctively from that into which those of our readers accompanied us who perused the series of papers upon the modern school of German painters that appeared last year in this Journal. Deriving their life from a common origin, to which the name of Teutonic is ordinarily assigned, each has at length taken a path so opposite to the other—we are speaking of the chiefs of each country—that no two schools could scarcely be more widely separated. The affinity which in early years existed between them is seen, on the side of Germany, in the works of Meisters Wilhelm and Stephen, both of Cologne, Martin Schoen, of Ulm, Albert Durer, of Nuremberg, Lucas Cranach, of Cranach, and others; on the side of the Low Countries, or the Netherlands, in the works of the brothers Van Eyck, of Bruges, Memling, also of Bruges, Lucas Van Leyden, of Leyden, as his name implies, Jan de Mabuse, of Hainault, Quintin Matsys, of Antwerp, with others. The line of demarcation now drawn between them will be apparent enough by comparing the subjects of the engravings which will illustrate this series of biographical and critical sketches with those that accompanied the notices of the modern German painters.



Drawn by W. J. Abney. THE ANTIQUARY. *Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

Art is almost invariably the reflection of the character and requirements of the people among whom it exists: it is generally the expression of their feelings, their thoughts, and desires; these are embodied in the works of their painters, which, to speak in commercial phraseology, are the supply arising out of the demand. The religious element entered largely, three or four centuries ago, into the productions of the artists both of Germany and the Netherlands, as it had already into those of Italy, because the peoples of all three countries were more or less under the influence of the same religious creed; but in the two former countries it was developed in a realistic form rather than in an ideal, for as yet neither had caught the faintest breathing of that spirit of imagination which had in Italy thrown such new-born life into the minds and hearts of Fra Angelico, Perugino, and Raffaelle. Not that these and the other great painters of Italy, their contemporaries and followers, were ever able entirely to rid themselves of a certain defined and dogmatic expression of Art to which the Catholicism of the time, "first in its ignorance, and afterwards by selfish policy," aimed to restrict it. Art never has grown, and never will grow, with *perfect* freedom under the sole fostering care of the Church, though she may assist in its development by endeavouring to exalt the spiritual over the material; and that is her proper mission when she enters the arena of Art.

So long as Holland and Flanders were united under one form of government, the artists of the two countries were generally classed together by contemporaneous writers, and were considered as of one school, though in reality they were not so. But since Belgium has become an independent kingdom—in 1830—the Art-interests of the country have been still more distinctly separated from those of her Dutch neighbour; and it is to the painters of the provinces which cast off their allegiance to Holland that we now desire to direct the attention of our readers. The annual exhibition, within the last three or four years, of foreign pictures at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, has been the means of introducing a certain class of these works to English notice, and the International Exhibition of 1862 gave us a still more extended acquaintance with them; but the histories of the men, and very much of what they have accomplished, are comparatively unknown here. A recent visit to the studios of the majority of the Belgian painters will, it is hoped, enable us—with the assistance of engravings from some of their principal pictures—to make their merits known within the compass of our circulation.*

European Art owes much in every way to the early Flemish painters. To Hubert and John Van Eyck the world is indebted for such improvements in the mode of oil painting as enable us, even at this remote date, to see their works almost as fresh in appearance as when they left their studios. To these artists was attributed for a long time the credit of discovering the process of painting in oils, but it is now well known that this method was used both in Italy and Germany, though in a very undeveloped form, and for inferior purposes, before the time of the Van Eycks. But the mode adopted by Hubert, the elder of the brothers, and which was carried out to greater perfection by John, imparted to their works a power, depth, transparency, and *durability* of colour, that oil painting had never previously reached. Such was the fame

* The engravings in question will be executed by Messrs. J. D. Cooper, J. and G. P. Nicholls, and Butterworth and Heath. And it is only right we should here express our obligations to M. Fierlants, of Brussels, Photographer to the Society of Belgian Painters, for the readiness with which he placed the resources of his large and well-directed establishment at our disposal, to enable us to procure careful photographic copies of many of the pictures here engraved. His studio is well worth a visit: it contains a very large collection of fine photographic pictures.

acquired by this new discovery—which appears to have been little more than the use of certain oils, from linseed or nuts, having the quality of drying rapidly—that Antonello da Messina, a young painter, went from Italy into Flanders to seek an interview with the discoverers. According to Vasari, Antonello saw in the possession of Alfonso I., King of Naples, a picture of the Annunciation, by John Van Eyck, and being struck with the beauty of the impasto, set out immediately for Bruges, in order to discover by what means it was produced. He obtained the secret from John Van Eyck, and remained several years in Flanders, until he had mastered the process. He returned to Italy, and, while at Venice, communicated the secret to Domenico Veneziano, who was, as biographers relate, murdered at Florence about the year 1463, by Andrea del Castagno, in order that the latter might be its sole possessor in Italy. Mr. Wornum, in his "Epochs of Painting," expresses his belief that John Van Eyck must have been dead at least two years before Antonello reached Bruges, and that, consequently, the Italian must have learned the secret from some of Van Eyck's scholars. The most important fact, however, has long been undeniably established, that oil-painting as it now is, and as it has come down to us for nearly four centuries, is the result of the discoveries of one, if not two, old Flemish painters.

In the histories of these artists of the Low Countries we read



Drawn by W. J. Allen.] MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS. [*Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

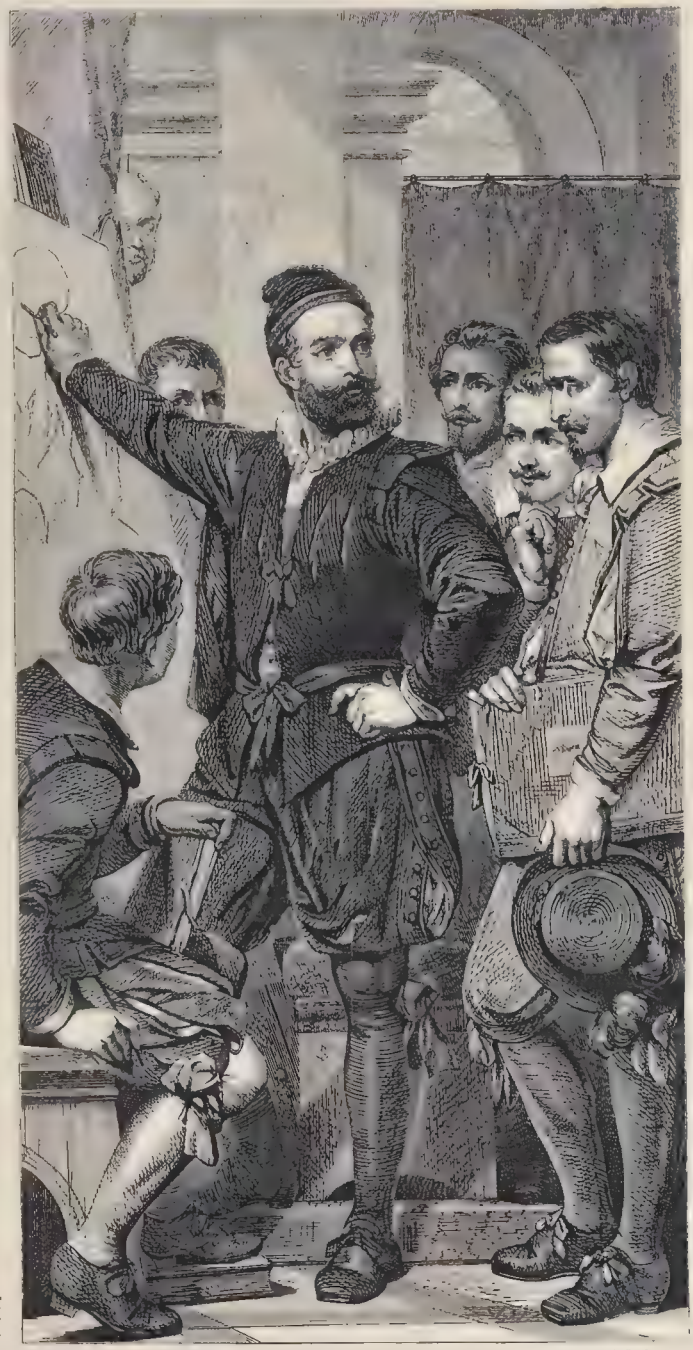
at various times of the schools of Bruges, of Ghent, of Brussels, of Antwerp, and others; but the term when so applied signifies not so much an endowed academy like our own and many on the Continent, as the studios of certain eminent painters in these respective places, just as we read in the records of Italian Art, of the "School of Raffaelle," the "School of the Carracci," &c. No "academy," in the ordinary sense of the word, ever did exist at either of the above-mentioned places, except at Antwerp; although at each of the others there is what is called a "School of Art," and each holds an occasional exhibition. But the academy of Antwerp ever has been, and still is, the centre of Flemish Art, as the Royal Academy of London is the centre of British Art, though there are academies at Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, and sundry other important places.

We have occupied so much space with these preliminary remarks, deeming them necessary by way of introduction to the subject in hand, that we must reserve for a future paper any notice of the rise and progress of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts at Antwerp, and at once proceed to introduce our readers to the eminent painter, whom, from his position in the academic body, we have selected to make the first appearance in our gallery of "Modern Painters of Belgium."

On the left of the little garden through which the visitor passes to enter the old Convent of Recollets, now the Museum of Paint-

ings, in the Rue de Venus, Antwerp, is a large and rather lofty building, without upper rooms; this is the studio of NICAISE DE KEYSER, President of the Antwerp Academy, and chief Director of the Museum. In the same garden, and connected with the Museum, is M. De Keyser's private residence. He was born on the 26th of August, 1813, at Santvliet, a small village on the Dutch frontiers, but in the province of Antwerp: his father was a farmer, and he gave his son such an education as would fit him to follow the pursuit of an agriculturist. Like the old painter Giotto, when a boy De Keyser amused himself while watching his flocks, in the intervals of his labours in the fields, and in his leisure hours, in sketching from nature, and copying such prints and drawings as came within his reach. In these desultory and aimless studies—for neither he nor his friends then entertained the remotest idea of his becoming an artist—he was unconsciously laying the foundation of future success. It so happened that a youth, Joseph Jacops, four or five years his senior, who was being educated for a painter, paid a visit to Santvliet, and seeing some of De Keyser's drawings, placed in his hands a few of the examples used in the academies of Art. These determined his destiny. Jacops, while staying in the village, rendered him what assistance he could in the way of instruction, and then his parents wisely determined to send him to Antwerp, that he might pursue his studies in the schools of the Academy there.

De Keyser was but thirteen years of age when he entered as a pupil of the institution over which, at no very distant date, he was called upon to preside. It was then under the direction of Van Bree, a man possessing a sound theoretical knowledge of Art, an excellent master, but an indifferent painter, as is evident from his enormous picture, 'The Death of Rubens,' in the Museum of the city. The boy's progress in the schools was rapid; he gained numerous prizes during the period of his studentship, and especially distinguished himself in the competition for the prize that entitles the holder to visit Rome. In 1834 he sent to the triennial exhibition at Antwerp a large picture of the Crucifixion, which attracted considerable notice. It was a commission for a Roman Catholic church in Manchester, and the "order" must be regarded as an extraordinary mark of confidence in the powers of an artist who, when he received it, had scarcely reached his twentieth year.



Drawn by W. J. Allen. DENNIS CALVAERT IN HIS STUDIO AT BOLOGNA. *Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

A desire to see something of Art in other lands, as well as the countries themselves in which the Art exists, induced M. De Keyser about this time to visit Paris, where he studied the works in the Louvre; he then crossed over into England to see our National Gallery and our Academy exhibition, visited Scotland, and returned home through Holland.

Before noticing the numerous other pictures on which this distinguished artist has been engaged, we would at once direct attention—while we have space at command—to the three subjects selected for illustration in our pages. The first is 'THE ANTIQUARY,' a composition rich in accessories which show the fertility of the painter's imagination, and his skill of arranging pictorially a mass of apparently incongruous materials. The head of the old man is a fine study, full of thought and earnest inquiry, intelligent, life-like, and not—as we often see such characters represented—caricatured; as if a man whose mind dwells much with things of the past, must necessarily have no ideas in common with the living, and is fit only to be a butt for the

shaft of ridicule. The genius of the artist has converted an ordinary subject into one of very great interest. It is quite an early example of the master.

In the Museum at Ghent is the original of our second engraving, 'THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS:' it represents, with masterly power, this terrible episode in Jewish history. Beneath the shadow of a walled recess two matrons have endeavoured to conceal themselves and their young children; but the men of blood have tracked their steps, and carried out the decree of their master, Herod. The nearer of the two women appears transformed into stone by the inhuman deed which has been perpetrated: she is not "Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted;" she has covered—unconsciously, as it seems—with a portion of her own robe, the wound that the sword at her feet has inflicted; but no tears flow to relieve the depth of her anguish. Her face is stern and rigid, yet wild and horror-stricken, as if reason were about to leave her queenly throne, and consign its once happy occupant to the doom of the maniac. The two figures are most expressively and pictorially grouped: the mother, perhaps, somewhat more massive than graceful in form; but yet a dignified type of the Jewish matron. The other woman has bowed herself over the body of her dead infant, hiding her grief behind its lifeless limbs. There is a grandeur in the treatment of this subject which elevates it to a point of sublimity.

About three or four years ago, M. De Keyser was commissioned by the Belgian Government to decorate the walls of the vestibule, at the entrance of the Antwerp Museum; when we visited his studio, we had the opportunity of examining some of the completed pictures, and the finished sketches of others—highly-finished gems of oil paintings are the latter. As these, undoubtedly, are the most important works, taken as a whole, he has ever undertaken, and as one of them is the subject of our third engraving, a brief description of the whole series, which is intended to sketch out the origin and development of the Flemish School of Painting, cannot be deemed out of place here.

The great central panel near the doorway will receive the principal subject: it represents, symbolically, the City of Antwerp, attended by its attributes, and bearing an open book of the Corporation of St. Luke, in which are inscribed the names of the great Flemish artists, distributing honours on these distinguished men, a large number of whom are grouped together on this immense canvas, which measures upwards of forty feet in width, by about seventeen feet in height. Figures symbolical of Gothic and of Renaissance Art find their places here to mark the most flourishing epochs of the Flemish school. On each side of the centre is a lateral, of equal height with it, but of about two-thirds of the width: the right panel represents Quintin Matsys, and the representatives of Gothic Art; the left panel, Rubens, surrounded by his pupils, and other representatives of Renaissance Art. A large number of smaller pictures are intended to fill the remaining panels of the vestibule: the subjects have reference to the influence of Flemish Art both in that country and elsewhere. The principal of these are—'John Van Eyck showing his Picture of Christ to the Guild of Painters, at Antwerp,' 'B. Van Orley in the Studio of Raffaelle,' 'Cornelius De Vriendt, Architect and Sculptor, exhibiting to one of the Principal Burgomasters of Antwerp his Plans for building the Hotel de Ville,' 'The Guild of St. Luke obtaining Letters Patent from Philip IV. for founding the Academy of Painting, at Antwerp.' The following are intended to show the influence of Flemish Art on that of other countries:—*Roman*, 'Matthew and Paul Bril, of Antwerp, adorning the Vatican with Landscapes;' *German*, 'B. Sprangher, of Antwerp, painting in Vienna;' *Bologna*, 'Denis Calvaert, of Antwerp, with his pupils Guido, Albano, Domenichino, and others;' *England*, 'Van Dyck at the Court of Charles I.;' *Holland*, 'Artus Quillin, a celebrated Sculptor, of Antwerp, at work on the Hotel de Ville, Amsterdam;' *France*, 'Gérard Edelinck, engraver; Peter Van Mol, painter; Philip de Ruyster, sculptor, assisting to establish in Paris the School of the Beaux Arts.' From this latter series we have selected for illustration, as an example of the artist's treatment, 'DENIS CALVAERT AND HIS PUPILS IN HIS STUDIO AT BOLOGNA.' Where a painter works, as in this case, within prescribed dimensions, and these of a peculiar form, it is evident that his composition must be adapted to that form, and that it will not admit of much discursiveness of idea. Thus it is we find here only a group of four or five admirably-drawn figures, Calvaert himself engaged in sketching, while the others look on attentively, receiving his instructions both oral and practical. The colouring of this picture, which we saw in the artist's studio, is remarkably pure, brilliant, and harmonious; while the manipulation is vigorous, yet entirely free from coarseness. There are various other paintings comprised in M. De Keyser's whole design of decorating the vestibule of the Museum, but we have not room even to refer to them; and of those mentioned a meagre sketch only is given.

To return to the period in this painter's career at which we left off. In 1836 he exhibited at Brussels 'The Battle of the Golden Spurs, in 1302,' for which he received the "great gold medal." This work shared the attention of the visitors equally with Baron Wappers's 'Last Moments of Charles I.,' exhibited at the same time. It would be difficult for any painter to throw more dramatic power into a composition of such a kind than is manifested in this: all the tumult, and movement, and fierce passions of a sanguinary and hard-fought battle are represented with intense vigour. The artist introduces the spectator into the thickest of the struggle, where the Count d'Artois, at the head of the chivalry of France, so many of whom perished in the engagement, has vainly endeavoured to break through the unyielding phalanx of bold Flemings. The count, struck down by the blow of a huge mace in the hands of a lay-brother of the abbey of Tordoest, as history reports, is falling from his horse, which has stumbled with him: over the prostrate warrior stands a bare-headed Fleming, a butcher of Bruges, who with one naked arm transfixes the count to the earth, and with the other finishes his career by a stroke from his axe. The 'Battle of the Golden Spurs' indicated qualities which are found in all De Keyser's subsequent works, where they could be brought into action—vigorous and striking composition, a brilliant palette, and an imagination of that severe order which alone is capable to represent on canvas deeds of warlike heroism. The picture, which was subsequently exhibited in London, was purchased for the museum of Courtray. On this occasion the corporation of Courtray presented the young artist with a medal; his friends and fellow-students caused another to be struck with his portrait on it; while he received a perfect ovation from the inhabitants of his native village when he visited, soon afterwards, the home of his childhood. At the next triennial exhibition in Brussels, in 1839, he exhibited 'The Battle of Woeringen,' fought in 1228, by the Flemings and their allies, 15,000 combatants, against the Germans and their allies, who mustered 40,000 men on the field of battle, and were defeated with immense slaughter. Siffroid, elector-archbishop of Cologne, commanded the centre of the German army, and was taken prisoner. This warlike prelate figures conspicuously in the picture, which added greatly to the artist's reputation, and induced the King of Belgium to confer on him the decoration of a Chevalier of the Order of St. Leopold; and in Paris he received for it the award of a gold medal.

It was after the exhibition of this painting that M. De Keyser visited Italy and Germany, to see and study the works of the great masters of those countries. On his return he was united in marriage, in 1840, to Mdlle. Telghuys, a lady of Dutch extraction, who had acquired considerable fame as a clever painter of *genre* subjects.

Another great battle-piece followed at no very distant period to that just spoken of: this was 'The Battle of Nieuport,' fought in 1600, between Prince Maurice of Nassau, and the Spaniards and Austrians, under the command of the Archduke Albert of Austria, when the former gained a complete victory. Several young English noblemen, with their followers, served in the army of Maurice, and highly distinguished themselves. This picture was a commission from William II., of Holland, who honoured the painter with the decoration of a Chevalier of the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands, and gave him instructions to paint another work as a pendant to it. Thus originated 'The Battle of Séneffe.'

We can only mention a few other important works by this painter. These are—'Rubens painting the Portrait known as *Le Chapeau de Paille*,' 'Van Dyck setting out for Italy,' 'Memling in the Hospital of Bruges,' 'The Daughter of Jairus raised to Life,' 'Christ and his Disciples,' 'Tasso in Prison,' 'Francis I. and Benvenuto Cellini,' 'The Death of Marie de Medicis,' 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary distributing Alms to the Poor,' 'The Vision of St. Theresa,' 'Milton dictating to his Daughters,' 'The Last Moments of Weber,' 'Dante in the Studio of Giotto,' 'The Invention of the Plastic Arts,' 'Christ Entombed,' &c., &c. His portraits of royal personages and of celebrated individuals are numerous.

In 1855 M. De Keyser was called to fill the important position of Director of the Royal Academy of Antwerp: a post which he is eminently qualified to occupy, no less on account of his talents as a painter than from his great stores of general knowledge, his extremely courteous manners, and his commanding presence. The courts of Belgium, Sweden, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg, have conferred decorations upon him; the Emperor of the French created him an Officer of the Legion of Honour; and he is a corresponding member of the Institute of France.

Two, at least, out of the three subjects we have engraved show that the manner of this artist's designs is large; and it is so in the compositions where numerous figures are introduced, as in his battle-pieces, where he exhibits himself as a great epic painter. There is strong individuality in his figures, and an indubitable expression of motive in all he does. As a colourist, he has proved himself an apt pupil in the school which boasts of a Rubens and a Van Dyck.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

Chapter VII.

In recommencing this series of papers, I may perhaps take permission briefly to remind the reader of the special purpose which my desultory way of writing, (of so vast a subject I find it impossible to write otherwise than desultorily), may cause him sometimes to lose sight of; the ascertainment, namely, of some laws for present practice of Art in our schools, which may be admitted, if not with absolute, at least with a sufficient consent, by leading artists.

There are indeed many principles on which different men must ever be at variance; others, respecting which it may be impossible to obtain any practical consent in certain phases of particular schools. But there are a few, which, I think, in all times of meritorious Art, the leading painters would admit; and others which, by discussion, might be arrived at, as, at all events, the best discoverable for the time.

One of those which I suppose great workmen would always admit, is, that, whatever material we use, the virtues of that material are to be exhibited, and its defects frankly admitted; no effort being made to conquer those defects by such skill as may make the material resemble another. For instance, in the dispute so frequently revived by the public, touching the relative merits of oil colour and water colour; I do not think a great painter would ever consider it a merit in a water colour to have the "force of oil." He would like it to have the peculiar delicacy, paleness, and transparency belonging specially to its own material. On the other hand, I think he would not like an oil painting to have the deadness or paleness of a water colour. He would like it to have the deep shadows, and the rich glow, and crumbling and bossy touches which are alone attainable in oil colour. And if he painted in fresco, he would neither aim at the transparency of water colour, nor the richness of oil; but at luminous bloom of surface, and dignity of clearly visible form. I do not think that this principle would be disputed by artists of great power at any time, or in any country; though, if by mischance they had been compelled to work in one material, while desiring the qualities only attainable in another, they might strive, and meritoriously strive, for those better results, with what they had under their hand. The change of manner in William Hunt's work, in the later part of his life, was an example of this. As his art became more developed, he perceived in his subjects qualities which it was impossible to express in a transparent medium; and employed opaque white to draw with, when the finer forms of relieved light could not be otherwise followed. It was out of his power to do more than this, since in later life any attempt to learn the manipulation of oil colour would have been unadvisable; and he obtained results of singular beauty; though their preciousness and completion would never, in a well-founded school of Art, have been trusted to the frail substance of water colour.

But although I do not suppose that the abstract principle of doing with each material what it is best fitted to do, would be, in terms, anywhere denied; the practical question is always, not what should be done with this, or that, if everything were in our power; but what can be, or ought to be, accomplished with the means at our disposal, and in the circumstances under which we must necessarily work. Thus, in the question immediately before us, of the proper use of the black line—it is easy to establish the proper virtue of Line work, as essentially "De-Lineation," the expressing by outline the true limits of forms, which distinguish and part them from other forms; just as the virtue of brush work is essentially breadth, softness, and blending of forms. And, in the abstract, the point ought not to be used where the aim is not that of definition, nor the brush to be used where the aim is not that of breadth. Every painting in which the aim is primarily that of drawing, and every drawing in which the aim is primarily that of painting, must alike be in a measure erroneous. But it is one thing to determine what should be done with the black line, in a period of highly disciplined and widely practised art, and quite another thing to say what should be done with it, at this present time, in England. Especially, the increasing interest and usefulness of our illustrated books render this an inquiry of very great social and educational importance. On the one side, the skill and felicity of the work spent upon them, and the advantage which young readers, if not those of all ages, *might* derive from having examples of good drawing put familiarly before their eyes, cannot be overrated; yet, on the other side, neither the admirable skill nor free felicity of the work can ultimately be held a counterpoise for the want—if there be a want—of sterling excellence: while, farther, this increased power of obtaining examples of art for private possession, at an almost nominal price, has two accompanying evils: it prevents the proper use of what we have, by dividing the attention, and continually leading us restlessly to demand new subjects of interest, while the old are as yet not half exhausted; and it prevents us—satisfied with the multiplication of minor art in our own possession—from looking for a better satisfaction in great public works.

Observe, first, it prevents the proper use of what we have. I often endeavour, though with little success, to conceive what would have been the effect on my mind, when I was a boy, of having such a book given me as Watson's "Illustrated Robinson Crusoe." * The edition I had was a small octavo one, in two volumes, printed at the *Chiswick Press* in 1812.: It has, in each volume, eight or ten very rude vignettes, about a couple of inches wide; cut in the simple, but legitimate, manner of Bewick, and, though wholly commonplace and devoid of beauty, yet, as far as they go, rightly done; and here and there sufficiently suggestive of plain facts. I am quite unable to say how far I wasted, —how far I spent to advantage, —the uncountable hours during which I pored over these woodcuts; receiving more real sensation of sympathetic terror from the drifting hair and fear-stricken face of Crusoe dashed against the rock, in the rude attempt at the representation of his escape from the wreck, than I can now from the highest art; though the rocks and water are alike cut only with a few twisted or curved lines, and there is not the slightest attempt at light and shade, or imitative resemblance. For one thing, I am quite sure that being forced to make all I could out of very little things; and to remain long contented with them, not only in great part formed the power of close analysis in my mind, and the habit of steady contemplation; but rendered the power of greater art over me, when I first saw it, as intense as that of magic; so that it appealed to me like a vision out of another world. On the other hand, this long contentment with inferior work, and the consequent acute enjoyment of whatever was the least suggestive of truth in a higher degree, rendered me long careless of the highest virtues of execution, and retarded, by many years, the maturing and balancing of the general power of judgment. And I am now, as I said, quite unable to imagine what would have been the result upon me, of being enabled to study, instead of these coarse vignettes, such lovely and expressive work as that of Watson; suppose, for instance, the vignette at p. 87, which would have been sure to have caught my fancy, because of the dog, with its head on Crusoe's knee, looking up and trying to understand what is the matter with his master. It remains to be seen, and can only be known by experience, what will actually be the effect of these treasures on the minds of children that possess them. The result must be in some sort different from anything yet known; no such art was ever yet attainable by the youth of any nation. Yet of this there can, as I have just said, be no reasonable doubt;—that it is not well to make the imagination indolent, or take its work out of its hands by supplying continual pictures of what might be sufficiently conceived without pictures. Take, for instance, the preceding vignette, in the same book, 'Crusoe looking at the first shoots of barley.' Nothing can be more natural or successful as a representation; but, after all, whatever the importance of the moment in Crusoe's history, the picture can show us nothing more than a man in a white shirt and dark pantaloons, in an attitude of surprise; and the imagination ought to be able to compass so much as this without help. And if so laborious aid be given, much more ought to be given. The virtue of Art, as of life, is that no line shall be in vain. Now the number of lines in this vignette, applied with full intention of thought in every touch, as they would have been by Holbein or Durer, are quite enough to have produced,—not a merely deceptive dash of local colour, with evanescent background,—but an entirely perfect piece of chiar-oscuro, with its lights all truly limited and gradated, and with every form of leaf and rock in the background entirely right, complete,—and full, not of mere suggestion, but of accurate information, exactly such as the fancy by itself cannot furnish. A work so treated by any man of power and sentiment such as the designer of this vignette possesses, would be an eternal thing; ten in the volume, for real enduring and educational power, were worth two hundred in imperfect development, and would have been a perpetual possession to the reader; whereas one certain result of the multiplication of these lovely but imperfect drawings, is to increase the feverish thirst for excitement, and to weaken the power of attention by endless diversion and division. This volume, beautiful as it is, will be forgotten; the strength in it is, in final outcome, spent for nought; and others, and still others, following it, will "come like shadows, so depart."

There is, however, a quite different disadvantage, but no less grave, to be apprehended from this rich multiplication of private possession. The more we have of books, and cabinet pictures, and cabinet ornaments, and other such domestic objects of art, the less capable we shall become of understanding or enjoying the lofty cha-

* Routledge, 1864. The engraving is all by Dalziel. I do not ask the reader's pardon for speaking of myself, with reference to the point at issue. It is perhaps quite as modest to relate personal experience as to offer personal opinion; and the accurate statement of such experience is, in questions of this sort, the only contribution at present possible towards their solution.

racter of work noble in scale, and intended for public service. The most practical and immediate distinction between the orders of "mean" and "high" Art, is that the first is private,—the second, public; the first for the individual,—the second for all. It may be that domestic Art is the only kind which is likely to flourish in a country of cold climate, and in the hands of a nation tempered as the English are; but it is necessary that we should at least understand the disadvantage under which we thus labour; and the duty of not allowing the untowardness of our circumstances, or the selfishness of our dispositions, to have unresisted and unchecked influence over the adopted style of our art. But this part of the subject requires to be examined at length, and I must therefore reserve it for the following paper.

JOHN RUSKIN.

PICTORIAL MOSAIC DECORATIONS FOR THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

BEFORE the vote of the House of Commons which condemned to destruction the International building of 1862, the Department of Art, hastily proceeding on the assumption that the building would be allowed to stand, formed a project for redeeming its ugliness by decorating the façade with a series of large and costly mosaics. Baffled in this project, the Department has commissioned an extensive series of mosaics for the decoration of the Museum at South Kensington.

Now, it cannot be denied that mosaic painting has valuable decorative capabilities. It has the recommendation, also, of affording a field for female employment. Moreover, it offers a durable substitute for fresco, now that fresco is shown to be ill adapted for our climate. On this ground, however, the necessity of employing mosaics will not be proved till we are satisfied of the failure of water-glass—an event which is highly improbable. But it should be recollected that mosaic painting has never been a favourite form of Art at the best periods. In ancient times it was most generally used by the later Romans; it continued to be extensively employed through the Byzantine and Romanesque epochs; but it almost entirely disappeared before the glorious mural Art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and finally, it has been revived at St. Peter's at Rome, merely for reproducing the fresco masterpieces of those centuries. The material restrictions of mosaic as a means of rendering form, colour, and expression, are necessarily intolerable in an age of high artistic cultivation. So far, however, from this country having arrived at such a level of Art-culture, it is notorious that our artists generally have little acquaintance with the first principles of mural Art. And we should bear in mind that although mosaic must be ranked far below fresco or water-glass painting, it yet imperatively requires special instruction, because its laws are still more arbitrary, though growing naturally out of the higher forms of Art. Few persons acquainted with the system of merely rudimentary Art-teaching procurable from the South Kensington schools, or any of the Departmental masters or inspectors (we say nothing of the simply honorary and titular "examiners"), will maintain that that institution is competent to teach the kind of Art it seeks to educe. Yet it is absurd seeking to preserve in the most costly and imperishable materials any but works of unquestionably noble and valuable character. To do so is, moreover, cruelly wasteful of the small proportion of public money ostensibly set apart for the encouragement of British Art. A very far greater amount than is paid to the artists for their designs must be expended for the reproduction of each design by the extravagant process of Dr. Salviati's glass mosaics. Nor are there any special reasons (such as apply in the cases of the decorations of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Prince Consort's Memorial Chapel at Windsor), for embellishing a court of the South Kensington Museum, with what Michael Angelo called the "only painting for eternity."

Before proceeding to detailed examination, we should state that the subjects chosen for the alcoves of the gallery arcade of the South Court are a series of representative portraits of great ornamentists; and that the subject selected for a competition (which has lately taken place) for painting one of the two large lunettes that span the end of this court, is an illustration of one branch, or more, of Art-manufacture. Many artists, chiefly those already distinguished as mural painters, have been invited to make preparatory designs of figures for the alcoves, their final execution in mosaic being made conditional on approval.

Several competitive designs for the lunette were sent in, but one by Mr. G. F. Watts alone proved at all suitable. This design represents, by means of several groups arbitrarily associated after the manner of the great Italian painters, the genius of Art—to borrow a phrase from the mathematicians, both "pure and applied." There is the painter commencing on his gold-ground panel (actually gilt in the design), the sculptor chipping the marble; the metal-worker reclining on his anvil, while an assistant hands a casque to a mounted knight, the goldsmith offering his work to a group of ladies. To the extreme right is the potter; and on the left the sea and ships suggest commerce. To secure picturesque costume (itself a form of applied Art), the imaginary scene is supposed to be placed in Italy in the fourteenth, or beginning of the fifteenth, century. The central and most conspicuous feature of the composition (too conspicuous, we think, tending as it does to dwarf the figures), is a noble black war-horse, rearing with his knightly rider. At present the design exists only as a slight oil-sketch; necessarily, therefore, it lacks the severity of form indispensable for mosaics. The colouring, however, is full of beautiful Venetian harmonies, and both in conception and execution, as far as indicated, the work is worthy of its distinguished author.

As regards the subjects for the alcoves, we would in the first place observe that the selection appears questionable in some instances; that is, if we are to accept the declaration of the authorised guide-book that "the artists represented have been chosen more on account of their being ornamentalists (*sic*), or workers in bronze, marble, pottery, &c., than because they were great painters." Surely William of Wykeham was rather a promoter and patron, than an ornamentist or "worker." Do the authorities of the Museum of Ornamental Art maintain that Cimabue, Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, Giorgione, and Pinturicchio, are representative "ornamentalists" as well as, or rather than, painters? If so, there is no reference to the fact in any one of their portraits here. And were not Apelles, Phidias, Wren, and Inigo Jones, pre-eminently architects or sculptors, instead of mere workers in bronze, marble, and so forth?

It is, however, in coming to consider the "portraits" relatively to their artistic merit and suitability that we approach the least agreeable part of our duty. Notwithstanding it must not be concealed that the figures are in the great majority of instances wanting in the simplicity, breadth, and dignity proper to monumental Art. Sometimes they are deficient in the ordinary necessities for good Art. In respect to the requirements of the particular locality, and the principles of the mosaicist's art, most of them fail, more or less lamentably. In compartments resembling niches for statues, surrounded by architectural mouldings, a sculpturesque as well as architectonic treatment is of the highest importance. And the gold background renders such treatment still more imperative. This decorative adjunct, which in the old mosaics was understood as a conventional representation of the open air, unquestionably relieves, nay, rather detaches a figure, as would the bright sky itself. The colouring also should be warm, brilliant, and transparent as possible, so that it may bear up against, and harmonise with, the rich splendour of the gold ground. Allowance, likewise, for the angle whence, from the pavement of the court below, the figures will ordinarily be viewed, was necessary in giving the perspective of the feet, and in order to avoid representing any action which, foreshortened, might assume the appearance of distortion. Notwithstanding, however, the apparent obviousness of these considerations, due weight appears to have been given them in very few instances. It is a significant fact that those artists have attained, or promise to attain, the greatest measure of success—included are, Messrs. Watts, Leighton, and Armitage—who have received a continental education; whilst it is no less significant that the reverse of this generally maintains as regards those artists known chiefly as connected with the South Kensington system of instruction—to wit, Messrs. Burchett, Godfrey Sykes, Bowler, and Redgrave. We have not space to examine the figures in detail; the reader, may, however, easily apply the self-evident principles we have enumerated. And we think we have said enough to show that the South Kensington scheme of decoration, though commendable had it been restricted to mural painting, is by reason of its extension to mosaics, at once precipitate, ill-considered, and reprehensibly wasteful of the public funds.

THE ALBERT CHAPEL IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

DEEPLY implanted in the mind of the seventh Henry of England was the desire to secure for himself a lasting memorial amidst the descendants of his subjects, while, at the same time, with the tenacity of superstition, he clung to a reliance upon the efficacy of special intercessory services to be celebrated perpetually on his behalf after his decease. So he resolved to prepare a magnificent monumental chapel for these services, in which a sepulchral monument of becoming dignity and splendour should be erected, in accordance with his own express instructions on that behalf; unhappily he had forgotten that other class of royal commemorative memorial, indeed *ære perennius*, the record of a beneficent and glorious reign.

In the first instance Henry VII. chose a site for his chapel within the circuit of the walls of Windsor Castle, immediately to the eastward of the new, and then unfinished, Chapel of St. George, the work of Edward IV., the father of Queen Elizabeth of York. But when he had erected his chapel at Windsor, the Tudor king conceived the fresh idea that he had been building on the wrong ground. Westminster was the true place, and not Windsor, for "Henry VII.'s Chapel;" and, accordingly, at Westminster the splendid edifice bearing that title was erected, and there it still remains, almost in its original perfection. It is remarkable that the real "Henry VII.'s Chapel" should stand in exactly the same relative position with reference to the grand abbey church of Westminster that its rejected predecessor holds at Windsor—both are placed to the eastward of the main structure, and in close connection with it; and both thus represent that portion of the great mediæval churches which in England was generally distinguished as the "Lady Chapel."

Henry VIII. completed the Chapel of St. George at Windsor, but the chapel his father had built almost under the same roof with it he gave to his favourite, the wealthy and powerful cardinal. This first chapel of Henry VII. was a present which Wolsey could thoroughly appreciate. There,

at royal Windsor, within the walls of the castle itself, it was second in importance only to the Chapel of St. George. It was connected with that chapel also, and yet it was distinct and complete—"Wolsey's Chapel." The cardinal entered with characteristic energy upon the work of adorning his chapel, in which he designed to erect his own sepulchral monument. All these plans fell to the ground with the fall of Wolsey; his chapel was neglected, and left without any definite purpose or use until, under James II., for a short period it was fitted up for the public worship of the Church of Rome. Then another long period of neglect succeeded, and it is more than probable that ruin would have followed neglect, had not George III., at the commencement of the present century, ordered the building to be put into a condition of thorough substantial repair, with a view to its ultimately becoming the burial-place of his own family.

Once more a project for the appropriation of this edifice failed to be carried into effect, and again "Wolsey's Chapel," retaining the name which pointed to its brief connection with the cardinal, stood empty, silent, and desolate; a strange anomaly both in its antecedents and in its actual condition, and most strangely out of keeping with every surrounding object and association. In this condition it had to remain until after the completion of the first half of this nineteenth century. Then, at last, a sad and sudden bereavement in the Royal Family of England led to a decided change in the destiny of this building. Though not appointed to receive and shelter the remains of her lamented Consort, it has been determined by the Queen that this chapel should become his monument in Windsor Castle. It now, accordingly, is PRINCE ALBERT'S CHAPEL, and as such in future it is always to be known; and the Queen, from her private resources, is adapting this chapel to receive a Monumental Statue of the Prince, that thus the commemorative character of the edifice may be duly realised. This work of pious devotedness is one with which the whole nation must deeply sympathise; and, because we both share and rejoice in that national sympathy with our gracious Sovereign, we have felt it to be an act of duty towards our readers to place before them, at the commencement of another year, a brief notice of the progress of the works now in the act of being carried on within the walls of this "Albert Chapel." A more complete description we necessarily reserve until we are in a condition to announce the completion of the chapel itself.

The position of this building we have already explained. It stands in the same line, east and west, with St. George's Chapel, and the two buildings are both separated and united by a vaulted passage that leads into the small open cloister of the deanery. Of this cloister the southern walk is walled in by the north wall of the Albert Chapel. In length, the chapel extends to five bays; its western end is filled with a large window-like composition of traceried panel-work; and the eastern end is apsidal, the plan being a half hexagon, which has each of its three sides about equal to one bay of the sides of the chapel. Within, the roof has a rich late vaulting of fan-tracery; and this vault, after the manner of the period of its construction, appears to be sustained by the lightest of supports, the wall-spaces between the great windows of the side bays and the apsidal compartments being only narrow strips of panelled masonry. The true supports are the buttresses, which have a bold projection, as at King's Chapel, Cambridge. The lofty and broad windows, thirteen in number, rise to meet the arches of the vaulting; but below them there is a plain unbroken expanse of wall, rising to a considerable height above the pavement.

Such, in general terms, is the interior of this chapel, and such are its capabilities for receiving the *constructive decoration* which is to determine, to indicate, and to perpetuate, its character as "Prince Albert's Chapel." The architectural treatment of the entire work is under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A.: and as Mr. Scott was selected for his post by the Queen, so also have his principal fellow-workers been chosen and associated with him by her Majesty herself.

The works may be divided into six distinct groups; and we desire particularly to direct attention to the eminently satisfactory circumstance, that they all are strictly constructive in their own nature, as well as in the part they are designed to take in completing the building, which will be enriched and adorned through their co-operation. This is a matter of no trifling importance, since thus the chapel, when finished, will be one harmonious whole, consistent throughout in aim and purpose.

As a matter of course, the six groups into which we have divided the decorative works in the Albert Chapel are so far alike, that they all have a direct reference to Prince Albert himself. First, there is the statue, with its accessories; secondly, the pavement of the entire edifice; thirdly, the wall-surfaces between the pavement and the string which encompasses the whole interior immediately below the windows; fourthly, the walls of the building, those strips that divide the windows; fifthly, the glazing of the windows themselves; and finally, the vaulting of the roof.

The statue is in the hands of Baron Marochetti, who also has been instructed to cover the walls below the windows with commemorative compositions.

The stained glass for the windows, the designs in like manner being strictly commemorative, is being prepared by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, the eminent artists in glass, under the direction of Mr. Scott; and the pavement will be produced by the same artists.

The wall-spaces between the windows, with the panelling of the west end of the chapel, and the vaulted ceiling, have been assigned to Dr. Salviati, of Venice, whose beautiful works in his own peculiar mosaic attracted so much attention, and deservedly secured for themselves such high admiration in the Great Exhibition of 1862. Dr. Salviati's work would necessarily require to be completed, before the fixing of the other works would be commenced; for his mosaic has to be executed *in situ*, and it would be desirable to have as much light as possible in the chapel during the progress of his work, while the removal of his scaffolding ought to precede the operations of Messrs. Clayton and Bell and of the sculptor within the building. The mosaic of the vaulting is just completed, and the artist is advancing, as rapidly as the nature of his process will admit, with the wall-spaces and the western panel-work, so that his works may be expected to have attained to their final completion early in this present year. Thus, before the next arrival of the sad anniversary of December 14th, the PRINCE ALBERT CHAPEL in Windsor Castle, as we have good reasons for believing, will have been finished.

CHARLES BOUTELL.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE FOURTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES.

THE fear we at one time entertained that this exhibition of sketches and studies would develop into a mere ordinary collection of finished drawings, is in good degree dispelled by the fourth repetition of the experiment. For the most part the works here brought together are first rehearsals, preparative to deliberate productions. Accordingly they possess a charm and a value to which no finished picture can lay claim. They enable the public to put the artist to cross-examination. They are to be taken in the light of confessions as to how the painter made his first approaches to nature;—where he encountered difficulty, why he attained success. In short, sketches of this kind are like leaves from a note-book, like pages from an autobiography; they not only show nature in rural and simple attire, but they reveal the artist himself in his varying moods of sun and shadow. We need scarcely add that members of the Old Water-Colour Society possess talents of an order to move to curiosity. The world desires to learn how artists who have attained acknowledged position went to work; it is anxious to view their nascent thoughts in embryo; to see their productions in all aspects, on all scales, and in all stages. In an assembly of sketches and studies, then, such as this, we expect, and indeed find, unwonted novelty. These first rudimentary ideas, in fact, not unfrequently promise more than the artist in his completed work is able to realise.

The President, Mr. Frederick Tayler, sets a good example. By contributing studies and not pictures, he maintains the distinctive character of the exhibition. The study for a drawing, 'Calling Hounds out of Cover,' has the spirit of the artist's best time; and various small scraps collected within one frame—a felicitous practice which obtains favour in this gallery—give a pleasing epitome of past years, and put on record the artist's rare facility for effective composition. Mr. John Gilbert has obtained a place of honour by yet another melo-dramatic representation of King Richard. Power never fails this painter. Refinement and the subtle reading of a character are not equally within his reach. Mr. Gilbert favours the public with a portrait of himself, which is worthy of a place side by side with the autographic heads of Rembrandt and Titian. It speaks the man and proclaims his works. Special interest also attaches to several broadly shadowed sketches, which show with how much of grandeur and gloom thoughts make their first entrance on this painter's mind. Mr. Topham has seldom appeared to better advantage than in a capital study for a drawing, 'The Fern Gatherers,' a figure not only powerful in execution, but remarkably pleasing in the play of well-balanced lines. Mr. Alfred Fripp and Mr. Carl Haag each sends characteristic sketches of accustomed brilliancy, the gatherings from portfolios stored in past years of travel. Mr. Oakley takes a better position in an exhibition of sketches than in a gallery of finished drawings. His studies are matter-of-fact, and tell an unvarnished tale: in his pictures he loses nature, and what he has been accustomed to add for delectation is neither of the kitchen nor the drawing-room. Mr. Birket Foster enlivens the third screen by "A

frame containing four studies of village children," that make, after the artist's well-known manner, pretty graceful groups, less spotty, perhaps, in execution than sometimes. Mr. Burton, we presume, is holding himself in reserve for the spring. Mr. Smallfield, on the contrary, buds and blossoms in this winter exhibition more freely than any Christmas rose. At all events, the size to which 'A Girl's Head' has grown, is something out of the common, and calculated to create alarm. This study is a mistake; the colour has a monotony which nothing can redeem, and the handling is small and proportionately weak for the scale upon which the head is put upon paper. Whatever may be said to the contrary, such an attempt furnishes but one more proof that the medium of water-colour cannot compete with oil in the execution of works that approach life size. Water-colours are unrivalled in tone; oils transcendent in power.

The new members and associates, Walker, Watson, Lundgren, Shields, and Jones, contribute works which serve to determine the positions they will severally occupy in coming years. Mr. Walker contributes a study that, by its conscientious care, tends to the regaining of the ground lost by the ill-considered work of last exhibition. Mr. Watson kindly gives us the materials out of which he makes his pictures—the wall of a cottage, for example, which will serve as a capital background: also a pencil study for a drawing, 'Pictures in the Fire,' and another pencil sketch for 'The Tailor's News.' Mr. Watson is an artist with an eye ready to seize on passing incidents; a man thus recipient is less likely to repeat himself. Mr. Lundgren has seldom been so prolific. The six drawings he contributes make incontestable claim to versatility, and give reiterated assurance of the power which never forsakes him. His defects, however, sometimes threaten to weigh down his merits. His draperies are ill-considered, and have about as much form as a bundle of hay; they fall across the shoulders as a cataract over rocks. His colours are dim, deep, and often crude. 'The Fresco Painter' is one of Mr. Lundgren's best works: an Italian grace runs through the harmony of the lines, and a certain poetic and historic bearing in the figures comports well with the subject. Mr. Shields, one of the most recent of Associates, delights in outline and monochrome: on the evidence yet afforded it is difficult to speak of the opening career of this novitiate. 'The Nativity of our Lord' exhibits certain German proclivities with superinduced predilections for the loves of the angels: a scene from "Vanity Fair" recalls Doyle's 'Manners and Customs;' and 'The Orphans,' manifesting yet another phase of talent, is deep in tender emotion. We repeat, it is difficult to predict what Mr. Shields can do, or to say what he will not do. Over the future of Mr. Burne Jones hangs a like ominous doubt. As to the strange mixture of virtues and enormities which abound in his creations, the public is in the utmost conflict of opinion. The sketch for a decorative picture of the hours — 'Waking, Dressing, Spinning, Feasting, Playing, Sleeping,' has not inaptly been likened to a long row of "Christy Minstrels." A man must be a hero or a coxcomb to court ridicule after this fashion. Yet ought it to be admitted that certain heads studied by this artist from the life have a rare beauty, and rise even to a grandeur which recalls Michael Angelo's drawing of Vittoria Colonna. Mr. Burne Jones has pursued long enough the strange and the fantastic; he has won sufficient notoriety: it will be well for him now to follow his good genius, which cannot fail to lead him near to nature, and secure lasting fame in lieu of ephemeral applause.

An exhibition of sketches specially points to the art of landscape painting; an art which is known to flourish within this gallery in all the variety which the four seasons can furnish. The bold dashing hand of Mr. Richardson tells to advantage in rapid sketches, wherein more of nature creeps than in his conventional drawings, made to well-concocted recipes. Mr. Palmer has proved himself a poet, and it is impossible for him to paint even when he would sketch, save with the colours of fire-lit fancy. Mr. Holland is another of the artists who would infuse fiction into facts, and make actual forms bend under the force of an idea. Colour burns in him triumphant, even tyrannous. Yet how truthful he can become is testified by that literal transcript of a 'Mill-stream Tail' rushing from the wheel at full speed. The mannerism to which Mr. Collingwood Smith has given himself up may be least objectionable in a sketch; his ready and dramatic talent, that often betrays him into sensational effects, has enabled him, in 'Squally Weather' under a south-west wind, to people his sky with clouds in tumultuous panorama. Mr. Branwhite is represented by drawings of accustomed power. Mr. Jenkins, forsaking figures, displays considerable aptitude in the painting of landscapes. Davidson, Dodgson, Jackson, and Whittaker are severally seen to advantage in the truthful and unpretending transcript of simple nature. The works of Mr. Naftel are apt to be crude in colour, and scattered in detail; and even his sketches contain more material than can be reduced into unity. Yet the large view of 'Sorrento' which he had the courage to paint on the spot moves to respect: a man who can come out of such a labour creditably has indeed plenty of the right stuff in him. Mr. Alfred Hunt still sees visions, and makes dreamland his sketching ground; he looks at trees and buildings through rainbow-tinted prisms; his sketches elucidate the chemical composition of light. Mr. Andrews, too, has had a dream, wherein the ghost of the Colosseum appeared to him by moonlight, clothed in silvery mantle, looming in dim vast shadow across the sky of night. It is a glorious vision, such as Shelley might have pictured; no passage transgresses the bounds of possibility; in short, the drawing is well managed. We are sorry to see Mr. Newton still repeating the effects which the first time they were brought within the room told as a surprise. Nature is infinite, as Turner could testify: a man confesses to finality who multiplies one thought. Mr. Brittan Willis contributes many interesting scraps and jottings—sketches of horses, dogs, and cattle—just those gleanings from a student's portfolio which are most suggestive. The ways of Mr. Boyce are still peculiar, his steps eccentric; he has the advantage of being unlike any one else, and may be called even original; at all events he only deigns to copy nature and himself! A man possessed of his subtle eye for colour, and cunning secret of composition, startles and delights at each turn he takes.

It is sometimes said that a painter of history may be tested by his portraits: and so these painters of landscape and *genre* are put to the proof by their sketches. They stand the ordeal well. The work here exhibited is honest, downright, and truthful: just that work wherein the student of nature finds reward.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF RALPH BROCKLEBANK, ESQ., ANNESLEY, LIVERPOOL.

PHŒBE MAYFLOWER.

R. Gavin, A.R.S.A., Painter. C. H. Jeens, Engraver.

A FEW years since, a publisher in London gave commissions to several artists of eminence for a series of portraits illustrating the female characters in the writings of Sir Walter Scott. The undertaking was, however, never carried out, and the few pictures which had been completed, for the purpose of engraving, were disposed of: Mr. Gavin's 'Phœbe Mayflower' is one of these works.

Such is the change of taste which the last few years have produced in novel-writers and novel-readers, that the works of Walter Scott find, it is to be feared, a comparatively small number of admirers in the present day. It is necessary, therefore, for the information of those who are not familiar with these writings, to say that Phœbe Mayflower is one of the heroines in the story of "Woodstock," and is described as "the lightest-footed and lightest-hearted wench that ever tripped the sod in Woodstock Park." When old Sir Henry Lee, the brave royalist knight, is driven from his home by the parliamentary commissioners, he takes refuge in the house of one of his keepers, Joceline Joliffe. Knowing, however, that his own larder is but scantily stored with provisions for his master and Alice, the fair daughter of the latter, Joceline inquires of Phœbe, who is also in the knight's service, what her pantry contains.

"'Small house-keeping enough,' said Phœbe; 'a cold capon and some comfits, and the great standing venison pasty, with plenty of spice, a manchet or two besides, and that is all.'

"'Well,' replied Joceline, 'it will serve for a pinch; wrap thy cloak around thy comely body; get a basket and a brace of trenchers and towels, they are heinously impoverished down yonder; carry down the capon and the manchets. . . . . But what liquor is there?'

"'Only a bottle of Alicant, and one of sack, with the stone jug of strong waters.'

"'Put the wine-flasks into thy basket,' said Joceline, 'the knight must not lack his evening draught, and down with thee to the hut like a lapwing. There is enough for supper, and to-morrow is a new day.'"

Thus laden, the maid trips along through Woodstock Park, as we are presumed to see her in the picture; the troubles that have befallen her master's house seem to have thrown no shadow upon her light-heartedness. With her large straw hat set somewhat jauntily on her head, and a half-roguish expression on her round and pleasant face, caused, doubtless, by the recollection of what Joceline—"Sir Impudence," she styled him—had whispered in her ear during their late interview, Phœbe is a very pretty personification of a rustic maiden. The costume, too, so nicely arranged, sets off to advantage her plump little figure, and adds much to its picturesqueness. If the real Phœbe bore the slightest resemblance to the Phœbe of Mr. Gavin's creation, it is not greatly to be wondered at that the Roundhead soldier who now held possession of Sir Henry's mansion, and had seen her, said to Joceline, when informed of her departure—"I think the damsel might have tarried for another exhortation; truly, I profess my mind was much inclined towards her for her edification."



HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES.

BY MRS. BURY PALLISER.

PART III.

THE MEDICI.—This illustrious family, which occupied so distinguished a place in the history of Italy, and exercised so important an influence over the revival of literature, the Arts, and sciences, bore for their arms, in heraldic parlance, six torteaux gules. Whether these represented pills or cupping-glasses, as badges of the profession their name denotes, it is impossible to say; but the "palle" and the "gigli"* have in all popular commotions been the war-cry of the several parties in Florence. "Viva le palle e muoiano i traditori!" was the cry of the populace who paraded the streets after the conspiracy of the Pazzi.

COSMO DE' MEDICI, 1464.—The founder of the family, styled by a decree of the senate, *Pater Patriæ*, "Father of his country," and so inscribed upon his tomb at San Lorenzo. He bore three diamond rings interlaced (Fig. 1), the meaning of

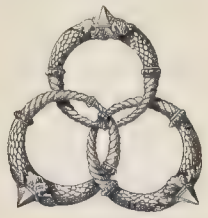


Fig. 1.

which is not known; but a pointed diamond ring, "diamante in punta," was introduced into their *imprese* by most of his descendants.

PIETRO DE' MEDICI, 1470, son of Cosmo, took a falcon with a diamond ring in its

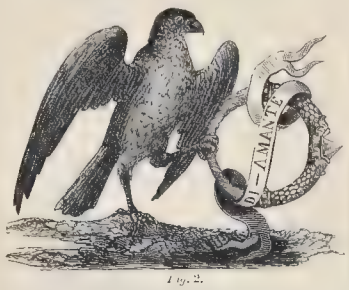


Fig. 2.

claw (Fig. 2), and the motto *Semper*, "Always," meaning that every action of his life should be done with the love of God. *Semper fa-'l-con di-amante.*

Giovio observes, the diamond, from its resistance to fire or the hammer, was the more appropriate to Piero, who had been so wonderfully preserved from the conspiracy of Luca Pitti.

The impresa of Piero, surmounting a crown with the lily of Florence in front,* forms the crest of the grand-dukes of Tuscany.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI, "THE MAGNIFICENT," 1492.—He continued the device



Fig. 3.

of the ring, in which he placed three feathers, green, white, and blue (Fig. 3), with his father's motto *Semper*, implying that where the love of God (*di-amante*) existed, the virtues, faith, hope, and charity (indicated by the white, green, and red feathers), were always to be found. This device has been perpetuated by all the members of his house.†

In 1468, a tournament was held at Florence, in the Piazza di Santa Croce, at which the brothers Giuliano and Lorenzo bore away the prizes. Lorenzo's motto was *Le tems revient;* his device a *fleur-de-lis*, the privilege of using the arms of France having been recently conceded to his father by Louis XI.‡

PIERO DE' MEDICI, 1503, eldest son of Lorenzo.—He was drowned in the Gari-



Fig. 4.

gliano. In his days of gaiety, and amidst the delights of Florence, Piero assumed a device intended to characterise his temper and pursuits, to which Politiano supplied him with an appropriate motto.* The device represented green branches crossed over each other, with flames issuing from them (Fig. 4). The motto, *In viridi teneras exurit flamma medullas*, "The flame eats out the tender pith in the green (branch);" or, as Menestrier translates it, "Je brule tout verd que je suis," to signify in his "verdi anni" the consuming fire of his love.

His second brother Giovanni, the celebrated POPE LEO† X., 1521, placed the three rings of his great grandfather Cosmo round



Fig. 5.

his escutcheon (Fig. 5), and also used the device of his father Lorenzo.

Leo's own personal impresa was the yoke (Fig. 6), with the motto *Suave*, "Easy,"

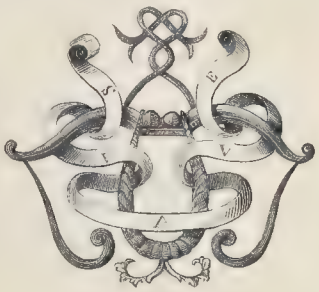


Fig. 6.

taken from the words of our Saviour, *Jugum meum suave est, et onus meum leve*, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Leo assumed this device when restored to Florence, after eighteen years exile, to signify that he was returned, not to be the tyrant of his country and to revenge his injuries, but to rule conformably to the scriptural words of his motto, and to the sacred habit he wore. Roscoe observes, in his "Life of Pope Leo X." :—"It is, however, highly probable that such an unlimited assumption of absolute power, as that emblem implies, was not compensated by the language which accompanied it, in the estimation of those inflexible friends to the liberties of their country, many of whom still remained within the city, and who were well aware that if they were once effectually placed under the yoke, the weight of it must in future depend upon the will of their master."

---

* "The beautiful Giglio, or Iris, the city's emblem, still clings to her grey walls. The giglio of Florence was once white. According to the most popular opinion upon the subject, among the profusion of these flowers which formerly decorated the meads between the Mugnone and the Arno (which then flowed across the Piazza di Santa Maria), a white flower of the same species having shown itself among the rising fabrics, the incident was poetically seized upon, and the white lily then assumed its station in the crimson banner of Florence."—NAPIER'S *History of Florence.*

The white lily was subsequently changed by the Guelph party (1257) to red; and Dante deplores the alteration as a consequence of the discords and divisions of Florence.

——"vid 'io glorioso,
E giusto, 'l popol suo tanto, che'l giglio
Non era ad asta mai porto a ritroso
Nè per division fatto vermiglio."

——"have I seen
Her people just and glorious, so that ne'er
Stained through division, had her lily been
With vermeil, or reversed upon the spear."
WRIGHT'S *Translation, Paradiso*, xvi., 151.

* A fleur-de-lis florencée, or expanded, gules.—*Souverains du Monde.*

† We find it on an edition of Plautus, in vellum, printed at Florence by the Giunta, in 1514, and dedicated to Lorenzo II., a copy of which is now in the British Museum, from the library of King George III.

In the Laurentian Library, the MSS. acquired by Piero de' Medici are distinguished by the *fleur-de-lis;* those collected by Lorenzo are marked, not only with the Medicean arms, but also with a laurel branch, in allusion to his name and the motto "Semper."—ROSCOE'S "*Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.*

‡ The Medici arms were previously five torteaux in orle gules. They then received the augmentation of the sixth in chief azure, charged with three *fleurs-de-lis.* The grant of the French king states that "Que nous ayant en memoire la grande louable et recommandable renommée que feu Cosme de' Medici a eue en son vivant en tout ses faits et affaires, lesquels il a conduitz en si boune vertu et prudence, que ses enfans et autres ses parens et amis en doivent estre recommandez et esleves en toute honneur." Therefore, the king grants permission to Piero de' Medici, his heirs and successors, to bear on their arms three *fleurs-de-lis*, and these arms are given "pour en user par tous les lieux et entre toutes les personnes que bon leur semblera et tant en temps de paix, que en temps de guerre," &c.—*Mont Lucon*, 1465.

* ROSCOE, *Leo X.*

† In assuming the name of Leo, he meant to allude to the emblem of Florence, a lion (the "marzocco"), and to the dream of his mother, that she gave birth to a lion. Ariosto addresses him "Tu gran leone."—*Orlando furioso*, c. xvii., 79.

It appears that this device was first invented by the great Cosmo, who, when recalled to Florence, caused a medal to be struck, in which Florence was represented seated upon a chair, with the yoke under her feet.*

GIULIANO DE' MEDICI, 1516, third son of the great Lorenzo.—He married the sister† of Louise de Savoie, in consequence of which Francis I. made him Duke de Nemours. Being also appointed to the high office of Gonfalonier of the Church, to show that fortune, which previously had frowned upon him, began to turn in his favour, Giuliano took as his device a triangle or shield, on which were six letters



Fig. 7.

inscribed, G L O V I S, which, read backwards, form *Si volge*, "It (that is, fortune) turns" (Fig. 7).

Roscoe states, that on their restoration to Florence, in 1512, "Among other methods adopted by the Medici to strengthen their own authority, and conciliate the favour of the populace, was the institution of two companies, or orders of merit. One of these was denominated the Order of the Diamond, alluding to the emblem or impresa of a diamond ring with three feathers, and the motto *Semper*, adopted by Lorenzo the Magnificent, and now restored by his younger son Giuliano, with a view of securing his own influence by recalling the memory of his father.

"The other order, of which Lorenzo de' Medici, the son of the unfortunate Piero, was considered as the chief, was called the Company of the *Broncone*, in allusion to the impresa of Piero, representing trunks of wood consuming in the midst of flames. This society was chiefly composed of the younger part of the citizens, who, from their rank and time of life, were judged to be most suitable companions for Lorenzo, upon whom, as the representative of the elder branch of his family, the authority which it had enjoyed in the state, was expected to devolve. To the members of these societies precedence was given on public occasions, and it was their particular province to preside over the festivals, triumphs, and exhibitions, that now once more enlivened the city of Florence, which were doubtless intended to turn the attention of the people from the consideration of their new state of political degradation."

LORENZO II., or LORENZINO DE' MEDICI, 1519.—Son of Pietro, chief of the Florentine Republic in 1513.* His device was a



Fig. 8.

laurel tree between two lions (Fig. 8); motto, *Ita et virtus*, "So, too, is virtue,"—that is to say, virtue is like a laurel between two lions—you must face the lions to earn the laurel. "No cross, no crown," a device ill befitting this proud, frivolous prince, who was equally unworthy of the complimentary verses of Ariosto,‡ as of the tomb of Michael Angelo.

All are familiar with those marvellous works of Michael Angelo, the tombs of the weak Giuliano, and of his worthless nephew Lorenzo, in the chapel of the Medici at Florence. The statues of the warrior-clad Giuliano and the gloomy Lorenzo are perfect, and the figures of Day and Night upon the tomb of one, and of Morning and Evening upon that of the other, are among the greatest conceptions of his powerful chisel.§ The observation of the Emperor Charles V., that "he was surprised not to see the statues rise and speak," probably suggested the verses of the poet Strozzi :—

"La notte che tu vedi in si dolci atti
Dormir, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e perchè dorme, ha vita;
Destala, se noi credi, e parleratti."

("The night which thou seest sleeping in so sweet an attitude, was sculptured in this stone by an angel, and, since it sleeps, it has life. Wake it, if thou believest not, and it will speak to thee.")†

Rogers has also described these monuments with his usual truthfulness :—

"Nor then forget that chamber of the dead,
Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly.
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon,
A two-fold influence—only to be felt—
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each:
Both, and yet neither. There, from age to age,
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo—mark him well!
He meditates, his head upon his hand
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?.
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade; yet like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.
His mien is noble, most majestic'
Then most so, when the distant choir is heard at noon or eve."—*Italy*.

GIULIO DE' MEDICI, Pope Clement VII., 1534.* —The rays of the sun passing through a ball of crystal (Fig. 9); motto, *Candor illæsus*, "Purity unsullied,"—that is, as the



Fig. 9.

rays of the sun passing through a ball of crystal burn objects of every colour except white, so the purity of his soul could not be injured by the malignity of his enemies. This device was made in the time of Adrian VI., when the adversaries of the Cardinal conspired against his life.† It is of frequent occurrence on medals, and in the decorations of the Vatican. Mr. Robinson, in his elaborate catalogue of the Napier Collection, at West Shandon, notes a "majolica plate, reverse decorated with a shield of arms in the centre, and motto, *Candor illæsus*,"—probably executed for Pope Clement VII.

CARDINAL IPPOLITO DE' MEDICI, son of Giuliano, and nephew of Pope Leo X. He was styled the Magnificent. "At once," says Roscoe, "the patron, companion, and the rival of all the poets, the musicians, and the wits of his time. Without territories and without subjects, Ippolito maintained at Bologna a court far more splendid than that of any Italian potentate."

To mark the surpassing beauty of Giulia di Gonzaga, for whom his adoration was unbounded, Ippolito took for impresa the planet Venus (Fig. 10), which outvies all



Fig. 10.

other stars in brightness, and throws out its rays like the tail of a comet; his motto,

* Giulio.

† Filiberta, to whom Ariosto addressed, on the death of Giuliano, the beautiful ode, beginning—

"Anima eletta, che nel mondo folle."

‡ Beginning—

"Nella stagion che 'l bel tempo ramena,
Di mia man posi un ramus cel di lauro."

§ Rogers.

* In 1516 Lorenzo obtained the duchy of Urbino from the Rovere family. In 1518 he married Madeleine de Boulogne, mother of Catherine de' Medici.

† Michael Angelo's reply shows his courageous opposition to the power that oppressed his country :—

"Grato m'è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso;
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentir, m'è gran ventura;
Però, non mi destar: deh! parla basso."

("Sleep is grateful to me, and still more to be of stone. It is a great happiness to me not to see or hear, while evil and shame last. Therefore do not awaken me: pray! speak l w.")

* Natural son of Giuliano, the brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was killed in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, 1498. Giulio was elected Pope in 1525.

† Capaccio.

Inter omnes,—"Among all," an abbreviation of a line from Horace:—

"Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus."

"The Julian star," alluding to her name, "outshines the rest." This device, observes Giovio, bore the form of a comet, and therefore may be said to have prognosticated the death of Ippolito, which was occasioned by his affection for Giulia, as he was poisoned in a castle belonging to that lady at Itri, to the great grief of the Roman Court.

This device and motto of Ippolito were also given to Cardinal Mazzarin, whose name was Giulio, and he bore a star in his arms.

Cardinal Ippolito had another impresa, an eclipse of the moon (Fig. 11); motto,

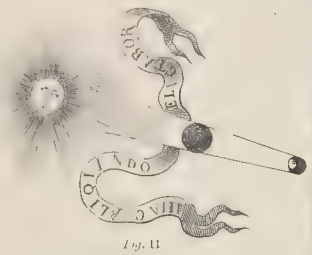


Fig. 11.

Hinc aliquando eluctabor, "I shall at some time struggle out of this," as one who hoped to extricate himself from unfavourable affairs—"mine is only a temporary eclipse."

Alessandro de' Medici, First Duke, assassinated by Lorenzino, a descendant of the younger branch of the Medici.* During the imperial war against Rome, Emanuel, king of Portugal, sent an elephant to the Pontiff to be used in the wars. The elephant never reached Rome, for the vessel which conveyed it struck upon a rock off Porto Venere, and the animal being chained, was unable to save itself by swimming. Duke Alexander availed himself of the incident to manifest his animosity to Rome by choos-



Fig. 12.

ing for his device a rhinoceros (Fig. 12), the great enemy of the elephant,† and caused this impresa to be damascened upon his cuirass, and embroidered on the housings of a horse he ran at Rome for the races, with the motto, *Non buelvo sen vencer*, "I do not roar without conquering."

Cosmo de' Medici, the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, was son of Giovanni de' Medici, styled *Il gran diavolo*, general of the black band—"Banda Nera"—long celebrated for their courage and ferocity, and so styled because they carried black banners after the death of their master and patron, Pope Leo X.

Cosmo adopted the old devices of the Medici, with punning significations; the feathers and ring to signify he would be always unmovable in the midst of difficulties; *Semper adamas in pœnis*—"always adamant in trouble"—there being little difference between the words *pœnis* and *pennis*. Also the silver falcon and diamond ring cut in a point, *Sper aver un di-amante senza fine*.

At the beginning of his reign, Cosmo took the device of a branch torn from a tree, from the place of which another immediately shot forth (Fig. 13) with the



Fig. 13.

motto, *Primo avulso non deficit alter*, "When the first is torn away, a second succeeds," alluding to the bough of the golden tree which Æneas, by direction of the Sybil, gathered before his descent into the infernal regions, thus described by Virgil:—

"In the neighb'ring grove
There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold)
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne.
Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies.
The first thus rent, a second will arise:
And the same metal the same morn supplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command:
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art predoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labour can the tree constrain;
And strength of stubborn arms, and steel are vain."
Dryden's *Æneid*, Book VI.

The impresa is bad, but the motto at once suggests its meaning: viz., that although Duke Alexander's life had been taken away, there would not be wanting another golden branch of the same race to succeed. The Grand Duke Cosmo was descended from Lorenzo, younger brother of Cosmo, "Pater Patriæ," Alexander being the last of the elder branch of the Medici who ruled in Florence. This made the device the more appropriate, as with Cosmo a new branch shot forth.

The impresa of the torn branch and its motto was also assumed by Vulson de la Colombière, the "father of heraldry:" he meaning to intimate that if he were cut off in the midst of his labours, there soon would be found one like him for a successor.

Cosmo, like the Emperor Augustus, was born under the sign of Capricorn, and on the same day (the 1st of August) that Augustus won the battle of Actium, Cosmo gained the victory which established his authority and extinguished the Florentine republic, 1538. He therefore chose for his device the zodiacal sign, as figured on the ancient medals, with the world under its feet, and the helm and cornucopia. The motto, *Fide fati, virtutem sequemur*,—"In reliance on destiny, we will follow virtue," being the words he addressed to his uncle, Cardinal Cibo, after the assassination of his predecessor, when he modestly declared that he would endeavour by his own merits to procure the good fortune promised by his horoscope.

Cosmo also took two anchors crossed, with the motto *Duabus*, "By two," meaning, either that he had secured his authority upon two supports, the protection of the Emperor Charles V., and the impregnable condition of his fortresses; or, as Domenichi infers, upon the affections of his subjects and the fear of God.

Another impresa adopted by Cosmo was the tortoise with a sail (Fig. 14). Motto, *Festina lente*, "Hasten slowly," a device suggested by the Crab and Butterfly of Augustus, or the Dolphin and Anchor of



Fig. 14.

Vespasian. "Do nothing rashly. Let your haste be restrained by caution." The same sentiment was expressed by Pope Paul III., by the dolphin and chameleon, with the motto "Mature."

Leonora di Toledo, wife of Duke Cosmo, took a log of burning wood lying on the ground, the flames ascending to heaven; suggested, probably, by the "broncone" of Piero de' Medici. Motto, *Inis hærens, ad suprema*,—"Clinging to the lowest, I mount to the highest," meaning that although tied and bound to earthly objects, her aspirations rose to heaven.

Francesco de' Medici, 1587, second Grand Duke of Tuscany, adopted for his device a toad gazing at a weasel armed with



Fig. 15.

a branch of rue (Fig. 15). Motto, *Amat victoria curam*,*—"Victory loves care," *i.e.*

* Superstition observed that Alexander died in the year 1536 (Florentine style), on the sixth day of the month, on the sixth hour of the night, of six wounds, at twenty-six years of age, in the sixth year of his reign, and therefore *six* sixes were combined in his death, making up the age of $6 \times 6 = 36$ of the current year of the sixteenth century.—Napier's *Florence*.

† Pliny says that the rhinoceros is the second enemy of the elephant (the dragon is the first), that the rhinoceros "fileth that horne of his against hard stones, and maketh it sharpe against he should fight," and in his conflict with the elephant he pierces him in the more tender parts, until he killeth him, or the elephant overthrows his adversary by strangling him with his proboscis.—Book viii., ch. xx.

* "Jure igitur vincemur, amat victoria curam."—Catullus. This motto has been aptly adopted by her Majesty's physician, Sir James Clarke, Bart.

demands caution, a whimsical impresa derived from the statement of Pliny, who, speaking of this herb, says:—"In the like manner it is singular good against the stinging of serpents: for the very weasels, when they prepare themselves to combat with them, use to eat this herb beforehand, for to be secured from their venom."

Giovanna, of Austria, the wife of Francesco, took, on the occasion of their marriage, the device of two turtle doves (Fig. 16),



Fig. 16.

with the motto, *Fida conjunctio*,—"A faithful union;" and that of two crows: the one a symbol of conjugal fidelity, the other of concord and long life.

Also, the sun shining upon a pearl just emerged from the ocean (Fig. 17). Motto,



Tu splendorem tu vigorem, "Thou (givest) brightness and strength," that is, as the pearl derives all its whiteness, brilliancy, and firmness, from the sun, so, from Heaven alone, she looked for strength, virtue, and grace. "The pearl," says Pliny, "is soft and tender so long as it is in the water; take it forth once, and presently it hardeneth."

When a girl,' Giovanna's motto was *Et a Domino non cessabit cor meum*,—"And from the Lord my heart does not depart," suggested by the words of Jeremiah xvii. 5.

Ferdinand, Cardinal and Grand Duke of Tuscany, to announce his intention to govern with patriarchal kindness, assumed for his device a swarm of bees encompassing their queen (who is said to have no sting). Motto, *Majestate tantum*,—"By her royalty alone." This device is also placed on the equestrian statue of the Grand Duke Cosmo I. at Leghorn.

Ferdinand likewise used, with his bees, the motto, *Pro rege exacuunt*,—"For the king they point their sting," as Virgil describes them in the fourth Georgic:—

> "Onward they troop, and brandishing their wings,
> Fit their fierce claws, and point their poison'd stings;
> Throng to th' imperial tent, their king surround,
> Provoke the foe, and loud defiance sound."
>
> Dryden's *Virgil*.

Ferdinand was succeeded by Cosmo II., the protector of Galileo, who named the "Stelle Medicii" in compliment to his patron.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WOOD-ENGRAVING.

Since the existence of the *Art-Journal*, a period of considerably more than a quarter of a century, it has frequently been our duty to direct attention to processes and inventions, the object of which was to supersede the tedious and costly process of wood-engraving, or to reproduce in a marvellously short space of time unlimited numbers of copies of engravings, whether on wood or metal, already executed; and in some instances of reprinting these in conjunction with ordinary letter-press. Yet though some of these inventions were found to possess qualities of considerable value, and even proved to be what their authors claimed for them, ultimately they turned out of little or no practical use, and were laid aside as failures. Still, there cannot be a doubt but that any process which fulfils all the requirements of illustrated letter-press printing, would meet the encouragement and support it deserves. The plan most generally adopted hitherto as a substitute for wood-engraving has been to have the mould, either for stereotyping or electrotyping, made by the artist with a point, or some such instrument, after the method of etching. Another plan is to draw on a metal plate with a prepared ink, and then to "bite in" the intervening spaces with acids. Whatever may have been the value



of these and other processes, it is evident that publishers of illustrated works have not found them suited to their requirements.

But the active mind of man, ever aspiring to attain some coveted good, rests not till he has, or fancies that he has, reached it; and thus we have lately had introduced to our notice an entirely new principle of producing prints which are to take the place of woodcuts. Our experience of the past naturally makes us sceptical as to the result of this novelty; but, as exponents of all matters relating to Art, it deserves a notice in our columns, and especially so as it holds out, as we think, a fairer promise of success than any antecedent invention.

Messrs. Edward Roper and Co., of Southampton Street, are proprietors of a patent they have obtained, to which the name of "Graphotype Engraving" is given. These gentlemen have afforded us the opportunity of inspecting some of their productions, and we have had their mode of working explained to us.

The invention is of American origin, and the discovery of the principle whereon it is founded was purely accidental. It happened in this way:—Mr. Dewitt C. Hitchcock, an artist of considerable ability, and one of the best wood-engravers in the United States (and it is certainly a recommendation of the discovery that it originated with an engraver) was removing the white enamel from a card with a wet brush, for the purpose of whitening a piece of wood on

which he was about to draw, when he noticed that the printed letters upon the *card* were brought into bold relief by the operation. The idea immediately suggested itself that here was a basis of a "process," and he at once devoted a portion of his leisure time to work it out experimentally. After successive trials, carried on with no little perseverance, he was at length enabled to produce relief printing-plates perfect in many respects. Then arose another obstacle, to find ink which would answer the purpose of his process. In this extremity an acquaintance of Mr. Hitchcock's, Mr. Day, of New Jersey, an artist also, who was well-informed in all matters connected with the "graphotype" discovery, was fortunate enough to invent an ink that exactly answered the purpose. Patents in different countries were applied for and obtained; the process was brought into extensive use in America, and has been introduced here.

The method adopted may be explained in a few sentences. The very finest pulverised white chalk is sifted on to pieces of sheet zinc so as to present an even surface, which is then submitted to the action of an hydraulic press; a highly polished sheet plate giving it the necessary smoothness. A coating of size is then applied to "set" the chalk, thus producing a surface like an enamelled card, which may be drawn upon. The tracing is transferred to the plate in the ordinary way: that is, by means of red chalked, or rouged, thin paper; the drawing is made with brushes; the ink used is of a glutinous nature, and has the property of combining with the surface of the chalk, and so hardening it that it protects the lines during the engraving process. When the drawing is finished it is ready for the engraving or "brushing," which is done with soft fitch or badger hair brushes, and silk velvet. The lines themselves are brought into relief on the same principle as those of a wood-cut; only that instead of the tedious mode of picking out every minute bit of white with a graver, the brush removes in a few minutes all the intervening spaces of chalk untouched by the ink, thus producing a perfect *fac-simile* of the drawing in an almost incredible short space of time. The brushing or engraving may be carried to any necessary depth, and a point of very great value in it is, that there is no undercutting, the lines being all, to use a technical term, of the true V shape; hence moulds can be taken from these plates with great ease, much more so than from those produced by any other process. When the drawing is brushed down to the necessary depth, it is very carefully dusted out, and a solution of water-glass, silicate of potash, being applied, all that remains on the zinc plate is rendered completely indurate. In an hour or two, this becomes perfectly dry, and when oiled, a mould may be taken from it by any of the ordinary methods. By a very ingenious adaptation of the ruling-machine, tints of almost every kind may be produced, as well as most descriptions of ornamental lines.

Such is the report we have received of the Graphotype, which formed the subject of a paper read by Mr. Henry Fitzcook last month at a meeting of the Society of Arts. The results of the process are seen in the appended engraving, from a drawing by Mr. Fitzcook, and which forms one of a series to illustrate Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs," published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co. The picture, we are informed, was engraved in less than an hour. The whole of the series, most of which we have seen, is produced by this process. Other engravings have also been submitted to us which, though less elaborate in subject and treatment than the one here introduced, show far greater delicacy of execution. This difference, it may be assumed, rests rather with the artist's original drawing than with the process of reproduction.

What Graphotype engraving may ultimately attain to cannot be predicted; at present we do not anticipate its superseding the best class of ordinary wood-engraving. For publications where cheapness and rapidity of production are essential, it may even now be found of great utility. We have the authority of Messrs. Roper to say they will be glad to see any one who may be desirous of receiving further information with regard to the invention.

BORDEAUX AND ITS ART-EXHIBITION OF 1865.

Bordeaux is not one of the most picturesque towns of France, but it possesses great interest to the artist, as showing how far old and Gothic constructions can be made to harmonise with the modern and regular style in which it is chiefly built. As in all the other large French cities, there has been a great movement lately in the way of reconstruction and reparation of the old monuments, and a certain amount of sound archæology is exemplified in these works. The reconstruction of the fine old church dedicated to St. Michael is one of the best examples, and the clearing away of rubbish from the walls of the cathedral is advantageous. The former is very remarkable for the perfect preservation of some of the doorways, with their statues and sculptures uninjured except by time. And it is marvellous to see how lightly the hand of time has touched them. The new work has involved almost the entire reconstruction of the roof, and much of the nave and choir, but the curious chapel dedicated to St. Joseph—a splendid specimen of *Renaissance* work of solid massive sculpture standing out boldly from the walls of which it forms a part—certainly does not suggest what Lord Byron has called "Time's effacing fingers." Both it and the curious alabaster carvings over the altar (apparently much older) are in perfect preservation, and rich in their high relief. Certainly the Virgin coming out from the mouth of the Eternal Father head foremost, and not only full grown, but most decorously draped, suggest ideas more ludicrous than serious. But after all the idea is classical, for did not Minerva thus issue from the head of Jupiter? The detached belfry, rebuilt at enormous expense, is now nearly finished. It is a noble work, and will do credit to Bordeaux. It will be more than 100 metres in height, and the form of the spire is most elegant; the style also is very pure. What little Gothic architecture the city possesses is not only good in itself, but is either in good condition, or in the way of being carefully restored. That the climate is dry and favourable for artistic work the skeletons removed from beneath the old belfry of St. Michael, and now preserved in a separate chamber, afford the best possible proof. These skeletons had not been touched for many centuries, but when removed sixty years ago to convert their tomb into a vestry, there were found upwards of seventy bodies as perfectly mummified naturally as has ever been done artificially by the best efforts of the old Egyptians. Not only the skin, but the whole of the muscular fibre and all the tendons are converted into leather. The countenances are almost expressive. The substance of the tongue, and even of the eye, remains. The hair is preserved, and in one instance it is easy to recognise the features and thick lips of a negro woman. Art ought to do well in an atmosphere so little favourable to corruption.

And Art is not badly represented, even if it be not greatly patronised, in this great capital of Bacchus. At the present time (October), after a vintage such as has rarely been known, the whole city is vinous. Casks meet us at every turn, the smell of fermenting wine pervades every street, and the quays are encumbered with waggons drawn up at the warehouses of the great merchants. But there is also an Art-Exhibition, and a very attractive one, in which wine takes no part, and in the preparation of this the town and inhabitants of the neighbourhood have done themselves great credit. The exhibition is partly of the ordinary kind, but it includes a special display of "*objets d'art*," chiefly furniture, clocks, and porcelain, lent for the occasion by the principal people in the neighbourhood. This exhibition and the public collections of pictures (modern and chiefly French), are interesting, and deserve to be known to the readers of the *Art-Journal*.

The exhibition building is cheaply constructed of wood, and occupies a prominent place in the great "*Allée des Quinconces*," close to the river, and in the very centre of the town. The exhibition itself is due to the "*Société Philomathique*," a society of some six hundred members, whose laudable object is the advance of science, art, industry, and public instruction. It was founded in 1808, and is the "Society of Arts" of France. The present is the eleventh general exhibition it has been the means of organising. The form of the building is T shaped, with an octagonal pavilion surmounted by a zinc dome in the centre of the façade. It is well arranged, but not well lighted. There are twenty-eight classes, of which the 17th (goldsmiths' work), 18th (ceramic arts), and parts of the 16th (works in metal), 24th (furniture and decoration), and 26th (drawing and engraving), are interesting in reference to Art. The rest are industrial.

Of the modern works in jewellery the greater number are from Paris, and are familiar. There are, however, five local exhibitors, amongst whose collections are some works of novelty and interest, chiefly intaglios. These are more remarkable for execution than design. A very fine group of bronzes—works of Art in the proper sense of the term—by M. Maurel, of Bordeaux, deserves special notice. In the ceramic arts, one of the Limoges manufacturers, M. Marquet, exhibits a small group in which all that is most delicate in form and colour is combined. The painting is not overdone, as is too often the case in porcelain, and the perfect transparency of the material is beyond all praise. There are several other exhibitors, but none approaches M. Marquet in taste. In glass, we find little that is remarkable, and an unsuccessful straining after novelty in form may be detected in all the exhibits. There are some admirable specimens of wood-carving by M. Charles Lagnier, of Bordeaux. This gentlemen is a real artist, and his works are of a very high character The *coupe aux cygnes* is perhaps the most pleasing work. Some interesting works in chromolithography and photolithography from Bordeaux and its immediate neighbourhood would do credit to a Paris or London exhibition. Before leaving the general exhibition, I would mention some works in iron-casting by M. Durenne, of Sommevoie (Haute Marne), in which fine artistic feeling is exhibited in the execution and finish as well as in the design. A Christ on the Cross (life size), a nymph bathing, and two boys, one crying, the other laughing, are equally remarkable for their boldness and execution.

The special loan collection occupies a gallery at the entrance of the exhibition building. There are twelve groups of objects, classed as follows:—(1) Tapestry, (2) Arms, (3) Furniture, (4) Clocks and Watches, (5) Glass, (6) Snuff-boxes, (7) Early printed Books, Drawings on Vellum and on Fans, and Engravings, (8) Porcelain and Enamel, (9) Goldsmiths' Work and Jewels, (10) Bronzes, (11) Sculptures in Wood and Ivory, (12) Antiquities. Our space will not permit us to do more than refer to the interesting and valuable collection.

On the whole the Bordeaux Exhibition, though small, is creditable. It contains objects of real beauty and interest, some of them unrivalled. It is to be regretted that the light is not more favourable for their examination, and that they are somewhat too closely huddled together, and are in some cases placed too high for convenient examination, but the Bordeaux Philomathic Society deserves the greatest praise for its exertions in producing so curious and instructive an addition to the general exhibition. A catalogue either descriptive, or merely communicating the names of the owners, and a brief outline of the objects, would have been a useful contribution. Perhaps, in the event of a future exhibition, this also may be secured to the public.

Bordeaux is not rich in pictures. There is a small and rather interesting public collection, but no fit museum or gallery has been erected, and the absence of works by some of the really great artists of the city and its neighbourhood, is as surprising as it is to be regretted. Rosa Bonheur is one of these. She was neglected when a little appreciation would have been a great kindness, and now she feels little inclination to occupy herself for their benefit. Bordeaux and many other cities and people would do well to study this lesson.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE Council of this Institution adopts a plan which, if followed by the Royal Academy of London, would possibly be an act of wise policy, by disabusing the public mind of many erroneous opinions formed on account of the secrecy, real or alleged, which shrouds almost its whole proceedings. Every year the Scottish Academy prints and issues a report of its transactions and progress; the thirty-eighth report has been forwarded to us, which embodies the proceedings of the past year. It states that the annual exhibition of 1865 contained 861 pictures and 46 sculptures; the "staple of the collection" being the works of resident Scottish artists, with a few valuable contributions by Scotchmen resident in London, conspicuous among which were 'La Gloria—a Spanish Wake,' by J. Phillip, R.A.,' the property of Mr. John Pender, M.P., and 'Baith Faither and Mither,' by T. Faed, R.A., belonging to Mr. W. Leaf. Several English and continental artists were also exhibitors. As a by-law of the Academy limits the appearance at the annual exhibitions of works of deceased members to within a year after their decease, the Council, on this occasion, felt it due to the memory of their late President, Sir J. W. Gordon, R.A., and to their late honorary members, W. Dyce, R.A. and D. Roberts, R.A., to procure some examples of their pictures, and this was effected by valuable loans on the part of some distinguished collectors. The exhibition was generally admitted to be one of the best ever opened in Scotland, the attendance of visitors being considerably in excess of that of some previous years, while the sale of works in the galleries exceeded £5,000 in amount.

The report alludes to the selection, by the Queen, of Mr. John Steell, R.S.A., to execute his design for the Scottish Memorial of the Prince Consort, submitted, with several others, to the consideration of her Majesty; and also to the Queen's Royal Warrant, appointing Mr. George Harvey, P.R.S.A., one of the Commissioners of the Board of Manufactures in Scotland, in room of the late President, Sir J. W. Gordon.

Vacancies in the roll of the Academy caused during the year by death, were filled up by the election of Mr. Walter Hugh Paton, Associate, to the rank of Academician, and by those of Messrs. Keeley Halswelle and Thomas Clark, as Associates, in the place respectively of Mr. A. Fraser, deceased, and Mr. W. H. Paton, promoted.

The following works of Art have, in the past year, been added to the Academy's permanent gallery:—A drawing, or cartoon, by W. Mulready, R.A., for his well-known picture of 'The Bathers;' a copy, in oils, by R. S. Lauder, R.S.A., of Titian's 'Presentation of the Virgin,' a water-colour drawing, 'View on the Thames,' by D. Roberts, R.A.; 'Lamlash Bay, Arran,' the diploma picture of W. H. Paton, R.S.A.; 'Study of a Man's Head,' by the late A. Middleton; 'Portrait of W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., Treasurer of the Academy,' painted and presented by J. Phillip, R.A.; Plaster Casts of the busts of Northcote and Nollekens. The library has also received many valuable additions.

The Council has had under consideration the subject of instituting a Professorship of Pictorial Anatomy, which, taken in connection with the studies of the Antique and Life schools, the Council considers "necessary as a basis of artistic culture for the future Scottish school of historic and poetic Art." At present nothing has been done beyond bringing the matter forward at the Council board.

The report, finally, alludes to the loss the Academy and Art generally have sustained by the death of D. Roberts and A. Fraser, both of whom are spoken of in terms equally eulogistic and regretful.

The Scottish School of Art is undoubtedly taking a high place in this country: that, we believe, is not a little owing to the liberal and wise administration of the Academy, which neglects no opportunity of advancing the interests of all who come under its teaching and influence.

ART IN GOLD.

A GOLDSMITH, who is a master of his own art, must necessarily be an artist of a very high order. It is, indeed, the especial attribute, as it is the signal glory, of all noble Art, that it is able to ennoble and to render precious comparatively worthless and ignoble materials. But the art of the goldsmith, on the other hand, has to show that it can command a power capable of elevating the most precious of materials to a far more exalted preciousness. The capacity of this art, therefore, is to be estimated by what it adds to the worth, not of clay, but of gold; not of marble, but of diamond. That his productions are distinguished by the great intrinsic value of the substances in which they are executed, the true goldsmith, accordingly, will regard as simply an accidental circumstance, determined by the nature of his works themselves; and he will feel that he must be content to rank with the mere mechanics of his craft, unless the costliness of his materials is obscured by the lustre of his art.

Thus the goldsmith, who is an artist in gold, will discern a truthful image in the fine paradox of the poet, since he will "gild the refined gold" with the purer, more subtle, and more precious element of Art.

Again, while he forms a correct estimate of the comparative values of gold and Art, the true goldsmith also thoroughly appreciates the qualities of the precious metals in which he works. To him gold is valuable much less because it sells for a certain large sum of money for the ounce, than because it possesses certain properties peculiar to itself. He is conscious that the artist in gold can never fail in any work through any shortcoming in his material; for he knows the gold to be absolutely perfect in its capabilities for realising every varied expression of his art. And so the true goldsmith, who duly recognises the supremacy of his art over his materials, devotes his thoughts with becoming care to the practical study of his materials; he subjects them to the most searching of experimental investigations; he strives to make himself master as well of everything that his materials can accomplish as of every most efficient process and system of treatment. He gathers together the accumulated stores of past experience, he keeps well to the front in the advance of modern discovery, and the wonderful revelations continually made by science in his own day he associates with the no less wonderful lessons in taste and skill that are handed down to him from remote antiquity.

There is one remarkable characteristic of the works that he produces which claims from the artist in gold no limited portion of his thoughtful regard; this is their comparative minuteness, and the positive minuteness of the greater number of their component parts, if not of them all. Now an object is not charming simply because it happens to be very small; and yet there does exist a most powerful charm in the fact that an object is very small, provided it is proportionately refined, delicate, and wrought with an harmonious adjustment, and an exact accuracy of detail. The goldsmith, therefore, will study refinement and delicacy, and harmony and exactness; and he will keep in his remembrance that as minuteness, if it only serves to throw a veil over imperfections, is contemptible, so it is admirable when it concentrates what is exquisite in perfections. Here the gold is the most obedient and faithful of dependents: nothing is too small for it, and in its minutest particles it readily accepts the most elaborate workmanship. And so it rests with the goldsmith himself to render the smallest of his productions gems of Art.

And further, these minute works in the precious metals (for what is true of gold, in its degree holds true with respect to platinum and also to silver) not only may be in every respect admirable in themselves as jewels, but they may also possess strong claims for admiration in the capacity of models for larger works, in other materials, and for other purposes. When it reveals the wondrous beauties and glories, and the exquisite combinations and adaptations of the minute myriads that throng our earth, the microscope at the same time shows how the organisation of these tiny atoms exemplifies creative principles that are applicable under very different conditions. In like manner golden jewels wrought in filigree threads and diminutive globules, may serve to illustrate with equal accuracy and beauty the grandest principles of constructive Art. The work of the goldsmith may be as the work of the architect or the sculptor in miniature. It has been suggested that the germ of the great architecture of the middle ages may be traced to the productions of the artists in gold who flourished at a still earlier period. We do not indeed desire to suggest that our own architects should look to contemporaneous jewellery for actual architectural models; and yet living goldsmiths, who now aspire not only to rival, but to surpass the greatest of their predecessors, may produce works in gold that artists who work in marble, and bronze, and stone, may study with advantage, as well as contemplate with admiration.

The collections of the choicest productions of their art that were sent by living goldsmiths and jewellers to the last Great Exhibition were remarkable for the homage which was rendered by them to the jewellers of antiquity. In 1862 the grand object with artists in gold was to reproduce the goldsmiths' and jewellers' work of the Etruscans, or the more severely classic jewellery of ancient Greece and Rome. The Castellani, Romans of the Rome of to-day, led the way as revived ancient artists in gold; and the old Etruscans, Greeks and Romans alike would have gladly claimed them, and each race would have been proud of such citizens in the palmy times of their arts. It certainly was a noble achievement to have done once more what those marvellous ancients habitually did so well; and, indeed, it would seem to have been absolutely necessary to reproduce the ancient jewellery exactly after the ancient manner, as the prelude to the production of modern jewellery equal to the jewellery of antiquity in both Art and processes of production. This reproduction, however, requires to be understood aright. It is not our own Art, but the Art of other peoples and other periods revived by us—that is, in reproducing works in gold in the Etruscan, Greek, and Roman manner, we step back some twenty or thirty centuries; and so long as we are content to make ancient jewellery over again, we remain stationary as artists and gold-workers, living now, but thinking and working in a remote era. In that remote era we find very much to learn—very much that we can learn only with laborious study, and that more than repays us for any expenditure of labour and thought. Still, this reproducing at best is only successful copying; and this copying of ancient works ignores whatever modern science might provide for us, as of course it sets altogether on one side all original design. While men are working back far away from their own age, they are easily led to forget that, though Art may have degenerated, with advancing time science has advanced with rapid progress. Hence an artist in gold, living in our day, but at heart and in practice a thorough Etruscan about 3,000 years old, acts as if he were to insist on working with only one hand. The time is come for our goldsmiths to establish an alliance between ancient Art and modern science. And, even more than this, out of this alliance our goldsmiths must develop an art in gold that they may justly claim as their own. After all, as we have just said, to reproduce an ancient art is really to copy ancient artists. We may be glad for awhile to be successful copyists of such masters; but it will not do to remain copying always; we must rise to the dignity of masters ourselves.

From the most perfect reproduction of ancient models in goldsmiths' work a decided step in advance has been happily taken by the Messrs. Phillips, of Cockspur Street, to whose beautiful coral jewellery we lately directed the attention of our readers. The "Classic Jewellery," properly so called, the latest productions of these artists, may be divided into two classes, both equally excellent as works of Art in gold, but the second class greatly surpassing the other in interest. The works which form the first of

these two classes, or groups, are reproductions of the best ancient examples — reproductions pure and simple, perfect of their kind, such works of Art in gold as might have been exhumed from the sepulchral jewel casket of an Etruscan prince. The works of the second class are based upon ancient authorities, without any rigid adherence to the precise treatment of any particular ancient examples. Wherever modern science could suggest any improvement in construction, such improvement has been introduced; nor have modifications in design been ever rejected, if by such changes the modern work might be made to surpass its ancient prototype. This is exactly what we have been so anxious to see done by our own greatest masters of ancient art; and we cordially congratulate the Messrs. Phillips on having thus brought the art of the ancient goldsmiths down to us, instead of insisting upon taking us with them back to the remote fountain-head of their art on ancient classic ground. What is specially important in this last effort of these eminent goldsmiths is the cautious deliberation with which it has been made. The second group of this classic jewellery is no less truly "classic" than the first. The allegiance of the modern goldsmith to the ancient art is expressed in it with unshaken fidelity. Still, it is the freemen's allegiance, who know how, at the right time and within becoming bounds, to think and act independently for themselves.

One single specimen of this group will suffice for us to describe particularly. This is a fibula made in gold from an ancient example in silver. The original, which was found in excavations at Rome, almost immediately after it was discovered came into the possession of Mr. Phillips, who was in Rome at the time. It represents a group of five horses at speed, placed as if yoked abreast to a chariot, their heads and forefeet radiating from the common centre of the chariot itself. A more spirited or more ably modelled little group cannot be conceived; and the skill of the execution is in every respect equal to the felicity of the design.

A third group of revived and modified ancient jewellery, which we are disposed to regard with equal satisfaction and hopefulness, may also be seen in the same establishment. This group consists of works in the goldsmith's art of the ancient Scandinavians. At least equal both in Art and execution to the best productions of Italy and Greece, and indeed exhibiting strange evidence of a strong sympathy with the most characteristic works of early Byzantine artists, this northern jewellery possesses many original qualities, and it also is admirably adapted for the display of all the resources of modern scientific goldsmiths. The interlacing and intertwining designs of the north tell most effectively in the gold, with accessories wrought in delicate enamels, and with the exquisite soldering of gold globules. The artists themselves who have included Scandinavian Art within the range of their classic jewellery, regard this peculiar group of their works with especial favour, and they confidently expect to derive from the lessons they are learning from the goldsmiths of Scandinavia still more important advantages than even from the master spirits of ancient Italy and Greece. We are disposed to share with the Messrs. Phillips in their admiration for the ancient jewellery of the north, and we rejoice to observe that at length the artistic powers of the ancient northern races are commanding a just recognition. We do not forget that thus, under the fair auspices of Art, we are brought into almost direct contact with our own ancestors. Those old Scandinavian goldsmiths may have been, some of them surely must have been, our kinsmen in actual consanguinity as well as our predecessors in the occupancy of these islands. We still retain early Scandinavian sympathies, and these have been happily strengthened through fresh Scandinavian associations. At Charing Cross the works of the goldsmiths of Scandinavia cannot fail to be more at home than those of their Etruscan and Greek brother artists and fellow craftsmen. We shall have more to say hereafter concerning this Scandinavian jewellery. Meanwhile, we cordially concede to it a place of honour among works of classic Art in Gold.

OBITUARY.

FRANCOIS JOSEPH HEIM.

The death of this artist, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, was announced in the Paris journals of October last. M. Heim acquired considerable reputation in his own country as a historical painter, and for thirty-six years was a member of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*. He gained the great prize of the Academy when only twenty years of age. At the Universal Exposition, in Paris, of 1855, several of his finest pictures were exhibited; for example:—'Massacre of the Jews at the Capture of Jerusalem,' painted in 1824, and now in the gallery of the Luxembourg; 'The Victory of Judas Maccabeus;' 'The Martyrdom of St. Cyr and St. Juliette,' painted in 1819, and now in the church of St. Gervais, Paris; 'The Martyrdom of St. Hippolyte,' painted in 1822, now in the cathedral of Notre Dame; 'St. Hyacinth invoking the Aid of the Virgin to recall to life a Young Man who had been drowned,' painted in 1827; 'The Battle of Rocroy;' 'Charles X. distributing Rewards to Artists at the termination of the Exposition in 1824,' painted in 1827. M. Heim also exhibited at the same time a large number of portraits of distinguished persons, among them those of Baron Cuvier, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, Arnaud, Thevenin, and others. For the above works he obtained one of the principal medals. In the Louvre he painted two ceilings. M. Heim was born at Belfort.

CHARLES FRANCOIS NANTEUIL LEBŒUF.

The *Académie des Beaux Arts* of Paris has lost another of its members by the death, in November last, of this veteran sculptor, at the age of seventy-three years. His most celebrated statue is 'The Dying Eurydice,' now in the Luxembourg palace. The bas-reliefs of the peristyle of the Pantheon, and those of the pediment of the church of St. Vincent de Paul, near the terminus of the Northern railway, Paris, are his work.

MR. JOHN STEWART.

Though the name of this gentleman is, in all probability, unknown to the great majority of our readers, he contributed some valuable papers to our Journal. Mr. Stewart was a native of Scotland, and for several years conducted, with marked success, a newspaper in Edinburgh, which, we believe, he also originated. Many of its leading articles were from his pen, and especially those having reference to Art matters, his knowledge of such subjects being sound, practical, and independent.

A few years ago he left Edinburgh and established himself in London as a consulting and practical decorator, a profession for which he was eminently qualified, and in which he would, doubtless, have found abundant employment had his health permitted him to engage actively in it. For a long time past, however, he suffered from a most painful disorder, which frequently incapacitated him for exertion of any kind. During the summer of this year he visited Italy with the hope that he might again derive benefit from a stay in the country, as he had once before. But the disease had too strong a hold on him, and he returned to his residence, Earls Colne, Essex, only to die. The event, which we record with much sincere regret, occurred on the 10th of October. Mr. Stewart had only reached the age of fifty-one years.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

Dundee.—A contemporary journal reports that:—"As the workmen were taking down the old buildings near the corner of Talley-street and Nethergate, Dundee, an interesting fresco was brought to light. The painting is in four panels. According to one Dundee paper the painting is of an ecclesiastical character, of the date of Queen Elizabeth; but the local *Courier* states that the first panel represents Daniel in the den of lions; the second consists of a fountain, upon the top of which two cupids are perched, and on each side is a figure with a pitcher. The third, which is considerably destroyed, apparently had represented a feast of angels—at least there are some indications of figures with wings, and a table, &c. The fourth we could make nothing of. The figures are anything but well drawn, and the perspective is Chinese in character."

Glasgow.—Preparations are making for an Exhibition of Works of Art and Skill by the working people of this city. A considerable number of applications for space have been made, and promises received from collectors and owners of pictures to contribute. Her Majesty, it is said, has intimated her intention of sending a bust of the late Prince Consort, executed by the Princess Royal. The Duke of Argyle is to open the exhibition, a ceremony which will probably take place before our Journal is in the hands of the public, but after our sheets are at press.

Cork.—The annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Cork School of Art took place in the Rotunda of the Athenæum, on the evening of the 20th of October. The works of the students, together with some examples of Art from the South Kensington Museum, were exhibited on the occasion. Mr. Brennan, head master of the school, to whom, by the way, the mayor, who occupied the chair, paid a high compliment for his able and efficient conduct of the institution, read the report for the last sessional year: from it we gather that sixteen medals were awarded to pupils; thirteen drawings were retained for national competition; four students received "honourable mention;" and three were again awarded medals at the national competition. Cork has proved the nursery of some of our most eminent artists, and it appears still to maintain the good character of its Art-institutions.

Cambridge.—The students of the School of Art here, in conjunction with the Cambridge Architectural Society, held their annual soirée in the month of November, under the presidency of the Earl of Hardwicke, who delivered a suitable address on the occasion. The Countess of Hardwicke handed the prizes to those entitled to them, and Mr. F. S. Powell read an essay to the assembly, on "Truth, the Foundation of Art." The success of the school appears to be less favourable than its friends desire, judging from the following paragraph in the report:—"The number of medals awarded to the school in the last examination was twenty, as in the preceding year. Of the works forwarded for national competition, two were selected for honourable mention. The committee are unable to express themselves contented with this report of the year's proceedings. They wish that they could have announced an increase in the number of medals and more national medallions than in their sixth report."

Chester.—In addition to the equestrian statue of Viscount Combermere recently erected in this city, subscriptions, already amounting to several hundred pounds, are being received for a statue of the Marquis of Westminster, whose magnificent mansion, Eaton Hall, is in the vicinity, and whose family generally furnishes a representative in parliament for Chester.

Cirencester.—Mr. T. Gambier Parry presided at the annual distribution, in November, of prizes to the successful pupils in the Cirencester School of Art. The secretary's report announced that the medals obtained had been less numerous than in the preceding year; but the standard of the drawings was higher, as

shown by the large number selected for national competition—fourteen out of eighteen—and by the ultimate success of several of these works. Mr. Parry—himself an artist of no ordinary talent, as his pictures on the roof of Ely Cathedral testify—delivered an able address to the pupils and visitors, remarking that among the drawings of the student there was nothing exhibited that might be classed as high Art, and he could not see why those who showed such mechanical power in delineating the difficult position of a leaf, should not also be able to draw the human figure. He could not understand why they should "stick to" flowers and leaves and flat objects, for it was as easy to draw the human figure in a difficult attitude as a leaf. We must record our dissent from this opinion, and for this simple reason, that a leaf has but a single form, so to speak, however it may be placed before the copyist; the human figure is composed of several members which, when put into their proper position, show a diversity of lines well calculated to embarrass the tyro when he attempts to draw them truthfully and naturally.

Leeds.—The annual distribution of prizes to the students in the Leeds School of Art and its various branches, was held, in the month of November last, in the Victoria Hall, when the Duke of Cleveland presided. In the report for the past sessional year, read by Mr. Walter Smith, head master, it was stated that the number of pupils under instruction through the agency of these schools, had increased from 5,936 in 1864, to 7,430 in 1865; while the number passing examination in drawing had increased from 1,034 in the former year to 1,918 in the latter. Of 103 national medallions, or Queen's prizes, awarded among 110 schools of the United Kingdom, Leeds received five; and out of five national medallions awarded to the whole of the schools throughout the kingdom for mechanical drawing, the Leeds schools obtained three, a proof, as was observed, of the practical usefulness of the institution and its branches to the trade of the district. The number of pupils who successfully passed their examinations throughout the last year was 1,918, the next highest on the list being the Manchester and Liverpool schools, the former numbering 685, the latter 684. The vast preponderance in favour of Leeds is self-evident.—Mr. Noble is to receive, or has received, the commission for the statue of the late Sir P. Fairbairn, to be placed in this town. Messrs. Foley, Calder Marshall, MacDowell, and Weekes were also invited to send in "tenders," all of whom, with the exception of Mr. MacDowell, complied.

Lincoln.—The second annual meeting and distribution of prizes in connection with the Lincoln School of Art took place in November. The meeting was addressed by Chancellor Massingbird, Sir Charles Anderson, and others, the mayor (R. Harvey, Esq.) in the chair. The reports of the secretary and master were very satisfactory, the school standing well in numbers, finances, and Art-progress. The awards at the Government examination were twenty-six medals, six honourable mentions, forty-one high grade prizes, and forty-two "passes." This is exclusive of the awards in the more elementary examination of pupils in schools taught by the School of Art. The number of students is over 200, besides 630 taught in the various schools. An exhibition of the students' works was also open for two days, and was very well attended. The new school built last year, and opened by the Bishop of Oxford, is now free from debt.

Manchester.—The annual meeting of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts was held on the evening of the 30th of November; the President, Mr. W. K. Keeling, in the chair. The report of the Council stated that the position of the Academy indicated continued success. The number of students had increased during the year, and greater interest was being manifested by artists and architects of this city in their respective professions. The treasurer's account was in a condition more satisfactory than any former year's had been. Through the liberality of a member the Academy had been enriched with four busts, namely, of Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Inigo Jones, and Sir Christopher Wren; and the Council had recently purchased a work by the late William Dyce, R.A. A *conversazione* took place after the meeting, which was numerously attended.

Preston.—The recent Industrial Exhibition here is stated to have proved highly successful. The total number of admissions for the first six weeks was 70,000, and the receipts amounted to about £2,000. When all the expenses are paid, there will be, at all events, a clear profit of £1,000, and it is probable that this sum will be considerably augmented. The proceeds will be equally divided between the Institution for the Diffusion of Knowledge and the Central Working Men's Club.

Scarborough.—The church of St. Martin's-on-the-Hill, in this town, is now decorated with a wall-painting by Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Falkner, and Co., of London, the gift of Miss Mary Craven, who has been a liberal benefactor to the sacred edifice. The central object of the picture is a representation of the 'Adoration of the Eastern Kings.' In the background are angels adoring, and in the upper part of this panel, are the quaint red tiles of the roof of the stable, with doves hovering over it. On each side of the central panel are three small figures of angels, with musical instruments in their hands, worshipping the infant Redeemer. The four outer panels contain figures of the four archangels. All these are on a background of gold, toned down by flowers and foliage. The whole wall is covered by a diaper pattern: in this pattern is worked the letter M, standing for St. Martin, in whose name the church is dedicated, with the abbreviated Latin inscription,—"*In mem. æter. erit justus.*" "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

Sheffield.—The last report of the council of the School of Art here, presented at the annual meeting on the 7th of November, has reached us. It notices first the disorganisation which had crept into the institution in consequence of the protracted illness of the late head master, Mr. Mitchell, and its present favourable condition under the able management of his successor, Mr. Soanes. The total number of medals awarded at the two examinations last year under the new regulations of the Department of Science and Art, were twenty-seven bronze local medals and five national medallions. Works of Art to the amount of £47 10s. were presented to the school by the Department on account of the prizes awarded to students. The financial statement of the treasurer is not so satisfactory. Like all other similar institutions, this has suffered under the new system insisted upon by the authorities at South Kensington. Under the most favourable circumstances it is not likely to realise more than £100 annually; the amount actually received during the past year is only £52, less by nearly £350 than has been received from the Department annually for the last seven or eight years. As a consequence the income has not equalled the expenditure. In addition to the debt of £1,560 upon the building, that owing to the bank has increased from £270, at which it stood in the preceding year, to nearly £407, making a total liability of about £1,977. "Thus the school is drifting deeper and deeper into debt, and without some extraordinary effort, it is clear it must be closed." It is, however, anticipated that the result of a public subscription, which has been auspiciously commenced in the locality, will relieve the council from its heavy responsibilities.

Southampton.—The distribution of medals to the students in the School of Art here took place on the 20th of November. A remarkable and interesting fact connected with the ceremony was that the rewards were handed to the successful competitors by a native Indian, Manockjee Cursetjee, Esq., a Bombay judge, who delivered an admirable address on the occasion. The report of the condition of the school states:—"There has been a gratifying increase in the number of students attending this year, and a slight increase in the receipts from fees. All current expenses have been discharged, and the institution remains free from debt."

Tiverton.—It is proposed to erect a statue of the late Viscount Palmerston in this town.

THE SLEEP OF SORROW AND THE DREAM OF JOY.

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY R. MONTI.

In the International Exhibition of 1862 were two sculptures which especially received the suffrages of almost the whole body of daily visitors. The works were very dissimilar in character, and probably it was the contrast each presented to the other, as well as the respective merits of each, that attracted to both so much public notice. One was Gibson's 'Venus,' the other the group here engraved, which became the property of the "London Stereoscopic Company," to whom we are indebted for permission to introduce it How far either work fulfils the conditions which the old Greeks insisted upon as the true expression and treatment of sculpture is a question that, so far as Mr. Gibson's figure is regarded, has been discussed both in our own Journal and by other writers. With respect to the other, it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that it is taken altogether out of the standard which regulated the sculptors of Greece, to whom anything so floridly picturesque in character would never have suggested itself. Some precedents of this kind are certainly to be found among the works of the old sculptors; but the idea, or sentiment, of poetical expression whereof such sculptures may be regarded as types, is now sometimes carried to a point which the mind of the ancient Greek never could have contemplated.

Putting aside the "right or wrong" of the question, and accepting this pictorial style that has achieved such immense popularity—by no means a criterion at all times of true excellence—among us, Signor Monti's 'Sleep of Sorrow' may be adduced as a perfect triumph of the principles involved in this style, the leading feature of which is luxuriance of composition—a most striking contrast to the severe simplicity of the classicists. It is here carried out to redundancy, in the floriated base, and in the multiplied folds of the light drapery which half encircles the form of the floating figure as she mounts upwards, like a newly-risen angel of life to a world beyond the skies, her garments and long wavy hair mingling and streaming by the action of her flight from a world of sorrow to one of eternal happiness. The attitude of the figure is forcibly suggestive of aerial motion. The head is gracefully turned aside, as if to take a last farewell look of that from which she is parting for ever, and the outstretched arms point onwards to the region of her future abode.

How is this romantic composition to be rightly read? What story did the sculptor intend to tell us in it? A poet has said—

"When Sorrow slumbers wake it not;"

and here Sorrow has laid down to sleep amid a garden of roses, the perfume of which has entranced her senses, and filled her dreams with the visions of a land where neither trouble nor grief can enter. And who would rouse the sleeper from her short-lived hour of happiness, and recall her to a state in which the realities of her waking life would be aggravated in their intensity by the memories of the "dream of joy?"

Viewed as it may be, this sculptured work is full of tender sentiment, which none but an Italian would, it may be assumed, have ventured to express in marble. This Signor Monti has done with the most perfect delicacy of feeling, and with consummate artistic skill.



THE SLEEP OF SORROW AND THE DREAM OF JOY

ENGRAVED BY E. W. STODART FROM THE SCULPTURE BY R. MONTI

LONDON VIRTUE & Co.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



IT was not my happy destiny to know much of Robert Southey—the man of all the Men of Letters of my time I most revere: yet it is something to have conversed and corresponded with that truly great man,—a lofty poet, a sound teacher, a thorough Christian, who, if he never wrote a line that "dying he might wish to blot," certainly never penned a sentence that was not intended to do good. He was not a Christian only in theory; he practised *all* the virtues inculcated by the precepts and example of his Divine Master; and the less assured believer may refer to him as one of the many great intellectual lights, who had faith in the Divinity of the Saviour, and in the Gospel as a direct gift from God. Who shall say how much, in the perilous time of prevalent infidelity in which he lived, he dispelled doubts and destroyed scepticism, by exhibiting a man who had read and thought extensively and deeply, seeking for truth in every occult, as well as open source—who was not a missionary by profession, nor a teacher of whom instruction was demanded as a duty—declaring implicit belief in Christianity, and thus confirming and strengthening thinkers and reasoners comparatively weak in Faith?*

I desire to do justice to the memory of this illustrious man, chiefly because he was a man of letters *by profession:* it was his pride so to proclaim himself. There is "a craft," of which he is the chief (I have the honour to be a humble member of it), which numbers many thousands, who derive honourable independence solely from literary labour: "whose *ways*," to borrow a sentence from Southey, "are as broad as the Queen's high road; but whose *means* lie in an inkstand." It cannot fail to cheer and encourage all such to consider the career of Robert Southey; so useful to every class that came under his influence—at once so high and so humble; so honourable, so independent, so pure; so brave, yet so conciliating; so prudent, yet so generous; so careful of all home duties; so truly the idol of a household; so just in all his dealings with fellow-men; so rational in the expenditure of time; so lavish in distributing good in thought, word, and deed; so true to man and so faithful to God!

Birds of a feather flock together;
But vide the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the Birds in this cage.

Robert Southey. 22 Oct. 1836.

The family of Southey was originally—as far back as the poet could trace its history—settled at Wellington, in Somersetshire, where their "heads" appear to have been small farmers or substantial yeomen. His father was a linen-draper at Bristol, where the poet was born on the 12th August, 1774. The house is still standing in Wine Street, and I have engraved it. It has not undergone much alteration, except that what was formerly one house is now divided into two.*

Chiefly by the help of a maternal uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Southey was sent, in 1788, to Westminster School; and in 1792 was entered at Balliol College, Oxford. His boy-teaching had been obtained at Corston, near Bristol; in 1793, he visited the school "when it had ceased to be one," and that visit induced a poem, entitled "The Retrospect," which shows, however much he may have wandered from the right road to happiness, the seed of goodness was fructifying in his soul. It is dated 1794, and addressed to "Edith," his after wife. These are the concluding lines:—

"My path is plain and straight, that light is given,
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven."

He was, in a manner, compelled to leave Westminster: his "crime" being that he had written "a sarcastic attack upon corporal punishment," at which the self-accused head-master took mortal offence; and on that ground he was refused admission to Christ Church, which thus lost the glory that would have clung to it for all time—conferring it on Balliol.†

In 1791, while at college, having made the acquaintance of Coleridge, they entered into the Utopian scheme of "Pantisocracy," agreeing to become emigrants to the New World; "to purchase land by common contributions, to be cultivated by their common labour"—and so forth. However much of thoughtless folly there was in the project, it certainly originated in benevolence; and that it met the earnest advocacy of Southey is only evidence of large and genuine love of his kind. Fortunately, it was abandoned, mainly by the wise advice of good Joseph Cottle, the first publisher of Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, to whose volume of "Recollections" I have referred in writing of Coleridge. By him "Joan of Arc" was published in 1794.

Southey was married to Edith Fricker on the 14th November, 1795, at Redcliff Church, Bristol; her sister having been

* Writing to James Montgomery in 1811, he says:—"I have passed through many changes of belief, as is likely to be the case with every man of ardent mind who is not gifted with humility;" adding that Gibbon first struck his faith in Christianity, and that he became, "for a time, a Socinian," was then "inclined to try Quakerism," but ended "in clinging to all that Christ has clearly taught, yet shrinking from all attempts at defending, by articles of faith, those points which the Gospels have left indefinite." "For many years," he writes at a period long afterwards, "my belief has not been clouded with the shadow of a doubt;" and still later, "without hope there can be no happiness, and without religion no hope but such as deceives."

* In 1836, accompanied by his son, Cuthbert, Southey visited his old haunts in Bristol, and was entertained by Joseph Cottle, who had published his "Joan of Arc" in 1793. He had forgotten nothing—not even a by-way!—in the city of his birth. Let us imagine his feelings, so long after the battle had been fought and the victory won, and when, by universal accord, he was recognised among the foremost men of his age and country. Sixty-two years had passed since his birth, and nearly fifty since he had gone out into the world to find the road to fame. He was a way-worn, though not a way-wearied, man, for life had been pleasant to him, and he had trodden, mostly, in the paths of peace; but he had a long career of struggles past, obstacles encountered, and difficulties overcome, to look back upon, as he stood before that tradesman's house in Wine Street, and walked among his fellow-citizens, few of whom knew the glory he conferred upon their city, and the wealth he had acquired to lavish on mankind. Probably, in that great capital of commerce, he would have excited more homage if he had been a prosperous sugar-baker; but if that thought had come to him, which we venture to say it did not, it would not have kept away the God-given happiness with which he reviewed his past, or have lessened his gratitude for the mercy that had kept him active in His service for nearly half a century of life. He visited the school-house where he had been taught fifty-five years ago. Fifty-five years ago! His teachers, no doubt, had gone home long before, and we are not told that there were any to greet him, in the streets or in the houses of magnanimous Bristol! But we are free in fancy to picture the venerable white-headed man wearing his crown of glory, conscious of his triumphs, and going back, back—with the pride that God sanctions and approves—into the long past!

† Southey was never "at home" in Oxford. Coleridge, writing to him in 1794, says, "I would say thou art a nightingale among owls, but thou art so songless and heavy towards night, that I will rather liken thee to the matin lark; thy nest is in a blighted corn-field, where the sleepy poppy nods its red-cowled head, and the weak-eyed mole plies his dark work: but thy soaring is ever unto Heaven."

wedded to the poet Coleridge. It was a marriage of pure affection, without a worldly thought, scarcely with a worldly hope; and it endured unbroken and undiminished through a varied and trying life during the long period of forty-two years.

In 1801, Coleridge was residing at Greta Hall, close to Keswick, in Cumberland; he described to Southey the attractions of the locality:—"a fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings" (Southey had but recently returned from Portugal); and to that house, in 1805, Southey removed; there he dwelt all the remainder of his days; and in the neighbouring churchyard of Crosthwaite he is buried.

There were a few friends in the neighbourhood—many far off, with whom to correspond; the labour in which he delighted sweetened pain; with beautiful scenery, the wonderful works of God, in rich abundance all about him, and a library full of the books he loved—all his own!

In 1813, by the death of Pye, the Laureateship became vacant, and the appointment was conferred upon Southey, having been, however, previously offered to, and declined by, Walter Scott; and, for the first time, the office, instead of conferring dignity, received it from the holder. Southey's successors have been Wordsworth and Tennyson.

It is needless to give, even in outline, a history of the full life of Southey: its main facts are well known; yet, some notes I may offer in prefacing my slight personal Memory of the great and good man. His first work, the drama of "Wat Tyler," written when he was a mere youth, haunted by visions of imaginary Freedom, has been, for more than half a century, a subject of irrational censure; and because he repented him of the evil, he has been branded as a traitor and renegade, by men who were utterly incapable of comprehending the change that time and reason—and, surely it is not too much to say, Providence—had wrought in the mind and heart of the poet. To call Southey a renegade is tantamount to calling the Apostle Paul an apostate.

Loyalty is now the easiest of all our duties: thank God! It was not so when Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey were republicans.

Byron had "a sort of insane and rabid hatred" of Southey; but the Laureate was an over-match for the chief "of the Satanic school." He "sent a stone from his sling that smote the Goliath in the forehead." When in 1817, in the House of Commons, William Smith, of Norwich, branded "Wat Tyler" as "the most seditious book that ever was written," and its author as a "renegado," Southey addressed to him a letter, explaining that the obnoxious poem had been written twenty-three years previously to 1817; that a copy of it had been surreptitiously obtained, and made public by some skulking scoundrel, who had found a bookseller to issue it without the writer's knowledge, for the avowed purpose of insulting him, and with the hope of doing him injury; that it was "a boyish composition," "full of errors," and "mischievous," written under the influence of opinions long since outgrown and repeatedly disclaimed; that the writer had claimed the book only that it might be suppressed.*

* Sir W. Scott, writing to Southey in 1817, refers to William Smith as a "coarse-minded fellow," who "deserved all he got." "His attack seems to have proceeded from the vulgar insolence of a low mind, desirous of attacking genius at a disadvantage."

The "reply" to William Smith was scathing: it is, perhaps, as grand a "defence" as the English language can supply: stern, fierce, and desperately bitter; yet manly, dignified, and thoroughly TRUE. There was self-gratulation, but no self-glorification, in his reference to Wat Tyler,—"Happy are they who have no worse sins of their youth to rise up in judgment against them,"—and when he says of himself, "he has not ceased to love Liberty with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength." It was with a pride not only justifiable, but holy, that in this famous letter he said, in future biographies of him it will be recorded that "he lived in the bosom of his family, in absolute retirement; that in all his writings there breathed the same abhorrence of oppression and immorality, the same spirit of devotion, and the same ardent wishes for the amelioration of mankind; . . . . that in an age of personality he abstained from satire."*

His biographers may say much more than that. Although there is abundant evidence of his sacrifices to serve or comfort young aspirants for fame, to draw upwards and onwards struggling men of letters who needed help, there is not a tittle of proof—there could not be, for it does not exist—of his ever having written a line to discourage deserving. [In a letter to Bernard Barton, Southey, referring to his connection with the *Quarterly Review*, makes note of "the abuse and calumny he had to endure for opinions he did not hold and articles he had not written."] Now that every review he ever wrote is known, they may be read to obtain only conviction that he was generous as well as just, merciful as well as wise, whenever a work came under his hands as a reviewer. "As a writer" (I quote from Coleridge, who knew him so well) "he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety. His cause has ever been the cause of pure religion, and of liberty; of national independence, and national illumination."

These are, among others, the subjects on



THE BIRTHPLACE OF SOUTHEY.

which he wrote—advocating religion, virtue, the cause of humanity, and the natural rights of man—at a time when envenomed slander was brawling to "cry him down" as a Tory, a Government hack, and a hired enemy of freedom:—

The diffusion of cheap literature of a healthy and harmless kind; the importance of a wholesome training for children in large towns; the wisdom of encouraging female emigration under a well-organised system; a better order of hospital nurses; the establishment of savings-banks throughout the country; the abolition of flogging in the army and navy; extensive alterations in the game laws; greatly diminishing the punishment of death; regulations for lessening the hours of labour of children in factories; the policy of discontinuing interments in crowded cities and towns; the employment of paupers in cultivating waste lands; proposals for increasing facilities for educating the people;* the wise humanity

* He indulged, at times, in mild and gentle satire, such as left no festering wound. In Mrs. Hall's album he wrote the following. I must premise that the autographs of Joseph Buonaparte and Daniel O'Connell occupied the "opposite page." On the same page are the autographs of Amelia Opie and Maria Edgeworth:—

"Birds of a feather flock together,
But *rule* the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the birds in this cage.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY, 22*nd October*, 1836."

Some years afterwards Charles Dickens, good-humouredly referring to Southey's change of opinion, wrote in the album, immediately under Southey's lines, the following:—

"Now if I don't make
The completest mistake
That ever put man in a rage,
This bird of two weathers
Has moulted his feathers,
And left them in some other cage.
"BOZ."

* "I want to show how much moral and intellectual improvement is within the reach of those who are made more our inferiors than there is any necessity that they should be, to show that they have minds to be enlarged and feelings to be gratified as well as souls to be saved."

of Magdalen institutions; against a puritanical observance of the Sabbath; advocating judicious alterations in the Liturgy. In short, there is hardly a theme of rational reform, of which he was not the zealous and eloquent advocate.

These lines were written by Southey in the year 1813, long after he had become, by God's mercy, "a renegade:"—

"Train up thy children, England, in the ways
Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou thy mines
But in their industry?
Thy bulwarks where, but in their breasts?
Thy might but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers, therefore, be thy wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and thy pride?
Oh grief, then, grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land
There should be dwellings where the new-born babe
Doth bring into its parent's soul no joy.
Where squalid poverty
Receives it at its birth,
And on her withered knees
Gives it the scanty food of discontent."

It was Southey who edited the first collected edition of the poems of Chatterton (published 1802), by which the sister and niece of the unhappy boy obtained £300, that "rescued them from great poverty." It was he, too, who, when reviewers were hard upon Henry Kirke White, reached out a hand to him struggling amid troubled waters, editing his poems, and consecrating his memory after his death. For Herbert Knowles, who had written a poem "brimful of power and of promise," he "wanted to raise (and did raise) £30 a-year," of which "he would himself give £10," to send him as a sizar to Oxford. Like unhappy White, however, who died while "life was in its prime," Knowles enjoyed the aid but a short time: "the lamp was consumed by the fire that burned in it." So far back as 1809, he wrote encouragement to Ebenezer Elliott, saying, "Go on, and you will prosper." The footman, "honest John Jones," and the milkmaid, Mary Colling, were not too humble or insignificant for his helping praise. Both had that which Peers coveted at his hand in vain—laudatory reviews in the *Quarterly Review;* and of the poems of each he was the "editor," to the profit as well as honour of both. When he dipped his pen in gall—for, as he somewhere says, he was not in the habit of diluting his ink—it was to assail those he considered equally the foes of God and man. The impetus may be found in the following passage from one of his "Letters concerning Lord Byron:"—

"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences that can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned; and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands that are sent abroad; and so long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation."



GRETA HALL, THE DWELLING OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Yes, a very large portion of his busy, active, and hard-working life, was devoted to the cause of benevolence—the whole of it to the advancement of his kind in knowledge, virtue, loyalty, and piety. It was, indeed, a hard-working life; yet so regular, so methodic, so "systematised," that when one reviews his habits, one ceases to wonder at the enormous quantity of labour he "got through."*

It was to this regularity the world is mainly indebted for the rich and abundant legacy he bequeathed to posterity. "Every day, every hour, had its allotted employment;" his son tells us, and he himself describes the even tenor of his way from early morn till night. He was "by profession a man of letters;" and though he found ample leisure for home duties, for the domestic charities that dignify and sweeten life, he had none for what is usually called pleasure. He dared not be idle; for continual and arduous labour only could bring to that home the comforts and small luxuries there were so many to share; not alone of his own immediate family, but of near and dear relatives, whose dependance was mainly, in some cases solely, upon the fruits of his toil.

"My notions of competence," he writes, "do not exceed £300 a-year." Earlier than that, in 1808, we find him rejoicing that "the £200 a year which is necessary for my expenditure is within my reach." In that year, writing to Cottle, he says:—"The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring, and paid my marriage fees, was supplied by you;" and, he adds, "there lives not the man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude, or more affection."

The income he derived from his post of Poet-Laureate; he devoted to effect an insurance on his life. Indeed, at no period of his career was his income so large as that of a first-class banker's clerk; yet he was often described as "rich," and once, at least, as "rolling in riches unworthily obtained." * He was a spendthrift only in books—the tools without which he could do no work: among them he lived. De Quincey calls his library "his wife:" it was, at all events, there his time was spent. "They are on actual service," he writes. They were books, not for show, but for use; acquired by degrees, as his means enabled him to procure them; gradually they multiplied until they numbered 14,000 volumes. With them he dwelt, "living in the past," and "conversing with the dead." In one of his Colloquies, he gives a few interesting notes as to the sources from whence some of them came; from monasteries and colleges that had been ransacked, many; from the old book-stalls, where he hunted, others; while some were the welcome gifts of cherished friends. Again they have been dispersed; but they had done their work. "Wherever they go," he writes, "there is not one among them that will ever be more comfortably lodged, or more highly prized by its possessor." Yes, they had done their work; the proof is this: he published nearly one hundred volumes, original and edited, and upwards of two hundred articles contributed to the *Quarterly* and other reviews. He had, as one of his friends writes, "enjoyment in all books whatsoever that were not morally tainted or absolutely barren." He read with amazing rapidity, and saw at a momentary glance over a page where was the grain and where the chaff.

"Here," he exclaims, "I possess those gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations, laid up in my garners; and when I go to the windows, there is the lake, and there the circle of the mountains, and the illimitable sky!"

The pure and lofty—nay, the "holy"—character of Southey may be judged from his works; but if other testimony be needed, there is ample—not alone from friends, but from foes. "In all the relations and charities of private life," writes Hazlitt, who was in many ways his adversary, "he is correct, exemplary, generous, just." William Howitt—who takes a by no means generous view of his Works, their motives and their uses—deposes to his "many virtues and the peculiar amiability of his domestic life." Lamb, after his unmeaning quarrel with him, is made happy by the tenderness with which the high-souled Laureate sought reconciliation: the essayist writing, "Think of me as of a dog that went mad and bit you." The political bias of Thackeray was the opposite to that of Southey: yet this is the testimony of the author of "The Four Georges" to the Poet Laureate of George IV.:—"An English worthy; doing his duty for fifty

* Some idea of his early industry in verse-making may be formed from the fact that, in 1793, he burned 10,000 verses, preserved about the same number, and put aside 15,000 as "worthless," excluding letters, many of which were written in rhyme. "Time has been when I have written fifty, eighty, one hundred lines before breakfast, and I remember to have composed 1,200 (many of them the best I ever did produce) in a week."—*Southey in a Letter to Montgomery.*

* From a letter (inedited) to Miss Seward, I quote the following passage:—"Your estimate of the value of my copyrights moved me to a doleful smile. I sold the copyright of 'Joan of Arc' for fifty guineas and fifty copies. I sold the edition of 'Thalaba' for £115, and the edition hangs on hand. The fate of 'Madoc' you know. No bookseller would give me £500, nor half the sum, for the best poem which it is in my power to produce. Constable would not even make me an offer for 'Kehama,' when, in return to his overture (which proved to relate to his Review), I asked him, through Scott, what he would give for it. It is only Scott who can get his thousands. He has got the goose. My swan's eggs are not golden ones. Now that looks like a sarcasm, and it belies me in looking so."

noble years of labour; day by day storing up learning; day by day working for scant wages; most charitable out of his small means; bravely faithful to the calling he had chosen; refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or prince's favour. I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honour, its affection."

Let us honour Thackeray for that generosity,—"thorough."

I offer no comments on either the poetry or prose of Southey; I assume both to be sufficiently known to my readers. Indeed generally in these "Memories" I adopt that plan. Others have shown, and others may yet show, the purity of his style. No author, living or dead, drank more exclusively from "the pure well of English undefiled," and no student of "English" can drink from a better source than the writings of Southey.*

That he had many and bitter foes is certain. No doubt they disturbed him much; but "the conscience void of offence" justified his repeated declaration that they took little from his peace and happiness, and affected him no more than a pebble could a stone wall. It is, I think, Coleridge who says,—"Future critics will have to record that quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism, were his only enemies."

The earliest testimony to his moral and intellectual worth is that of the publisher Cottle; yet this of Coleridge may have been even earlier:—"It is Southey's almost unexampled felicity to possess the best gifts of talents and genius free from all their characteristic defects." He deposes also to the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits, and the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; to the methodical tenor of his daily labours, which might be envied even by the mere man of business; the dignified simplicity of his manners; the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. As "son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm, yet light steps; alike unostentatious and alike exemplary;" and in one of his letters to Southey, of a later date, he writes,—"God knows my heart. I am *delighted* to feel you as superior to me in genius as in virtue."

I might quote such testimonies in abundance, but another will suffice. It is that of one who knew him as intimately, and had studied him as closely, as his friend Coleridge,—the poet Wordsworth. These lines, written after Southey's death, are inscribed on his monument:—

> "Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
> For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,
> Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
> Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
> Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
> By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
> Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast,
> Could private feelings meet for holier rest."

I may add, perhaps, that of one other dear friend and true lover—the author of "Philip Van Artevelde":—

> "That heart, the simplest, gentlest, kindliest, best,
> Where truth and manly tenderness are met,
> With faith and heavenward hope, the suns that never set."

The earliest description of his person is that of his friend, the Bristol publisher, Cottle. The youth, as he pictures him, was "tall, dignified, an eye piercing; a countenance full of genius, kindliness, and innocence; possessing great suavity of manners." * His height was five feet eleven inches. "His forehead was very broad; his complexion rather dark; the eyebrows large and arched; the eye well shaped, and dark brown; the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive; the chin small in proportion to the upper features of the face." So writes his son, who adds that "many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth," when his hair had become white, continuing abundant, and flowing in thick curls over his brow. Byron, who saw him but twice,—once at Holland House, and once at one of Rogers's breakfasts,—says, "To have that man's head and shoulders, I would almost have written his sapphics." That was in 1813, when Southey was in his prime. Hazlitt thus pictures him:—"Southey, as I remember him, had a hectic flush upon his cheek, a roving fire in his eye, a falcon glance, a look at once aspiring and dejected." Other authors write of him in similar terms—all describing him as of refined yet manly beauty of person.*

To his habits I have made some reference. Cottle says of him when a youth,—"His regular habits scarcely rendered it a virtue in him never to fail in an engagement." Thus wrote De Quincey long afterwards:—"So prudently regular was Southey in all his habits, that all letters were answered in the evening of the day that brought them." "Study," Hazlitt says, "serves him for business, exercise, recreation." Not quite so, for he was a good walker, "walking twenty miles at a stretch." It was thus he made acquaintance not only with the mountains and lakes, but with the hills, and dales, and crags, and streams of the wild district in which he dwelt. He did not often, as Wordsworth did, sound their praises in verse, but he had as full a capacity for enjoying the beauties of nature—the more so because he ever looked from nature up to Nature's God.

His manner seemed to me to be peculiarly gentle. William Hazlitt has complained that "there was an air of condescension in his civility." To him, perhaps, there was, for he neither respected the writer, nor liked the man; but De Quincey also writes,—"There was an air of reserve and distance about him—the reserve of a lofty, self-respecting mind—perhaps a little too freezing, in his treatment of all persons who were not amongst the *corps* of his ancient fire-side friends." But he adds, "For honour the most delicate, for integrity the firmest, and for generosity within the limits of prudence, Southey cannot well have a superior." He writes also "of his health so regular, and cheerfulness so uniformly serene;" and adds that, "his golden equanimity was bound up in a three-fold chain—in a conscience clear of offence, in the recurring enjoyments from his honourable industry, and in the gratification of his parental affections."†



THE FRIAR'S WALK.

* In a MS. note of Lætitia Landon concerning Southey, I find this remark:—"There is something in Southey's genius that always gives me an idea of the Alhambra. There is the grand proportion and the fantastic ornament. The setting of his verses is like a rich arabesque; it is fretted gold. The oriental magnificence of his longer poems—such as 'Thalaba'—is singularly contrasted with the quaint simplicity of his minor poems. They give the idea of innocent yet intelligent children, yet almost startle you with the depth of knowledge that a simple truth may convey." Some one said of his "style," it was "proper words in proper places."

Thus Lamb writes to Southey:—"The antiquarian spirit strong in you, and gracefully blending even with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality"—the dim aisles and cloisters of the old abbey at Westminster.

* There is a portrait of Southey engraved in "Cottle's Reminiscences," picturing him with long hair, "curling beautifully," the hair which he declined to submit to the shears and powder of the barber at Oxford, to the intense disgust of the latter.

* A pleasant rambling epistle, in rhyme, to Allan Cunningham, and published by Allan in the *Anniversary*, of which he was the editor, treats of the various portraits that had been painted of him. Of most of them he complained—

> "They
> Who put one's name, for public sale, beneath
> A set of features slanderously unlike,
> Are our worst libellers."

He showed to Allan such an array of "villainous visages" as would suffice to make him, in "mere shame," take up an alias, and forswear himself. First, was "a dainty gentleman," with sleepy eyes, half closed, "saucy and sentimental;" next, "a jovial landlord," whose cheeks had been engrained by many a pipe of Porto's vintage; next, a leaden-visaged specimen of one in the evangelical line; next, one sent from Germany by the Brothers Schumann; he wished them no worse misfortune for their recompense,

> "Than to fall in with such a cut-throat face
> In the Black Forest or the Odenwald."

He owned "Sir Smug," and recognised the likeness when "at the looking-glass" he stood "with razor-weaponed hand:" but next saw himself so pictured as if on trial at the Old Bailey, when

> "That he is guilty
> No judge or jury could have half a doubt."

Notwithstanding, however, these "complaints," he was often "well and truly" painted. The best portrait of him, probably, is that by Lawrence, which has been often engraved, and of which my woodcut is a copy.

† To be continued.

GLASS: ITS MANUFACTURE AND EXAMPLES.*

BY WILLIAM CHAFFERS, F.S.A.

PART I.—ANCIENT GLASS.

The art of glass-making strikingly attests the ingenuity and inventive faculty of man in producing a clear, pellucid, delicate, and extremely fragile substance from elements essentially differing in every respect, the simple materials of which it is composed being opaque, hard, and apparently incongruous, and, like clay, the commonest and most abundant of chaotic matter, yet when fashioned by the magic touch of Art into beautiful forms, enriched with colour, by painting, gilding, and enamelled decorations, the products are cherished and preserved among nations as their choicest treasures.

When or by whom the art of glass-making was discovered, is uncertain. Neri traces its antiquity as far back as Job, and his commentator, Dr. Merrett, considers its origin to be as early as the invention of bricks or of pottery, as neither could be made without occasional over-heating, thereby causing vitrification of these substances, and giving them a glass coating. So he attributes the knowledge of the art to the time when the Tower of Babel was built, or as much earlier as when bricks were first used. No metallurgical operations could be carried on without producing a vitrification of the bricks or tiles of which the furnace was constructed.

Probably the earliest record we have of glass-working is that adduced by Sir J. Gardiner Wilkinson, in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," where he gives two illustrations of Egyptian glass-blowers at work, from paintings on the Egyptian tombs at Beni Hassan, accompanied by hieroglyphics which show that they were executed in the reign of Osirtasen I., 3,500 years ago; that is, 150 years before the Exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt: and a glass bead has been preserved, inscribed with the name of an Egyptian monarch who reigned about 1,450 years before the Christian era. The story of the Israelites setting fire to a forest, and the heat becoming so great that the nitre and sand melted together, and flowed in a pellucid stream of liquid glass along the mountain side, as well as the oft-quoted tale of the pirates landing on the sea-beach, and who, to boil their cauldrons, piled up stones, seaweed, and blocks of wood, causing so great a heat that the stones were softened and ran down upon the sand, which, melting and mixing with the alkali, became a diaphanous mass of glass, are both equally fabulous, and their fictitious character is proved by the simple fact that it is only the intense heat of a closed furnace which could secure the combination of the sand and alkali.

Glass was extensively used by the ancients from time immemorial for various purposes, ornamental, domestic, and funereal. From its fragile nature, but few perfect specimens are preserved to us, yet fragments innumerable are discovered wherever the great nations of old held their sway. The Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans have left us abundant proofs of their unequalled skill in this art. Among the Phœnicians, commerce and navigation flourished to a great extent. The fine linen of that country, the celebrated scarlet and purple colours of Tyre, and the glass of Sidon, were acknowledged superior to those of other nations, and the invention of these articles has been traditionally assigned to them. Their excellence in these manufactures became, in fact, proverbial, and whatever was elegant, great, or pleasing in apparel or domestic vessels, was called Sidonian. There are two interesting glass cups in Mr. Slade's collection of a fine purple colour, and with opaque white handles, which may, with certainty, be assigned to a glass manufactory at Sidon whilst under the Roman dominion. One of these bears two inscriptions in Greek and in Latin—ARTAS · SIDON, the former word being the maker's name, the latter his country. It is well known that Tyre, Sidon, and Alexandria supplied Rome with the greater proportion of glass vessels used in that city.

The Assyrians were acquainted with working in glass at a very early period. In the excavations made by Mr. Layard in the ancient Palace of Nimroud, he discovered a small vase of transparent green glass, which is probably the earliest known specimen, as none from Egypt, it is believed, date earlier than the fifth or sixth century B.C. It is oviform, flattened at the ends, 3¼ inches high, and has been blown in a solid piece, and afterwards shaped by the lathe and hollowed out; the marks of the cutting-tool are still visible. It has two small handles, is in form like the Egyptian Alabastron, and bears external evidence of its own history, being engraved with a lion, and an inscription, in cuneiform characters, of the name of Sargon, King of Assyria, and founder of Khorsabad, who is believed to have reigned 702—719 B.C. This unique vase is now in the British Museum (see Fig. 1 in the group on p. 28). Other glass vessels have been brought from Nineveh and Babylon, but they are all usually of Roman work.

The large cinerary urns of greenish glass, in which bones and ashes are found deposited in Roman tumuli, have been supposed to be of Egyptian manufacture, as well as the smaller vessels, Unguentaria, Lachrymatories, &c. These vases are discovered perhaps more abundantly in the south of France than elsewhere, and this may be accounted for by the following circumstances. Nismes was a colony of Egyptians founded by the Emperor Augustus after he had subdued that country, which fact is corroborated by the coin struck by him in commemoration of the event, having on the obverse portraits of Augustus and Agrippa, and on the reverse a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, inscribed COL. NEM (*Colonia Nemausus*). The glass-workers of Alexandria were famed for their skill at that time, and it is matter of history that Augustus, after his reduction of Egypt, imposed a tribute of glass from the conquered, which eventually proved a source of great advantage and profit to the Romans. The intercourse between this colony and Egypt must consequently have been frequent, and the glass vessels imported into the southern part of Gaul (*Gallia Narbonensis*) would make it a mart whence the western part of Europe was supplied.

Fig. 2 is an elegant cinerary urn, with double loop handles, in the Slade collection, found in the south of France enclosed in a leaden cist. There are many Roman cemeteries in the vicinity of Nismes, in which glass vessels have been discovered, the deposits being protected either by a small stone sarcophagus or leaden cist. The writer exhibited, at the Society of



Fig. 2.

Antiquaries, in the year 1850, about two hundred of these vessels, of various forms (see *Archæologia*, vol. xxxiv., where some are engraved).

The Egyptians excelled in the more ornamental kinds of glass for presents, such as drinking-cups and ornaments for the toilet, small cylindrical vases, called *alabastra*, and elegant bottles, used, probably, to contain scents: these are inlaid or worked with various coloured glasses, the favourite pattern being a zig-zag or *chevron* ornament.

Our next illustration (Fig. 3 in the group on p. 28) is an elegant cylindrical vase, 3½ inches long, for the toilet, in the form of a column, with lotus-shaped capital, used to contain the colour (*stybium*) with which the Egyptian ladies painted their eyelids. It is of opaque light blue glass, with delicate white and yellow wavy lines and spiral lines of the same colour towards the top. The mouth of the vessel expands like the calyx of a flower, the escallops being edged with white and yellow stems down their centres. It contains also a glass *stylus*, by which the colour was applied.

The next engraving (Fig. 4 in the group on p. 28) is an *alabastron* of Græco-Egyptian work, cylindrical in form, 5 inches high, with diminutive perforated handles and broad flat lip of opaque *lapis lazuli* coloured



Fig. 5.

glass, the body ornamented with slightly raised vertical ribs, on which are white and yellow escallops or imbrications.

Fig. 5 is an elegant *amphora* of Greek form, 3½ inches high, with pointed base, of deep green glass, ornamented with a zone

* The illustrations which accompany these papers are (with one or two exceptions) taken from the collection of Felix Slade, Esq., who has, with the liberality and kindness that distinguishes the true antiquary, allowed the writer the privilege of making selections from his rich and varied store of ancient glass, the choicest and most historically interesting probably ever got together, and whose cabinets are always open for the promotion of Science and Art.

(at its broadest part) of yellow and turquoise *chevrons* and bands, the lip edged with yellow. This vase is selected from a variety of others, similar in character, in the forms of small *amphoræ* and *oinocoæ*, which we should call Greek; but it is difficult to say, with any degree of certainty, where they were manufactured, whether in Egypt, Greece, or Phœnicia.

The Romans carried the Art of glass-making to a high degree of perfection. Ample evidence of this fact is seen in many collections in Europe. The *Museo Borbonico*, at Naples, contains upwards of 2,000 specimens, including the beautiful vase discovered at Pompeii, in 1839. In the British Museum is the Barberini or Portland vase, found near Rome in the sixteenth century, in the tomb of Alexander Severus, carved like a cameo on glass of two strata in imitation of onyx. The Alexandrian vase and the Auldjo Ewer (part of which is in the British Museum) attest the taste and wonderful execution of the Roman artists. A very remarkable glass cup, discovered about the year 1725, the property of the Trivulsi family, is engraved in the notes to "Winckelman" (i., c. 2, § 21). It is enclosed in a sort of network, in blue colour, which stands out from the surface, supported by a number of slender glass props at equal distances, not soldered subsequently to the formation of the cup, but actually cut out like a cameo from one solid mass. Round the top are the words "BIBE, VIVAS MULTOS ANNOS," in green letters, and connected in the same way as the network; the body of the cup being iridized has an opalescent appearance. A vase of the same character, discovered at Cologne about twenty years since, is now in the King of Prussia's collection. These are of the class described by the ancients as *calices diatreti*, from διατρῆσαι, to carve, perforate, hollow out, an operation attended with great risk, as the vessels were frequently broken or injured; thus, in the *Lex Aquilia*, "*Si calicem diatretum* faciendum dedisti; si quidem imperitia fregit, damni injuria tenebitur: si vero non imperitia fregit, sed rimas habebit vitiosas potest esse excusatus."



Fig. 6.

Fig. 6 is a very remarkable glass vase of the second century: it is of a brilliant ruby colour when held to the light; but the surface is of a pale opaque green, cut like a cameo, with figures, vines, &c., in full relief, in some parts completely detached from the glass; the whole is carefully polished with a tool. The subject is described as Lycurgus, a king of Thrace, who was driven mad for persecuting Bacchus and his followers. This exceedingly rare specimen is in the collection of the Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P. This cup terminates at bottom with a boss; the silver foot and border of leaves round the mouth were apparently added about the commencement of the seventeenth century.



Fig. 7.

Fig. 7 is an exquisitely carved oval cameo of opaque red glass with splashes of white and black, in imitation of jasper. The subject represents in high relief a centaur, carrying on his right shoulder a cantharus, or wine vase; and over his left shoulder a sort of thyrsus. He is clothed in a leopard's skin, the head of which floats over the animal's back. The subject is classically treated, and the execution is admirable. The engraving is the full size of the cameo.



Fig. 8.

The next illustration (Fig. 8) is a moulded bas-relief, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{5}$, of opaque blue glass, representing a Bacchante in an elegant attitude, holding in her right hand a wine cup, in her left the thyrsus, fractured at the lower extremities.



Fig. 9.

Fig. 9 is a circular medallion of opaque light blue glass, with the head of Medusa in bold relief, the hair disposed in *radii* round the head; two small wings on the forehead. This fine cameo is full of classical feeling; the lower part is unfortunately fractured. It is in the Slade collection, and is $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter. By the rough broken edge of the white glass, on which the cameo is laid, it was evidently the ornamental boss at the termination of the handle of a *prefericulum*. These bosses being of an extra thickness are frequently preserved, while the vessels to which they belonged have disappeared.

Fig. 10 is a specimen of pressed glass blown into a mould; it is of extremely light fabric in the form of an *ampulla* of green-tinted glass, with a handle, divided into six compartments by columns, containing in relief a *patera*, *amphora*, *prefericulum*, crossed sceptres, and other objects, fluted at top and bottom. It is from the Archipelago, and stands 4 inches high.

A beautiful and probably unique example of enamelling in coloured paste on a transparent surface of glass was discovered at Nismes, and is now in the Louvre. It is a hemispherical cup, or small bowl, of translucid emerald green glass, ornamented on the exterior with a representation, in opaque coloured enamels, of two pigmies armed with spears and shields attacking two cranes, which they are pursuing through the rushes. It is evidently of Roman workmanship. Pliny speaks of glass pavements and chambers covered with glass:—"Pulsa deinde ex humo pavimenta in cameras transiere e vitro, servitium et hoc inventum." (L. xxxvi., c. 25, § 64.) The pavements were tesselated, and the walls covered with slabs, doubtless arranged in geometrical patterns of variegated glass in imitation of rare marbles, of which there are several examples in Mr. Slade's collection. Seneca says—"Pauper sibi videtur ac sordidus nisi parietes magnis et pretiosis orbibus refulserunt, nisi vitro absconditur camera." (Epist. 86.)—"A person seemed mean and poor unless the walls of his house shone with large and precious orbs, and unless his chamber was covered with glass." The "orbs" here spoken of are sometimes supposed to mean mirrors of glass; but such were not invented at that time: they may, perhaps, mean "spheares" or metallic mirrors. Statius also, speaking of the bath of Etruscus (L. j. e. 5, n. 42), says:—



Fig. 10.

"Effulgent cameræ, vario fastigia vitro
In species, animosque nitent."

According to Pliny, the taste for glass drinking vessels was carried to such an extent that they had almost superseded the use of those made of gold and silver. "Vitri usus ad potandum pepulit auro argentique metalla." (N. H., 136, c. 26.)

In Mr. Slade's collection are several hundred fragments of the drinking cups of the Romans, all carefully selected from *trouvailles* in Rome and its environs. These were probably made to imitate the *vasa murrhina*, so much esteemed, and extolled so highly by ancient authors; but the material of which they were made is unknown. Perhaps some rare oriental pebbles of onyx or agate. These glass vessels remind us of the description given by Pliny—"Et album fiebat, et myrteum et sapphirinum hyacinthinumque et omnibus aliis coloribus," or the "calices allasontes," which changed colour in every variation of position. Three of these were sent by the Emperor Hadrian to Servianus, and dedicated by him to the temple, with strict injunctions that they should only be used by the priests at feasts, and not incautiously by others. We may infer that these vessels were in ordinary use, not only from the assertion of Pliny, but from the fact that although eighteen centuries have passed away, yet vast quantities of fragments are exhumed in and about the great city, and, indeed, wherever the Romans had located themselves. These fragments are (when cut and polished) frequently worn by Italian ladies set as brooches, or other personal ornaments, and considered by them as more precious than the gems or marbles they were intended to imitate.

The illustration Fig. 11 is an *ampulla* of globular form, with short neck: the body of a sea-green colour, with three wide



Fig. 11.

bands of dark blue, green, and powdered gold, edged with white, and looped together at the neck; a few streaks of brown are introduced between each of the loops. The colours are not on the surface, but amalgamated in its substance, penetrating from the outer to the inner surface. The effect is most pleasing, and the object exhibits a wonderful instance of skilful manipulation, independent of its extreme rarity. It is $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches in height.

Mosaic glass is thus alluded to by Theophilus, who wrote in the eleventh or twelfth century:—"There are found in the ancient buildings of the Pagans, in mosaic work, different kinds of glass: namely, white, black, green, yellow, sapphire, red, and purple; and the glass is not transparent, but dense, like marble. They are, as it were, small square stones."

Fig. 12 is a fragment of mosaic glass in designs of tulips and other flowers, com-



Fig. 12.

posed of sectional filaments on dark ground, of delicate manipulation and exquisite combination of colours. A similar specimen is engraved in C. R. Smith's "Roman London" (p. 24). The engraving is the full size of the original fragment.

Fig. 13 is an exquisite and very rare example of enamelling, executed by a Roman artist. The small size of this gem renders it difficult to do justice to it, without the aid of colour. It is an oval



Fig. 13.

medallion of *lapis lazuli* coloured glass, representing a vine leaf, the stalk and outline of minute gold fillets filled in between with green enamel; mounted in gold as a ring. It will be observed that all these gems are backed with a substratum of opaque white enamel, which, perhaps, contained a larger proportion of silex than the other glasses, and consequently greater tenacity. This opaque layer served to strengthen the superincumbent mosaic, and in this beautiful specimen, or *chef-d'œuvre*, of the ancient glass-maker's craft, it formed the groundwork, the gold *cloisons* being arranged in the required design, and fastened at their lower edge to the surface; the coloured enamels were then placed in their proper cells and fused, exactly in the same manner as the *cloisonné* enamels, the only difference being a glass, instead of a metal plate, and was doubtless their prototype. The engraving is the full size of the original in Mr. Slade's collection.

The composition of glass is various, and the Art of making it has been kept secret, every glass-maker having his own plan of admixture in the proportion of materials; yet its primary elements are the same in all cases, and consist of a silicate or earthy substance, called the *basis*, and a saline substance, called the *flux*. The basis is usually flint or sand; the flux, or saline ingredient, an alkali. The introduction of lead or other metal (except for the purpose of colour) is a modern invention, giving density, softness, and a disposition to take a brilliant polish. Lead was not used in the manufacture of ancient glass, nor in that of Venice; hence their lightness compared with modern glass. The process of making glass is minutely described by Theophilus, a "*humilis presbyter*," as he calls himself, who wrote in the twelfth century a work, entitled "Diversarum Artium Schedula." Glass, according to him, was made of wood-ashes and sand, mixed together in certain proportions, and roasted or *fritted* previously to being placed in the melting-pot to facilitate their union. Fused glass has the property of adhering to an iron rod or tube; hence, when inserted into the molten mass, it takes up a certain quantity of the metal. Should it not at the first dip have collected sufficient, it is allowed to cool a little, and is then re-dipped until enough is gathered for the purpose; the metal acquires softness by being held to the mouth of the furnace, and is then blown into the form required. Roman glass was fashioned according to the methods still adopted, namely, by the blow-pipe; then cut or ground in the lathe, and carved or engraved with some sharp tool. The words of Pliny are, "Aliud flatu figuratur, aliud torno teritur, aliud argenti modo cœlatur." (N. H., xxxvi., 66.) It will be observed, however, that no mention is made of an iron rod now used, called the *pontiglio* or *punt*. This instrument, when heated, adheres firmly to the finished end of a vessel, usually the foot, before the blow-pipe is removed, thus enabling the workman to hold it while he finishes the other end or mouth; the punt is then knocked off, leaving a sharp unfinished boss or excrescence on the bottom of the vessel. This mark may always be traced on mediæval or modern glasses; but is never found on ancient pieces, and may, in fact, be considered a test of genuineness.

The process of colouring antique glass is unknown to us, and the only knowledge we have is by inference, or by analysing the ingredients as we now find them. Dr. Lardner gives an analysis of some ancient Roman glass, showing that the same ingredients (oxide of copper being one) were obtained from a piece of red and a piece of green glass. Thus, the difference between them exists only in their relative proportion; and the colours depend upon the different degrees of the oxidation of the copper. ("Treatise on Porcelain and Glass," p. 270.) Oxide of copper, therefore, seems the principal ingredient of coloured glass, and we find similar directions for the coloration of this material given in the tenth and eleventh centuries by Heraclius, "De Coloribus Romanorum;" and by Theophilus, "Diversarum Artium Schedula." Both these authors agree in stating that red, green, and yellow glass are produced by the same colouring ingredients, namely, filings of copper. The receipt given by Heraclius is, "If you wish that the glass may be red, make it thus from the ashes which have not been well roasted:—Take filings of copper, burn them till they become powder, and throw them into the little pot, and there will be produced the red glass, which we call *galienum*. Green glass you will make thus:—Put into the little pot as much of the same powder as you think fit, stir it, and it will be green. Yellow glass is thus made:—Take raw ashes and fuse them, and throw in a little sand with them and a little powder of copper, and stir them together, and the yellow glass is produced, which we call *cerasin*."

Fig. 14 is an elegant vase or cruche of light blue glass, the handle of opaque



Fig. 14.

white, which encircles also the rim, neck, and foot. It is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, and was found at Cologne.

Fig. 15 is an *urnula cineraria* of green glass; a detached *engoube* fillet of glass is placed *chevron*-wise round the upper part, from the lip to the expanse of the bowl. It is 3 inches high, and is from the Archipelago.

Fig. 16 is a *gemella lacrymatoria*, or twin

tubular bottle, having two apertures at top, of green glass, with spiral threads round, binding them together; on each side is a handle. The beauty of this rare



Fig. 1

piece is enhanced by the rich opal iridescence which covers its surface. 4½ inches long.

Glass vessels are much prized when, in addition to their elegance of form (they are also beautified by the hand of time, independent altogether of their original manufacture), they acquire a splendid iridescence caused by exfoliation or superficial decay of the glass, which, in its operation, detaches the alkali from the silex, leaving the minute



Fig. 16

indestructible crystals exposed to the action of the light; consequently those specimens which have in their composition a larger proportion of alkali will reflect more abundantly the prisms of light or colour. Occasionally this exfoliation of the glass, when removed from the outside of the vessel, exhibits, through its transparency, an iridescence on the interior. This has an equally beautiful effect, and is more lasting, being thereby protected from the frequent handling so destructive to its permanence, as it is easily removed by contact, and loses its beautiful appearance. Sir David Brewster remarks:—"It is among the ruins of ancient buildings that glass is found in all the stages of disintegration, and there is perhaps no material body that ceases to exist with so much grace and beauty, when it surrenders itself to time and not to disease. In damp localities, where acids and alkalies prevail in the soil, the glass rots, as it were, by a process which it is difficult to study. In dry localities, where Greek and Assyrian glass has been found, the process of decomposition is exceedingly interesting, and its results singularly beautiful." It is not necessarily the great age of the glass which produces this effect, for I believe it can be produced by chemical means, and, in fact, I have often seen common green glass bottles, which, from their having been laid in contact with ammonia for a certain time, have assumed an iridescence similar in appearance.

Heraclius, in his poem "De Coloribus et Artibus Romanorum," written, it is supposed, in the tenth century, describes the process of gilding practised by the Romans of the lower empire coeval with that of the early Christians. He relates the appearance of these specimens, and endeavours by experiment to discover how the effect was accomplished, showing that at the time he wrote the art was lost. The following is Mrs. Merrifield's translation of the passage:—"I found gold leaf carefully enclosed between the double glass. When I had often knowingly looked at it, being more and more troubled about it, I obtained some phials shining with clear glass, which I anointed with the fatness of gum with a paint-brush. Having done this, I began to lay gold leaf upon them, and when they were dry I engraved birds, and men, and lions upon them, as I thought proper. Having done this, I placed over them glass made thin with fire by skilful blowing. After they had felt the heat thoroughly, the thinned glass adhered properly to the phials." Seroux d'Agincourt describes ("Histoire de l'Art," &c.) the process in much the same manner as Heraclius:—"Sur une feuille d'or appliquée au fond d'un verre à boire, on traçait des lettres, ou bien on dessinait des figures au moyen d'une pointe très fine; puis, afin de mieux conserver le travail, on appliquait par-dessus une couverte de verre, de manière que, soudés au feu l'un contre l'autre, ces verres laissaient voir les figures et les inscriptions." These descriptions so exactly correspond with the specimens handed down to us, that it is needless to explain them further.

There is an interesting collection of eleven examples of these early Christian vessels at present exhibited in the South Kensington Museum, the property of C. W. Wilshere, Esq., found in the cemeteries of the primitive Christians near Rome. They are principally circular medallions, which have originally formed the centres of *paterœ*, or bowls, and being double folds of glass have been preserved, while the more fragile sides of the vessels have perished. These are ornamented, as described by Heraclius, with figures, animals, and objects cut out in gold leaf, the features, draperies, and outlines being graved with a steel point, some being filled in with a red background. The subjects are principally scriptural, but in some instances we find heathen mythology represented, as Hercules capturing the Arcadian stag, &c.; in another a tiger's head. These specimens have been described by Garrucci:—"Vetri ornati di figure in oro." The Greek monogram of Christ, as displayed on the *labarum* of Constantine and on the coins of the lower empire, fixes the date of them about the commencement of the fourth century.

The medallion we have selected for illustration, Fig. 17 in the group below, has in the centre half-length portraits of a gentleman and lady in Roman costume, and above is the valedictory sentence, half Latin and half Greek—PIE · ZEZEZ, or Pie Zeses, "May you live happily or piously," probably intended as a wedding present. Around these busts is a series of scriptural subjects, commencing on the right with Adam and Eve, between them a tree, round which the serpent is twined; the next represents Abraham about to offer up Isaac as a sacrifice; Moses striking the rock, from which water is springing; Christ curing the palsied man, who takes up his pallet on his shoulders; and lastly, the raising of Lazarus, who is shrouded in his grave-clothes. The diameter of the ornamented circle is 3½ inches.

This specimen is probably the finest known, being the most perfect and richest in subject. There is one in the Kircherian Museum at Rome of the same character, but the Vatican has nothing to compare with it. These pieces formed the collection of Baron Alessio Recupero, a Sicilian nobleman, who acquired them in Rome about the middle of the last century. These, with other antiquities, were sold by his heirs four years since, by public auction, and purchased by Signor Capobianchi. Mr. Wilshere being at Rome in the spring of last year, and becoming acquainted with

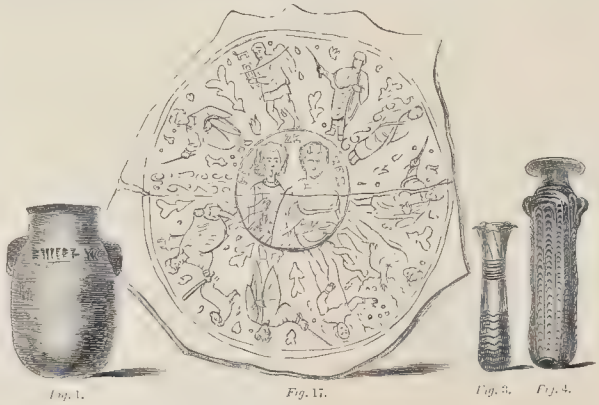


Fig. 3. *Fig. 17.* *Fig. 2.* *Fig. 4.*

their value and rarity, determined to secure them; and he has, we understand, offered to cede them to one of our national museums, the most fitting place for such an interesting collection, not only as specimens of a particular class of Art, but as memorials of the primitive Christians then resident in Rome.*

* To be continued.

THE CHAPTER-HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On Saturday, the 2nd of December, a meeting was held, under the presidency of Dean Stanley, in the Chapter-House adjoining the Abbey Church of Westminster. This meeting originated with the Society of Antiquaries, and its object was once again to consider whether a good case might not be submitted to the Government, which would justify the restoration of the chapter-house at the public expense. Amongst the speakers, in addition to the chairman and Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., the Abbey architect, were the Earl Stanhope, P.S.A., Lord Lyttelton, Dean Milman, Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., Vice-Chancellor Page Wood, and last though by no means least in the significant importance of his presence on this occasion, the President of the Board of Works, Mr. William Cowper, M.P. The meeting took place on the *eight hundredth* anniversary of the founding of the chapter-house itself. The proceedings were characterised by the most cordial unanimity of sentiment, and by that quiet earnestness which is the best possible assurance of ultimate success.

It is scarcely necessary for us to put on record our own hearty concurrence with the object of this meeting, and our warm sympathy with the wishes and the words of the speakers. The chapter-house is a national edifice, in the best and most perfect sense of that expression. It is an historical monument of the highest order—by usage and association most intimately connected with our national history. It is also in a condition which is a disgrace to the nation, and at the same time it may easily be saved from further injury and dishonour, and it is capable of being restored in a manner which may leave nothing to be desired.

Restorations, at the best, we know to be perilous enterprises; still, in this instance of the Westminster chapter-house, it is quite possible that, in the hands of a restorer who is at once faithful, conservative, and a master of his art, the work of restoration may be accomplished successfully. And so, with all respect and all good will, we commend the resolutions of the late meeting, and the plans and designs of Mr. Scott, to the favourable consideration of her Majesty's Ministers and of the Commons of England.

There is one point of view from which the question of this restoration may be regarded in Parliament, that we ourselves are by no means disposed to treat with indifference, and this is, its practical utility. We should be quite content to know that the Westminster chapter-house were restored at the national cost, simply because it is what it is, the Westminster chapter-house; and yet, we confess that the restoration would be even more gratifying to us, should it be an element in the restorer's plans that the restored edifice should have some present aim, and be made to serve some existing purpose. And it is a very easy matter to prepare answers for all possible objectors on this score. As has been well suggested, the restored chapter-house might be happily and advantageously used for scientific, learned, and Art-promoting assemblages; and so a great public want in the metropolis would be suitably provided for. And more than this also, the restored chapter-house might well be made to have an independent office of its own to discharge, as a *national monumental museum*.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy.—On the 9th of December, being the ninety-seventh anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, gold and silver medals were awarded: gold medals to the following:—to Claude Calthrop, for the best Historical Painting; to Percival Ball, for the best Historical Group in Sculpture; to Alfred Ridge, for the best Architectural Design; to Marmaduke A. Langdale, for the best "Sea Piece," the Turner Medal. And silver medals to the following;—to James Rolfe, for the best Painting from the Life; to Louisa Starr, for the best copy of Murillo's 'Two Spanish Peasant Boys;' to Charles B. Barber, for the best Drawing from the Life; to Thomas Davidson, for the next best Drawing from the Life; to James Archibald Innes, for the next best Drawing from the Life; to Percival Ball, the Second Medal for a Model from the Life; to Charles Bennett, the Second Medal for an Architectural Drawing; to Thomas Wirgeman, for the best Drawing from the Antique; to Vivian Crome, for the next best Drawing from the Antique; to Edward Sharp, for the next best Drawing from the Antique; to Horace Montford, for the best Model from the Antique; to G. Tinworth, for the next best Model from the Antique. The address was delivered by Wm. Boxall, Esq., R.A., in the absence of the President.

The National Gallery.—The Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings have issued their plans for the extension of this edifice preparatory to their being submitted to Parliament. The portion of land proposed to be taken is at the back of the Gallery, on the north side of Trafalgar Square, bounded by Hemming's Row on the north, St. Martin's Place on the east, Duke's Court on the south, and by Castle Street on the west. It is proposed by the Commissioners to purchase St. Martin's Workhouse, and Archbishop Tenison's Grammar School, both of which stand on the site indicated. We may thus take it for granted that this long-desired improvement "looms in the distance."

Mr. Cope, R.A., has completed, in the water-glass method, now generally adopted by artists engaged in decorating the Palace at Westminster, another of the pictures commissioned for the Peers' Corridor. The subject of this—the seventh of the series—is 'The setting out of the Train Bands from London to relieve Gloucester,' besieged by the army of Charles the First.

Mr. John Ballantyne, R.S.A., has exhibited, at No. 6, Pall Mall, a series of thirteen paintings, each representing the "studio" of a popular artist; E. Landseer, D. Roberts, Stanfield, Phillip, Millais, Creswick, Holman Hunt, Elmore, Frith, Faed, Maclise, Nicol, and George Harvey, President of the Royal Scottish Academy. They have great excellence as pictures; are highly wrought, and carefully studied and finished. They have, however, an interest in addition to that they derive from Art. Each contains a portrait: the artist is represented, generally, as engaged on one of his more famous works, which stands on his easel; and he is associated with such accessories as are useful aids in making up the composition of a striking and agreeable picture. It is rarely so many productions of this class have been brought together; the collection will largely repay a visit: indeed they make an Exhibition. Landseer is pictured as working on 'The Lions' in the atelier of Marochetti; Mr. Ballantyne, therefore, has been fortunate in seeing what the British public greatly wants to see; unless he has "drawn"—on his imagination.

Raffaelle's Cartoons.—In answer to a deputation of working men who waited upon Earl Granville to solicit that these works, now at South Kensington, should be open to the public on Sundays, his lordship declined the application.

Hans Holbein.—Mr. Wornum, keeper of the National Gallery, is stated to be engaged upon a biographical and critical history of this old painter.

St. Paul's.—The authorities of our grand metropolitan Cathedral have, it is stated, refused the offer of Mr. Alderman Wilson to place, at his own charge, a stained-glass window in the church, "unless the work were executed at Munich." The Alderman, rightly considering we have in England artists quite competent to the task, has transferred his intended gift to the Corporation of London, and the window is to decorate the Guildhall.

British Art in New York.—Mr. Gambart is reported to have sent across the Atlantic a considerable number of paintings by artists of the British school for exhibition in New York.

Royal Academy Lectures.—A correspondent of the *Builder* directs attention to the absence of Architecture in the course of lectures for the session 1865-6; and asks,—"Is she to be again the 'Silent Sister' she was in times gone by?" The Academy assumes to have Professors of Architecture, Ancient History, and Ancient Literature, but the offices seem to be mere sinecures. Mr. S. A. Hart's name has not stood against the title of Professor of Painting since 1863, and no successor to him has, so far as we know, been appointed, though Mr. O'Neil's name was mentioned more than a year ago as likely to occupy that important post.

The O'Connell Monument.—The "curse" of disunion seems to be over everything Irish; and the "Agitator" or the "Liberator," call him which we may, is doomed to promote discord even from the grave in which he has been so long buried. "The O'Connell Monument," to erect which in Sackville Street, Dublin, facing Carlisle Bridge, a sum of £10,000 has been collected—a prodigious subscription for Ireland—has been awarded to J. H. Foley, a sculptor of the highest genius, one of the "glories" of his country; perhaps it is not too much to say, the greatest sculptor of the age in any country. Ireland is therefore sure to have at all events one grand work of Art—or rather, to speak correctly, *three* great works; for Foley's Goldsmith stands in the college yard, and Burke will be soon beside it. There is, however, it seems, a clique that is dissatisfied with the selection of the sculptor; accusing him of the crime of being "a London artist." They have had a meeting, and printed their report; "one John O'Neil" being the chairman, and "one Andrew English," who is also Irish, being the secretary. They are very indignant with their great countryman, Foley, for living in England; and consider (being not very nice in the language they use) that it will be a consequent disgrace and degradation to Ireland to give him the commission; at the same time, they argue that some sculptor should have it who lives, or, as they intimate, starves, in Ireland, with nothing to do. "Ireland," exclaimed the painter Barry, "gave me breath, but Ireland never would have given me bread!" Alas! for a country that takes no pride in its great men; that would rather cry them

down than bear them up; where a prophet is ever "without honour!"

F.S.A.—The Society of Arts should take some steps to prevent members from affixing these letters, as honorary distinctions, to their names. It is frequently done, to the great discredit of those who use—having no right to—them. They indicate a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and not of the Society of Arts. M.S.A. would fully answer the purpose, where fraud is not intended.

Thackeray.—A bust of Thackeray has been placed in Westminster Abbey. It is the work of Marochetti; a very poor affair, indeed, representing the great writer "at his worst," nothing of it being like him but the nose, about which there could have been "no mistake." The sculptor has made the author a vulgar person, which Thackeray certainly was not. He was, in all respects, a gentleman; and, if not refined, was by no means coarse. He is so well remembered by many, that the defect in likeness is much to be deplored. The future should be told not to regard the marble effigy as even a reasonable resemblance of the man.

An Example for "Home."—The young artists of France, who have won prizes which entitle them to be sent to study in Rome, dined with the Emperor and Empress of the French before their departure.

Two Statuettes, from life-size statues, by Joseph Durham, have been produced in statuary porcelain by Mr. Alderman Copeland. The one is 'Chastity,' illustrating Milton's famous lines in *Comus;* the other is entitled 'Santa Filomena,'—"the lady with the lamp," taken from that beautiful poem of Longfellow's, which is supposed, and we believe rightly, to commemorate the work of Florence Nightingale at Scutari and in the Crimea. They are both exquisite examples of the sculptor's art, and cannot fail to give the accomplished artist high professional rank. He has received ample justice at the hands of Mr. Copeland. Two more exquisite works, as English household ornaments, suggestive and instructive, have not been produced.

Drawings by E. Hildebrandt.—The series of water-colour pictures, three hundred in number, to which reference was made in this Journal for November last, as being exhibited in Paris, will be brought over here for exhibition some time in the spring, provided a suitable gallery can be obtained wherein to hang them. They are sketches made by the artist, a German of reputation, in various parts of the world. Judging from a dozen or so brought to our office for inspection, the series can scarcely fail to be attractive. In Paris, we understand, it was eminently so.

Messrs. Letts's Diaries have, we believe, a most extensive circulation among all classes of the commercial world, not only for the solid and substantial manner in which they are got up, but also for the large mass of useful information many of them contain. Messrs. Letts's list includes several in every way suited to others than men of business, and some there are specially adapted to the requirements of ladies.

Gainsborough was interred at Kew; a lettered grave in the church-yard marks the place of his rest. The letters were nearly obliterated by time. Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., has recently caused them to be restored: and has, further, placed a marble tablet in the church to record the fact that near at hand the great artist was buried.

Mr. Harvey, of Great Portland Street, has submitted to our inspection a variety of portfolios (productions of the Graphotheque Company) for drawings and prints, that demand notice. They are of many sizes and forms, and at varied prices; some are simple and cheap; some elaborate and costly; while others are handsome pieces of "furniture" for the drawing-room or the library. It is difficult to explain their construction; their great simplicity, convenience, and easy power to hold or to "show off" works of Art will be obvious to those who see them. Aided by india-rubber bands, and supporters of thin wood, they are at once placed "in position," and while inactive they occupy small spaces, and can stand in any out-of-the-way corner. It is impossible to praise too highly the ingenuity manifested in these works. They greatly surpass any objects of the class hitherto produced; and cannot but reward the skill of the inventor if they become known. Mr. Harvey is an artist; and having studied his own wants, has been able to minister to the wants of others.

Messrs. Minton, of Stoke-upon-Trent, have recently issued a work in "Parian" of very extraordinary merit; the nearest approach they have made to marble; perhaps, indeed, it may be pronounced the most perfect imitation of, or substitute for, marble, that has yet been produced in any country. But that does not constitute the chief value of the production to which we refer. It is exquisitely modelled, and seems to have lost nothing of its worth in the process of "firing" to which it was necessarily subjected. The figure is that of a reclining Venus; or rather, the artist embodies the legend of "Rhodope," whose shoe is carried off by an eagle. The statue is the work of Mr. Fuller, of Florence, an amateur who has grown into an artist, and who is now surpassed by none of his compeers in Italy. Some of our readers will remember a work that attracted general attention, exhibited by him at the Royal Academy three or four years ago. The statue of 'Rhodope' is in the possession of the Earl of Sligo. It was a task of no ordinary difficulty to reduce it. The modeller has admirably performed his part of the work; and, taken altogether, there has been as yet no production of its class so entirely excellent.

Mr. Cobden.—A statue of the illustrious reformer, to be erected at Salford, has been produced by Matthew Noble. It is, in all respects, an achievement of great worth. The form and features, so well known and remembered, are portrayed with great accuracy. A bust from the statue has been executed in statuary porcelain by Mr. Alderman Copeland, and is issued by him.

Industrial Exhibitions.—It must have been obvious to all who have taken any interest in the various exhibitions of this kind, which have been opened both in London and the country of late, that financial success could only attend isolated cases. The result has proved this; and it has, therefore, been resolved to hold a general exhibition of the works of the industrial classes of both town and country, in the autumn of this year, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The special features of the exhibition will be the encouragement of skilled workmanship, amateur productions, facilities for the sale of articles, machinery in motion, musical gatherings, lectures on popular subjects, manufacturing processes in operation, flower shows, *conversazioni* of masters and workmen, free admission of schools, free reading room, prizes for evergreens, &c. &c.

Modern Heraldic Art.—We have been asked, who are the painters of Hatchments? and also, with whom rests the responsibility of determining whether they are designed, drawn, and painted as they ought to be? We can only repeat these inquiries, and ask in our turn, by whom are hatchments designed and drawn and painted and approved as fit to be displayed? It is to be understood that we refer to hatchments of the very highest rank, such as we have seen when we had to mourn the loss of the Prince Consort; such as we now see doing duty as heraldic memorials of the more recent decease of such men as the Duke of Northumberland and the Premier of England. It would be but fair to assume that heraldic paintings such as these—certainly works of the first dignity and rank through their associations—would be also works of heraldic art of equal merit and excellence:—in a word, we should have been disposed in these productions to have pointed to the most honourable "achievements" (to use an heraldic term) of the herald's art. We have too much respect and too much regard for heraldry, to judge of the heraldic art of our day by the standard of the productions we have just specified, and of others of their class. Certainly the hatchments that were displayed upon the walls of our royal palaces were the very worst daubs of their class that ever presumed to proclaim the loss of a Prince; and no less certainly the hatchments that now appear upon Northumberland House and Cambridge House are so bad, as works of modern heraldic art, that it is impossible to pass them over unnoticed. Are these things perpetrated in order to bring the science of the herald into contempt through the degradation of his art? Or are hatchments held to be mere upholstery matters, and so left to be produced at the discretion of the undertaker? Surely this can scarcely be the case; and yet it is difficult to trace out any possible connection between the specimens we have named and the College of Arms. We do not desire to press our inquiries on this matter, nor would we take upon ourselves the task of investigating the origin and the history of these princely and noble hatchments; but we do protest against the public display of such libels upon heraldic art, and we do call upon the College of Arms in future to take care that hatchments be worthy to discharge the duty assigned to them—worthy to be associated with the names of the illustrious dead, and to be regarded as public exponents of the style and manner in which heralds' heraldry expresses itself on occasions of the most dignified solemnity.

Art in Workhouses, Hospitals, &c.—The chaplain of the workhouse, Wrights Lane, Kensington, has set an example that will, we trust, be followed. He has issued a circular soliciting gifts of pictures and engravings to hang on the walls of the schools and the wards for sick and infirm inmates. We have ourselves responded to this appeal, and trust it will meet the eyes of others who can, by a small sacrifice, aid the wise and benevolent project of the good and considerate chaplain. We copy a passage from the circular.

"When it is considered that, of the numerous inmates, nearly 500, including the children, may be regarded as permanent cases, it becomes unnecessary to dilate upon the desirability of doing something to cheer and enliven the dull and monotonous existence of the aged, and to stimulate thought in the young."

"Subscribers may feel assured that, by helping in this good work, they will be conferring a real benefit upon the poor, not limited to the present generation, and will at the same time obtain the simple but heartfelt prayers and gratitude of many of their aged, helpless, and afflicted fellow-creatures."

Some years ago, we pointed out the great

utility of a plan of this kind. We did indeed supply in that way the wards of the Convalescent Hospital at Walton-on-Thames; where no doubt they have given pleasure—perhaps aided to restore health—to thousands. The value of such a procedure is so obvious that it is entirely needless to dwell upon it. If Art is a teacher, where can its lessons be so effectual? If it be a comforter, where can it more surely bring comfort? It is difficult to overestimate the good that may be in this way accomplished. No institution of the kind in the kingdom should be without this powerful means of instruction and enjoyment.

GUILDHALL. — The improvements and embellishments that are now all but perfected in Guildhall under the direction of Mr. Jones, the city architect, will constitute this ancient centre of city ceremony at once the most imposing civic hall in Europe, and now well worthy of the richest municipality in the world. The low ceiling, which has remained as Sir Christopher Wren left it after the fire of London, has been removed, and that substituted for it is a lofty oak roofing, which gives the place a grand appearance, second only to that of Westminster Hall. From the roof are suspended sixteen large coronal-shaped "gaseliers," in the construction of which not less than nearly two tons and a half of brass have been employed. The sum granted for these improvements was £30,000, the whole of which is not yet expended. The windows do not at present correspond with the substantial ornamentation of the interior, but whatever may be done towards their enrichment, it will scarcely be judicious to employ painted glass, for, as it is, the hall is not too well lighted. To the reception room nothing has been done in the way of improvement.

THE STATUE OF LORD BACON, in the Church of St. Michael at St. Alban's, is one of those works we should greatly rejoice to be enabled to endow with the faculty of being in two places at one and the same time, and also of remaining in those two distinct places for all time. We certainly desire to keep this famous statue of this famous man where it is, in that St. Alban's which gave him a title; in that St. Alban's with which, in so many ways, he was so closely associated; and we desire to see this same statue in a becoming place of honour in our National Gallery of Art (wherever it may be), with the other equally characteristic statues of other great Englishmen which certainly ought to be in that same gallery. As this desire of ours cannot be gratified, we gladly record the happy restoration of the Church of St. Michael at St. Alban's, so that it is no longer a question as to whether the statue would be safe under its roof. Mr. G. G. Scott, the most ubiquitous as well as the most conscientious of restorers, has this work in hand, and he is carrying it into effect with no less judicious than zealous earnestness.

THE BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY.—We regret to record that the Birmingham Permanent Art Gallery has proved a failure, and is now closed from want of necessary support.

ASSOCIATED ARTS INSTITUTE.—Mr. W. F. Lynn has delivered to the society a lecture on the "Expression of Sentiment." It gave great satisfaction to a large and intelligent audience. The subject was worked out by a series of examples of different phases of emotional expression, with an analysis of the nature of each, illustrated by several well executed sketches, and relieved by quotation and anecdote.

REVIEWS.

STORY OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST. By D. MACLISE, R.A. Engraved by L. GRUNER. Published by the Art-Union of London.

Carrying our recollection back through the whole career of the Art-Union of London, and bearing vividly in mind the whole series of engraved works presented by the society to its subscribers, we do not hesitate to affirm that it has issued nothing so truly valuable and elevated in Art as this book of engravings from Mr. Maclise's drawings, entitled the "Story of the Norman Conquest," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1857, when they received so large a share of public attention. These designs—forty-two in number—constitute in themselves an important pictorial gallery of history, and of a period in the annals of our country which is of surpassing interest to every living Englishman, whether of Saxon or Norman descent. By the way, what a noble series of bas-reliefs would they make for some public building, either for external or internal decoration; as, for example, the interior of Westminster Hall! It would be a grand work to put into the hands of some of our clever sculptors, who have not too many commissions. The subject and the artist's treatment of them are well suited for such a purpose. We should then possess a series of sculptures truly national, reminding us of what the Greeks and other ancient nations had to show in the plenitude of their artistic glory, and of what some of the continental countries have done, in our own time, in the decoration of their public edifices.

There are very few artists among us who, even were they gifted with the ability, would have the disposition to devote much labour, study, and time, to the execution of such drawings as Mr. Maclise has produced. Art of this kind is not eagerly sought after by the picture-collector of our day; it does not captivate the eyes of the multitude like a painting of some popular subject from the hand of a Landseer, Ward, Frith, Webster, and others; it does not attract as do even the more serious canvases of Millais and Holman Hunt. It has no colour to arrest the eye, and thus force itself into observation. It can only be really enjoyed by those who search after mere external beauties, and then not amid the press of a host of sight-seers, but in the quiet seclusion of the library or studio, where one can think over the history of the past, and carefully examine the artist's embodiment of the great story. This is what he has given those to do who are fortunate enough to get possession of his 'Norman Conquest,' and that thousands will determine to do so there can be little doubt.

To examine in detail forty-two pictures, each one filled with figures, all of whom are acting parts more or less important on the stage of the drama, would be to extend this notice to a length for which pages, rather than columns, would be required. With the exception of Flaxman, no artist of our school—so far as memory serves—has shown such a genius for this style of composition as Maclise; yet the works of the two cannot be compared. Each is great in his way; the mind of Flaxman, graceful and gentle, was filled with all beautiful ideas taught by the productions of classic Greece: that of Maclise, bold and vigorous, finds in the stalwart frames and stern features of Saxon and Norman, forms which he has moulded into beauty and power, and expressions which have their birth in the dominant passions of the human heart. These he has treated in the matter of arrangement and composition as satisfactorily as if designing after a Greek model; and this, to our minds, constitutes the great charm of these noble drawings. They are purely classical, though developing a passage in the histories of two half-barbaric peoples, and exhibit a fertility of imaginative invention truly wonderful.

The amount of study and research required to produce such a series of drawings—letting alone the time occupied in such careful execution as was bestowed upon them—can scarcely be calculated; the reading up of the historical narrative, the selection of the subjects best adapted for the purpose, the study of costumes and accessories—all these are points which do not occur to the unthinking observer, but which must have cost the artist long days of labour ere he put his pencil to a single sheet of paper. But if his toil was great, he has his reward in knowing that by means of Mr. Gruner's faithfully engraved copies, and through the extensive agency of the Art-Union of London, his "Story of the Norman Conquest" will be read with delight throughout the civilised world.

FLEMISH RELICS. By F. G. STEPHENS, Author of "Normandy," &c. Illustrated with Photographs by CUNDALL and FLEMING.

MARMION. Illustrated with Photographs by T. ANNAN.

RUINED ABBEYS ON THE BORDER. Illustrated with Photographs by WILSON and THOMPSON.

YORKSHIRE: ITS ABBEYS AND CASTLES. Illustrated with Photographs by SEDGFIELD and OGLE.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF MEN OF EMINENCE. No. 29. By ERNEST EDWARDS.

Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

With the exception of the first on the list, the above books require little beyond a passing notice of the photographic pictures with which Mr. Bennett chooses to illustrate his publications; and right well he carries out his object. Every one who has travelled through Belgium, or has made the acquaintance of the country by means of books, knows how richly stored it is with picturesque buildings, and how full is its history of truthful story and of legend. Out of the materials which the annals of Flanders thus supply, Mr. Stephens has furnished some carefully-written descriptions of the various localities and memorable edifices selected for illustration by Messrs. Cundall and Fleming, and which are found in Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, Liege, Louvain, and other places. To these subjects the photographers have done full justice. "Flemish Relics," both pictorially and textually, is a pleasant book, and is handsomely got up.

Mr. Bennett's edition of Scott's "Marmion" is another volume suitable for a present at this, or indeed at any other, season of the year. Paper, printing, and cover combine to render it so, and Mr. Annan's photographic camera has done good service at the castles of Norham, Warkworth, Bamborough, Bothwell; at the ecclesiastical edifices in or about Whitby, Dunfermline, Durham, at Edinburgh, and elsewhere. There are fifteen of these illustrations.

"Ruined Abbeys on the Border" contains some half dozen photographic gems of Melrose, Roslin, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, &c., with explanatory letter-press extracted from the well-known work by William Howitt. This is a small volume, tastefully produced.

Yorkshire abounds with rich remains of mediæval architecture, both ecclesiastical and baronial, situated, moreover, for the most part in highly picturesque landscapes. Five of these, with a view of the river Strid, have been selected for illustration by Messrs. Sedgwick and Ogle, and Mr. Howitt's book supplies the descriptive text, as in the "Border" Abbeys.

"Photographic Portraits of *Men* of Eminence," Part 29, includes portraits of Mrs. Mary Howitt (ought this lady to be so classified?), Dr. Hofman, the distinguished chemist, and F. R. Pickersgill, R.A. The first of the three is the least satisfactory as a work of Art, though the likeness is easily recognisable. The lady's attitude is bad in pose. The accompanying biographical memoirs are neatly written.

LIGHTS IN ART. A REVIEW OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PICTURES. With Critical Remarks on the Present State, Treatment, and Preservation of Oil Paintings. By AN ARTIST. Published by W. P. NIMMO, Edinburgh.

We cannot call "Lights in Art" even a clever specimen of book-making. It is made up of abbreviated notices of the principal painters whose names are familiar to every frequenter of the

picture-galleries of Europe, which the author has probably taken from Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters," and perhaps Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," with what he has gathered from the writings of others concerning the artists of more recent date. The book is altogether without any useful purpose; it contains nothing new, either as regards information or criticism, except when, as a critic, the writer expounds his own views about painting, and then he gets unequivocally beyond his depth. It is highly amusing to read his opinion of Turner, one with which few will be found to agree:—"Neglecting his genius, and forsaking the proper path in which he early trod, he wandered in a labyrinth of error, irrecoverably lost his way, became singularly eccentric in his manner, and a mere empiric in the art which nature had intended him to pursue in truth and simplicity. His second style is a vacuity, an empyreal conceit, something out of the order of nature; and consequently his fame as an artist altogether rests upon those performances executed during his first manner, when he was contented to admire, and calmly to study, the perfect works of his Creator."

The art of the present day finds, indeed, but small favour in the eyes of "an artist." "Our modern pictures are mostly theoretical in design, extravagant in colour, and very attractive to the vulgar eye, by the addition of superbly ornamented gilt frames. . . . . Artists of great ingenuity, attracted by the smiling prospects of a quick and abundant return for their labours, become extremely impatient, and blindly adore mammon,—a more deceitful deity than all the false gods of the ancient pagan world. Genius of celestial origin is neglected, grieved, and lies dormant in the soul of every mortal who bends in adoration to the glittering dust of the earth. Such deadening influences upon the minds of many of our leading artists have the effect of producing vast numbers of flimsily-executed works, and of diffusing improper ideas of Art throughout all ranks of society. . . . . Most of our fashionable painters, especially those who enjoy high favour, might feel offended were they informed that their labours belong to the manual category," whatever this may be.

There is not much fear that many will read Art by the "light" reflected upon it from the pages of this valueless book.

Poems. By the late Edmund J. Armstrong, President of the Undergraduate Philosophical Society of Dublin University. Published by E. Moxon & Co., London.

Perhaps we cannot do better, by way of introducing this volume to the notice of our readers, than to quote from the *Times* the following remarks made by the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, in November last, at the opening meeting of the session, 1865-1866, of the society whose title appears above. In moving that the address by the President, Mr. Henry O'Hea, to which the company assembled had just listened, be adopted and printed, Mr. Napier said—"He had the privilege of moving a like resolution the previous year, when Edmund John Armstrong delivered that remarkable address to which the President alluded, and he had afterwards an opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with one whose genius attracted his admiration, and whose goodness won his heart. And he trusted that the beautiful volume which, through the exertions of the Undergraduate Philosophical Society and the Historical Society, had now been published, would adorn the literature of his country, and tend to keep alive in their hearts the memory of one of model earnestness, of model sobriety, and of true genius."

Such a testimony to the worth and intellect of the Dublin Undergraduate, offered by one whose competency to judge is unquestionable, must carry its own weight. Young Armstrong—for he died before he had attained his twenty-fourth birthday was a man of very remarkable talent, and if his life had been prolonged would doubtless have found his way into the ranks of the chief poets of our time, for poetry was "the passion of his life;" and to show to the world what he had already done in this kind of writing, his friends, admirers, and fellow-students have caused the volume now lying on our table to be published. Armstrong himself, says one who has prefaced it with a short and elegantly-written biographical sketch, had no intention of publishing these poems in their present form, for "he regarded the work he had accomplished as but the tuning of his lyre, and his careful study of nature and Art seemed to himself but superficial."

The book contains two long poems, and several minor pieces. "The Prisoner of Mount Saint Michael," one of the former, is supposed to relate in it his own history, or at least that portion which led to his death on the scaffold. The story is romantic and dark. A Breton by birth, he fell in love with a beautiful and high-born Norman girl, who assumed to return his affection that she might make him the instrument of ridding her, by murder, of the addresses of a lawyer who held the fame and fortune of her father, and so far her own, within his grasp. The "prisoner" refuses to do her behest, when the girl stabs the man to the heart in the presence of her lover, and then charges the latter with the deed, alleging for it his jealousy. Unable, and unwilling moreover, to prove his innocency, for he knew that she had engaged herself to another, he is condemned to suffer death for the terrible crime the fair murderess had committed. The story is well told, and the poem contains many striking passages of power and beauty, both as regards natural scenery and the absorbing passion of the victim's love.

The other long poem, "Ovoca," will perhaps be preferred by most readers, as it is by us. A deep shadow of sadness envelops the tale, but the music that reaches the ear is rich and sweet in spite of its melancholy. Among the miscellaneous poems is one, "By Gaslight," which might worthily take its place by the side of Hood's "Unfortunate."

The young poet's friends have done well in placing this wreath of *immortelles* on the tomb of the dead. It can scarcely fail to make the name of Armstrong known far and wide.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. With forty-Two Illustrations by John Tenniel. Published by Macmillan & Co., London.

This is one of the most amusing story-books for young folk we have seen for many a long day; brimful of pleasant nonsense which it is impossible to read without a hearty laugh. Alice, a little girl, falls asleep, and in her dreams finds herself in a strange land; in the adventures she there meets with the occupations of her waking hours strangely commingle,—her lessons, her companions, amusements, her pet animals, even the poetry she has learned, take the most absurd forms, and are woven most ingeniously into the narrative, the drollery of which is amusingly heightened by Mr. Tenniel's very clever designs. Alice cannot fail of acquiring immense popularity with both old and young, if others take the same interest in the story as we did when it came into our hands, for she forced us to follow her, without laying down the book, till the last chapter was finished.

Books for the Young. Published by Nelson and Sons, London.

Among the best publishers of books for the young we must rank those whose names stand at the head of this brief notice. Several of their extensive issues have been submitted to us: and but that our space is this month very limited, we should consider it a pleasant duty to review the series at length. They are for both sexes and for all ages; for readers of two years old, it may be, for those of sixteen, and for every period of spring between them. They treat of so many varied subjects, that to classify them is difficult. Some have for their main object amusement, others instruction; but by far the greater proportion wisely mingle both. They are all well and neatly bound; not overladen with ornament on the outside, but each having on the cover a simple and graceful design. Of course they are "illustrated." It would seem that no children's books can now-a-days find favour with little readers if Art gives no help. There is no one of Nelson's books that brings before the eye aught that is not positively good. The designs of several artists are well engraved. Some have more ambitious aims, in this way, than others; but they are all excellent illustrations in combination with pure literature. Some of the cheaper books, full of coloured prints, are made impressive teachers; thus, while the alphabet is learned, acquaintance will be made with the characteristics of birds, with the costumes of various nations, and so forth; while "a set" of what is called the "funny animal series" will make the little learner laugh while he or she acquires a good deal of information concerning animals, communicated in pleasant rhymes.

We can at present do no more than strongly recommend the publications of Messrs. Nelson, not only as entirely unobjectionable, but as of very great excellence. They will displease none, but content all whose important duty it is to instruct and amuse the young.

Pictures of Society. Grave and Gay. From the Pencils of Celebrated Artists, and the Pens of Popular Authors. Published by S. Low, Son, and Marston, London.

The popular magazine, *London Society*, generally contains so much which is good in Art and pleasant to read, that selections of the contributions, both of pen and pencil, may be fitly gathered, as they are here, into a very genial "gift-book." We find in it "Society"—what a strange significance there is in the word!—presented in its various phases; "Society" in life and in death, wooing and married, at fancy bazaars, dog-shows, at Richmond and at Court, in Rotten Row and in the hunting-field; life in sunshine and shadow, at the feast and at the funeral, at the opera, and in the ball-room. 'Tis a motley scene, this panoramic view of "Society" passing before the eyes of those who are only spectators of it. The book will find a host of admirers, for it is produced in a style that warmly commends it, and "Society" includes a numerous class which has no objection to see itself in a mirror so brilliant as this.

The Island of the Rainbow: a Fairy Tale. By Mrs. Newton Crosland. Published by George Routledge and Sons, London.

Mrs. Newton Crosland is well known as the author of tales and poems, and a novel, "Mrs. Blake," which attracted much attention at the time of its publication. She has now given a wider scope to her imagination in the construction of a fairy tale, "and other fancies for the young," and dedicated her charming volume to the children of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward. The little book will delight many little hearts during the holidays. The woodcuts are nice in design, but indifferently printed; and if a little more margin had been given to the letterpress, it would have been one of the prettiest, as it is now one of the most pleasing, books of the season.

Jingles and Jokes—for the Little Folks. By Tom Hood. Illustrated. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London.

These "Jingles and Jokes" are clever, and cleverly illustrated, and deserve more than the mere popularity of a season. Some of the rhymes are "turned" with a most excellent fancy, as, for instance, "Thistledown's Travels," and the history of the dirty little boy, who, being "black dirty," was sold as a negro to a plantation, where

> "He toils with grief and pain;
> For though he tends the sugar,
> He only gets the *cane*."

We congratulate those of our young friends who receive these "Jokes and Jingles" as a Christmas present.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1866.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN pursuing the question put at the close of the last paper, it must be observed that there are essentially two conditions under which we have to examine the difference between the effects of public and private Art on national prosperity. The first in immediate influence is their Economical function, the second their Ethical. We have first to consider what class of persons they in each case support; and, secondly, what classes they teach or please.

Looking over the list of the gift-books of this year, perhaps the first circumstance which would naturally strike us would be the number of persons living by this industry; and, in any consideration of the probable effects of a transference of the public attention to other kinds of work, we ought first to contemplate the result on the interests of the workman. The guinea spent on one of our ordinary illustrated gift-books is divided among—

1. A number of second-rate or third-rate artists, producing designs as fast as they can, and realising them up to the standard required by the public of that year. Men of consummate power may sometimes put their hands to the business; but exceptionally.
2. Engravers, trained to mechanical imitation of this second or third-rate work; of these engravers the inferior classes are usually much overworked.
3. Printers, paper-makers, ornamental binders, and other craftsmen.
4. Publishers and booksellers.

Let us suppose the book can be remuneratively produced if there is a sale of five thousand copies. Then £5,000, contributed for it by the public, are divided among the different workers;—it does not matter what actual rate of division we assume, for the mere object of comparison with other modes of employing the money; but let us say these £5,000 are divided among five hundred persons, giving on an average £10 to each. And let us suppose these £10 to be a fortnight's maintenance to each. Then, to maintain them through the year, twenty-five such books must be published; or to keep certainly within the mark of the probable cost of our autumnal gift-books, suppose £100,000 are spent by the public, with resultant supply of 100,000 households with one illustrated book, of second or third-rate quality, each, (there being twenty different books thus supplied), and resultant maintenance of five hundred persons for the year, at severe work of a second or third-rate order, mostly mechanical.

Now, if the mind of the nation, instead of private, be set on public work, there is of course no expense incurred for multiplication, or mechanical copying of any kind, or for retail dealing. The £5,000, instead of being given for five thousand *copies* of the work, and divided among five hundred persons, are given for one original work, and given to one person. This one person will of course employ assistants; but these will be chosen by himself, and will form a superior class of men, out of whom the future leading artists of the time will rise in succession. The broad difference will therefore be, that, in the one case, £5,000 are divided among five hundred persons of different classes, doing second-rate or wholly mechanical work; and in the other case, the same sum is divided among a few chosen persons of the best material of mind producible by the state, at the given epoch. It may seem an unfair assumption that work for the public will be more honestly and earnestly done than that for private possession. But every motive that can touch either conscience or ambition is brought to bear upon the artist who is employed on a public service, and only a few such motives in other modes of occupation. The greater permanence, scale, dignity of office, and fuller display of Art in a National building, combine to call forth the energies of the artist; and if a man will not do his best under such circumstances, there is no "best" in him.

It might also at first seem an unwarrantable assumption that fewer persons would be employed in the private than in the national work, since, at least in architecture, quite as many subordinate craftsmen are employed as in the production of a book. It is, however, necessary, for the purpose of clearly seeing the effect of the two forms of occupation, that we should oppose them where their contrast is most complete; and that we should compare, not merely bookbinding with bricklaying, but the presentation of Art in books, necessarily involving much subordinate employment, with its presentation in statues or wall-pictures, involving only the labour of the artist and of his immediate assistants. In the one case, then, I repeat, the sum set aside by the public for Art-purposes is divided among many persons very indiscriminately chosen; in the other, among few, carefully chosen. But it does not, for that reason, support fewer persons. The few artists live on their larger incomes,* by expenditure among various tradesmen, who in no wise produce Art, but the means of pleasant life; so that the real economical question is, not how many men shall we maintain, but at what work shall they be kept?—shall they every one be set to produce Art for us, in which case they must all live poorly, and produce bad Art; or out of the whole number shall ten be chosen who can and will produce noble Art; and shall the others be employed in providing the means of pleasant life for these chosen ten? Will you have, that is to say, four hundred and ninety tradesmen, butchers, carpet-weavers, carpenters, and the like, and ten fine artists, or will you, under the vain hope of finding, for each of them within your realm "five hundred good as he," have your full complement of bad draughtsmen, and retail distributors of their bad work?

It will be seen in a moment that this is no question of economy merely; but, as all economical questions become, when set on their true foundation, a dilemma relating to modes of discipline and education. It is only one instance of the perpetually recurring offer to our choice—shall we have one man educated perfectly, and others trained only to serve him, or shall we have all educated equally ill?—Which, when the outcries of mere tyranny and pride-defiant on one side, and of mere envy and pride-concupiscent on the other, excited by the peril and promise of a changeful time, shall be a little abated, will be found to be, in brief terms, the one social question of the day.

Without attempting an answer which would lead us far from the business in hand, I pass to the Ethical part of the inquiry; to examine, namely, the effect of this cheaply diffused Art on the public mind.

The first great principle we have to hold by in dealing with the matter is, that the end of Art is NOT to *amuse;* and that all Art which proposes amusement as its end, or which is sought for that end, must be of an inferior, and is probably of a harmful, class.

The end of Art is as serious as that of all other beautiful things—of the blue sky and the green grass, and the clouds and the dew. They are either useless, or they are of much deeper function than giving amusement. Whatever delight we take in them, be it less or more, is not the delight we take in play, or receive from momentary surprise. It might be a matter of some metaphysical difficulty to define the two kinds of pleasure, but it is perfectly easy for any of us to feel that there *is* generic difference between the delight we have in seeing a comedy, and in watching a sunrise. Not but that there is a kind of Divina Commedia,—a dramatic change and power,—in all beautiful things: the joy of surprise and incident mingles in music, painting, architecture, and natural beauty itself, in an ennobled and enduring manner, with the perfectness of eternal hue and form. But whenever the desire of change becomes principal; whenever we care only for new tunes, and new pictures, and new scenes, all power of enjoying Nature or Art is so far perished from us; and a child's love of toys has taken its place. The continual advertisement of new music (as if novelty were its virtue) signifies, in the inner fact of it, that no one now cares for music. The continual desire for new exhibitions means that we do not care for pictures; the continual demand for new books means that nobody cares to read.

Not that it would necessarily, and at all times, mean this; for in a living school of Art there will always be an exceeding thirst for, and eager watching of, freshly-developed thought. But it specially and sternly means this, when the interest is merely in the novelty; and great work in our possession is forgotten, while mean work, because strange and of some personal interest, is annually made the subject of eager observation and discussion. As long as (for one of many instances of such neglect) two great pictures of Tintoret's lie rolled up in an outhouse at Venice, all the exhibitions and schools in Europe mean nothing but promotion of costly commerce. Through that, we might indeed arrive at better things; but there is no proof, in the eager talk of the public about Art, that we *are* arriving at them. Portraiture of the said public's many faces, and tickling of its twice as many eyes, by changeful phantasm, are all that the patron-multitudes of the present day in reality seek; and this may be supplied to them in multiplying excess for ever, yet no steps made to the formation of a school of Art now, or to the understanding of any that have hitherto existed.

* It may be, they would not ask larger incomes in a time of highest national life; and that then the noble art would be far cheaper to the nation than the ignoble. But I speak of existing circumstances.

It is the carrying of this annual Exhibition into the recesses of home which is especially to be dreaded in the multiplication of inferior Art for private possession. Public amusement or excitement may often be quite wholesomely sought, in gay spectacles or enthusiastic festivals; but we must be careful to the uttermost how we allow the desire for any kind of excitement to mingle among the peaceful continuities of home happiness. The one stern condition of that happiness is, that our possessions should be no more than we can thoroughly use; and that to this use they should be practically and continually put. Calculate the hours which, during the possible duration of life, can, under the most favourable circumstances, be employed in reading, and the number of books which it is possible to read in that utmost space of time:—it will be soon seen what a limited library is all that we need, and how careful we ought to be in choosing its volumes. Similarly, the time which most people have at their command for any observation of Art is not more than would be required for the just understanding of the works of one great master. How are we to estimate the futility of wasting this fragment of time on works from which nothing can be learned? For the only real pleasure, and the richest of all amusements, to be derived from either reading or looking, are in the steady progress of the mind and heart, which day by day are more deeply satisfied, and yet more divinely athirst.

As far as I know the homes of England of the present day, they show a grievous tendency to fall, in these important respects, into the two great classes of over-furnished and unfurnished:—of those in which the Greek marble in its niche, and the precious shelf-loads of the luxurious library, leave the inmates nevertheless dependent for all their true pastime on horse, gun, and croquet ground;—and those in which Art, honoured only by the presence of a couple of engravings from Landseer, and literature, represented by a few magazines and annuals arranged in a star on the drawing-room table, are felt to be entirely foreign to the daily business of life, and entirely unnecessary to its domestic pleasures.

The introduction of furniture of Art into households of this latter class is now taking place rapidly; and, of course, by the usual system of the ingenious English practical mind, will take place under the general law of supply and demand; that is to say, that whatever a class of consumers, entirely unacquainted with the different qualities of the article they are buying, choose to ask for, will be duly supplied to them by the trade. I observe that this beautiful system is gradually extending lower and lower in education; and that children, like grown-up persons, are more and more able to obtain their toys without any reference to what is useful or useless, or right or wrong; but on the great horse-leech's law of "demand and supply." And, indeed, I write these papers, knowing well how effectless all speculations on abstract proprieties or possibilities must be in the present ravening state of national desire for excitement; but the tracing of moral or of mathematical law brings its own quiet reward; though it may be, for the time, impossible to apply either to use.

The power of the new influences which have been brought to bear on the middle-class mind, with respect to Art, may be sufficiently seen in the great rise in the price of pictures, which has taken place (principally during the last twenty years) owing to the interest occasioned by national exhibitions, coupled with facilities of carriage, stimulating the activity of dealers, and the collateral discovery by mercantile men that pictures are not a bad investment.

The following copy of a document in my own possession, will give us a sufficiently accurate standard of Art-price at the date of it:—

"London, June 11th, 1814.

"Received of Mr. Cooke the sum of twenty-two pounds ten shillings for three drawings, viz., Lyme, Land's End, and Poole.

£22 10s. "J. M. W. Turner."

It would be a very pleasant surprise to me if any *one* of these three (southern coast) drawings, for which the artist received seven guineas each (the odd nine shillings being, I suppose, for the great resource of tale-tellers about Turner—"coach-hire") were now offered to me by any dealer for a hundred. The rise is somewhat greater in the instance of Turner than of any other unpopular* artist; but it is at least three hundred per cent. on all work by artists of established reputation, whether the public can themselves see anything in it, or not. A certain quantity of intelligent interest mixes, of course, with the mere fever of desire for novelty; and the excellent book illustrations, which are the special subjects of our inquiry, are peculiarly adapted to meet this; for there are at least twenty people who know a good engraving or woodcut, for one who knows a good picture. The best book illustrations fall into three main classes: fine line engravings (always grave in purpose), typically represented by Goodall's illustrations to Rogers's poems;—fine woodcuts, or etchings, grave in purpose, such as those by Dalziel, from Thomson and Gilbert;—and fine woodcuts, or etchings, for purpose of caricature, such as Leech's and Tenniel's, in *Punch*. Each of these have a possibly instructive power special to them, which we will endeavour severally to examine in the next chapter.

John Ruskin.

* I have never found more than two people (students excepted) in the room occupied by Turner's drawings at Kensington, and one of the two, if there *are* two, always looks as if he had got in by mistake.

RESTORATIONS.

Amongst the books that for some time we have been expecting to see, but which have not yet made their appearance, is one that would bear the title of "Architectural Contrasts." An excellent work, "Architectural Parallels," the production of an able and accomplished artist, enjoys a deservedly high reputation; but a companion treatise on "Contrasts" still remains amongst the *desiderata* of architectural literature. As a matter of course, the author of "Architectural Contrasts," whoever he might be, would not fail to assign a position of becoming prominence in his pages to the contrast between *original* early edifices and those that have been *restored*. This particular portion of the desired work we should regard with especial interest; and, accordingly, since unfortunately we are altogether unable to calculate the period of the probable appearance of such a work, we meanwhile are desirous to direct the attention of our readers to the general subject of Architectural Restorations.

"Restoration" in architecture, as that process has become accepted and understood at the present day, implies both a condition of things and a course of action altogether strange and anomalous. For, in the first place, before it can be considered to require Restoration, an edifice must have passed through a prolonged period of culpable neglect; and this neglect, in all probability, will have been associated with barbarous mal-treatment as well as with wanton mischief. Then, on the other hand, Restoration (which, be it remembered, is essentially distinct from Reparation and also from Preservation) undertakes to neutralise all the evil effects of neglect and injury, to take the time-worn and shattered and distorted structure back again to the freshness and sharpness and beauty of its original perfection. A new building is not offered in exchange for an old one; but, on the contrary, the old building, retaining its true identity, is to be charmed into its own youthfulness. "As you were!" is the Restorer's word of command; and this same word of command he repeats, with ever-increasing energy of utterance, from his first appearance on the ground to the consummation of his final manœuvre.

Hence, the Restorers of the nineteenth century are constrained to aim at identifying themselves with the Architects of the fourteenth century, or of the thirteenth and the twelfth. They have to divest themselves of motives and impulses of their own, and in their stead to accept as their own the thoughts and feelings and aspirations of their remote predecessors. A partial success in this is the extreme that the most enthusiastic of Restorers may hope to achieve; and, at the best, they must be conscious that restored work and original work are, and must be, two decidedly different things. Then, while scrupulously careful to adjust their Restorations to the original models, our Restorers have to resist the influence of the conviction that the original architects would have instinctively considered Restoration to imply advance and improvement. It never occurred to Alan de Walsingham to restore the ruined Ely to what it had been before the central tower came crashing down; and we may be quite sure that in any contemplated Restoration of his own glorious Ely, that great architect would have seen a pathway opening before him, and leading him on to still more magnificent achievements in his grand art. All this must be most strictly excluded from our Restorations; and so, our architects have to restore ancient buildings as their own original architects would not have restored them; and yet, in their Restorations, they must work precisely as the original architects worked, when they designed those buildings and erected them.

Such is what would, perhaps, be universally admitted to be the ideal of architectural Restoration in our own times; still, in actual practice, our restorers may sometimes find it convenient to relax the ideal law under which they would profess to act. We live in an age of Restorations. Enterprises of this order abound on every side, and our architects fearlessly encounter whatever difficulties may be inseparable from them. All this architectural Restoration necessarily obstructs the onward progress of any development of architecture, as an art of our own; notwithstanding this, however, should it eventually lead our architects to a perfect mastery of the confessedly great architecture of a period that is about half a thousand years earlier in the world's annals, our architectural Restorations may establish a just claim upon the grateful admiration of all who now have at heart the cause of true Art. These are interesting and attractive questions; but the investigation of them would

lead us away from our present purpose of examining the Restorations themselves, that increase so rapidly in both numbers and importance.

Except in one significant circumstance, the statement that an ancient edifice has been "restored" can scarcely be said to convey any well-defined idea, so comprehensive is the term "Restoration," and so great is the variety of works and processes it is the fashion to include under this common title. With rare exceptions, Restoration, in a greater or a lesser degree, reduces the authority of an ancient edifice, as an original example of early Art. This is not the case, indeed, when original work is liberated from such prejudicial coverings as accumulated strata of paint or whitewash, provided always that the liberating process leaves the original work intact. Again, authority does not suffer when any portions or details of original work, which had been removed from their proper places or had been lost, are recovered and restored to their original positions and associations; and, in like manner, no wrong is done to authority, when an original work that had been left incomplete for centuries is judiciously completed. Such a work as this last is rather an addition to an ancient edifice, than a restoration of it; still, such a work would be included within the comprehensive range of the term "Restoration," as it is now in use. In the case of the absolute ruin or complete destruction of an integral portion of an edifice, or of some important member or detail, a consistent and judicious Restoration leaves the original portions without a shadow of prejudice, unless the new work should be deliberately taught to pretend that in reality it is not new work, and so should compromise the authority of the original work by assuming to share it.

Every work of Restoration admits of two distinct systems of treatment: the one Conservative, the other Destructive. In the former case the Restorer strives to the utmost of his power to preserve the authority of the original; and, in the latter case, he readily sacrifices the realities of original authority, in order to carry out some favourite theory, or to produce some desired effect. Even the most conservative Restorer on some occasions finds a certain amount of destructive influence inseparable from his work of Restoration. The fine perpendicular tower of the church of St. Mary at Taunton had become so dangerous, that there was no other alternative than either to take it down, or to allow it to fall. It was taken down; every stone was marked, and with the most jealous care every stone was built up again in its own place: what more could the Restorers have done? and yet who can claim for this tower in its renovated strength precisely the same authority, as it enjoyed while it threatened to accomplish its own destruction?

But it is not with the honourable and becoming purpose of averting a catastrophe that the great majority of Restorations are projected and carried into effect. Occasionally, when the motive of the Restorers is simply consistent improvement, Restorations may be regarded with almost (if not with quite) unqualified satisfaction. In Restorations of this class, indeed, the changes are satisfactory in the degree that some change was desirable, and that the new works, without any pretension to be accepted as old works, are good in themselves, and in true harmony with their associations and surroundings. Such Restorations as these are well exemplified in the important works of Mr. Scott in the Choir at Lichfield, and of Mr. Perkins in the Choir and Transepts at Worcester. It is also a Restoration such as this that is so much to be desired in the Chapter-house at Westminster—a thoroughly conservative Restoration, which will first seek to secure from further wrong and outrage all that remains of the Chapter-house of Henry III., and then, in the spirit of King Henry's architects, will bring fresh work to supply what wrong and outrage have broken down and destroyed. Again, the introduction of the two new choir-screens at Lichfield and Hereford leaves nothing to be desired. These fine works boldly proclaim the fact they are new, and they can be accepted as "Restorations" only through that comprehensiveness in the present application of the term to which reference has already been made.

That such works as the new choir-screens of Hereford and Lichfield should be regarded with admiration, not only as masterly works of Art, but also as component members of noble early edifices, may very readily be understood. Upon the same principle, it is easy to understand, and also in a measure to sympathise with, the desire to see every noble edifice, in all its parts and details and accessories, in a uniform condition of rich and perfect beauty. Nor is it at all difficult to extend the operation of the same sentiment to every building, which has come down to us from the olden time, consecrated to the celebration of public worship. And, to take one step further, the popularity of "Restorations" of our ancient edifices may be admitted to explain and account for itself. Whatever was venerable in but too many of our old churches, from the greatest and the grandest to the humblest of them all, had been long degraded by the dishonour of neglect and the ravages of time. Restoration, now that these things had been discovered to be a reproach, would atone for them; and, in the desire for what Restoration would accomplish, what Restoration at the same time would sweep away was forgotten, or held to be of no moment, or perhaps regarded with complacent satisfaction. Despite the operations of archæological societies, to the great mass of the better educated portion of the community, and more particularly to the majorities in Restoration Committees, the authority of a genuine untouched relic of early architecture is held to be of but little importance, and certainly it will not endure a comparison with the *improvement* which may be secured for the same relic by restoring it. It is the same with the venerable element, when it is compared with the polish and finish that Restoration will not fail to diffuse over an ancient edifice. And then, Restoration is a singularly suggestive process, and it reproduces itself in a manner that probably is very often altogether unexpected. A new window placed where an old one had long been destroyed, suggests restorations in the old windows to the right hand and the left, that had been sufferers from various casualties, but had escaped destruction; and the restored windows are felt to be "out of keeping" with walls and arch-mouldings and capitals, that but too evidently have passed through trials and wrongs of their own. Thus the work of Restoration spreads and expands; thus our old edifices lose their architectural authority, and in the place of the venerable beauty of antiquity, they assume that fresh beauty which is of to-day. And this fresh beauty, the effect of Restoration, refuses to be historical of any period, past or present. A church built in 1265, and restored in 1865, belongs neither to the one age nor to the other. It is not the veritable old church—an authoritative example of the Architecture of a great era in Art, an historical monument of the thirteenth century,—neither is it a new church, an example and exponent of living architecture, an expression and a record of contemporaneous history. Restorers and the lovers of Restorations may generally be indifferent to all such considerations as these; but they are not the less important nevertheless.

The process of Restoration of necessity requires that the Restorer should assimilate his work to the early work in the building to be restored; and, unhappily, this assimilation of new work to old is found in practice to exercise an influence rarely to be resisted, which leads the Restorer also to assimilate the old work to the new. That is to say, when new work in a Restoration has been made to look as corresponding old work may fairly be assumed to have looked when it was new, the process of assimilation involuntarily suggests to the Restorer that he should teach the old work to look new again. It is in this effort—natural enough in Restorations—to cause the whole of any restored edifice to assume a uniform aspect, that Restoration perpetrates so much of irreparable mischief, and demonstrates the facility with which it may degenerate into destruction.

There is no difficulty in adducing notable and melancholy examples of the seductive and contagious influence of Restoration in leading to what really destroys early work, under the pretence of making it new again. Lincoln Cathedral is a noble and a very grievous sufferer. The destructive operation has been sustained at Lincoln from year to year, and the venerable magnificence of the cathedral gradually fades away, dissolved into a thorough Restoration. In this instance the Restorers have deliberately *skinned* the early work—cut away the original surfaces, and wrought mouldings, and trails of dog-tooth, and rich foliage, and varied ornaments, and characteristic capitals, all of them afresh. There are legends that tell of a certain terrible punishment once inflicted in order to distinguish the supreme atrocity of the crime of sacrilege; we do not suggest a revival of this punishment in the instance of the "skinners" of Lincoln, and yet the remembrance of it might possibly be productive of salutary influences on their minds, and particularly when associated with their own *modus operandi* in their at least semi-sacrilegious proceedings.

At Ely, Restorations have been carried into effect on the gradual scale, and in a strictly conservative spirit, so that the cathedral has made a truly remarkable advance towards a complete revival of what it may have been in the palmy days of Gothic Art. By a visitor who may be able to reconcile himself to the idea of a very new and fresh-looking edifice, restored Ely would be accepted as a beautiful example of successful Restoration. At present the work of Restoration has been chiefly confined to the interior, where almost everything looks new and fresh, and scarcely anything appears original and venerable; what really is original, however, may be distinguished and identified without any difficulty, though even when any genuine originality has been established the newness and freshness of an enthusiastic Restoration cannot be forgotten. The finest part of Ely Cathedral, the central octagon, "perhaps the most beautiful and original design to be found in the whole range of

Gothic architecture," has been singularly unfortunate in its share of the great work of Restoration; and in this unique octagon the Restoration has left as much to be regretted on the exterior as in the interior of the edifice.

As might have been expected, Restoration, when undertaken in earnest, and carried with consistent energy into effect, is not content to restrict its operations to the architecture of any edifice as properly so called. It claims the right to deal with the architectural sculpture, and the sculptured accessories of the architecture; and in dealing with them, it develops its full powers of mischief and destruction. Of course, shattered and defaced sculpture will not group well with architectural members that are faultless in freshness and finish. In that case, if this felicitous grouping must be accomplished, let the sculpture be *bonâ fide* new—a faithful reproduction of what the original may be believed to have been; and let the mutilated original be honestly removed, that it may be preserved in some little-frequented portion of the building, or consigned to an appropriate museum. There can be no excuse for any restoration of early sculpture, as no such restoration can have any other result than the destruction of the originality of the work. And, it must be added, that the more skilfully any such Restoration may be effected, the more ruinous must be its effects. Restored sculpture, which might be believed not to have been restored at all, is the most dangerous of impostors. The sculptured groups and figures of the arcade of the Chapter-house at Salisbury have been restored with skill and judgment, and they harmonise very well with the judicious Restoration of the Chapter-house itself; but, it is scarcely necessary to add, that this commendation of the Restoration of these sculptures implies their having ceased to possess their original authority. In like manner, in the eastern transept and in the presbytery at Worcester, the mutilated sculptures in the spandrels of the arcade were second to very few contemporaneous works in historic interest and value, so long as whatever was left of them was original: in these relics Restoration and Destruction are interchangeable terms. Does it ever occur to the self-reliant Restorers of early architectural sculpture, that the interest and the value of the sculptures that once were associated with the architecture of the Parthenon are concentrated in the fact, that those marvellous relics have been preserved from all Restoration?

The deliberate Restoration of early monumental memorials, unless it be characterised by the most jealous conservatism, can be justified by no plea whatever; and even at the best, any Restoration of an early monument has an unpleasant affinity to the application of a cognate process to an early chronicle or charter. A restored monument, indeed, cannot possibly retain its original authority, and it must always be regarded with a certain degree of suspicious uncertainty. Early monuments have been restored nevertheless, and their so-called Restoration has not by any means been invariably conducted on a conservative principle. The effigies in the Temple Church were restored about twenty years ago, and the Restoration was entrusted to a careful and able sculptor, an archæologist as well as an artist; and Mr. Richardson did what might be done to render his restoring operations as inoffensive and harmless as possible. But it was beyond his power to restore these old effigies without impressing indelibly upon them the date of 1843, though he certainly left legible traces of earlier ages. Precisely the same remarks are applicable to the Restoration of the fine series of monuments at Elford, in Staffordshire. Much more recently an early monument has been restored after a different fashion; and this Restoration may be considered to possess claims upon our special attention, as a typical example of what the Restoration of an historical monument of the fourteenth century may be understood to signify in the year 1865. About five years ago, the monument in question was described as a "high tomb with much mutilated effigies of Hugh Courtenay (died 1377), second Earl of Devon of the House of Courtenay, and of his Countess Margaret (died 1391), daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, by Elizabeth, daughter of Edward I." This monument was once "inclosed within a chantry," which has totally disappeared; and the high tomb has now been removed as well as restored; that is, the original monument of the Earl of Devon, whose Countess was a granddaughter of Edward I., was last year taken away from its original site beneath the sixth pier-arch from the west end of the nave of Exeter Cathedral, and, as it was indeed "much mutilated," a new structure has been erected to represent it in the south transept of the same cathedral. Upon this new structure, which professes to be a "Restoration" of the original monument, rest the effigies of the Earl and Countess, also thoroughly "restored." No traces do they now exhibit of their recent "much mutilated" condition. Both, on the contrary, are as fresh as if they had been sent out, new and "to order," six months ago, from the most enterprising monumental establishment in the New Road. But these fresh-looking effigies are not new, nor are they intended to be regarded as new; they are the originals restored; they have been formed from the original stone; busy chisels have *cut away* every vestige of the unsightly mutilations, and a bold and comprehensive process of *cutting down* has brought out fresh effigies from beneath the dishonouring ravages of time and barbarism; and so not a vestige remains of what the widowed Countess prepared to be the memorial as well of herself as of her lord.

Without a doubt, this "restored" memorial (whether the Restorer would have it styled an "old new" work or a "new old" one) will claim the date of the original monument itself, A.D. 1377, and not A.D. 1865. What the originals were, perhaps, may probably have been reproduced with much painstaking fidelity, as far as the restorer was able to form a correct estimate on the subject, while whatever lingering traces of the actual originals yet remained he was most careful to obliterate. Centuries will leave their marks upon the hardest of stones, and their capacity for mischief no one will refuse to concede to every class of iconoclast; all their doings, however, sink into insignificance when compared with the cool and ruthless destructiveness of a genuine "Restorer" of the Exeter type.

By all means let faithfully studied *copies* of fine old monumental memorials be executed by able hands, at the cost of the living inheritors of the noble names of long past ages, or by whoever may please to commission the production of such works. But we claim for the original memorials themselves, however mutilated, the most jealous preservation. They are chisel-written chronicles of the England of our ancestors, and graphic illustrators of the history of Art in England, which we have received from those who have gone before us in trust that they may be transmitted by us to our successors. We have no right to tamper with early historical monuments; we have no right to destroy them; least of all have we any right to work our destructive will upon them under the specious pretence of "Restoration."

The Exeter Restorer would be ready, in all probability, to take in hand the Royal monuments and effigies in Westminister Abbey and in the cathedrals of Gloucester and Canterbury; and we venture to assume that in his own judgment his proceedings would not constitute an offence known as "treason." Is it necessary for us to be explicit in explaining what our own views would be on this subject?

When colour having significance was originally introduced into any details or accessories of works that have been doomed to undergo Restoration, a minutely detailed record of every trace of the original colouring should always be made and formally attested before the brush is permitted to obliterate those traces through the act of painting over them. This assumes that it may be desirable, in certain cases, to restore what we have distinguished as "significant colour." Such Restoration is exemplified in the re-painting original shields of arms. Should the outlines of the charges have been indicated in the first instance, either in relief or by incised lines, the true identity of the shield may still have to be determined by the accuracy of the colouring; and if at first the arms were only expressed in colour, who can tell whether a shield that has been fresh painted has, or has not, been charged with a fresh blazon?—in other words, whether it has, or has not, been "restored" into something altogether different from its original self? Like early monuments, early heraldry has its historical value; and it is an act of treason to history to weaken the authority of any historic evidences or records, to tamper with their original accuracy and fidelity, or to pervert or destroy them.

In these days of Restorations, and with the restored Courtenay Monument in Exeter Cathedral before our eyes, we consider it to be no extravagant proposition to suggest that a society should be formed for the express purpose of taking cognizance of every undertaking that professes to "restore" any early edifice or monument; or, possibly, it might be better to express the hope that the existing "Ecclesiological Society" would undertake such a duty. Certainly it ought to be the clearly defined and recognised office of some society to watch over all "Restorations," to record what Restorers have done, and to preserve the memory of what they have either renovated or destroyed. If we must perforce submit to witness the not very tardy progress of a system that threatens to convert our early edifices (and more especially the noblest and the most precious of them), with their historic accessories, into "Restorations," let there be preserved such faithful memorials of what these works were in their unrestored condition as may secure for the archives of the realm an authentic version of that grand chronicle which was originally written by the architects of the middle ages, and by the other artists who were their brethren and fellow-workers. These ought to be faithfully kept, if only as examples of study for the future.

CHARLES BOUTELL.

MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. II.—JOHN BAPTIST MADOU.

MORE than two centuries have passed away since the foundation of the Antwerp Academy of Arts, the school which, as was stated in our last notice, takes precedence of all others in Belgium. On the 6th of July, 1663, Philip IV., King of Spain, who then held dominion over the provinces of Flanders, granted letters patent to David Teniers, the younger—who, as well as his father, was a native of Antwerp—and to the other brethren of the ancient Guild of St. Luke, authorising them to found and establish in that city an Academy similar to those in Rome and Paris, the object of which was "to cultivate and encourage the sciences of painting, sculpture, perspective, and the printing of books." Thus originated the Academy of Antwerp.

Thirty years later—a long interval of time—a class was formed for the study of the antique. But the institution altogether met with little support; it struggled on, nevertheless, till 1740, when its pecuniary resources failing, the doors were closed. In the year after, circumstances combined to enable the institution to discharge its most pressing engagements, and six artists then undertook gratuitously its direction and the instruction of the students.

The French Revolution, the influence of which was felt in so many countries of continental Europe, had no other effect on the Antwerp Academy than to make a change in its direction, to designate it by the title of "L'Ecole Spéciale de Peinture, Sculpture, et Architecture," and to nominate, by a decree dated June 17, 1796, six professors. During the period of the Empire, namely, in 1804, the prefect of the Department decreed that the council of administration should consist of himself, the mayor of the city, the director of the Academy, the whole of the professors, with three councillors chosen from the amateur associate members of the Academy. The director, three of the professors, and the members of council, were nominated by the prefect upon the presentation of candidates made by the council itself. The prefect and the mayor, according to these regulations, assumed the position of guardians, or patrons, of the institution. The constitution of the governing body has been little altered since, for at the present time it includes but four artists, of whom three only are members of the Academy, Messrs. De Keyser, the President, J. Geefs, and De Braekeleer.

By an imperial decree, dated May 5, 1810, and signed the same day at the palace of Antwerp, a portion of the buildings of the ancient convent of the Récollets, or Franciscan nuns, was placed at the disposal of the academical administration, for the purposes of establishing there a school of design and a museum. There the Academy carries on at this time its operations; but the impression left on our mind, when visiting last year the rooms assigned to the students, was far from satisfactory, on account of their general gloominess. In 1857 the institution, by a decree of the king, William, was placed under the direction of the Government, and assumed the title of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts. Several alterations in its organisation and management have taken place since that time, all tending to facilitate its operations and to render them more practically useful. The expenses of the institution are defrayed by the State and the corporation of Antwerp in equal proportions. In 1851 the academic body was constituted as it now stands: it includes



Drawn by H. J. Allen. THE STIRRUP-CUP. [*Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

twenty-five artists, *membres effectifs*, of whom fifteen are Belgians, and ten are foreigners; fifty artists, associate members, one half Belgians, the other half foreigners (at the present time, or rather last year, there were only thirty names on this list, of which about twelve were those of foreigners); and, lastly, of a class of honorary members—artists, amateurs, and others, whose number is not limited; on this roll last year were sixty names.

As many of the artists whom we propose to introduce to our readers in this series of papers are members of the Royal Academy of Antwerp, this slight sketch of its history will scarcely be considered out of place. Among the fifteen native *membres effectifs* enrolled soon after its reorganisation, was JOHN BAPTIST MADOU, now a veteran in years, but with his artistic powers little if at all impaired by nearly half a century of most active labour. He was

born in Brussels in 1796, and having at a very tender age manifested a strong inclination towards the practice of Art, his mother, who was then a widow, placed him, in 1809, under the care of an artist named François, who taught him the elements of drawing. He made considerable progress under this master, subsequently attended the classes in the Brussels Academy of Arts, and continued his studies till the year 1814, when circumstances compelled him to forego his favourite pursuit and to enter a house of business; distasteful as the occupation was to him, he remained in it four years before he was emancipated from its drudgery. Between 1818 and 1820, Madou was employed by the Government, at Courtray and Mons, as one of a Commission charged with mapping out the frontiers of the Low Countries and France: in the latter year he returned to Brussels and devoted himself entirely to the Fine Arts. Lithography had just then found its way into Belgium; Madou at once saw to what uses the invention could be applied, and diligently set to work to turn it to good account. Within seven years from 1821, he produced "Picturesque Views in Belgium," in two hundred and two subjects, published in two volumes, large quarto; "Scenes in the Life of Napoleon," one hundred and forty-four plates, also published in two volumes, large quarto; and "Les Souvenirs de Bruxelles," twelve plates, forming one volume. In 1832 appeared his "Military Costumes of the Belgian Army," twelve plates, folio; in 1831 and 1832, "Popular Scenes," twenty-four plates; in 1833-4-5, "Scenes of Society," twenty-four plates; in 1836, "Sketches of European Society from 1400 to our own Time," fourteen plates, folio; and in 1841, "Scenes in the Lives of Dutch and Flemish Painters," twenty plates, folio.

It may be readily imagined that such a series of works as these, so varied in subject and embracing so wide a range of character, must have prepared both the mind and the hand of the artist for his subsequent labours on canvas; especially if we consider that so continuous a practice in mere black and white pictures inevitably leads to a knowledge of effect and a mastery over *chiar-oscuro* which is of the utmost value to the painter when he comes to work in colours. But although Madou had not yet attempted oil-painting, very many of the sketches made for the above lithographic pictures were first produced in water-colours, and especially the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.] A GARDE-CHAMPETRE IN HIS HUMOUR. [*Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

series, "European Society." These show him to have possessed even then true feeling for colour. The lithographic compositions mentioned last in the above list are works in which the interest of each subject divides the attention with the manner of their execution. Here may be recognised Rubens and Van Dyck in the palace of royalty, Memling in the hospital at Bruges, Rembrandt in his studio mysteriously lighted, Van der Meulen in the camp, Jan Steen in the tavern, Van Orlay in the forest or joining in the hunt: each is the man, according to his life and habits; represented, moreover, in a style of art similar to that which he himself practised, so far, at least, as the vehicle employed permits.

Not till the year 1840, when he had reached the age of forty-four, did M. Madou make his first essays in oil-painting. One of the earliest of these pictures, 'THE SKETCH,' is the subject of our third engraving, and a most humorous composition it is, with a Teniers-like character pervading it that is apparent enough. An artist, probably in his travels in search of the picturesque, has found his way into an old Flemish *cabaret*, and there meets with one who certainly is sitting for his portrait, though quite unconscious of it, inasmuch as a hearty dinner is followed by a sound nap. One sketch from the "living model" has already been made, and the villagers congregated in the hostelry examine it with unqualified admiration and delight. Capital is that group before the fireplace, both in their attitudes and the expression of their faces, as they recognise the broad features of their sleeping compatriot. Behind an ill-conditioned idler—no one can mistake him for anything else—is a man explaining to a good-tempered looking young woman what the artist has done and what he is preparing to repeat, for the latter is sharpening his pencil to begin another sketch, while he studies his model with much gravity of thoughtfulness: so, too, do the dogs seated at the feet of their master, whose appearance is a most perfect personification of after-dinner drowsiness. It is a picture possessing very high qualities of Art in the delineation of nature.

The path on which Madou had thus entered was afterwards pursued with little variation; but the pictures painted by him are comparatively few, and their scarcity adds much to their value. Following that just noticed, there appeared at intervals of about a year,—sometimes he exhibited two in one season,—'Jan Steen and his Friends,' 'The Fiddler and his adopted Daughter,' 'The Pedlar,' 'An Old Man relating a Story,' 'Van Dyck at Saventhem,' 'Jealousy,' 'A Fête at a Chateau,' 'Ostade in a Cabaret,' 'La Femme Impérieuse,' 'The Troublesome Guest,' 'Scene in a Police Court,' 'A Garde-champêtre in his Humour.' All these were painted previously to 1854, and are in different collections in Belgium, with the exception of two or three, which the artist informed us are in London, though he knew not where, and we have not been able to discover them.

'A Garde-champetre in his Humour,' painted in 1848, is engraved on the opposite page. It is a scene of a past era, and a composition of great power and masterly execution. A man in the custody of a numerous body of *corps de garde* is brought into the court-yard of a prison, or military guard-house, evidently not without having made a desperate resistance, for he is now struggling violently with his captors, or else is so inebriated that they are compelled to force him onwards. On the left stands an ancient warder of the jail, to whose attention an officer of the guard is directing the prisoner. The old man looks at him with a half-vacant stare, as if undecided what to do with such a desperado. The drawing and attitude of the prisoner are true to the life, and the figure of the jailor is in itself worth studying closely.

In the gallery of the Duke of Brabant is a characteristic picture by Madou, painted in 1857: the subject, 'A Rat-Hunt,' is not one of the highest order, but it is worked out with remarkable vigour and humour.

'The Stirrup-cup,' the first of our engraved examples, has the reputation of being among this artist's most popular paintings. From the number and appearance of the people gathered within the precincts of the hostelry, and from the banner hung out from the window, it may be assumed that some fête has been held in the village; or, possibly, a marriage has taken place, and the bride and bridegroom are departing for their future home, and the landlord is pledging them in the "stirrup-cup." The place is full of animated life; old and young and middle-aged seem in one way or another



Drawn by W. J. Allen. THE SKETCH. *Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

vastly interested in the proceedings, and take their place in them. The entire composition is truly picturesque, a quality to which the style of the buildings contributes not a little, while the arrangement of the figures shows the most skilful disposition; the group on each side of the principals is perfect in itself, yet quite subordinate to the centre, where the chief light in the picture is concentrated. Here, again, we see the result of M. Madou's early practice in black and white. It may be remarked that there is not a face in the whole of the assembly which will not bear close examination for character; and this certainly is not the least recommendation of a work great of its kind.

A few more pictures still remain to be mentioned; but we can only give their titles. These are, 'The Young Squire of the Village,' 'The Artist's Amusement at an Inn;' 'Gallantry,' a work which belongs to the Antwerp Academy; 'The Fortune-Teller;' 'Gamblers;' 'The Bandit;' 'Fortune-telling by Cards;' 'The False Note,' played by a musician in a *cabaret*.

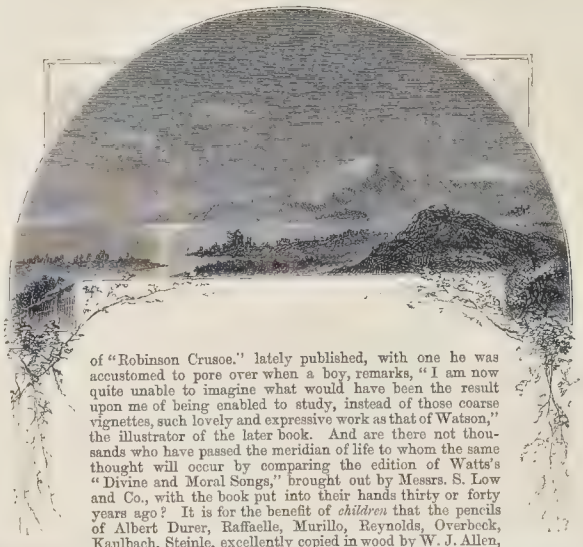
So few, as we have already remarked, are M. Madou's oil-pictures, and so difficult to get at, that had it not been for the great courtesy of the venerable painter himself we should have been unable to gain access to any one of them for the purpose of engraving. But in one of the saloons of his residence, *Chaussée de Louvain*, Brussels, there fortunately hung, when we paid him a visit, the original finished sketches of the 'Garde-champêtre,' and 'The Stirrup-cup;' these were at once most kindly placed at our disposal for the required purpose.

In 1838, Madou was appointed Professor of Drawing in the Military School of Brussels, and in the following year he received the decoration of a chevalier of the Order of Leopold. He unquestionably stands at the head of the *genre* painters of Belgium; his works, whether in lithography, in water-colours, or in oils, show a power of composition, a truthfulness, and a delicacy of touch combined with solidity, that will bear comparison with the best that have come down to us from the old painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools. We may remark that the three pictures engraved here, with several others mentioned above, formed a portion of the Belgian collection contributed to our International Exhibition of 1862.

James Dafforne.

SONGS FOR CHILDREN.*

Mr. Ruskin, in the last number of this Journal, when contrasting a beautifully illustrated edition



of "Robinson Crusoe," lately published, with one he was accustomed to pore over when a boy, remarks, "I am now quite unable to imagine what would have been the result upon me of being enabled to study, instead of those coarse vignettes, such lovely and expressive work as that of Watson," the illustrator of the later book. And are there not thousands who have passed the meridian of life to whom the same thought will occur by comparing the edition of Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs," brought out by Messrs. S. Low and Co., with the book put into their hands thirty or forty years ago? It is for the benefit of *children* that the pencils of Albert Durer, Raffaelle, Murillo, Reynolds, Overbeck, Kaulbach, Steinle, excellently copied in wood by W. J. Allen, with those of our own living artists, Kennedy, Wimperis, Small, J. Lee, Barnes, and others,



have supplied designs for upwards of one hundred illustrations, admirably engraved by J. D. Cooper, who has had the entire management and direction of the whole. Two specimens of the style in which the work is done are here introduced; the first from a drawing by Wimperis, illustrating the song entitled "The Excellency of the Bible," the second from one by Barnes, illustrative of "Pride in Dress." Both children and their parents must receive pleasure from the examination of such a series of pictures.

* Divine and Moral Songs. By Isaac Watts, D.D. Illustrated. Published by S. Low and Co., London.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES EDEN, ESQ., LYTHAM.

SPRING.

T. Webster, R.A., Painter. Pelée, Engraver.

Symbolical or allegorical painting is only popular among us when the subject has a meaning easily understood, and appeals to the sympathies of our nature. Few persons will take the trouble to study a picture for the purpose of finding out the artist's intention, as an archæologist would investigate an inscription in Egyptian or Runic characters; and, as a general rule, it ought not to require any explanation beyond the title to make it intelligible, except in the case of a historical composition, which often demands some guide to introduce the spectator to the presence of the personages that appear on the canvas. "Allegories," remarks Addison, "when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make everything around them clear and beautiful;" and so in painting, when a subject treated allegorically is also treated intelligibly and pleasantly, it derives an additional charm for the double meaning, so to speak, which it conveys.

Poet and painters are frequently accustomed to portray the four great stages of man's life under the similitude of the Seasons. Spenser says:—

"So forth issued the Seasons of the year:
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers," &c.

* * * * * *

"Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, coloured green," &c.

* * * * *

"Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store," &c.

* * * * *

"Lastly came Winter, clothèd all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill," &c.

Here the Seasons are symbolised by human forms, irrespective of periods of life, but they are more generally typified by the four stages into which man's existence on earth is usually divided; and the resemblance is so natural, obvious, and striking, that the comparison of each respectively with the other has long become quite a commonplace matter.

We assume that the title of "Spring" given to this picture by Mr. Webster, has reference rather to the group of children than to the landscape, which is very beautifully painted, but the foliage of the trees is too thick and umbrageous for the season, unless the spring is very far advanced. It is not easy to recognise this artist apart from his humorous characteristics; and he here stands before us in a sober vein of pure rustic nature. The children are of various ages; one of the elder girls fastens a wreath of primroses and violets round the hat of the youngest child, who, conscious of a certain dignity conferred on it, sits demurely while the operation is performed. But the best figure—though all are good—is the chubby-faced little one, with a bunch of primroses in her hand, and her eyes intently fixed on the decorated youngster: how truthful is her attitude, and how expressive of a mingled feeling of pleasure and surprise is the countenance! no artist who had not studied closely the peculiarities of children could have given so faithful a representation.

This work was the first of a series illustrating the Seasons; it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855. The four pictures are in the rare and beautiful collection of James Eden, Esq., at Lytham.



VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

"We must imitate Nature! Yes, but what in Nature, all and everything? No, the beautiful in Nature. If the artist copies the mere nature, the *natura naturata*, what idle rivalry! In the objects of Nature are presented all the possible elements, steps, and processes of intellect antecedent to consciousness, and therefore to the full development of the intelligential act; and man's mind is the very focus of all the rays of intellect which are scattered throughout the images of Nature. Now so to place these images, totalised, and fitted to the limits of the human mind, as to elicit from and to superinduce upon the forms themselves, the moral reflections to which they approximate, to make the external internal, the internal external, to make nature thought and thought nature—this is the mystery of genius in the Fine Arts."—S. T. Coleridge.

I.

MISTS ON MOUNTAINS AND IN PICTURE GALLERIES. — THE BORASCO. — SIROCCO. — THE MUSEO BORBONICO.

Yes; we will to Italy, and to *South* Italy. On the few days when the sun shone on us during a whole summer, I was too busy to look on him; so that whether he shone or not, I scarcely knew. Except Mr. Church's pictures, and Constance-Ada, Fatima-Rosamond, and Giulia-Bella, objects on which it is imprudent to look twice (Laura lacquered her hair, and therefore went out of my good books), I have seen nothing at once stirringly beautiful and new for a whole year; so that I verily believe I have become somewhat slow and flat of fancy, as well as in certain bodily faculties, congested also by our east-windy climate, and occupations east-windy too, and by the absence of everything conducive to a new sensation. Urgently I feel the need of something beautiful and new, of unadulterated sunshine, and holiday recreation of a decidedly free rambling character, of genial warmth, sweet prospects, summer seas, with episodal peaches, grapes, and green figs. Naturally, by-the-bye, earlier in the year, I sought some relief to my spirit in our Royal Academy Exhibition, as our great national nucleus of an art properly ever consecrated to the beauty and harmonies of truth, as distinguished from mere diagrams of science or rigidities of mechanical imitation; but it was, *mainly*, such a vast indigestion of crude green facts, as but to impart to me its own dyspeptic sensations, and render what was before rather an object of luxurious desire, a medical necessity. And so, South Italy, where shines the highest beauty both of Nature and Art, is the very place for me. Besides, is it not the land of the olive of peace, and the very vine of gladness, the favourite grave of transalpine *ennui*, where jaded fancies are rejuvenized, and shabbily-furnished memories not only made magnificent for the rest of this life merely, but enriched with matter worthy of grateful remembrance in the next also, and which it were mere improvidence not to take there, if we can fairly accomplish it?

Idealities of Italy almost excluded the actual prospects of France; and it was not till after leaving Chambery that the Alps, the guardians of our promised land, awakened a vigilant sense of present objects. A brilliant morning was filling with light and heat a broad green valley surrounded by numerous lofty mountains. There were no clouds, except those about their peaks, vapours so like veins of dazzling snow, that one mistook them for such, till they rose and hung in haunting shapes over the sky-ranging crests, as if loth to leave them, dappling their ethereal brightness with spots of softest shadow. Shall we, I questioned myself, musing delightedly, indeed see anything so beautiful in South Italy? An impression of mine has been that the snow-capped Alps are not only the sublimest,—but the most beautiful of landscape objects. Where else has beauty so much elbow-room, where such ample unchecked sweep of form, such tenderness of hue responsive to every changeful smile from above, as in these links between earth and heaven, which, in one half-hour, will display a greater variety of exquisite aërial phenomena than seems possible in a week with objects too low for clouds and vapours to pay court to them, make love to them, and take them to their own glory?

This they were busily doing with the heights of Mont Cenis in the following noonday, but farther up the Pass in the evening they wholly disappeared; and then, above a dense wreath of sunny dust, raised by the long team of slowly-jingling horses, the hushed warm light on the lonely mountains, thus first approached after long absence in the disquieted world, seemed no mere calm, but a state of actual blessedness. Yes, that description which so irritated my practical friend, was recognisably correct and sound. The term "Praxitclean," applied to snow-moulding winds alone in Art-similitude, comes up to them, and the rose-tinted summits, thus islanded above a sea of violet shade, *are* "an image of heavenly peace, an object to inspire heavenly fancies and yearnings." But the egregious wretched folly was to ventilate these sacred truths so near to Lothbury. He plainly thought all *that* weak mawkish sentimentality; and I may have lost caste in the city. "Your imagination runs away with you." "Yes, it may have been running away with me towards heaven itself, all the time. Nevertheless it is literally true. Are there not truths of feeling as well as truths of sight, my good sir? Have these objects truths for weights, measures, and chemical appliances, and none for the soul? Do they speak sooth to the eye and touch only, and to the heart nothings? In the depths of the city, or even amidst the alleviations of your suburban retreat (at Newington Butts, or wherever it may be), that psychological (by no means geological) memorandum may seem too much to say of God's mountains; but with them before your eyes, even you could not think so. Geology itself has not an exacter truth; and I tell you, if you still deem it trivial, that it is simply the ignorance of it which leaves our present English landscape painters powerless really to ascend in mind the Alpine peaks," which now, by-the-bye, after that Matterhorn tragedy, should be the only kind of ascents; and indeed I always thought the glorious Alps but vulgarised by being turned into a theatre of personal displays. Better now that the Alpine Club should have a gymnasium on Primrose or Penge Hill, with perpendiculars and inclined planes precisely commensurate to those here affronted by acrobatical enterprise; for so would they more immediately and numerously entertain their fellow creatures, be more checked by public opinion and the law, when the contingencies of their *divertisement* become inhuman; and above all, the divine mountains would cease to be degraded by mortally silly catastrophes not free from cockney associations.

"Imagination still!" said he, looking at me with the sharp eye of a persecutor. It is curious, this rude impatient repugnance of the exclusive man of business for the man who ornaments his leisure with his fancy, even though he may have proved to be quite as good a man of business as himself. But now I settled myself comfortably in the corner of the *coupée*, glad to leave him and all such behind me, and musing on his last words not unpleasantly. "Imagination!" If only he knew the meaning of the word, he could not possibly pronounce it with that flippancy. And oh, that any modest humble notions of mine might be worthy of that august name. Imagination, the most devoted, keen-sighted lover of truth, who alone sees her in her immortality divested of fleeting incumbrances and accidents, and whose combinations, slandered by the vulgar as idle fictions, are only for the sake of bringing more of harmonious truths together. Imagination—Spiritual Insight! the moral interpreter of dumb Nature, nay, who *completes* her, by discovering and declaring her unfulfilled tendencies, and is indeed her intellectual husband, without whom she remains a silent virgin, the father of a most beneficent progeny by her. Now he it is who speeds us from lifeless facts to immortal truths, from the outside to the heart, from the evanescent to the ever-recurring. In short, he is the slandered *virtue* most slighted in our English Art of late, the power which raises us above the deadness and triviality of the material world; and the very antithetical thing he disdains is matter-of-factness. Factness and imaginativeness! my urban and *sub*urban friend (can your arithmetic, by-the-bye, tell me how many facts make one truth?)—facts and imaginations! It is just the difference between Holman Hunt (who cannot give the stamp of humanity to his facts), and Raphael (who is exquisitely human in his highest idealities), the difference between a year's painting by Mr. Frith (who has been brought by factism to see far more in court millinery than in its fairest wearers), and a few exhaustive, immortally, touchingly natural lines by Flaxman; the difference between our English Art as it is now, and as it was forty years ago, when we painted mind, not crude undigested matter. In the pilgrimage I am now beginning to the land of ideal beauty, from the land where beauty is so neglected in all things nearly—for even in manners Mammon is too much our *arbiter elegantiarum* now-a-days, placing, with ugly results, the point of distinction in wealth and worldly position rather than in courtesy, intelligence, and kindliness—grant me, you heavenly power, some meek pittance, some widow's-mite portion of that divine mysterious faculty, that I may have a little *true* insight, apart from the trick of custom, and may present some few of my impressions in their true life and spirit, *obviously*, which else could not be done.

The power I thus fervidly invoked (from the very floor of the *coupée*) seemed at the moment peculiarly present in a living light, the last of day, lingering and smiling on the highest peak, as if in honour of our glow and blush of love, and to signify, as the parting lesson, that we must be human before we can be divine. This phenomenon much softened my asperities of criticism, though they are too just to be softened more than *pro tempore*.

All night we were passively busy in crossing the higher part of the Pass. The half moon, coldly clear, like dark-flashing steel, not mildly effused silver, crested the heights like a beacon, casting little light into the depths, which probably seemed far profounder than they would have shown themselves by day. All at once eight of our horses were unharnessed, and we trotted most nimbly down the zigzag descent, which, brightly lighted by the lamps, and seemingly as smooth as a floor, was guarded from a black abyss, often on both sides, by square pillars of stone and fortress-like

parapets. The icy moon flowed rapidly from the right to the left, and from the left to the right. Were the twinkling lights beneath us, Italian fireflies on the banks immediately near, or the luminaries of the first Italian villages in the plain thousands of feet below? The horses did their work most prettily, as if of their own very docile amiable intelligence, not the coercion of their driver, doubling the most acute turning with a nicely graduated rounding, as if they really enjoyed it.

Turin! Turin is the City of Arcades, and well it is so, for the heat and glare were such we could scarcely venture to cross the open squares for fear of a *coup de soleil*. The nectarines and peaches bought of a poor woman in the piazza, finer than any we obtained farther south, were nectareous comfort; but in the state apartments of Victor Emmanuel there was little shade or coolness, and partly in consequence of the highly-polished gilded garish architecture, in which quietness and repose were not to be found. This style, almost invariably that of state apartments, might very well be called by democratic feeling the *Royal Style of Architecture*, since nothing could better express the heartless wearisome ostentation which it likes to ascribe to royalty. In these uninhabitable saloons how significant to the courtier must be the slippery floors which he can scarcely tread without fear of falling, the uncertain mirrors with their sham perspectives, and one weary face ever in the midst of them, the smooth sycophantic portraits, which do their best to convince him to what ordinary creatures he has to devote his days! And these being the highest embodiments of the real, the ideal flourishes around in vapid allegories according to eighteenth-century conceptions, and exemplifying the *conventionalism of prettiness*, except the subsequent *conventionalism of ugliness*, the Pre-Raphaelite, perhaps the weakest and lowest condition to which the civilised imagination has hitherto sunk. Amidst these things you slip and slide about, with a very natural rustical desire for the moment when you shall be let out again to the common air.

But interesting was it, in the adjoining gallery, to meet with those pictures by Paul Veronese which stopped Mr. Ruskin in æsthetic mid-flight through Europe with their fascinations, and ripened in him his highly remarkable conception of putting forward Paul Veronese as a lofty, pathetic, and profound religious painter, placing him with Titian and Giorgione, who are pronounced to be, after all, the religious painters above all others, *perfect* in aims and principles. The titles of these pictures are, 'The Queen of Sheba paying Court to Solomon,' and 'Pharaoh's Daughter finding Moses;' but unguided by the catalogue, you would think they represented the Ladies Vendramini and Correr amusing themselves in the season of the *villeggiatura* at their villas on the Brenta, with some masque, or *tableau-vivant*, *alfresco*. They are abundantly fine women, especially according to the popular opinion which esteems quantity somewhat more than quality, splendidly brocaded, and a good deal *décolleté*, and mindful also (as we often see in "great thoughtless Veronese") to turn and bend about, so as to give a liberal bird's-eye view of their large lovelinesses. One of these protuberant madams has promptly prepared herself for suckling the prophetic foundling, and is certainly eminently well qualified for the office. Strange that a critic who has discoursed not unausterely, especially insisting on "stern verities," should not merely be satisfied with such notions of a sacred subject, but in the final judgments of his five volumes, class them as amongst the most religiously, theoretically perfect ever painted. Of painting of Venetian finery and flesh and blood of the sun-ripened kind, of fine tones of the Venetian afterglow, such as penetrates the deep chesnut groves and stately porticoes in twilight, there are consummate passages in these large pictures; and for prodigal antiquated quaintness of subject they would make capital designs for tapestries wherewith to adorn some splendid renaissance palace. Their very absurdities would be piquantly, delightfully in harmony with its fine old pomps and vanities. They would fill up a *loggia* in the Strada Nuova at Genoa, such as we saw next day, to admiration; but as illustrations of Holy Writ, they show such an utter want of imagination and appropriate character, that Mr. Ruskin's gloss on them is difficult to account for, unless we consider the power of intensely Venetian predilections, of a brilliant fancy, and of transcendent theories and feelings which, in their fervour, unconsciously brighten, or darken, objects according to their requirements. My own humble impression of Paul Veronese, whom I have sought very perseveringly in every corner of Venice, and elsewhere, is that he is distinguished by a delightful romantic picturesqueness of invention, and a beauteous splendour of variegated colouring, harmonised by a tender silvery tone. In expression, his ideal is a stately placidity well worthy the old Gradenigos and Grimanis; but, excepting a fine instance of devoutness here and there, as a religious painter he is a mere nothing. His imagination could scarcely leave the *lagunes*, and (fatally, as we conceive, for the higher claim set up for him) his conceptions of the sacred personages of Holy Writ are but cold, insipid, and commonplace, often poor and flat to a degree that passes patience; his *gusto* most appearing in costumes, and in their handsome, aristocratic, imperturbable wearers.

Alluding to the unconsciousness of the miracle on the part of the placid folks in his vast picture, in the Louvre, of the Marriage at Cana, Mr. Ruskin observes, "That great picture I have not yet had time to examine in all its bearings of thought; but its chief purpose is, I believe, to express the pomp and pleasure of the world pursued without thought of the presence of Christ; therefore the fool with the bells is put in the centre, immediately under the Christ." But unfortunately, the figures of the Saviour and the Virgin are so flatly and dully conceived (they are the poorest part of the picture), that it is impossible to believe that the painter himself had any "thought of the presence of Christ." His affections were, assuredly, far more in the folds of the rich and fantastical *cinquecento* finery (where he dwells with unflagging interest), and with the eyes, lips, and tones of his contemporaries, handsome blonde Venetian ladies, and turbaned strangers, swarthy strollers on the Piazzetta, from the East. The attributions of profundity to the Venetian painters are usually of this sort, subtleties fitter for type than canvas, moral and theological niceties of purpose, often existing in the commentator's ingenious fervid fancy only, and such as might coexist with the worst painting; having no necessary connection with that fulfilled excellence of form and expression which is the distinctive glory of the Art. Of late, the Venetian painters have been set up before a mist of oblivion of others incomparably higher and greater.

In the same gallery at Turin, in a large Madonna picture by Razzi, of Siena, is a head of a female kneeling in front, of such rare beauty and refinement that perhaps Raphael has not surpassed it; Lionardo's and Luino's female loveliness coming nearest, though not so sweetly *serious* and sensible. Most probably it remains unedited by our travelling criticism; and yet its discovery might not only lead to some deserved honour for a painter little thought of now-a-days, though perhaps next to Raphael in perception of refined beauty (witness some of his Madonnas at Siena), but supply us with a new type of face, which might illustrate invaluably the Grammar of Beauty, to which we shall all have to be turned back, like little boys, by-and-by. For the present, however, even they who possess this picture, the most precious they have, leave it in the obscurest part of their gallery. "*Tout est fini!*" exclaimed the *custode*, just before I came to it. Yet this *may* have been his punishment for not rewarding him for infesting me all the time, and repeating sonorously the name of every painter, though in every instance inscribed on the frame in great letters, and sometimes already imparted by me to my companion in tones most audible.

It was an object to get through this holiday excursion with the least fatigue and misery. At sea there are but two conditions for us, calm or qualm. Yet now, at Genoa, we shrank from that long chain of journeys to be undertaken if we went on to Naples by land. How many days should we have to pass in a diligence, mewed up, it might be, with Italians of most un-English habits; or with a whole nursery, such as I remember on the same road, when my fair companion wept, and I was so becramped and fidgeted as to feel an almost irresistible impulse to hang my legs out of the window! Meanwhile, *there* lay the sea, extending beyond the *loggias* and steep gardens of the airy hill-side Venice, like another blue sky, with a heavenly air of *permanent* calm, and a silvery whisper at the margin glimpsing behind the orange trees, inviting us visibly, *undertaking* (as far as it *could* enter into an engagement of that kind) to speed us direct to Parthenope in a few hours, with a gliding placidity scarcely to be called motion. The temptation was too great: my anti-marine principles gave way; and at midnight we embarked, scarce trembling along the glassy deep, with a reposeful placidity, a locomotive hush, much pleased with our choice. All night we stayed on deck; and at dawn, on waking, I found myself contemplating the huge piles of shadow heaped upon the silvery rippling plain of the waters along the east, with a mystical, and even puzzling effect; so that one knew not whether they were clouds or mountains, till the sun arose, and *modelled* the tops of what had seemed draperies of purple and marone-coloured mist in forms of heavenly calmness, into the rosy peaks of the Apennines, quite clear. All went on smoothly, with some pretty Italian dancing on board, till the afternoon, when near the mountainous Isle of Elba (the second Empire), a general gloom gathered, which awakened uncomfortable apprehensions. It was an universal scowl. Those shapes along the sky were, in truth, the tail, or else the foremost claws and snout of a *borasco*, one of those Mediterranean squalls which suddenly ruffle the sea violently, and leave it with the very worst of motions for two or three days at least. Opposite the Etruscan coast, fantastic shapes of dark cloud, like a funeral procession on an Etruscan urn, paused on the horizon

amidst a sombre glare, and wept themselves away in rains; and forms of vapour more monstrous and gigantic overhead, and others in watery jets ranging across the whole sky, threatened our crafty little craft; and we escaped not the consequences of their discharge elsewhere, for presently a heaving motion began, which lasted all the rest of the voyage.

A "crafty little craft" indeed! For now its weakness appeared, as well as its rapacity, its dietetic parsimony. Surely those who have been pirates formerly, still haunt the Ligurean Gulf, covertly, in vestments a little trimmed and squared up to the reputable fashion of the present age; so that assuming the style and appearance of *Les Services Maritimes des Messageries Impériales*, they may decoy inexperienced tourists into their hands, and fleece them remorselessly just outside the limits of the criminal law, instead of candidly plundering, as in the good old times. In all that could be seen from shore, it was a most plausible vessel certainly, clean and bright, with cabins handsomely furnished, velvet cushions and hangings of a very admirable, beautiful Titian tone; which, as I lay loungingly contemplating them, before we weighed anchor, filled me with ideas of Spinellis and Barbarigos out at sea. But all this was mere lure; and on being fairly committed with them, nothing further appeared but meanness, extortion, miserably slow navigation, and such inattention and scant civility as scarce keep terms. They profess to feed you for the gross amount—but then the fare!—soup that may have washed the dishes, for all one knows; little saucers of black fibrous meat, with courses ensuing, more bounteous, of greasy leguminous mysteries; and by way of a special dainty, a large dish, handed round with a peculiar gravity (the spoon handle here left to you freely), of stewed gizzards. For morning and evening refreshment, Tea of the West (the product of British hedges, most likely), bitter, inexplicable, odd; and lastly, in moments of marine succumbing, *aqua fresca* so flat and tepid, one wondered what services it had already performed more honourably, culinary or lavatory. It almost invariably happened that when the sea rolled its qualmiest, then that brutishly inattentive steward and his mate dressed the board, setting down the rails to prevent the things slipping, with a quiet enjoyment of mutual intelligence on the whole subject; and only the captain—a very piratical-looking man—and a certain broad back, ever turned towards me where I lay indignantly inert, could dine. Only between meal-times it chanced that a crumb or two was admissible, and for that one had to pay outrageously. And I suspect they economised their fuel, or the boat was not strong enough for high pressure; for it was a wearing slowness and languor in the strokes of the piston one lay listening to, hour after hour, or the heavy creaks of blank stoppage, when the boat rolled every way lazily with the motion which, of all others, induces stomachic misery.

And remonstrances were met by serene negatives, or much fluency in some Mediterranean dialect one could not follow, or by a printed tariff in which the imposition was firmly established in fair large handsome type, on the highest scale of payment. Thus we rolled about from Elba to Naples; the whole voyage from Genoa taking three days and two nights; such our first delights of South Italian travel, which we had left the cold, harsh, congestive North to enjoy! At length, in the raw greyness of a dawn Norwegian in character rather than Neapolitan, we glided in sudden quietness, by some well-known forms of islands and promontories, with a dulness of feeling partly justified by their lugubrious tone and aspect. Then, presently, Naples stretched along, palely and shabbily before us, looking very like a flimsily ill-painted scene of itself at a theatre by dim daylight, when the foot-lights are not on; or, at best, like one of the prosaic, most un-Italian views of Stanfield, who, eminently endowed for whatsoever is cold, raw, and uncomfortable, never should have painted anything south of Portsmouth or Helvoetsluys; and lo, another trial, which ranks third in travelling here (the second came after), the trial, namely, of *landing*—the boatmen, the *douane*, the *coquin-faquins*, and the cab-drivers; who shout at you, order and hurry you about, and fleece you on the authority of obsolete, dirty, printed tariffs, which they produce when their extortion is questioned, behaving like masters, rather than well-paid temporary servants.

Our first aspect of Naples was *perhaps* coloured by the depression of a nauseous voyage. It was at that dull time before dawning, when all vitality seems to be at its lowest ebb; and the sky was overspread by a monotonous grey pall of leaden cloud, against which the buildings and the heights were all relieved with a deadly paleness. The lofty ranges of mansions looked flimsy, and merely scenical—all *façade*, with nothing behind, like certain people one meets with; and the *tufa* rocks how shabby! like dusty sand, rather than rock, just scrubby with a scanty greyish sunburnt vegetation. "Where is the luxuriance?" I exclaimed. "What flowery delusion, Goethe, Beckford (unique, elegant, graphic prose-poet Beckford), Shelley, and that charming American writer, Hillard, were here betrayed into by predilections too strong for actual observation to remove, or by an absorbing ideality so incomparably more interesting than the facts—or afterwards, in Hillard's case, by a determination to write a fascinating book, in rose-coloured ink, at a time, too, when imagination may become more vivid than memory, desire than experience!" During our first walk was I railing against these eloquent men, because of their apparently purely fanciful embellishments. The beach along the Mergellina was a laundress' drying ground; and each breeze (scented moreover odiously) was damply warm and enervating. It was Sirocco welcoming us to Naples! the wind, which is ever one of Virgil's principal pastoral misfortunes, the equivalent of our east wind, but worse, because more utterly demoralising. Oh! it came o'er the soul like a warm heavy wet blanket, when least we want one. Eurus, indeed, may make us moody and sullen; but Sirocco unstrings the nerves to abjectness, making you feel as if your legs were not your own, and undermining all your self-esteem: even Professor Kingsley's, which rises so against our own east wind, would, I believe, bend and fail before it,

And there was no picturesque life, indeed scarce any life at all. Instead of fishermen and women capable of the *tarantella*, were some of Victor Emmanuel's raw young recruits, standing at intervals along the road, with sticks in their hands, throwing themselves into gymnastic attitudes, with a ridiculous gravity and energy in their countenances. The road skirted the Posilipan promontory; but the farther we walked, the greater the dust and heat, and the higher the insuperable walls, admitting but shy distant glimpses of what we longed for. For a pedestrian, who can feel and think freely on his own proper legs only, there was plainly no hope in that direction. On the second morning the quays of Sta Lucia, on the contrary side, afforded an interesting but very limited stroll, soon ending in endless suburbs. The city generally being quite commonplace in buildings and population, I then cast up a wistful glance to a neighbouring height of villas and groves, which promised all there was of the air, with quiet unimpeded prospect. "Ah!" I exclaimed, somewhat lackadaisically, "I will pass those arches from cliff to cliff, and leaving yon dazzling villa on the right, and the pink premises to the left, rise to that airy knoll, where those stonepines are actually *attracting* me, as to some exquisite prospect, which they (magnificent sign-posts of nature's beauties) are there specially to point out." This aspiration, too, I tried to fulfil, but only found myself involved amidst lofty walls, opened only by gates of rigid non-admittance. The beauties so much admired from beneath were all private property, immured inviolably. Naples is a Paradise, but a walled Paradise, it then distinctly appeared, of beauties undiscoverable and inaccessible on terms needful to their simple, free, natural, leisurely enjoyment. Lastly, I turned my wearied dazzled eyes towards the sea; but its lazy languorous rolling (it was not *yet* well after that *borasco*)—it was enough to look on. There was nothing for it, was then manifest, but to call out a carriage and pair, and a cut and dried *cicerone*, or dandified *valet-de-place*; no other way of escaping this prison of dusty sweltering roads, high walls, and qualmy waves.

And yet *one* retreat of spacious coolness I found at Naples—the *Museo Borbonico*; and it was a coolness not merely physical but mental, from the soothing influence of the kind of Art chiefly there, in the serene antique statuary. Such the sympathy betweea body and mind, that had those walls been crowded with the pictures of our late "Royal Academies," I verily believe one's internal temperature must have been actually far higher; the dry garishness of so many of the works (in lack of all human feeling and sentiment, as well as tone) having a decidedly feverish tendency, and not a few being even highly irritant; as those of Mr. Whistler, for instance, particularly after reading the criticisms respectfully entreating him to have compassion on his high powers, by restraining his preposterous Japanese eccentricities, in which the very decencies of respect due to Art, and to the public, are outraged by a talent small indeed compared with the rude audacity. The coolness found amidst such works must have been counteracted by much æsthetical inflammation; but here the godlike intellect of ancient Greece, aiding the physical temperature of those extensive and inexhaustible halls, cooled the inner spirit, as with nectar of young Hebe, soothed by Olympian snow.

In our late Cimmerian pseudo-barbaric period of Art, at a time when the creatures of the pencil were misshapen phantasms, unredeemed by expression of sound mental life, our critical eloquence could actually, even then, set the Greeks on its dark side, as mere blocks of Paganism, men devoid of the higher affections, and of spiritual feeling. *The Greek could not conceive a spirit* was said confidently in the fervour of purist criticism, in that saturnalia of purism, then at its height. And yet these Greek sculptors (especially considering the character of the ancient mythology) had, it is abundantly obvious, wonderfully pure and spiritual conceptions of the human form,

though their spirit was not religiously enlightened; and secondly (as the plain use of an untheorised eye in such a collection as this must show), they display, not only a gentleness and variety of human sympathy which should put to shame our recent dull mediæval monotony, and lapse from geniality, but in their busts an appreciation of the diversities of human character in that art, unequalled since for the union of dignity and power with lively truth.

Imprimis, of their purity: their lithe Apollos watching lizards, their slender Praxitelean genii of death, and delicate youths without names in the catalogue, so pure, and calm, and pensive in their paleness, seem *all* spirit, clear of earthly soil and perturbation. In portraying Adam before his fall, or even an angel without the aid of the loom of Manchester to veil our incapacity, we know of nothing to help us like one of these. Of course, they have not the enthusiastic conviction of immortality which it was reserved for Christianity fully to inspire and establish; but they really do seem to have the grace to feel the want of it, foreboding a shadowy close of their godlike forms, powers, and aspirations; and to turn from them with narrow want of sympathy (rejecting their art-fellowship, as the most influential of our writers deemed but prudent), is it not as much as to think that no heavenly intimation to the contrary was needed? To me, these forms seem *waiting to be converted*—inspired by the brightness of humanity. And to accomplish that, to be a kind of æsthetical missionaries to them, would, it seems to me, be our wisest, noblest aim, instead of with theological superciliousness disparaging; not enervating them with sickly pietism, or vapid sentimentality, or hardening with a stupid frigidity: no, doing this no longer, but endeavouring through them to display the harmony between Christianity and all that is beautiful in form, and brightly, magnanimously manly in virtue; the noblest problem in Art, the divine desideratum, of which we have fallen but poorly short. Not, by-the-bye, flattering ourselves that in this we perform a disinterested gratuitous piece of charity; since they, all the time, would be redeeming us from the dominion of ugly barbarism, which they alone, perhaps, could effectually do. Meanwhile, however we may conceit ourselves on the superior Christianity of our æsthetics, in deviating from the antique types of form, it is not to spiritualise and refine them; considerable flabbiness, on the contrary, being a distinguishing mark of modern sculpture, a more enervated and voluptuous softness. In the Greek work, even where, as sometimes occurs, the incident itself is not delicate, the forms are so pure and beautiful, that you feel their degradation with a pathetic force; and so a moral aroma floats over the whole.

The peculiar interest of this museum lies in the wonderful *vivacity* of the innumerable relics of Pompeii, before which eighteen hundred years vanish. The actual eggs laid on the penultimate day are here, the very rolls baked for Diomed's breakfast *this morning*, and a dish of magnificent walnuts to endear his wine; Publilia's tweezers, Puppia's rouge-pot, and a necklace for her pretty bosom, which almost suggests the warmth of its presence. The mere saucepans and kettles show the artistic nature, whose simple, homeliest, unconscious language was beauty and grandeur of form. And then (to rise to higher objects) the exquisite bas-reliefed bronze helmets worn in the amphitheatre at the human sacrifices, not to the gods, but to the brutalised mob!—when you gaze on them, the buzz of "He has it!" floats into the mind's ear, followed by the hideous bloodthirsty yell, which finally provoked Vesuvius to forbear not one second longer. Several statues much raise the notions of Pompeii: a draped female figure, called Eumachia, expressive of a deep prescient sadness, being especially refined and beautiful.

The general collection of bronzes is the finest anywhere; a head called Plato, but embodying the ideal of Platonic wisdom, being its greatest treasure. It would do for Jupiter, did we not know too well that he was a god "no better than he should be;" for it is not easy to imagine a god looking down with a more philosophic majesty. It would do to compare with a quatro-centisti St. Francis or St. Dominic, on the part of those who look down on the ancients. Yet the beard and rolls of hair, though ideally beautiful in general arrangement, are treated in a curiously minute archaic manner of fine lines for the separate hairs: like the admirable bronze Centaurs in the Roman Capitol,—perhaps by the same hand?

For serene noble *beauty*, the colossal Torso in marble of Bacchus, attributed to Phidias simply from its supreme style and execution, is even higher; and, indeed, immediately after it (just as after the Elgin marbles), every other work seems poorly shaped, something even mechanical, or geometrical, in the forms. The beauty is soft and tenderly budding, yet large and godlike; the anatomical details being indicated with most exquisite reserve and subordination: it is out of the question to think of diaphragms and pectoral muscles, in contemplating such a figure as this. A dignity in the very slight turn of the body, and an air in the curls playing on either shoulder, give a divine significance to a mere fragment. And how delightful that Faun near it, lightly bearing on his shoulders, with an upward gaze of affection, the sprightly babe! Maugre that little tuft of a tail, how genuine a man! How fresh a piece of that cheerful geniality, which carelessly enlivens the heart, and scatters from it trifles of kindliness more profoundly healing, oftentimes, than the most elaborate services of solemn and fearful duty, which, in the very act of doing formal prescriptive good, may, perhaps, scare away the spirit of enjoyment for ever. As for the Psyche who sat for Bulwer's Ione, she is a wonder of beautiful purity.

The busts are everywhere striking, from the obvious individual truth of the utmost variety; and so without flattery that ugliness, both mental and bodily, is unmollified, even in the matter of emperors, most of whom appear to have been of an unhappy organisation. A colossal bust of the mighty Julius, conceived by Visconti to be the most reliable portrait of him, noble, handsome, more civilian than military in the air, is, in expression, unintelligible; as may, indeed, *when quiescent*, have been the face of the living original, a character perhaps too versatile, or universal rather, for any particular bias to be fixed in his countenance. Augustus's purely politic character, his indifference to moral good and evil, or, at least, his slight and subordinate interest in them, has left him but a melancholy aspect. The forehead of Tiberius (who seems to have been nobly handsome, before his vices blotched and disfigured him) is of a monstrous breadth. Caligula's brows and lips (the execrated effigy was found dashed all to pieces) are contracted into a mean but audacious malice. Claudius's fine Claudian features, resembling those of his uncle Tiberius, are careworn, anxious, and indicative of weakness—and of his wife Messalina. Nero's busts are, most strangely, like a swollen mask without vitality, as if the sculptor unaccountably was really bent on signifying some deadly thing. All these, with, for the most part, brows, nose, and jaws of dignity, firmness, and power, have thin small shabby lips and mouths, where *humanity* could find little or no sitting-room, a physiognomical poverty highly significant; ignorance of humanity being the grand Roman deficiency. Of the imperial busts the finest is one of the muscular brute Caracalla, with the short curly hair and beard characteristic of rude gladiatorial strength, and the oblique frown to the life—a work of serene super-imperial insight into character; though it may be doubtful whether this immortal branding by the sculptor of his august master is to be praised for *boldness*; for Caracalla, in all likelihood, was proud of these formidable looks, and would have been wroth to see himself tricked out in the milk and water virtues.—"Virtues!" he seems saying, "*devices*, to make the weaker sort the stronger, and cheat life of its triumphs and pleasures! Inventions fit for puny things without muscles, the mere tricks of that vile incendiary eastern sect, which threatens our whole world with flames!" Near him, Trajan, quite the contrary, seems a very good conversable sort of man; and Antoninus Pius *was* benevolent: here is the soundest sculpturesque evidence of it.

Of the Roman world at large here is a world of busts of a range of character most diversified, and so lively, that you make their personal acquaintance, call on them again and again, find yourself beginning to be drawn towards their virtues, and to think scandal in certain other cases. Could it be less with this lady of the patrician, perhaps imperial, order, with her lofty tiara of hair (in part perhaps false as her heart), most handsome, proud, dissipated (here are some tell-tale lines wasting the cheek), plausible, yet obviously alive to everything that is bad. Nevertheless, one would rather have her for a friend than for an enemy. And near her is a "Vestal," muffled in chastest drapery, much like a nun's. Even the nun's tone of feeling seems there: nay, perhaps the better part of the nun's doctrine is; for may she not have been secretly converted, and by St. Paul himself, at Rome? And yet Seneca's highest sentences are so purely, all but divinely, spiritual, that for all this Christian-seeming expression, she *may* be but a disciple of his. Bulwer's Calenus, the hideous priest of Isis, is assuredly near her, to the life. Youth and extreme age are represented here, people with faculties straight and crooked; and amongst much that bears the stamp of illustriousness, peevish, ugly, conceited, stupid men, such as one meets with every day, have very appropriately left busts without names. In thus representing individual character, the ancients are unequalled for the union of lively freshness with a simple straightforward power and dignity of style; and admirable is their native genius for treating form, manifesting itself ever in lines full of grace and force and harmony, such as are as essential to great Art as sweet subtle words and rhythms are to fine poetry, and of which the translations and corresponding terms of our modern artists will, for the most part, be found to be something comparatively poor. The most useful criticism on the Greek and Græco-Roman sculptors would be that which, by the aid of photographed examples, made clear the difference in style between our "classicality" and the true vital an-

tique. The worst commentary, the most deadening in its effect on Art, is that which condemns them in comparisons purely one-sided, and on mediæval and puritanical grounds. "Ancient Greece," says Coleridge, "was not, nor ought ever to be, considered a permanent thing, but existed, in the disposition of Providence, as a proclaimer of ideal truths, and that everlasting proclamation being made, its functions were naturally at an end." Our recent *æsthetæ* would that those ideal truths should pass away too; but still that Phidian *torso* of Bacchus remains, only one broken sentence of the everlasting proclamation, yet enough of itself to redeem us from the descent into which a mindless life-wasting realism, faintly galvanised by an unhandsome pauperising morality and a dreary religiosity, has unhappily sunk us.

In his second volume, in a passage of magnificent abstract eloquence, the author of "Modern Painters" hands Phidias to "a great religious throne," where, in his "great rest of spirituality," he is more exalted than Homer and Shakspeare. But a few pages after, the author says that "the Greek could not conceive a spirit," that he recollects not an ancient statue which expresses by the countenance any one elevated character of soul; and all Greek conception he considers "full of danger to the student, in proportion to his admiration of it." What then, we would inquire, becomes of Phidias's great religious throne; is he not decidedly handed down from it again? The author thinks "the two orders of Art, Christian and Pagan, have in them nothing in common; the field of sacred history, the intent and scope of Christian feeling being too wide and exalted to admit of the juxtaposition of any other mode of conception; they embrace all other fields" (except the antique, must we not infer?) "like the dome of heaven." The second part of these opinions, which we cannot reconcile with the first, approaches our belief that Christianity may comprehend whatever is good. And especially we know no reason why the utmost beauty of mind should not harmonise with the utmost beauty of form; and we think it clear that a religion which requires a rigid or attenuated form to express it, must itself be hardened or shrunk from the true divine type. If the religious theory would not fit in, or compose well, with the perfect manly lineaments, we should think the heterogeneity matter for gravest distrust. But the problem is already solved by Michael Angelo himself, whose Sistine Adam, no less than many of the mysterious figures around it (we speak not from the rude engravings), is peculiarly, singularly Phidian in its beauty and serene air, with nothing in form or character at variance with the antique.

At the close of the patriotic and most high-minded discourse on the death of Lord Palmerston, delivered by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Stanley, alluding to our future, to the great problems which our age, if any, may solve, speaks, as amongst them, of "the great reconciliation of things old with things new, of things human with things sacred." The part in this "high calling," which especially concerns our criticism, we doubt not, is the reconciliation of the pure Antique with Christian Art, and some considerable transfer of æsthetical reverence from the ascetic lack-amaranthine dreamer Perugino, to the noble large-spirited Phidias.

W. P. Bayley.

MR. GLADSTONE ON GREEK ART.

In the valedictory address lately delivered by Mr. Gladstone in presence of the authorities and students of the University of Edinburgh, he chose a subject involving the history of civilisation, in dealing with which—the necessary compression exerted to render it available to his purpose—has reduced his oration to the similitude of a series of correlative texts—each proposing a theme for a separate treatise. Mr. Gladstone speaks of antique sculpture as an accomplished artist; the formulæ he has deduced from his inquiries are the next thing to the practice of Art. Few men living out of the sphere of artist-life can understand that the study of the human figure is indispensable to the education of those who seek to qualify themselves for this profession; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer feels this necessity, and dares to avow his impression.

Questions of pictorial embellishment have of late years been much before the House of Commons; but they have been treated as money votes without—on the part of half a dozen members—any intelligence of their merits and pretension. It is only two or three years since a member of Parliament went out of his way to denounce as immoral and wicked that course of study, whereby alone an artist can arrive at any degree of proficiency. Knowledge of Art and patronage have never gone hand in hand. The practice of image-worship fosters the manufacture of works tawdry and puerile; indeed, throughout Europe there is scarcely an object of popular veneration entitled to be considered as a work of Art. We know that the gilding and tinting of statues was carried to a degree of such refinement, that at a certain period in the history of Greek sculpture, there was but one man to whom contemporary artists would confide the colouring of their productions. It is not improbable that this practice, when carried to excess, was a sacrifice in obedience to the behest of patronage. It is questionable whether the mixture of materials employed in the construction of statues for temples was the choice of the sculptor. Lord Macaulay has expressed an opinion that the mixture of gold and ivory in the Zeus of Phidias, at Olympia, was a condescension to the popular taste, and this is the condition of our own school: domesticity supersedes poetry and serious subject matter. "Now," said Mr. Gladstone, "the climax of all Art, it seems to be agreed, is the rendering of the human form. What then could be so calculated to raise this representation to the acme of its excellence, as the belief that the human form was not only the tabernacle, but the original and proper shape, the inseparable attribute of Deity itself?" It would be beyond our province, how briefly soever, to touch upon the religious part of the question. Not only was their poetical religion favourable to the Art of the Greeks, but the beauty of form, which so much abounded in the country, assisted the development of their sense of poetry and sculpture. The Athenians stood high as artists, but were not themselves beautiful; and, singular contrast, the Spartans, more remarkable for personal comeliness, were not so eminent in Art. With respect to the question of stripping in the arena, we are told that the Athletes were at first covered, and that it was the Lacedæmonians who first stripped for the games. Mr. Gladstone alludes to the relations that have existed between Art and religion in all ages; but he never loses sight of his theme, by constant allusion to the policy, renown, genius, wisdom, and Art of the Greeks; and the eloquence and knowledge with which he approaches and deals with the last of these attributes contrasts strongly with the shortcomings of many of those who in their public capacity are called upon to entertain such subjects. Much that was said was not new, but it is grateful to hear sound doctrine from the lips of one in a position to assist influentially in settling questions which have become important, as well from the sums of money involved in their solution, as from their speciality.

LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.

On December 12th, the medals, medallions, &c., were delivered to the successful students by the Rev. R. Gregory, Chairman of the Committee. Thirty medals were awarded by the Department of Science and Art; of these only four are for drawings in elementary stages, the rest are for drawings of the figure or design. Of the five national medallions awarded only one is for an elementary work, the remainder being for design or the figure. Mr. Tom Taylor, who addressed the students and visitors, especially alluded to the honours three of the former had won for their school in the recent competition at the Royal Academy. The gold medal for historical painting was gained by Mr. Claude A. Calthrop; the gold medal for sculpture by Mr. Percival Ball; a silver medal for a model from the life also fell to this gentleman's share, and another silver medal was taken by Mr. George Tinworth, all students of the Lambeth School. While noticing that this is a remarkable circumstance in itself, we may mention it is the first instance of any School of Art student being so distinguished; and the contrast the success of this little energetically worked school, under the effective management of Mr. J. Sparkes, offers to the failure of the elaborate system of the central school at South Kensington, is instructive.

Meanwhile we observe with pleasure that the teaching of this school is not wholly, or even principally, directed to the production of "high Art" students, but that the lower walks are also recognised. Any traveller to London who passes the Vauxhall Station of the London and South Western Railway must have remarked between it and Waterloo a new building rising fast from its foundation, which presents a more than usually agreeable appearance: built, as all London factories must be built, of brick, it yet attains to the dignity of architecture by the careful introduction of terra cotta. The ornament on Messrs. Doultons' new pottery works is principally a series of large life-sized heads representing the styles of Art, both antique and modern, under which the potter's art has flourished. Thus we have Florence and Luca della Robbia, Germany and Böttcher, France and Palissy, &c. &c. The seats of manufacture represented by female heads and the principal designers or founders of the manufacture are shown by their likenesses. Two life-sized female figures in the gable represent respectively the art and manufacture of the potter. This interesting and thoughtful structure has been decorated entirely, as to the terra cotta, by the master of the Lambeth School, and the medallions, heads, figures, and waterspouts have all been modelled in the school. This is practical, and must tend to revive the sympathy of the manufacturer with these schools, which, after a series of years of mismanagement by the authorities at Brompton, have fallen so low in the esteem of local employers of labour, that in all the schools the greater portion of the fees is received from ladies' classes, the artisans not caring to attend institutions which their masters and employers are unwilling to assist. We are sorry to hear that the Lambeth School of Art is in a very critical state, and that annual subscriptions must be found to make up the loss caused by the almost total withdrawal of aid by the Department of Science and Art. If this aid is not forthcoming, the committee purposes to close its doors.

ANCIENT BROOCHES AND DRESS FASTENINGS.

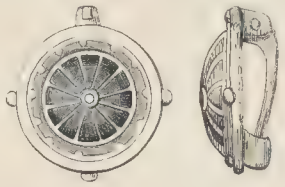
IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

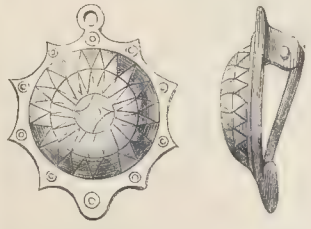
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART I.—ANTIQUE BROOCHES.

ONCE more I make my bow to the readers of the *Art-Journal* as the exponent of details in dress. It is now more than twenty years since I first took up the pen in their service, and commenced a "History of Costume in England," since then greatly added to in the two editions of the book which was founded on these papers. But the subject is so varied and extensive, that the minor personal decorations could



only come in for brief attention. Every artist who paints an historical picture knows this difficulty in obtaining the necessary *minutiæ* which will give *vraisemblance* to his picture. Many may still think this a very disagreeable bar to their facile proceedings; others, like Maclise, evidently delight in the research; but many who may be well disposed to study and depict historic scenes truthfully, may not know in what way to guide their researches. The truth is, that authorities are widely scattered, and could only be brought together by one who knows where to look for them; for often they lie hidden in books of considerable rarity, seldom looked at by readers of the present day, and only fully appreciated by literary men, or genuine students. I have frequent applications for examples of these minor details of costume, and am sometimes at a loss to point to authorities



at a short notice. The papers I now propose to write will, however, clearly show how varied and curious the history of any article of dress becomes if studied carefully; and how such minor details indicate clearly defined periods, as faithfully as any other historic *data* left for our guidance.

The use of the fibula, or brooch, was, in all probability, first adopted by men to secure the outer cloak upon the shoulders. It originated among the ancient Greeks, and appears to have been considered as a characteristic of Greek costume, even after it had long been adopted by the Romans; as may be understood, says the learned Montfaucon, from a passage of Suetonius in his life of Augustus. "He distributed," says he, "among various other persons, togæ and pallia, and made a law that the Romans should wear the Greek habit, and the Greeks the Roman habit;" that is, that the Greeks should wear the toga, and the Romans the pallium. Now, though it be certain that the pallium, or cloak, was peculiar to the Greeks, and that many authors, besides Suetonius, testify the same; yet it is as evident that this article of dress became afterwards the common habit of Greeks and Romans.

Whether the early Greeks, like our own barbaric ancestors, originally secured this cloak with a simple pin of bone or metal, we cannot now ascertain. The earliest form in which we meet with a fibula is that of a circular disc, having a pin crossing it behind, which passed through the folds of the cloak, and was hidden from sight by this outer disc. It retained that form for ages, and is rarely seen upon antique monuments in any other shape. It is very clearly represented upon the statue of Paris, as shown in the cut occupying the centre of this page. It will be noted that the cloak covered the left arm, the opening being upon the right one, where the brooch reposed on the shoulder, leaving the right arm free. There is a very beautiful and well-known antique statue of Diana, representing the goddess fastening her mantle in the same manner.

The character of this outer garment varied with the seasons, but whether heavy



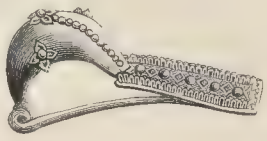
and warm, or light and cool, it was usually plain in its character, or simply decorated with a border, and corner ornament. Sometimes, when worn by great personages, it appears to have been decorated with needlework, and shot with threads of gold. Such an one is described in the Odyssey (book xix.) as worn by Ulysses:—

> "In ample mode
> A robe of military purple flow'd
> O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast
> The double-clasping gold the king confest.
> In the rich woof a hound, mosaic drawn,
> Bore on full stretch, and seized a dappled fawn:
> Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
> They pant and struggle in the moving gold."

When the brooch secured the short military cloak of the Romans, it was usually worn in the centre of the breast. As the desire for personal display increased, a brooch was worn on each shoulder; the ladies often wearing a row of them to close the sleeve left open down the arm. Occasionally, they were also used to fasten the tunic above the knee, in the way that Diana, "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair," appears to have secured hers before she indulged in the chase.

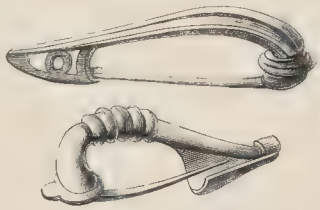
As luxury increased in the Roman Empire, these articles of utility became also ornaments of much cost and splendour. The art of the goldsmith was devoted to enrichments for them; that of the enameller to brilliant colouring. They increased in size greatly, and became distinctive of rank and wealth. The influence of eastern tastes when the seat of royalty was transferred from Rome to Constantinople, was visible in the jewellery afterwards usually worn. The great love of personal ornament was, and still is, the characteristic of the "land of the sun;" nor was the taste by any means confined to the fair sex, the men in the East being as covetous of jewellery as the ladies of the harem. The poorest persons still eagerly wear what their limited means allow, and will load themselves with cheap ornaments, although a pound weight of them would not be worth five shillings.

These enamelled brooches are frequently found in places where Roman towns once stood. They may, in fact, be said to abound in most museums. We select two, as examples, from the York Museum, an establishment singularly rich in reliques of Roman art. York was one of the most important stations in England, and is the



only city whose annals can boast of intimate connection with the Roman emperors themselves. Here died the great Septimus Severus, in the year 210, at the age of 65, "worn out with anxiety, fatigue, and disease," says the Rev. C. Wellbeloved, the historian of York. He had returned from his successful war in the north, but had achieved victory with the loss of fifty thousand of his soldiers. Antoninus Caracalla, his eldest son, was with him at the time, but immediately set out for Rome. In the year 304, when the empire was divided between the Cæsars Galerius and Constantinus Chlorus, Britain fell to the share of the latter, who immediately came over, and fixed his residence in York. He died two years afterward, and his son, Constantine the Great, succeeded him, being proclaimed emperor by the army at York, where he was at the time of his father's death. York was doubtless one of the most important, if not the principal city, in Roman Britain.

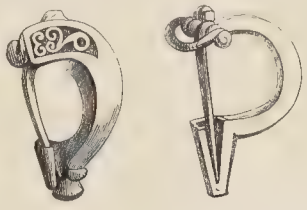
The first of these elegant brooches is of



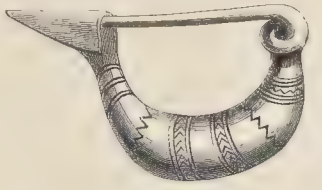
circular form, like a raised shield divided into several compartments. The side view placed with it will enable the reader to understand the arrangement of the pin, which moves freely on a pivot, the point held by a curve in the lower projecting bar. The second example was found near Bootham bar, and is of more elaborate design. The raised centre is divided into ornamental compartments, filled with rich purple and white enamel colours. The point of the pin is here brought closer to the brooch, as if it had been intended to fasten a finer kind of material than the preceding one, which from its width would take in a coarser texture.

The use of enamel colours as enrichments

to metal ornaments, belongs to the later days of Rome. Sometimes the work is very coarse, but specimens occur (though rarely) of extremely delicate execution. It was executed in what the French antiquaries term the *champ-levé* manner; that is, the part to be enamelled was cut, or hollowed, by a graving tool, in the surface, and then filled with fusible colours, rubbed when cool to a level surface. This decoration was not confined to small articles of jewellery, but was used for belts and sword-handles. An admirable example of a small bronze vase, thus beautifully enriched, was found in excavating the triple tumuli popularly known as the Bartlow Hills, in Cambridgeshire. Horse-trappings were highly enriched in the same manner. Boxes, and small articles of furniture, were also inlaid with enamelled plaques of metal.



A tendency to great variety of design characterised the jewellery of the Byzantine empire; and the old circular fibula, that had been worn contentedly for so very many centuries, was discarded for new forms; which were again cast aside at the caprice of the wearer, attracted by the ever-varying designs of the jeweller. The bow or harp-shaped fibula, however, retained its place when once introduced, nearly as long as its circular forerunner. One of the finest specimens of a fibula of this kind is here given, copied from the original, which was discovered about twenty years ago by labourers employed on the railway near the town of Amiens, at a spot where other objects of the Gallo-Roman period were met with. The place may probably have been the cemetery of the town, when the masters of the world ruled there. The workmen found a leaden coffin of



great thickness, which contained two skeletons, the smaller having within it many articles of female ornament. These consisted of a pair of gold ear-rings of very peculiar and original design,* a gold ring set with a cornelian, on which was engraved a youthful figure riding on a goat, a pair of slender armlets of gold, a pendent ornament of glass, evidently formed to wear as a charm to keep off the baneful effect of the evil eye, so much dreaded by the ancients; and this buckle. The latter is constructed of the finest gold, the bow decorated with an upright row of pellets, and three small flowerets across the centre. The shaft is covered with most delicate chased ornament, or reeded patterns, soldered to the surface; a row of raised studs are each in the middle of a curved quatrefoil, the outer border raised in lines of indented decoration. The whole bears traces of the influence of Greek art, the workmen of that highly-cultivated and artistic nation always excelling their Roman brethren, and the richer classes in Rome patronising them in preference. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and beauty of Greek jewellery; the Roman being of a heavier and less artistic taste. The character of the two nations may thus



be clearly traced in so insignificant an article as a breast-pin.

The next cut represents two of the most ordinary forms of the bronze bow-shaped fibulæ, as worn by the ordinary classes. The upper one was found at Strood, in Kent, in a brick field opposite Rochester Castle, on the other side of the Medway, which field had been the cemetery of the city when the Romans ruled it. They always had the wisdom to avoid the pestilential horrors of intramural interment, which we have indulged in with great complacency until the last few years, and have not given up without a struggle,

The reader will notice, in both the latter instances, the pin is a continuation of a coil of strong metal, of which it is formed, and

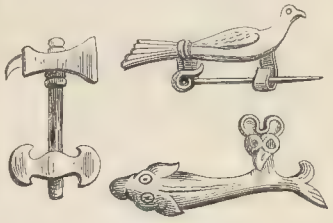


which gives it great strength and elasticity. When the latter was passed through the several folds of the dress, and the end secured in the strong metal catch below, it would not be easy to unfasten the garment, or lose the pin. The second example is less stiff in contour, and from it the reader may more clearly comprehend the arrangement for securing the pin. Here, again, the pin proceeds from spirals at the upper part of the brooch.

These common articles were sometimes made more attractive to the eye by decorating the upper portion with coarse enamel colours; a specimen is given in our next cut; it is of clumsy form, and cheap construction; it was found, with many other minor antiquities, among heaps of bones, in the well-known caves at King's Scarr, about two miles north-east of Settle, in Yorkshire—caves that are conjectured to have been the homes of the old Britons who once lived a semi-savage life in them.

In the excellent museum at Boulogne are preserved many articles found in the immediate neighbourhood, and belonging to the Gallo-Roman period. Among them is the bronze fibula, engraved by the side of that just described, which shows the very decided arc formed by the upper part, and the mode by which the point of the pin was secured in the sheath below.

Sometimes these bow-shaped fibulæ were made with an extremely large and ugly bow,



which hung over the dress. They are occasionally met with six inches in width, with a pin an inch or two longer: being used for the heavier winter cloaks. The gore-shaped pendant is made hollow, and is often decorated with incised lines and zig-zag patterns. They appear to have been in most favour among the Roman provincials in Gaul and Britain, particularly as the nature of the winters obliged them to seek in the heavy woollen sagum, or in the skin mantle, some greater protection against the inclemency of the weather than their southern conquerors required.

Allusion has already been made to the extreme taste for showy jewellery, and gaudy personal decoration, indulged in by the later Roman rulers, after the seat of government had been removed to Constantinople. It seems to have increased as their power decayed: for the rude paintings and mosaics of the eighth and ninth centuries depict



emperors and empresses in dresses literally covered with ornament and jewellery—indeed, the artists must have put forth their best strength in depicting the dresses, as if they had received similar orders to those given by good Mrs. Primrose, the wife of the immortal Vicar of Wakefield, who expressly desired the painter of her portrait to put as many jewels on her stomacher "as he could for the money."

The bust of the Emperor Constantine Pogonatus (so called from the ample beard the monarch wore) is an example of male foppery. This emperor came to the throne A.D. 668, and died in 685. It will be perceived that two brooches fasten his outer garment, one upon each shoulder. That upon the right one is highly enriched, but the original, as really worn by the emperor, was most probably much more so, by chasing, enamel, and jewels, which the artist had

not space, or perhaps ability, to express. From it hang three chains, which were most probably formed of hollow gold beads, cast in an ornamental matrix; such having been found in Crimean graves; and less frequently in those of the Germanic and Gaulish chieftains and aristocrats. To the ends of these chains were affixed circular ornaments, sometimes decorated with enamel, like the York fibulæ already described, and sometimes with cameos, set in gold framework: for as the Arts decayed, the finer works of this kind, executed in the palmy days of Rome, were much prized and valued as the works of a race who were acknowledged to be mentally superior.

The empresses, naturally, wore a greater abundance of jewellery than their lords; they also wore great circular brooches on each shoulder, but they increased the pendent ornaments by adding heavy gold chains, which hung across the breast, and from the brooches on both sides nearly to the waist; at the ends of these chains was a group of smaller chains, each supporting a jewel of varied form, so that a heavy bunch of them was formed. Ultimately other chains with pendent jewels were attached to the chain that passed across the breast, and completely covered that part of the person with decoration.

In the museum at Mayence is preserved a very curious monumental sculpture upon which is represented the effigy of the man for whom it was erected, his wife and son. He was a sailor who died at the ripe age of seventy-five, and appears to have been generous to his lady in the article of jewellery, according to the usual habit of his craft. Mr. C. Roach Smith, who first published this curious monument in his "Collectanea Antiqua," observes that "she had evidently dressed carefully for the portrait." She wears a vest, fitting closely to the arms and bust, and at the neck gathered to a frill, which is enclosed by a torque, or gold necklet. Over this hangs a garment, which falls gracefully down in front, and is crossed at the breast over the left arm. The jewellery of the widow is of no common description, nor niggardly bestowed. Upon the breast, below the torque, is a rose-shaped ornament or brooch, and beneath that a couple of fibulæ; two more of a similar pattern fasten the upper garment near the right shoulder, and upon the left arm, just above the elbow; an armlet encircles the right arm, and bracelets the wrist. We give the upper portion of the figure of this lady: judging from the style of her head-dress she may have lived in the reign of the Emperor Hadrian. Probably many years younger than her sailor-husband, she appears to have tempered her grief with judgment, and to have taken advantage of his death to set herself forth to the world in her gayest costume.

As barbarism increased, and subverted good taste, brooches of the most absurd forms were invented, and made more grotesque by unnatural enamel colours. Birds, fish, men on horseback, formed the face of these brooches, which would never have been understood by a modern eye, had they not been found with the pins attached to them behind. We give three examples from the great work of Montfaucon: they were found in Italy and Germany. The first represents a combination of two warlike implements on one handle; the upper one an axe, the lower a bipennis. The second specimen is made like a bird: we have given it at an angle to show the way the pin was fastened at the back of it. The third specimen is a fish, which might pass as a fair representation of some member of the finny tribe whose proper name need not be too curiously asked for; but unluckily the designer of the brooch indulging in the grotesque, has represented some monstrous bird with bats' ears emerging from one side of the fish.

We conclude our present series with two specimens; one from the banks of the Rhine, the other found opposite our own shores. The first represents a bird, probably of the hawk kind, whose eye has been made the socket for a garnet, and the extremity of his tail a receptacle for another piece of jewellery. It was found on the site of the Roman station at Cologne. The second, which is of plain bronze, is more fortunate as an attempt to represent a cock; it was discovered, with many other curious antiquities, at Etaples, near Boulogne, and is preserved in the museum of the latter town.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—M. Nieuwerkerke, the Superintendent of the Fine Arts under the Imperial Government, proposes to have an exhibition in the capital of the principal pictures belonging to the various public galleries in the provinces. These galleries contain many fine specimens of the French school, and would doubtless make an interesting collection; moreover, it would be a return for like services rendered by Paris to the departments.

Brussels.—The Belgian Government has created a new functionary in connection with the Fine Arts; his duties will be to advise the authorities on all matters relating to Art submitted to him by the Minister of the Interior, and especially with regard to works to be executed by order of the Government; to superintend the execution of public works of Art; to visit and report upon Art Exhibitions; and to execute whatever commissions the Minister may judge useful in the interest of Art. M. Van Soust de Borkenfeld, lately chief of the *Bureau* of the *Beaux Arts* under the same Minister, is appointed to the new and more important office. We might in England find the advantage of having such an official, if one could be met with "master of the situation." It is possible that, with a head of this kind, a man of ability, knowledge, and without prejudices, the mistakes now so often occurring would be avoided.—The Belgian Academy of Fine Arts has offered prizes for three essays, to be written in Latin, French, or Flemish: 1. The History of Mural Painting in Belgium, and of its Application to Architecture; 2. Rubens considered as Architect; 3. On the various Methods of Teaching Drawing, regarded from a Scientific and Artistic Point of View.

Cologne.—At the last meeting of the society for the completion of Cologne Cathedral, it was stated by the master architect, Mr. Voigtel, that with the aid of the present resources, which yield annually 250,000 thalers, the two towers, together with all the statues and ornamentations within and without the dome, will be completed within ten years. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"Instead of the four millions asked for by the late architect, something over half that sum will now be sufficient—both materials and transport having become cheaper—for the completion of the work of many centuries. In three years from this time the northern tower will be finished, and with this the well-known crane, the symbol of Holy Colonia, will disappear for ever. In two years' time a locomobile will be seen lifting up the stones for this tower, and doing within less than an hour, with the aid of two men, work which took in the middle ages sixty men for a whole day. At present for every foot in height this tower costs the sum of 5,700 thalers (£810)."

Ghent.—The Royal Society of Fine Arts proposes to hold a grand International Exhibition of photographic objects. It will be under the joint patronage of the Belgian Government and the civic authorities of Ghent. Information may be obtained from M. De Wylder, Ghent.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES H. MACRAE, ESQ., LIVERPOOL.

SUSANNAH.

J. R. Herbert, R.A., Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.

A new pictorial rendering has been given by Mr. Herbert to this subject, one in considerable favour with some of the old masters, and which they treated in the most objectionable spirit of the apocryphal narrative. The wife of Joachim, the Babylonian, is here represented in the character assigned her by the historian, of "a very fair woman, and one that feared the Lord. Her parents also were righteous, and taught their daughter according to the law of Moses." The picture, therefore, must only be regarded as a study—but a very fine one—of a Jewish female in a devotional attitude, without the slightest reference to the circumstance which has given her a place in Hebrew story. It is a richly-costumed figure, beautiful in form and features, with a background of Babylonish architecture, showing the gardens on the housetops. There is throughout an originality of treatment which, independent of the artistic merit of the work, renders it very acceptable, and entitles it to much praise.

Since Mr. Herbert joined, a few years ago, the communion of the Roman Church, he appears to have greatly changed the character and style of his art. At all times a very careful and painstaking artist, his pictures, even before that period, manifested considerable earnestness of purpose, and a thoughtful, reflective mind, combined with a tendency towards what is now called the school of the Pre-Raffaellites. Since then, his attention seems to have been more especially turned towards Christian art, and those historical incidents which grew out of religious differences. Such, for example, are his 'First Introduction of Christianity into Britain,' 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' 'The Trial of the Seven Bishops,' 'St. Gregory teaching the Roman Boys the Chant,' 'Our Saviour subject to his Parents at Nazareth,' 'The Outcast of the People,' 'Christ sleeping in the Wilderness,' 'St. John the Baptist reproving Herod,' 'Mary Magdalene with Spices approaching the Tomb of Christ,' 'Mary departing into the mountainous Country,' 'The Monks of St. Bernard's Abbey, Leicestershire, gathering in the Harvest,' &c. &c. The enumeration of these works will tend to show the direction which the artist's mind has taken within the last few years. The subjects differ widely from those that engaged his attention in the earlier part of his practice: scenes of Italian life and history, with others of an ideal character, such as 'Boar-Hunters refreshed at the Gate of a Monastery,' 'A Monastery in the Fourteenth Century'—the two last painted when his religious belief appeared to be in a state of transition.

Some of the pictures he has exhibited of late years have been sketches for the frescoes Mr. Herbert engaged to execute for the Houses of Parliament, illustrating Shakspere's *Lear*, in the Poets' Hall, and numerous subjects from the Old Testament, to decorate the Peers' Robing Room. From what he has already completed in the building, it may be safely affirmed that the work could not have been entrusted to one who will more conscientiously and creditably perform the laborious and difficult task assigned him by the Royal Commissioners.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., and Mrs. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—Dr. Johnson.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.*



SOUTHEY was "constitutionally cheerful and therefore hopeful." In a letter to James Montgomery, he thus writes:—"Oh that I could impart to you a portion of that animal cheerfulness which I would not exchange for the richest earthly inheritance. For me, when those whom I love cause me no sad anxiety, the skylark on a summer morning is not more joyous than I am; and if I had wings on my shoulders, I should be up with him in the sunshine carolling for pure joy."

"A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

His religion was practical. In his calm solitude, amid a quiet and contented peasantry, few cases of grief and misery came in his way, and he was ever too busy a man to seek them; but there were many pensioners on his small income, some who had rights, others who had none. This is one of his very few references to the subject:—"It is my fate to have more claimants upon me than usually fall to the share of a man who has a family of his own." Only once in his life was he able to say he had a year's sufficient income "in advance." Yet he writes, "on the whole, few men have had more reason to be thankful for blessings enjoyed."

Although he said of himself—

"Thus, in the ages which are past I live,
And those which are to come my sure reward will give,"

anticipated honours were not the only ones he enjoyed, although he was so wise as uniformly to decline the political and social



THE FALL OF LODORE.

distinctions that were offered him. In 1826, during his absence in Holland, he was elected member for the borough of Downton, by the influence of Lord Radnor; that honour he declined, as consistent neither with his circumstances, inclinations, habits, nor pursuits in life. Moreover, the return was *null*, inasmuch as he held a pension of £200 a year "during pleasure," and was without a "qualification." The latter objection would have been removed by a subscription of admirers and friends to purchase for him the requisite "estate;" but other objections retained their force. Robert Southey, therefore, continued to be "Robert Lackland," and a new writ was moved for.

In 1835 (the letter is dated February 1st) Sir Robert Peel communicated to Southey thus:—"I have advised the king to adorn the distinction of baronetage with a name the most eminent in literature, and which has claims to respect and honour that literature alone can never confer." And in a second letter, Sir Robert alludes to the eminent services he had rendered not only to literature, but to the higher interests of virtue and religion.

That honour Southey also declined, having however, first communicated with his son, and found the opinions and feelings of that son in entire and beautiful harmony with his own. "I am writing," he said, "for a livelihood, and a livelihood is all I have gained." Incessant work "enabled him to live respectably, nothing more:" "without his pension," he says, "it would not have done even that."

Walter Scott, in a letter to Southey, entreats him to take warning and not *overwork* himself. How frequently is this counsel given, where only daily toil produces daily bread! Few worked harder than Scott, and none harder than Southey. To Southey, however, mental labour was an absolute necessity; a year of illness such as most men have to suffer during life would have inevitably brought that which most of all things terrified him—debt. Of course, he "overworked" himself; of course, we all do, whose incomes are precarious, determined not only by the fancy of the public, but by a score of circumstances, on any one of which depends life—the life of the "man of letters by profession." The caution, "Do not overwork yourself," to such men is something like the prescription of port wine daily to an artisan whose wages are twenty shillings a week.

The prime minister, however, had the happiness to augment his pension to £500 a year. That independence came somewhat too late; it was the sunshine when the day was closing in, but it dispelled the clouds that otherwise would have darkened its decline. He had passed his sixtieth year, having known but one great sorrow, the loss of his darling son, Herbert:—

"In whose life I lived, in whom I saw
My better part transmitted and improved."

The "common lot" had been his, but troubles were now gathering with age. In 1834 his beloved wife was placed in a lunatic asylum, in the vain hope that her restoration might be surer there than at home. It had pleased God to visit him with the "severest of all domestic afflictions, those alone excepted into which guilt enters." He seldom afterwards quitted the retirement in which he lived at Greta Hall.

In November, 1837, his wife, Edith Southey, died. It was, as he writes to his old friend Cottle, "a change from life to death, from death to life." "While she was with me I did not feel the weight of years; my heart continued young, and my spirits retained their youthful buoyancy." "We have been married two-and-forty years, and a more affectionate and devoted wife no man was ever blessed with." "After two-and-forty years of marriage, no infant was ever more void of offence towards God and man. I never knew her to do an unkind act, nor say an unkind word." His wife was his "note-taker;" her pen had been his ever ready help before her daughters grew up to aid him. She made extracts for him; and, therefore, he writes in a letter after her death—"She will continue to be my helpmate as long as I live and retain my senses." *

Two years afterwards, when his threshold rarely echoed to familiar footsteps, when his children and friends had gradually departed for homes on earth or homes in Heaven, he resolved on marrying his very dear friend, Caroline Bowles. They were married, on the 5th of June, 1839, at

* Continued from p. 24.

* It was at that time of trial, he quoted a passage from "some old author:"—"Remember, under any affliction, that Time is short, and that although your cross may be heavy, you have not far to bear it."

Boldre Church, and he returned to Greta Hall with her in the August following.*

She came to his home when it was all but desolate, when his vigour had declined, when he could no more take the long walks that gave him health and strength; when his mind was clouded, and when his days could be but few; when he was indeed "shaken at the root."

I knew Caroline Bowles before she became the wife of Southey. She had long passed the middle age, was not handsome, though with a very gentle manner and gracious countenance; a loveable, because a good, woman. Her books, though now seldom read, are not forgotten. She was worthy to be the companion, the friend, the wife, of Robert Southey. She has been silent as to his latter days; but it is certain, from the pious nature of her mind, that she led him onward toward the celestial city to which he was hastening.†

The "enemy"—so Death is wrongfully called—was creeping towards him. "His movements were slower; he was subject to frequent fits of absence; there was an indecision in his manner, and an unsteadiness in his step, wholly unusual to him." "He sometimes lost his way even in familiar places;" "in some of the last notes he wrote the letters were formed like those of a child." "His mind," writes one of his friends, "was beautiful even in its debility;" the river was not turbulent as it joined the ocean. In 1840, Wordsworth describes a visit to his old friend of half a century:—"He did not recognise me till he was told. Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the state in which I had found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately, like a child."

In the malady of his departed wife he had learned what a woeful thing it is,

> "When the poor flesh surviving doth entomb
> The reasonable soul,"

and not long afterwards he was doomed himself to feel that terrible affliction.

It was a sad sight to see the aged and venerable man "shaken at the root," "irritable as he had never been before," "losing his way in well-known places," his form thin and shrunk, the fire gone from his eyes, or shining dimly as a light going out, and the bright intelligence fading from the still fine features; growing worse and worse, with brief intervals of consciousness, during which, with "placid languor," sometimes, apparently, torpor, he hopelessly and helplessly saw the shadow approach; still "mechanically" moving about his books, taking down one and then another, looking upon them with relics of old love, and mournfully murmuring as he put them by,—

> "Memory, memory, where art thou gone?"

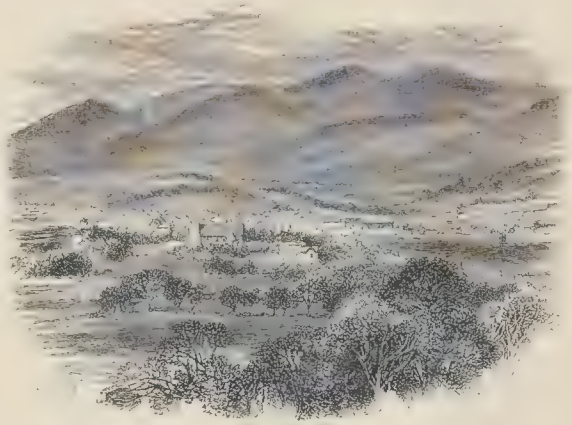
So passed the last three or four years of his life, giving the clearest proof that he could do nothing, because nothing was done. There had been no sudden shock, no bodily ailment; the mind was simply worn out by the wear and tear of life—fifty years of labour, as "by profession a man of letters!"

On the 21st of March, 1843, he died, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious Resurrection."*

On the 23rd of March, 1843, he was buried in the churchyard of Crosthwaite, where his wife Edith, four of his children, and several of his dear household, relatives, and friends had been, or have since been, laid. The tombstone contains their names, the dates of their births and deaths—no more.* Here "the dead speak, and give admonition to the living." His funeral was private. Except the members of his family, there were but two strangers; a white-headed man, older by four years than the departed, walked over the mountains that gloomy and stormy day, to offer a last tribute of affection on his grave; it was the venerable poet, William Wordsworth, who leaned upon the arm of his son-in-law, Quillinan—a most estimable gentleman and true poet, who survived but a short time his illustrious father-in-law. It was told me by one who was present that as the solemn words were uttered, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," a ray of unlooked-for sunshine suddenly fell upon the grave; the rain ceased, the wind lulled, and, at the instant, two small birds sung from an adjacent tree. In a poem entitled "The Funeral of Southey," written by Mr. Quillinan, he notices this—which we may therefore accept as a striking and most interesting fact:—

> "Heedless of the driving rain,
> Fearless of the mourning train,
> Perched upon the trembling stem,
> They sung the Poet's requiem."

Posthumous honours were accorded to the poet. There is a bust in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, and another in the cathedral of the City whose chiefest glory it is—or, at least, ought to be—that Bristol



VIEW AT KESWICK.

was his place of birth. But the monument in Crosthwaite Church is a fine and very beautiful achievement of sculptured Art; a recumbent figure, in pure white marble, without a spot; and the accomplished sculptor, Lough, by a happy inspiration, has preserved, with singular fidelity, the features and expression of the poet,† as he describes him in placid and tranquil sleep. On the base are inscribed the lines by Wordsworth I have elsewhere quoted. Two of his own (writing of another) might also be placed there: he

> "Teacheth in his songs
> The love of all things lovely, all things pure!"

I have intimated that my personal memory of this great and good man, who was so "lovely in his life," is but limited. I knew him only in London, in 1830, when he was in the wane of life, yet not older than fifty-six; even then he had been forty years, or very nearly so, an author—living "laborious days" from his youth upwards. I met him more than once at the house of Allan Cunningham, whom he cordially greets in one of his poems,—

> "Allan, true child of Scotland; thou who art
> So oft in spirit on thy native hills."

Though I can add nothing of worth to the portrait I have given, I may recall him as he appeared to me. He was the very *beau ideal* of a poet, singularly impressive, tall, somewhat slight, slow in his movements, and very dignified in manner, with the eye of a hawk, and with sharp features and an aquiline nose, that carried the similitude somewhat farther. His forehead was broad and high, his eyebrows dark, his hair profuse and long, rapidly approaching white. I can see vividly, even now, his graceful and winning smile. To the commonest observer he was obviously a man who had lived more with books than men, whose converse had chiefly been with "the mighty minds of old," whose "days," whose

* "We have been acquainted more than twenty years, and that acquaintance was matured into friendship at a time when no possibility that it might ever proceed farther could have been looked to on either part. I am in my sixty-fifth year, Caroline Bowles in her fifty-second year. I shall have for my constant companion one who will render my fireside cheerful, and save me from that forlorn feeling against which even my spirits, buoyant as they are by constitution, might not always have been able to bear me up."

† At that time Southey writes,—"Her health is so bad, and her bodily frame so frail, that you would suppose her to be on the brink of the grave." I find I have preserved a letter from Caroline Bowles to Mrs Hall, dated July 2, 1830, which contains passages that may illustrate her character:—"At present the little energy restored by partial restoration to health, is all in requisition to answer claims of this 'work-a-day world' which may not be put off till a more convenient season; and then, I must confess, that when I can command my own time, and a gleam of sunshine is vouchsafed to us, I am more restless *within walls* than a squirrel in his cage, and grudge every moment not spent in the garden, or in a little open carriage, or on the back of a certain palfrey, Miniken yclept, whose diminutive proportions would just fit him for a charger to Queen Mab, and who seems to have as much taste for scrambling with me over hill, dale, and common, as if he was still roaming his native isle. Judge by this very *uncalled* for history of my most *un*-literary pursuits and rambling propensities, whether I cannot sympathise with your longing for green fields and babbling brooks. . . . . I might well expect to be forgotten, except by the few who love me for myself, and expect no return but of affection."

In 1852 Caroline Southey received one of the Crown pensions—£200 a year—"in consideration of her late husband's eminent literary merits;" and in 1861 Miss Kate Southey received a pension—£100 a year—"on account of the important services rendered by her father to English literature."

* The family have all passed away from Keswick; and only memory and these churchyard graves remain to preserve, as they will do for ever, the renowned name, in that most beautiful district. Katherine Southey, who was born at Greta Hall, died at Lairthwaite Cottage, Keswick, on the 12th of August, 1864, and was laid by the side of her kindred. She was aged fifty-four. Her aunt, Mrs. Lovell (one of the three sisters, Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey being the others), died there but a few years previous, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one, having been a widow sixty-six years, and nearly all that time a cherished inmate in the dwelling of the Laureate, and, after his death, in that of his daughter Katherine.

† It ought to be recorded that the commission to the sculptor was for a work in Caen stone; but Mr. Lough (so writes the poet's son), "with characteristic liberality, executed it in white marble at a considerable sacrifice."

"thoughts," whose "hopes," were, as he tells us they were, "with the dead!"

In the few and brief conversations I had with him, he impressed me—as indeed he did every person who was, even for an hour, his companion—with the conviction that he elevated the profession of letters not only by knowledge acquired and distributed, not alone by the wisdom of his career and the integrity of his life, but by manners unassuming and unexacting, and by a condescending gentleness of demeanour that, if not humility in the common sense of the term, arose out of generous consideration and large charity.

The same modesty as regards self was conspicuous in letters I had the honour to receive from him when I was writing a memoir of him in the "Book of Gems." Unhappily these letters I have given away as autographs. Possibly this remark may meet the eye of persons who are now their owners, and they may furnish me with copies of them.

Some MS. letters from Southey to Miss Seward have been kindly placed in my hands by John Dillon, Esq., whose collection of autographs is one of rare value and interest.



GRETA BRIDGE.

are attempting to hunt him down, I cannot but feel that it is no mark of a generous or a good spirit. If Mr. French does not admire, and greatly admire, the greater number of these poems, he does not know what poetry is. In that case, his satire is the effect of that common dislike which bad poets feel towards good ones. But if he has any sense of the merit of these better poems, something of more importance than the understanding will be found in fault. This is a malicious age, an age of slander and of selfishness, and the spirit of the age has infected him. What would he think of a critic who, if Milton were mentioned, should immediately begin to ridicule his psalms, and his translation from Horace? What does every Englishman think of Voltaire's criticisms upon Shakespeare? And just such is the *jeu d'esprit* of Mr. French. I give it a French name, for any English one would be too good for its witlessness. What is the consequence of this prevailing disposition to ridicule the faults of men of genius, instead of giving them the fair praise which they deserve? That those persons who take their opinions from others, are deterred from purchasing the books, and the author is disheartened from laying anything more before an ungrateful generation. This is the case with Wordsworth. He has stopped the publication of his 'White Doe,' and it is probable that though he will continue to write as long as he lives, what he writes will be reserved for an age in which justice will be done him. With respect to myself, these things give me no pain as they do him. But they inflict upon me a heavier injury. I cannot subsist without the profits of my pen, and in consequence of the total failure of 'Madoc,' whole years elapsed in which I did not write a single verse. Assuredly, now, I shall go on from poem to poem, but unless I can previously secure the fair price of the manual labour bestowed upon them, not one of them shall go into the world, till I am gone out of it. By these means, at least, I can lay by some provision for my children, and elude the absurd laws of copyright, which would otherwise rob them of the property just when it will begin to be valuable."

Even at the risk of too much prolonging this Memory, I venture to print them as highly characteristic of the writer's mind. The first is dated 1807, the second 1808.

"Surely nothing was ever more calculated to deaden and dwarf the mind than that fashion of breeding up all persons to be critics! Did you ever see Dr. Aiken's 'Letters to a Young Lady' upon a course of poetry?—as if it were a course of physic. They were written, I believe, to his daughter, Miss Lucy; and in these letters the Doctor says to his daughter, 'Make yourself mistress of the "Paradise Lost."' The book fell into Erskine's hands: when he came to this passage he repeated the words, 'make yourself mistress of the "Paradise Lost,"' and with a wholesome malediction upon the author, which flows more pardonably from the tongue than from the pen, he whisked the unhappy volume behind the fire."

"I will tell you freely and fairly the impression which Mr. French's squib upon Wordsworth leaves upon my mind. You know that I am not blind to Wordsworth's faults; but when I see a man take up the poems of Wordsworth, and passing over pieces of such beauty as the 'Tintern Abbey,' 'The Leech Gatherer,' 'The Brothers,' 'Michael,' 'The Song of Brougham Castle,' &c., fix upon the weeds of the collection, and join in with the yelping pack of curs who

A few months ago I made a pilgrimage to the house in which Southey lived, and to the grave in which he is buried. I had for my pleasant and profitable companion [to his sound and graceful pencil I am chiefly indebted for the illustrations* that accompany this Memory] the artist, my friend, Jacob Thompson, who knew the poet and knew also his neighbour, Wordsworth.

* I have also to acknowledge the services rendered to me by an accomplished photographer, Mr. A. PETTITT—whose establishment is at Keswick: he has taken views of nearly every part of the district, such more especially as are associated with the Lake poets, Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson; and also Hartley Coleridge, De Quincey, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Shelley, Mrs. Hemans, Hamilton, Talfourd, the author of "Cyril Thornton," Arnold, and Harriet Martineau, who is now a dweller in the district, her house being a short quarter of a mile out of Ambleside.

Greta Hall, for nearly half a century his residence—his "loop-hole of retreat"—stands on a slight elevation above the River Greta, and close to its confluence with the Derwent.* It is now the dwelling of an amateur naturalist, who has filled it—and by no means unpleasantly—with the skins of birds and animals of many lands. From a picturesque bridge—Greta Bridge—a view of the house is obtained. It was originally two houses, converted by the poet into one. It consists of many rooms, all small, except what was the poet's library, his library in chief, that is to say, for every apartment was lined with books. "Books," writes Wordsworth, "were his passion." "*Books* were his passion, as *wandering* was mine;" and, he adds, circumstances might have made the one a Benedictine monk, in whose monastery was a library, and the other a pedlar, such as he describes his "Wanderer" to have been. Adjoining it is the chamber in which he died, or rather in which his spirit was released from its earthly tabernacle, to companion the angels and pure spirits who had gone before, and to be with the Master he had long served. He there, to borrow a line from his friend Coleridge,

"Found life in death!"

A garden surrounds the house; there is a sloping lawn in front, and immediately facing the entrance are two "narrow-leaved" maple trees, planted by the poet. Let us hope that no thoughtless or heedless hand will ever remove them. Behind is a thick growth of shrubs and underwood, leading down to an embrasure of the river; along the bank is the poet's walk, at the end of which was a seat beneath an elm tree, where he often sat looking across the stream upon the ruins of an old friary (now a barn) and the mountains of old Skiddaw and Blencathra.

In front of the house, however, the grandest view is obtained. It commands Derwentwater (the loveliest of all the English lakes: "I would not," writes Southey, "exchange Derwentwater for the Lake of Geneva."), on which look down the loftiest and the most picturesque of the mountains of Cumberland. From every one of the windows there is a glorious prospect. Within ken is the "gorgeous confusion of Borrowdale, just revealing its sublime chaos through the narrow vista of its gorge." There is bleak Skiddaw, with "its fine black head," that extorted a compliment even from London-loving Charles Lamb. There is Souter Fell, where ghosts have been seen in troops in the broad light of day. There is the Druids' Temple, little more than a mile from Keswick, at the foot of Saddleback,—old Blencathra,—near the entrance to St. John's Vale, the stones of which "no person can count with a like result as to number." There is Derwentwater, seen from so many points, with its traditions of the young lord who was "out in the fifteen," and died on a scaffold on Tower Hill. You may still ascend "the Lady's Rake," up which his lady fled for shelter; and if you listen calmly, you may hear the distant fall of Lodore. From his window he saw, as he wrote, not only Derwent "that under the hills reposed," but

——"the hills that, calm and majestic,
Lifted their heads into the silent sky, from far Glaramara,
Bleacrag and Maidenmawr to Griesdale and westernmost
Wythrop;
Dark and distinct.——"

The walks that were familiar to the poet were in all directions; some at a distance

* The river Derwent connects the two lakes—Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. The Greta joins the Derwent, and together they make their way into the lake (Bassenthwaite).

from his home. He walked ever with his head raised, thrown back somewhat, looking upwards, and was rarely seen without a book in his hand.* Of these walks, his favourite was to "The Friars' Crag," or Walk,—a promontory that overhangs Derwentwater, a short way from Keswick. It was of this spot he said,—"If I had Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's purse, I would here build myself a house." The crag—which I have pictured—is said to have derived its name from the monks of Lindisfern coming to it once a year to receive the blessing of St. Herbert. The view hence is very lovely. Close to the foot of the crag the rocks are washed by the waters of the lake, the whole expanse of which is seen, with its picturesque islands. On the right the eye takes in the sunny slopes of "the Catbells"—scarcely to be called mountains when compared with mighty Scafell in the distance—while beneath them lies the fairest of all the islands, the island dedicated to St. Herbert.†

At the head of the lake, standing like a sentinel guarding the entrance to Borrowdale, is Castle Crag, and on its left lies the beautiful fall of Lodore, immortalised by Southey in some quaint verses which are known to most readers.

"And dashing and flashing, and splashing and crashing.
* * * With a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

Lodore Waterfall is about three miles from Keswick, on the road to Borrowdale, between two towering cliffs, one on the left, Gowdar Crag, on the right, Shepherd's Crag. The *perpendicular* height through which the water descends, is said to be 150 feet (the whole height of the fall is 360 feet). The crags, on either side, are covered with trees overhanging the water; the oak, ash, birch, holly, and even the wild rose, flourish there in wanton luxuriance. The foaming cataract, as it bounds over the huge rocks, is to be seen more than three miles off. The fall runs into the lake, and the noise which it makes can be heard *miles* away. There is a pretty rustic bridge over it, and at its foot stands a little hotel, once an ancient hostelry, but now much enlarged to accommodate the many thousands that annually visit the place.

But the grand and glorious scenery of the Lakes may be adverted to more fitly when I recall to memory the great High Priest of Nature, Wordsworth.

An illustrative anecdote was told me by the sexton of Crosthwaite church, who, however, had little to say of the poet, except that he seldom saw him smile. He met him often in his walks, but he seemed pensive, full of thought, and looked as if his life was elsewhere than on earth.‡ The anecdote is this. Southey had a great dislike to be "looked at;" and although very regular in his attendance at church, he would stay away when he knew there were many tourists in the neighbourhood. One Sunday, two strangers who had a great desire to see the poet, besought the sexton to point him out to them. The sexton, knowing that this must be done secretly, said, "I will take you up the aisle, and in passing, touch the pew in which he sits." He did so, and no doubt the strangers had "a good stare." A few days after, the sexton met Southey in the street of Keswick. The poet looked somewhat sternly at him, said, "*Don't do it again*," and passed on, leaving the conscience-stricken sexton to ponder over the "crime" in which he had been detected by the poet.

The graveyard of Crosthwaite is a lonely graveyard, in the midst of mountains, commanding an open view of Derwentwater, on which the mountains Blencathra and Skiddaw look down. There are few human dwellings near at hand; the few there are being hidden by intervening trees. The church is very ancient—more than seven centuries have passed since its foundations were laid—but it has been "restored" by the liberality of an estimable gentleman, James Stanger, Esq. whose mansion is close at hand, and who happily lives to a green old age to rejoice in the many good deeds he has done.



CROSTHWAITE CHURCH.

In 1816, Southey, describing the churchyard, which thirty years afterwards was to be his resting-place, writes:—"The churchyard is as open to the eye and to the breath of heaven as if it were a Druids' place of meeting." A wall has since been placed, but it is looked over,—upon the lake and on the mountains, "the everlasting hills" of which he somewhere speaks.



THE GRAVE OF SOUTHEY.

And in that calm and isolated graveyard, lie the mortal remains of Robert Southey,—

"He who sung
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song:"

he who, in so many ways, inculcated the wisdom of Virtue. If his prophecy of himself has not been as yet altogether fulfilled—

"Thus, in the ages which are past I live,
And those which are to come my sure reward will give,"

at least, it is certain that he has received the justice he looked for and knew to be his Right.

* James Hogg, writing of Southey, says,—"Deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye: but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising, so that when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith." Although he adds, "this peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished Laureate," I do not find the "defect" referred to by any other writer.

† Bede tells us that the saint went once a year to see St. Cuthbert, of Farn Island, and to hear from him the words of everlasting life. As they sat together one day, St. Cuthbert told his friend that he felt his time was coming, when his spirit would depart hence. St. Herbert, in his agony of grief, prayed to God that he might not survive his teacher. Tradition has it that the friends both died on the same day, even at the same hour (A.D. 687).

‡ "He was," writes to me another authority, "very silent in his walks. He walked rapidly, at the rate of four or five miles an hour. I knew a guide who had several times been his companion: he had been by his side for hours without exchanging a word."

EXHIBITION OF ILLUMINATED DRAWINGS,
BY HENRY SHAW, F.S.A.

Mr. Henry Shaw is an artist who has rendered a critical notice of any exhibition of his works altogether unnecessary. With the announcement of the existence of any such exhibition it is quite sufficient to associate the briefest possible statement, that the works exhibited are in Mr. Shaw's own masterly style; nothing more is needed to be said as to the merits and interest of the collection, since the most emphatic manner of declaring fresh productions of Mr. Shaw's skilful hand to be of the highest order of excellence, is to pronounce them worthy successors of the well-known works that have preceded them.

In the case of the collection—now to be seen within a few yards from St. James's Church in Piccadilly, and to which we desire to direct the attention of our readers—there is one circumstance which in no trifling degree enhances the intrinsic merit and attractiveness of the works exhibited, and this is their singularly opportune appearance. Such a collection as this of illuminated drawings is exactly what was most urgently needed at the present time, when the art of illumination is so generally practised, and yet when so few even of the most devoted of illuminators have bethought themselves of studying the best models, that so they might be trained in the best school. It is indeed true that original examples of the early illuminators' art are not very easy of access; nor, when they are to be seen, can they generally be studied with complete satisfaction to students: but this makes Mr. Shaw's collection still more valuable to all who love and practise his art. And again, in this admirable collection of illuminated drawings, students have brought before them in a single group the choicest specimens of the art, from the earliest examples that have been preserved to us down to the sixteenth century. And more than this, this richly varied collection, every example in which is a faithful reproduction of some famous typical original, while it places before students evidence of the excellence to which the art of illumination attained in early times, also shows them that it is possible for a living illuminator to rival the ablest of the old masters. Thus instruction and encouragement are here combined; what has been done long ago, and what can be done and is done now, is demonstrated at one and the same time, and in the very same works.

It is truly delightful to see a veteran artist thus exhibiting not only his habitual enthusiasm for his art, but also his characteristic firmness, delicacy, and versatility of treatment. These drawings take rank with Mr. Shaw's finest productions; and, notwithstanding their wide range of style, and the amount of labour involved in their production, they are uniform in their truthful and expressive excellence. Truly remarkable, indeed, is the manner in which Mr. Shaw has identified himself with the feeling, as well as adopted the treatment, of the various artists whose works he has reproduced; thus, every example displays the full spirit of the original, so that, as a model for study, each example really possesses all the attributes and characteristics of an original work of its own proper period. The borders, illuminated initials, medallions, and miniatures are accompanied by written text, which gives a full description of the various drawings, in the character of writing found in the manuscripts from which they are taken; and, accordingly, Mr. Shaw has given examples of the progressive changes in caligraphy as well as in Art.

We have much pleasure in adding that Mr. Shaw is preparing for early publication an essay on the art of illumination, which will be illustrated by a numerous collection of engravings on wood from the finest examples in the collection that forms the existing exhibition. There is no one whose long and extensive experience qualifies him so well, as does that of Mr. Shaw, for the execution of such an undertaking as he has in hand.

A MEMORY OF FREDERICA BREMER.

Another golden bowl broken! another of the world's literary workers gone home. It is a loss to earth, for which we may truly grieve. Frederica Bremer was no common labourer; her mission was to do good; her task here is finished. Her energy and perseverance; her knowledge, acquired rather from observation than from books; her extensive sympathy, not alone with her class and country, but with her kind; her close association with genuine progress;—all rendered her of great importance, not only as an author, but as a leader among women. She was by no means what is understood as "a rights-of-woman woman," but she was deeply anxious for the emancipation of her sex in her own land from the heavy thraldom, the absolute hard bodily labour to which they have been doomed so long; and to know that they enjoyed the privileges of occasional rest and ease, with opportunities of cultivating their minds so as to render them not so much the slaves as the companions of their husbands, the early teachers as well as the mothers of Swedish men—to know that, and to believe that by her aid the "great glory" had been "helped on," would have brought to the evening of her days intense happiness—did so no doubt.

Our valuable and admirable friend Mary Howitt introduced Miss Bremer to the British public by her translation of "The Neighbours;" a translation which Miss Bremer herself told me was "faultless." Almost suddenly, that charming book entered into our hearts and homes, as a sister who, though brought up in a distant land, with habits and thoughts not ours, was our "little sister" still: a darling, with open heart and beaming eyes, and lips dropping sweetness—the sweetness of innocence and content; her hands loving work; her head wise with womanly wisdom; bringing with her a freight of fresh air and healthfulness of which we still delight to think. Miss Bremer continued to write, and Mrs. Howitt to translate, various tales and sketches of Swedish life of more or less importance; all original to us; until we looked for her latest book as eagerly as if she had been one of our own native story-tellers.*

Her first visit to England was brief and rapid; she had determined to travel, alone or not, as it might be, and took England only *en route;* she panted for knowledge; and resolved to see and judge for herself of the habits and institutions of many lands. It was after her extensive wanderings, and during her second visit to England, that we had the happiness to receive her as our guest at our country house. We never had a more interesting or amusing visitor; she stipulated that she was to breakfast in her own room—chiefly on potatoes—and not to be disturbed until two o'clock. From early morning until the appointed hour, she wrote, and then came down to lunch, full of the life and spirit which the consciousness of a task accomplished is certain to give. She was very small and delicately proportioned—not unlike Maria Edgeworth in form, and in some points of manner, particularly when speaking to children, of whom she was very fond; she could hardly pass a child without a word or a caress. She could never have been even pretty, in the usual acceptation of the word; yet no one could have thought her more than plain. Her pleasing and even playful manners, her freedom from affectation, the warm interest she took in everything around her, certain quaint, half Swedish, half English expressions, the amusing stores of an excellent memory—all imparted a piquancy and variety to her conversation that was especially delightful in a country house. She was undoubtedly restless and inquisitive; investigating all the domestic departments with inquiries which half-annoyed, half-amused, the servants, but giving quite as much information as she received. I found she liked to go by herself into the cottages of our village, and generally left her to do as she liked; after paying two or three visits she would hurry back to me that I might explain to her what she did not understand; nothing, however trivial, escaped her observation. She had visited and closely inspected several of our manufacturing towns, but I believe our locality was the only one where she had the means of making acquaintance with a district purely agricultural. We chanced to live near the farm of a gentleman farmer, and she was often gratified by the knowledge she obtained from him as to the management of horses, cows, and sheep, and concerning the culture of fields and pasture-land. I believe these studies were not merely to satisfy curiosity, but that they were intended to produce, and did produce, fruit after her return home. It was often made clear to me that the purpose of her life was to be useful. Her books of travels in Greece and in America are well known: no doubt in these countries also she gathered much knowledge that she has made of practical value to her country.

One of our poor neighbours at Addlestone inhabited a two-roomed cottage—to which was attached a strip of garden, kept in neat order by the woman's husband when his day's work was done—not remarkable for its internal neatness of arrangement; but what would you have? the woman had had twins twice in one year! Miss Bremer, attracted by the four baby faces sleeping at the door in the sunshine, crept into the cottage of the "twin woman," as she afterwards called her, but would not believe that all the infants were her own. She seized on the two youngest, placing one on each arm, and brought them rapidly to me to ascertain the truth of the story, closely followed by the mother, who feared the good little lady was slightly crazed, and could not see what there was to wonder at. It sorely troubled Miss Bremer how that cottage-full of rosy children could be brought up on such small means. There was no end to her inquiries if it was the custom in English villages for mothers to have "multitudes of little babies all at once;" and the "Addlestone twins" had a corner in her well-stored memory for a long time afterwards; she alludes to the subject in more than one of her letters.

Our residence was within an easy drive of Virginia Water and regal Windsor; both gave much pleasure to our Swedish visitor. Virginia Water, all lovely as it is, seemed to her more like a water-toy than a real lake. Her taste for lake scenery had been born among the mountains and tors of northern lands. She readily and gracefully yielded to us the meed of beauty and cultivation, but evidently considered us a people who possessed neither mountain nor lake.

An earnest desire of her heart and mind was to see the Queen—knowing well how dearly her subjects loved her. So we drove

* No doubt Mrs. Howitt will supply us with a memoir of the friend she so much loved. It cannot fail to be of deep interest, for the life of Frederica Bremer was a full life. Mrs. Howitt knew her so well that she is sure to do the subject ample justice. One of Mrs. Howitt's daughters spent many months with Frederica Bremer in her calm and happy Swedish home.

off early one day, determined, if possible, to way-lay her Majesty when leaving the Castle for her morning drive. We took our stand with determined patience as near the great gates as propriety permitted, and very soon, in the well-known phaeton, came forth the royal lady, seated beside him whose loss has been a mournful loss to millions. Miss Bremer was all quicksilver, I could not keep her on the seat, she would lean out of the brougham window and bow; and thus the little woman—insignificant as far as appearance went (and the Queen little knew who it was that tendered to her fervent, but, perhaps, obtrusive, homage)—attracted her Majesty's attention, who bowed and smiled with more than her usual graciousness, even slightly turning her head to look at the enthusiastic lady. As she did so, the brougham door flew open, and it was with difficulty I prevented my companion from falling out; but her favourite umbrella (a venerable companion in many lands, and of a colour that once was red) was not so fortunate. It rolled on the grass; the Queen's quick eye saw the danger and the escape, and moreover her Majesty saw the umbrella. The royal carriage drew up for a moment, the Prince spoke, or perhaps only signed to an attendant groom, who turned back, picked up the umbrella, and returned it to my fluttering friend. It is impossible to describe her delight—she literally cried with joy; the courtesy was so marked, so graciously rendered.

We were bowling homeward along the banks of our beautiful Thames before her enthusiasm subsided. When we got out to visit Magna Charta Island, her fervour took another turn, and burst forth in admiration of the sturdy English barons who obliged the tardy king to sign the record of our rights on the "traditional" stone, which she kissed in a spirit of reverential Liberty. I look back with intense pleasure to the ten or dozen days this indefatigable worker and bright-hearted woman passed at our home and in our society.

If a thing of physical beauty is "a joy for ever," which I feel and gratefully acknowledge it is—how truly is the memory of hours and days spent with the good and the gifted, a perpetual well-spring of happiness! Her views of books, and places, and people—of religion and politics—were frequently very different from mine. Hers were broader, mine more conventional, it may be, perhaps, more narrow. She said we did each other good, and now especially, when I feel we shall never meet again in this world, I am glad to believe it was so. Her nature was brave and independent; her affections warm and true. Her published letters to her sister are wonderful records of tenderness and love. I knew how she loved that sister, and how she was looking forward to meeting her, as her great reward for all the fatigue and discomfort she had endured while on her travels. In the happy evenings we spent together, she was the life of our little circle, teaching us Swedish games and singing us Swedish songs; every now and then something about her sister would "crop up," as if she were the living motive of her thoughts and actions. Alas! at that very time when we looked over the beautiful valley with its all-bountiful river, from the brow of St. George's Hill, and believed that we saw the towers of Windsor from its height—at that very time her beloved sister was dead at Stockholm. Pleasant were their lives, and now they are not divided. Death has brought them again together.

A. M. Hall.

A SIBYL.

FROM THE STATUE BY W. STORY.

Mr. Story is one of a body of American artists, painters, and sculptors, who have made Rome their place of residence, and who from that ancient seat of Art send out works which confer honour on themselves and the country of their birth. More than ten years ago one of our contributors, then living in Rome and well acquainted with what was doing in the studios there, thus wrote in our pages:—"The American School of Art, as developed at Rome, evinces both excellence, earnestness, and true feeling for Art; it is a school of promise, bidding fair to take its place, and hold its head aloft, in the great artistic republic. . . . . Untrammelled by the dogmatism of any particular school, ranging at pleasure through the accumulated treasures of by-gone centuries spread before them in the wondrous galleries of Italy, they faithfully and earnestly propose to imitate all that is beautiful without considering whence it comes or whither it may lead them. They surrender up their souls to the guidance of their artistic conscience, and, like true republicans, refuse to bow down before any graven images of conventional tyranny. There is something grand and elevating, as well as fresh and enthusiastic, in this simple worship of Art for its own sake, contradistinguished to the dogmatic subjection of prescribed rules enforced by antagonistic schools. But they must beware, however, as a body, of pushing this realistic tendency too far, and take example from the gross mannerism into which the eclectic teachings of the Carracci fell, when it degenerated into the purely naturalistic treatment instead of ripening into rich and varied style, combining the excellencies of the classical schools with a more accurate attention of simple nature."

Thus in the most famous city of what we may call the old world is rising, if it has not already risen, a school of Art destined to shed its radiance over the youngest country of the world's existence. The works of Hiram Power, Crawford, Mozier, Miss Hosmer, Ives, and Bartholomew, among American sculptors; of Freeman, Page, Chapman, Terry, and E. White, among American painters, show vigorous and healthy artistic life in those who have taken up their abode amid the tombs of the Cæsars and the fragments of departed grandeur.

To the International Exhibition of 1862 Mr. Story contributed two statues in marble —'Cleopatra' and 'A Sibyl,' or, as he entitled it, 'Sibilla Libica,'—both seated figures, and, as the name of each implies, of Eastern type. Both bear evidence to the freedom from "conventional tyranny" spoken of by the writer we have quoted, and are characterised by originality of idea and treatment arising out of such freedom of thought and action. The naturalistic character of the "Sibyl" is of a kind approaching to nobility of expression; throwing aside the delicacy of limb, the graceful symmetry of the whole corporeal frame, and the beauty of countenance, in which the Greek sculptors were wont to represent the female figure, it here takes a form of grandeur rather than of loveliness, in perfect keeping with the weird nature of the subject, yet maintaining the qualities of elegance and expressive power inseparable from good sculpture. Of the ten sibyls mentioned by writers of antiquity the 'Sibilla Libica' is said to be the oldest, and the one who offered the prophetic leaves to Tarquin.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

Dundee.—At a recent meeting of the Directors of the High School, Dundee, the changes recently made in the regulations of the Art-schools by the Council on Education, as these are set forth in the Art Directory, were considered. The Committee on Art and Science was of opinion that the changes introduced into the system were such as must tend to impair the usefulness of the schools, and, in the case of Dundee, to lead to the abandonment altogether of the evening classes for artisans. The Committee, therefore, recommended the Board to be prepared to co-operate at the proper time with the other Art-schools throughout the country with a view to a general representation on the subject. The Chairman said that this was a very important minute. He had read with regret the new regulations by the Council on Education, and he considered that they would substantially destroy the efficiency of the various Schools of Art throughout the country for the working classes, for whose benefit really the schools were instituted. He was sorry to see so much of the funds appropriated to meet the large salaries of the officials at Kensington, in London, while really the practical working of the schools, and their utility to the working classes in this country, were defective, and allowed to be starved. The Council was reducing all the grants and incentives previously given to these schools, and without them these schools would not be self-supporting. Other speakers followed the Chairman, all of whom spoke in terms strongly denouncing the system put forth by the South Kensington authorities. From the report of the Art Department for the year ending the 21st December last, it appeared that the total number who had received instruction through the agency of the Dundee School of Art was 1922, being a decrease of 393 as compared with the previous year.

Bolton.—A lecture, of a somewhat novel character, was delivered, just before Christmas, by Mr. T. Walley, of this town, who took for his subject, "Art-Hints; or the Beautiful in its Relation to the Decoration of Sunday-schools for Christmas Tea-Meetings." From a brief report of the lecture which has reached us, Mr. Walley appears to have treated his theme in an interesting and most instructive manner, showing a sound knowledge of the objects and appropriateness of decorative Art. Many of the ornaments illustrating the lecture were made by teachers and scholars in the Sunday-school in Duke's Alley, where the meeting was held. They deservedly attracted much admiration.

Bradford.—Mr. J. B. Philip has completed the model of the group to be erected in this town of Yorkshire, to the memory of the late Richard Oastler, who obtained the *soubriquet* of "The Factory King," for the exertions he made on behalf of the factory operatives. The group consists of three figures, the principal one being, of course, the great philanthropist himself, in a standing attitude. He is accompanied by a factory boy and girl. The work is to be executed in bronze.

Manchester.—The annual meeting and *conversazione* of the Manchester Architectural Association was held towards the close of last year at the Cathedral Hotel, and was very successful, the contributions of works of Art of various kinds being large and attractive. Mr. J. Boult, President of the Liverpool Architectural Association, addressed the members and visitors, advocating a general combination of the architectural profession for the common good.

Plympton.—We are glad to know that the subscriptions for repairing the venerable parish church of this ancient borough, a subject which last year we took leave to bring to the notice of our readers, are progressing favourably. A considerable sum has been received, but much more is needed to effect all that is desirable to be done. One object contemplated by the committee is, as we have already announced, to place in the church a memorial window to Sir Joshua Reynolds, a native of Plympton. We heartily wish the project success.



THE PORTRAIT EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

The galleries for what may be termed the "Derby" Portrait Exhibition are completed, and have been for some time ready for the hanging of the works, although a fortnight must yet elapse before the expiration of the period appointed for their reception. This exhibition will be held in a portion of the building that contained the refreshment rooms in 1862. Thus the entrance will be in Exhibition Road, and on the side of the Horticultural Gardens opposite to that of the schools. The approach is by a long corridor, at the end of which the visitor ascends to the first gallery, which is lighted from the north on the side of the gardens. The entire length is divided into nine bays, an arrangement which gives a space equal to twice that of the wall running parallel to the windows. This is the old Dresden cabinet plan, adopted there of necessity, in order to bring small pictures forward to a good light; but in the Kensington gallery the purpose of such a disposition is to show as many as possible of the multitude of portraits that will be contributed. When Lord Derby's proposal began to assume the substance of reality, it was at once certain that a building must either be adapted, or erected, for a worthy display of such portraiture as will be forthcoming. The whole of the hanging space is at present painted green, but the colour is of no moment, for it will be entirely covered. The principal inconvenience in the arrangements will be found in the separation of the galleries, for there are two, the second being at some distance from the first. To arrive at the farther gallery it is necessary to pass through two or three spacious apartments, which served as refreshment rooms in 1862. The preparations in the second gallery are the counterpart of those in the first—nine bays open to a continuous side light. The state of chronic transition which must yet for many years characterise South Kensington, will be pointedly illustrated here, for these extensive refectories that divide the galleries will be set forth as a museum of naval architecture, as the whole of the models will be transferred hither from their former abiding place. We doubt not that the authorities have made the most of the space at their disposal, and it is sufficiently obvious that the distance between the galleries is a difficulty that could not be avoided.

This exhibition will be an occasion to be signalised in the history of British Art, but the space at the disposal of the Direction is insufficient for the display of any considerable proportion of those grand works which are so highly prized by their proprietors and so earnestly reverenced by painters. It is much to be feared that some of the rarest and most interesting examples will not be sent. The Petworth Vandykes, for instance, are among the most beautiful and perfect in the country, but they have never, we believe, been permitted to leave the house in which they were painted, and there are precious English works distributed throughout the kingdom the proprietors of which may never hear of this exhibition. It is easy to estimate the number of portraits that will fill the allotted space, and there can be no question but these will constitute a selection of the most valuable that could be gathered together in any country.

In Lord Derby's letter (6th May, 1865) it is suggested that the works should be placed chronologically, a disposition for which we have contended upon every occasion when the works of any particular school have been proposed to be shown. Such a classification would illustrate the history of this branch of our Art far beyond the happiest speculation on those periods when painting was obscured all but to extinction. We look forward, therefore, to this as the first really historical exhibition that has been held. Pictures were sent in as early as the beginning of the year, and they will be received until the second week in February, but as the hanging and catalogue will occupy six or seven weeks, the exhibition cannot be opened before the 1st of April.

A ROYAL GIFT.

A short time after the christening of Prince Albert Victor of Wales, in March, 1864, to whom the Queen stood sponsor, Messrs. Elkington, of Regent Street, received the command of her Majesty for the execution of a work to be presented to the royal infant as a memorial of the baptismal ceremony. Though so long a period has elapsed since the commission was given, such is the elaborate character of the work, and so desirous were the artists and manufacturers to render it worthy of the occasion, that the finishing touches were put to it only in time to allow of its being forwarded to its destination at Christmas last. This truly royal gift may be described as a three-sided pedestal, richly decorated, and surmounted by a statue of the young prince's illustrious grandfather, the lamented Prince Consort, who may be termed the presiding genius of the whole composition, for almost every portion bears some reference to his exemplary life and character. The design throughout is that of Mr. E. H. Corbould; the figures were modelled by Mr. W. Theed; the entire height is 3 feet

The "key-note" of the design is, as just intimated, so completely identified with the memory of the Prince Consort, that in describing, briefly, this magnificent and most interesting example of Art-manufacture, we must reverse the order of the builder and commence at the top instead of the base; otherwise the allusions would be scarcely intelligible. The figure of the Prince is of silver; he is standing erect and bare-headed, in a suite of gilt armour. He is presumed to personify Christian, in "Pilgrim's Progress," in the act of sheathing his sword, his task being performed; around the plinth on which the figure stands is inscribed the appropriate text—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." At the back of the statuette is the helmet, placed on the stump of an oak; the shield rests against the stem, close to which are the white lilies of Purity. Immediately beneath the plinth, and in front of the entablature of the pedestal, is the following inscription:—

Given to Albert Victor Christian Edward, on the Occasion of his Baptism, by Victoria R., his Grandmother and Godmother, in Memory of Albert, his beloved Grandfather.

In the arched panel immediately below are these lines, surmounted by a lily-flower:—

My Rose of love with tears I laid in earth;
My Lily's purity hath soared to heaven;
But Faith still lives, and sees in this new birth,
How both once more to cheer my soul are given.

Underneath this verse, occupying the whole width of the panel are the royal arms of England, surmounted by the crown, and supported at their base by the arms of the late Prince Consort on one side, and on the other by those of the Prince of Wales. Ribbons, on which the respective mottoes are emblazoned, are gracefully twined. Between the two lower heraldic achievements is a white lily bending down over a broken rose, with the word "Frogmore" upon the background of the rose. To the right of the Prince of Wales's shield is the figure of an infant boy, looking up at a full-blown rose, which stands erect upon its stem, with a white lily beside it; and immediately over the child is a bunch of snowdrops, emblematical of Spring. The entire group of armorial bearings is encircled by the rose, thistle, and shamrock, displayed with much taste. Beneath this panel are inscribed, over the date, "1864," the young prince's names, "Albert Victor Christian Edward of Wales;" and in an oblong panel below, "Born January 8th; Baptised March 10th." The spectator standing in front of the work will see on the right of the panel just described, a figure of Hope, and on the left, Faith, each placed in a niche; and behind, also in a niche, is a group representing Charity; these figures are in oxydised silver, and are beautifully modelled by Mr. Theed. At the side of each are lilies, in enamel. Upon the frieze, over the figure of Faith, are the words "Walk as he walked—in Faith;" the last word being placed in bold lettering under the figure. Over that of Hope we read, "Strive as he strove—in Hope." Over Charity, "Think as he thought—in Charity." The final word of each text also standing underneath its own representative. Again: over Faith is a lily of purity, over Hope a water-lily, having reference to the baptism of the royal infant; and over Charity is a lily of the valley.

On a second principal panel are the arms of the Queen and the Prince Consort, below which is the following verse:—

Fight the good fight he fought, and still like him
Cherish the flowers of Purity and Love:
So shall he, when thy earthly joys grow dim,
First greet thee in our Saviour's home above.

On the remaining side panel, the third, are the arms of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and beneath the verse:—

Walk as he walked in faith and righteousness:
Strive as he strove, the weak and poor to aid.
Seek not thyself but other men to bless;
So win like him a wreath that will not fade.

The three simple but expressly appropriate verses were written by Mrs. Prothero, wife of the Rector of Whippingham, near Osborne.

The base of the pedestal shows two steps, the upper surface of which slopes, to exhibit some elegant ornamental work. The front of the higher step, which is deep, is of ebony; it is, in fact, a broad mourning band, set with silver stars at equal distances. These symbolise the heaven wherein the Prince Consort now dwells.

This short description of a costly and most artistic work will give some idea of the mind and thought which have been expended upon it, but it will convey none of the manner in which it has been executed, nor of the splendid effect produced by the combination of silver and gold, with the gorgeous colouring of the enamelled flowers, armorial bearings, &c., &c. And yet so thoroughly have these been "kept down," to adopt an artist's phrase, that the most perfect harmony prevails everywhere. As a work of Art-manufacture it well maintains the high reputation of the firm of Messrs. Elkington. As a loving gift to her grandson, and, at the same time, as a tribute to the Prince whose loss a nation yet deplores, it does honour to the devoted affection of the Queen, who, we have reason to know, took especial interest in it throughout, and has expressed entire satisfaction with the result. So also has H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

PICTURE SALE.

The collection of drawings and paintings left by the late Mr. R. H. Grundy, of Liverpool, the well-known dealer, was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, towards the close of last year, by order of the administrator, at the gallery in Liverpool. The more important drawings were, three by Birket Foster, 'Landscape with a Flock of Sheep,' 84 gs. (Vokins); 'Straw-Stacking,' 51 gs. (McLean); 'The Sheep-boy,' 57 gs. (Vokins); 'Rouen,' S. Prout, 148 gs. (Vokins); 'Ruins in Rome,' S. Prout, 150 gs. (Bell); 'Vespers,' G. Cattermole, 86 gs. (Grindley); 'Cow and Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 87 gs. (Lloyd); 'Harvest in the Highlands,' a copy in water-colours, by Woodman, of the celebrated picture by Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., and Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 130 gs. (Lloyd); 'Bolsover Castle,' D. Cox, 90 gs. (Agnew); 'Lancaster Sands,' D. Cox, 95 gs. (Agnew); 'Scene in the Highlands,' T. M. Richardson, 82 gs. (Agnew); 'View on the Rhine,' S. Prout, 91 gs. (Lloyd); 'Welsh Scenery,' with a horseman and sheep, D. Cox, 145 gs. (Agnew). The oil pictures included 'Minna and Brenda,' C. Baxter, 210 gs. (R. Brown); 'The Slide; a View near Edinburgh,' J. Ritchie, 110 gs. (Grindley); 'An Italian Flower-Girl,' Portaels, 155 gs. (Grindley); 'Lost Illusions,' Gleyre, a *replica* of the picture in the Luxembourg, 80 gs. (Isaac); 'The Christening,' Ary Scheffer, 85 gs. (Isaac); 'The Image of Mamma,' Schlesinger, 200 gs. (Walker). The sale, which included a set of engravings of Turner's 'England and Wales,' *artist's proofs*, bought by Messrs. Vokins for 185 gs., and numerous objects in porcelain, bronze, and cabinet-work, realised a total of £17,602.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

The improvement which the public will not fail to recognise in the exhibition of the present year, has surely long been grievously needed. It may indeed have been the special mission of this well-meaning society to give a chance of sale to works of a quality which could not otherwise find opportunity of making their merits known. But certain it is, that in the faithful prosecution of this praiseworthy intent, the managers of the exhibition have put the critic—especially when disposed to be friendly—to severe trial. It has indeed been very hard to give a word of praise, and yet preserve even the semblance of truth. We rejoice, then, to know that in the present season our task becomes more pleasant. Very many of the works in this gallery need crave no indulgence; it is not too much to say that upon these walls there are some drawings at least which would adorn any of the more exclusive exhibitions. Furthermore, the collection has points of interest peculiarly its own: here is a common ground whereon amateurs and professional artists can contend on equal terms; each, it may be, to the improvement of the other. And thus, from the free access given to all comers, a new name is here and there brought into notice, and talent hitherto committed to obscurity has been permitted to see the light. An exhibition thus varied and tolerant, may find in its consequent novelty some compensation for its possible lack of comparative merit. We will now proceed to make selections from the four hundred works which represent a formidable list of one hundred and fifty members or exhibitors.

Let us begin close to the very beginning. No. 2 brings us to 'Eton College,' a drawing dexterous in play of hand, and pleasing in harmony of tone, executed by Miss S. S. Warren, who bears a name which is in itself a guarantee. We notice in another of this lady's numerous contributions more than common facility in the "tree touch," which, if not pushed to the mannerism of self-repetition, may be developed into a style that shall be free as spontaneous growth in nature. Mrs. Mitchell contributes a clever, rapid sketch, 'The Pope's Palace, Avignon;' the outlines are traced with a certain hand, and the fascination of colour has been got readily by rapid washes over a rough, absorbent paper. This is remarkably good amateur work. Miss Maria Gastineau clings to the old transparent style of water colour wherewith the family name has been long associated in another gallery. A drawing on the 'West Coast of Scotland,' by this artist, is simple in its gamut of harmonious grey. Another drawing, 'In the Pass of Glen Coe,' contains passages of real merit, which are only marred in the final result by that want of completeness and thoroughness which, in woman's work especially, so constantly stands in the way of absolute success. 'An old Craft under repair,' by H. A. Seymour, is a study of much pluck and power; the detail of plank and cordage is emphasised with point and purpose; and even the difficulty presented by the foreshortened side of the huge hulk has been in good degree surmounted. The contributions of Lady Dunbar, gleanings from foreign travel, such as 'The Bay of Algiers,' arrest the eye by panoramic grandeur and brilliancy of effect. Tropical vegetation comes well into the foreground, but for the most part the execution is scarcely on a par with the motive. The pictures of Madame Bodichon place us, as usual, in perplexity. The artist seems herself to be divided between the natural, the non-natural, and the supernatural. She would be quite at home in an eclipse, an earthquake, a volcano, a hurricane, or the crack of doom. Hence it is that her genius is too vast for a simple subject. King Lear in the storm might suggest a congenial theme: "Howl, howl, howl," till "heaven's vault should crack." Accordingly, in preparation, it may be, for such a topic, a study is here made of the 'Wind,' even in its wildest and most relentless moods. The poor trees, sorely vexed, tremble to their very roots. Gaspar Poussin, in the well-known picture in our National Gallery, has depicted a storm with equal truth and grandeur, and more of beauty and dramatic variety. The majority of works in the exhibition cannot, of course, swell with like windy ambition. Miss M. E. A. Pyne sends a mere 'Sketch from Nature,' which, though amazingly slight, is delightful in its concord of grey greens, and has a manner truly artistic. The several sketches of Miss Townsend, such as those at Southsea and Southampton, are of exceptional beauty. The colour is fervent yet delicate, and a sense of poetry is made to suffuse the scene.

The performances in oil are, for the most part, of a juvenile character, as if the material did not conform itself agreeably to female use. There are a few ladies, however, who show themselves proficient in the art. Mrs. J. F. Herring, in 'The Homestead,' is habituated to a well-known manner. Miss C. F. Williams, in such landscapes as 'On the Thames near Wallingford,' and 'Near Cookham,' is true to family traditions. Mrs. Robertson Blaine, a lady "patroness," paints the 'Jungfrau' and 'The Tombs near Cairo,' with a will and a mastery seldom belonging to an amateur. Mrs. Dundas gives to 'The Pomeranian Dog' the clever countenance which pertains to the species; 'The Skye Terrier' is also another proof of how much at home this painter is with the dogs; 'A Snipe' likewise shows that the lady extends her sympathies to the birds. Fanny Assenbaum, who dates from Prague, paints nature after the fashion of the Dusseldorf school.

We will now pass to attempts at figure-painting, a department it is always perilous to enter without studied preparation. In oils we have several aspirants to honours. That Cecile Terrere has been endowed with no ordinary artistic gifts, is at once apparent on a glance at 'La Petite Fille Bretonne.' The eye for colour has, however, here lost its harmonics, and sense of proportion has been strangely wanting in the placing of this head within its frame, where, to use a common phrase, "much canvas is to let." Nevertheless, no one will gainsay that the features of the homely peasant face are painted with the firm precision which comes of knowledge. The mouth, the eyes, and the nose have assuredly in them the calm look of nature. 'Etude d'Accessoires,' by the same painter, is indeed thorough artist-work. Another good head may be seen close by, that of 'Helena,' by J. H. Humphreys; unwonted force is gained by the contrast that black affords. Two portraits should here be noticed, less as works of Art than for the sitters' sake, a distinction which is known to divide in purpose the National Gallery from the Portrait Gallery. 'Miss Bessie Parkes' and 'Mme. Bodichon' are put before the world by Mrs. Goodman in opaque and crude colours. Miss Charlotte Babb has tried to give to a Shakspere subject Venetian harmonies; the secret of the school, however, is as yet hid from the artist. Kate Swift, who really is a painter of more than promise, thinks it safest to put her trust in negatives. Her colouring is the converse of Venetian; yet, though abstemious, she sets on her palette more colours than she knows how to reduce to harmony. She should learn the use of intermediate tones. 'The Sister's Lesson' has a sweet simplicity which pleasantly recalls the style of Edouard Frere. In another picture by this artist, 'Train up a Child in the way it should go,' as well as in some other works in the Exhibition, we seem to trace the influence upon the English school of a picture in the National Gallery, often copied and greatly lauded, at least by ladies, Dyckmann's 'Blind Beggar.' We trust that our "female artists" may not fall into the snare. If they do, they will certainly have at least one speciality exclusively their own; for "male artists" have not as yet taken to this line.

The figure subjects in water colours need not detain us long. 'The Pet,' by Mrs. Backhouse, is painted with a vigour not free from violence. 'Whom love first touched with others' woe' is of a soft sentiment which requires more anatomy for its safe support. 'Children of the Campagna,' by Agnes Bouvier, are in the same pleasing but painful predicament. 'A Tyrolese Girl returning from a Pilgrimage,' by Miss Beresford, has considerable merit, but the due relation is not preserved between the brilliant red on the figure and the purple which shadows mountain and sky. 'Two Boulogne Fisher Girls,' and a 'Boulogne Shrimper,' by Miss Adelaide Burgess, recall pictures we have seen elsewhere. A striking effect is gained by strength of contrast between the positive colour on the figures and the neutral grey tone cast over sea and sky. The trick when once discovered is not difficult of repetition. Miss Rose Rayner's sketch of 'A Wandering Russian Pole' is to be commended for firm precision of drawing; the study, however, suffers injury from the monotonous green which usurps the background. 'Beatrice,' by Mrs. W. Hannay, is a head not unworthy of Sant or of Baxter. The type is of winning beauty, and the execution has a facility reined in by discretion. We have reserved for the utmost praise which in this gallery it were just to bestow, three drawings: two by Miss Royal, and a third which owns to the name, already favourably known, of Florence Claxton. 'La Brunette' and 'La Blonde' are companion yet rival beauties, moulded in ideal types, and mellowed by romantic sentiment. Miss Royal gives to the skin and complexion delicious softness and transparency, and the hair is thrown about as from nature's toilette. The clever "sketches," five or six in one frame, by Florence Claxton, are in fact so many sly satires thrust at divers phases of our modern female pharisees, under the several titles of 'The Chapel,' 'The Oratory,' 'The Synagogue,' 'The Friends' Meeting,' and 'St. George's, Hanover Square.' The idea is good, the moral pointed, and the satire keen.

Picturesque street scenes, and architecture crumbling under the hand of time, "female artists," from some latent cause yet to be discovered, appear to paint with peculiar aptitude. Margaret Rayner's old 'Church at Hastings' is a most graphic portraiture. Louise Rayner's 'Market at Chester' is, in fact, too true. Confusion and over-crowding may be in markets inevitable, but in pictures these evils should find artistic remedy. Without method the best of materials are marred. Fanny Rayner, the third who bears the worthy name, has been, in 'The Chapel of the Virgin, Dieppe,' true to the Art-faith and practice of her family. Several street scenes, by Isabella Jones, especially that in which an old house at Tewkesbury figures as the venerable hero, are painted with not only praiseworthy diligence, but consummatability.

In a ladies' exhibition a line must be reserved for fruits and flowers. Deep is the autumnal harmony which Miss H. Harrison intones; fervent are the colours which Miss Emma Walter pours out copiously. But oh for water to slack this fire! is there no cool draught to allay the burning thirst? no shadow as a refuge from the heat? The artist who would not push colour to an intolerable tyranny should plunge deeply into cool depths of liquid grey. Charlotte James has a way of treating flowers and fruits which escapes the usual routine of gaudy show. She can throw too the petal and the deep flower cup into perspective, and her tendrils and leafy sprays flow in grace unrestrained. The flowers she paints are happy in the air they breathe. A. M. Fitzjames and others paint primroses and birds' nests after the recipe left to posterity by the late William Hunt.

In conclusion we wish to claim for this exhibition, notwithstanding its shortcomings, kindly consideration. The enterprise is not to be measured wholly by an Art standard, it is also to be esteemed as a social aspiration. Miss Bessie Parkes and other ladies give to the praiseworthy effort their support, as one among the many ways, all but too few, whereby woman may find a vocation, and by work not uncongenial to a lady make a livelihood or add to the resources of a household. The painting of pictures is certainly an advance on embroidery, work in Berlin wool, or ordinary sewing, under the inanity and drudgery whereof the female intellect has suffered torture and degradation. We hail as a good sign of the times each fresh effort to find for woman additional fields of labour which may give the promise of honour and reward.

GLASS: ITS MANUFACTURE AND EXAMPLES.

BY WILLIAM CHAFFERS, F.S.A.

PART II.—SAXON, ARABIC, PERSIAN, AND EARLY VENETIAN GLASS.

In various parts of Europe, especially northward, low mounds of earth are seen on the downs and uncultivated spots which have not yet been levelled by the plough; they are the burial places of a heathen race of men who inhabited these countries in the fifth and seventh centuries, immediately preceding the general spread of Christianity in the west. Immense numbers have, in the course of time, been entirely obliterated, at least on the surface of the soil. These graves contain the bodies of the Franks and Saxons, who invaded and dwelt amongst us for two or three centuries, and were, after death, usually placed in large groups, forming cemeteries for particular districts. To give some idea of their extent it may be mentioned that the Rev. Bryan Faussett, who was the first to devote especial attention to these relics, and who made an extensive collection of them between the years 1760 and 1775, opened, in the county of Kent alone, no fewer than eight hundred Anglo-Saxon graves; and the investigations since made in the same county by the late Lord Londesborough, Messrs. Rolfe, Wright, Roach Smith, Akerman, and others, prove that the mine is yet far from exhausted. The usual contents of these graves consist of the skeleton, iron weapons, and bosses or umbos of shields, personal ornaments of gold and gilt metal, set with stones, beads, &c. At the feet are also found earthenware vases, glass cups, and occasionally a small bucket or wine pail.

The glass cups are well-formed, and are sometimes ornamented with bosses or channeled; they are usually pointed at the end or rounded off in such a manner that they could not stand upright on a table, but must be emptied of their contents. These were probably the Saxon romekins from which our rummer or tumbler was derived, the name being still retained in the seventeenth century; thus in Davenant's old play of *The Wits* (Act IV. scene 1) he says, "Wine ever flowing in large *Saxon romekins* about my board."

The forms of these glass cups, as well as their decorations, are almost identical, whether from a Frankish grave in Germany, or an Anglo-Saxon grave in England; hence it may be inferred they were made somewhere on the banks of the Rhine, being found there more abundantly than elsewhere, and we have the evidence of Bede, who tells us that in the seventh century the art of glass-making was unknown in Britain.

"Abbot Benedict," he says, "also brought over artificers from France skilled in making of glass which till then had been unknown in Britain, wherewith he glazed the windows of the church of Weremouth, and taught the English the art of glass-making." This was in A.D. 674, and is one of the earliest historical notices we have of glass-making subsequent to the Roman period.

The following description of a fragment of a curious glass vessel found by the side of a skeleton at Chatteris, in the Isle of Ely, mentioned by Dr. Stukely, will be identified as Anglo-Saxon. He says, "What I believe our present glass-makers cannot perform, many pipes proceeded from it, but closed—I think ten in number. I never saw one like it, nor can I conjecture what its purpose was."

Fig. 1 is a glass cup found in a Saxon grave, ornamented with elongated hollow pyriform bosses, the pointed ends being attached to the side of the vessel. The cups



Fig. 1.

are not usually of such intricate workmanship, but of similar form, either quite plain or with moulded vertical ribs in slight relief.

ORIENTAL GLASS. DAMASCUS.

The Greeks of Constantinople had discovered the mode of ornamenting glass by enamel painting; and the process is described by Theophilus in the chapter entitled "*De diversis vitri coloribus;*" and the Arabs of Bagdad and Damascus had still retained all the splendid manufactures, and Damascus, while under their dominion, produced the best specimens of the industrial Arts, supplying all Europe with its decorative productions, especially in pottery and glass, up to its decline in the fourteenth century. When we read of glass in inventories of the fourteenth century the description generally refers to its oriental origin; and it is probable that previous to the fifteenth century no vases of glass of a decorative character were made in Western Europe; the East, in this, as in most other industrial Arts, preceding and excelling the West. Hence they were so much prized that we most frequently find them preserved in Royal collections only. Thus, in the inventories of the Duke of Anjou, 1360—

"Deux Flascons de voirre ouvres d'azur *de l'ouvrage de Damas*, dont les anses et le col sont de mesme."

In the inventory of Charles V., 1379, we read the following:—

"Trois pots de voirre rouge à *la façon de Damas*."

"Ung petit voirre, ouvré par dehors à ymages à *la façon de Damas*."

"Une lampe de voirre, ouvrée *en façon de Damas*."

"Un tres petit hanap de voirre *en la façon de Damas*."

"Un baçin plat de voirre *peint à façon de Damas*."

Again in the inventory of Charles VI., 1399:—

"Une couppe de voirre *peint à la Morisque*."

The glass of which these Arabic vessels are composed is of a brownish white, transparent, but having numerous air-bubbles, specks, and striæ in its substance. They derive their great beauty from their enamelled decorations and gilding, frequently applied in large bright masses, having usually Arabic inscriptions, recording, sometimes, the names of the sultans in whose reign they were made, or passages from the Khoran, or valedictory mottoes. Their form is quite oriental; yet, notwithstanding, some antiquaries, whose judgment on most matters is deservedly entitled to attention, have considered them to be of early Venetian manufacture.

Fig. 2 is an oriental glass lamp, brilliantly enamelled; the upper part, or neck, in form of a truncated cone inverted, which rests upon a globular body, slightly angular, with six glass loops attached for suspension, resting on a foot. On the upper part are medallions enclosing a devise of a red chalice with a red lunette above and a black one below; between these are inscriptions in blue characters which have been translated by the well-known oriental scholar Edward Stanley Poole, Esq., as follows:—"God is the light of the heavens and the earth, the similitude of his light is as a niche in which is a lamp." (Koran c. xxiv., v. 35). On the body the inscriptions are left white, outlined in red and filled in between with blue; these state that the lamp was made by the Emeer Sheykhoo, a contemporary of the Sultan Hasan, who began his reign in A.D. 1347, at the age of thirteen years, and reigned fourteen years. In 1356 the sultan built a fine mosque at Cairo, which still exists, and in the principal place of prayer are hung, along each side of the walls, lamps like this, which perhaps came from that edifice.

A very fine specimen of Arabic glass is the lamp formerly belonging to Mr. J. W. Wild, now secured for the museum of Art at South Kensington. It bears an inscription in coloured enamel heightened with gold divided by flowers; on the foot are rude representations of three seated figures; between the principal ornaments are delicate scrolls and arabesques; it is 10½ inches high. The inscription has been thus rendered—"Made for his exalted Highness the princely Kafour el Roumel, Treasurer to El Malek es Saleh; may his victories be exalted." It is attributed to the thirteenth or fourteenth century.



Fig. 2.

These Arabic vessels are now scarce, and much appreciated by amateurs and men of taste. It is, however, only within the last few years their real value has become generally known; it was not understood; and even quite recently they have been purchased in Italy at an absurdly low price. The beautiful and important bason and bottle in possession of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, worth their weight in gold, were bought for him by a dealer for a few pounds. A wonderful bottle in the Soltikoff Collection was bought at an auction in Cologne for a very small sum; and many other instances might be cited. Mr. Hollingworth Magniac

is the possessor of another very brilliant vase covered with enamelled inscriptions and rich gilding.

In the museum of Chatres is a drinking cup called the "Verre de Charlemagne," in form like a straight-sided goblet, the edge turned outwards, supported by a Gothic metal stem and foot; the entire height 8⅝ inches. Round its centre is an interlaced angular design gilt; on the field between are blue and white enamel spots, at the top is an Arabic inscription in gold edged with red, thus interpreted—"May his glory be eternal, his life long and free from malady, his lot happy, fortune always propitious and prosperous." This cup formerly belonged to the Abbey de la Madelaine at Châteaudun, and the tradition is that it was presented by Haroun al Rashid to Charlemagne, but the character of the letters and ornament are of the fourteenth century. M. Rénaud thinks it may have been brought by one of the Crusaders in the thirteenth century and placed on the altar of the abbey church in token of his visit to the East.

The "Luck of Edenhall," preserved with scrupulous care in the Musgrave family, is a piece of Oriental glass of the fifteenth century. It is a cylindrical cup, like the preceding, with expanding lip, 6¾ inches high, with white escalloped bands, blue scrolls, and yellow and red leaves in enamel colours. According to tradition, it was snatched by one of the family from some fairies who were regaling themselves at the well of St. Bridget. The fairy train, on being surprised, vanished, crying aloud—

"If this glass do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

It is preserved in a *cuir-bouilli* case of the sixteenth century.

We have evidence that in Persia glass-making was brought to great perfection so early as the sixth century, A.D. In the Bibliothèque at Paris is preserved the well-known specimen called the cup of Chosroes, who was king of Persia, A.D. 531—579. This cup is ornamented with three rows of circular medallions, alternately white and crimson, with rosettes, the quadrilateral spaces between being green. The whole of the glass is decorated in relief, and has evidently been cast in moulds; the medallions are inserted like the parts of a painted window, but by fillets of gold. At the bottom of the bowl is a central medallion of crystal, on which is sculptured in relief a figure of Chosroes.



Fig. 3.

In more recent times the Persian glass was ornamented with a conventional sort of decoration, in enamel colours, of flowers, frequently highly finished and vividly coloured, leaves, interlaced scrolls, &c., some of which were copied by the Venetians in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the collection of Mr. Napier, of Shandon, is a fine Venetian glass ewer, with a Persian design of light green leaves and flowers; and a tazza of similar character is in that of Mr. Slade.

Fig. 3 is a Persian burette, with handle and spout of dark blue glass, richly gilt, interlaced bands, with bouquets in the squares between. It seems to be of the seventeenth century.

VENETIAN GLASS.

The Venetians acquired the art of making glass from the East, either from the Greek artists of Byzantium, when that city was conquered by the Latins, in 1204, in which conquest they largely participated, or at an earlier period; for it is recorded that so early as the beginning of the ninth century they traded with the ports of Egypt and Syria; and when, in 1122, the King of Jerusalem requested the assistance of the Venetian navy at the siege of Tyre, the stipulation was, that they should possess a third part of the city, and receive an annual sum of 300 bezants. Tyre at that time was a great mart for glass. Benjamin of Tudela, whose travels date from 1160 to 1171, states that he found four hundred Jews resident in Tyre, who were glass-blowers. In the twelfth century the Venetians and Genoese had both settlements at Tyre; and as late as the fourteenth century the Venetians had still a colony at the same place.

The manufacture, from a variety of fortuitous circumstances, kept on progressing with the time, and they continued making such descriptions of glass as were most suitable for foreign markets, of which, perhaps, beads, coloured stones, and jewels, were the staple commodity; these they exported in large quantities to Asia and Africa.

From the end of the thirteenth century we may learn the importance of the glass trade by the decrees issued by the Venetian Government for its regulation. In 1291, in consequence of the numerous fires which occurred in the city, all the glass houses were removed to an adjacent island called Murano.

It does not appear, however, that they produced any decorative glass vessels before the fourteenth century, as no undoubted specimens are preserved of an earlier date: but at the time of the fall of Damascus, in 1453, they had already nearly monopolised the manufacture of glass.

At the end of the fourteenth century the Venetians exported their glass wares by ship loads to various ports of Western Europe, as appears by the following memorandum in the inventory of the Duke of Burgundy:—

1394. "Philip Duc de Borgogne nous voulons que vous payez, pour deux singes, treize francs; pour sèze voirres et une escuelle de voirre, des voirres que les galées de Venise ont avan apportez en nostre pays de Flandres (au port de l'Escluse) quatre francs."

Nearly a century later we find the glass vessels so much esteemed that they were mounted in gold. In the same inventory we read—

1470. "Ung pot de voirre de Venise, jaune, garny d'or, hault et bas et de vingt perles pendant autour du col, à devise de fusilz, prisié à lx liv."

Fig. 4 is a lofty standing cup and cover, in Mr. Slade's collection. The body of the vase is ornamented with oblique gilt ribs, and round the top is a band of gilt imbricated pattern, with blue enamel dots and pearl border. At its junction with the stem is a denticulated rim of red, blue, and gold; gold ribs on the stem; and round the foot is a border of opaque white rings, strung together by a red cord. The cover is also ribbed with gold, surmounted by a flattened knob, on which has been originally painted a coat of arms, purposely erased. This important vase is probably of the latter half of the fifteenth century. Height 16½ inches.



Fig. 4.

Some of these early specimens are of an exceedingly fine sapphire. The art of producing this colour is unknown.

Cocceius Sabellicus, a Venetian historian, speaking of the productions of the glass manufactories in his time (fifteenth century) says:—

"In mille varios colores, innumerasque formas cæperunt (hominum ingeniâ) materiam inflectere; hinc calices, phialæ, canthari, lebetes, cadi, candelabra, omnis generis animalia, cornua, segmenta, monilia; hinc quidquid potest mortalium oculos oblectare, et quod vix vita ausa esset sperare . . . . magna exparte vicus hujusmodi fervet officinis."

Here we have an enumeration of the vessels then made, and the writer bestows his praise upon the thousand colours, the innumerable forms into which, by human ingenuity, they were shaped, delighting the eyes of mortal men.

Sabellicus here clearly alludes to the enamel colours with which the vessels were



Fig. 5.

decorated, but does not make any allusion to the filagree ornaments (*vitro di trina*),

which he certainly would have done, had the discovery been made at that time.

Fig. 5 is a Goblet of rich sapphire glass, ornamented with gilt devices of leaves and white enamel flowers, gold chain pattern at top and bottom, pearl borders, on the lower part a denticulated rim, ribbed and gilt stem and foot. Height 6⅛ inches.

Little or nothing is known of the technical working of the early Venetian glass manufactories. All the workings of that secret craft are to the present day a mystery—a sealed book. Silent as the grave were the workmen, and the grave would have been their doom had they dared to divulge the secrets of the manufacture, for notwithstanding the strict surveillance to which they were subjected by the great Council, it was also enacted by one of their statutes in the sixteenth century, that "if a workman transport his art into a foreign country, to the injury of the Republic, a message shall be sent to him to return; if he do not obey, the persons most nearly related to him shall be put into prison. If, notwithstanding the imprisonment of his relatives, he persist in remaining abroad, an emissary shall be commissioned to put him to death."

M. Daru ("Histoire de la République de Venise," from whence the preceding decree is taken) cites two instances of the execution of this severe punishment on some workmen who had deserted into the service of the Emperor Leopold. On the other hand, those who remained faithful to the service were loaded with favours, especial privileges and immunities accorded them, and taxes were remitted unto the residents of the island of Murano. Honourable distinctions were also conferred upon the most distinguished glass-makers. Such were the means adopted to carry out the decrees of the Republic, and retain amongst themselves the exclusive monopoly of the trade which they had already for many years secured, in order that, as stated in the concluding words of one of their statutes of the year 1383:—

"Ut ars tam nobilis stet et permaneat in loco Muriani."

The earliest vessels of Venetian manufacture that have been handed down to us, are those which are ornamented with enamel painting and gilding. Their origin may clearly be traced to the Arabic vases of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries before described, although the Venetian are not earlier than the close of the fifteenth. The characteristics of these are imbricated gold borders, studded with enamel gems, the principal subjects being painted in enamel colours. This imbricated pattern was much in vogue amongst the artists of the end of the fifteenth century, and is repeatedly seen on the majolica ware of Urbino, as borders on the portrait plates and others.

On closely examining the gilding of these vessels, it will be observed that the gold has a granulated appearance, as though an impalpable powder of that metal was diffused over it. The imbrications are produced by a sharp point, which removes the gold and forms the pattern. This is called *semé d'or*, in contradistinction to plain surface gilding, and the method employed was perhaps the same as that described by Blancourt ("Art of Glass"), seventeenth century. "Take a glass and moisten it everywhere you desire to gild with gum water, and lay on your gold-leaf, letting it dry. This done, run the gold over with water wherein borax has been dissolved, and so dust it with impalpable powder of glass. Set it afterwards by degrees into your furnace, until it become red hot, and the powder on the gilding be melted and run; then draw it out leisurely, letting it cool at the mouth of the furnace, and you will have your glass very finely gilded, so that nothing in nature can spoil it unless it be broken."

Fig. 6 is a rare cylindrical goblet of rich emerald green glass, standing on a bulbed and fluted stem, enriched with powdered gold. The bowl is ornamented with gold and jewelled bands at top and bottom, having between, two medallions painted with male and female portraits in the costume of the latter part of the fifteenth century, supported by cupids, and surrounded by garlands. The male bust has long hair curled and flowing down the back, clad in a brown habit closely fitting round the neck: on a scroll before him is the motto—"AMOR VOL FEE." The female has a plait of hair on the top of her head, and ringlets encircling her face: she is smelling a bouquet. From the De Bruge and Soltykoff Collections. Height 8¾ inches.

To show the estimation in which these choice pieces of early Venetian glass are now



Fig. 6.

held, we may mention the fact that, at the recent sale of Prince Soltykoff's Collection in Paris, this goblet was offered to public competition, where, notwithstanding the desire of the *Surintendant des Beaux Arts* and other amateurs to retain it in that country, and the strenuous opposition offered, it was adjudged to Mr. Felix Slade for 6,000 francs.



Fig. 7.

Fig. 7 represents a green glass vase of the rare Murano emerald colour, fluted on the neck and upper part of the body, mounted in ormolu with two scroll handles, supported by four vertical bands ornamented with masks, attached to a metal foot; fifteenth century. Height 9¾ inches.

Fig. 8 is a wine-glass, plain bowl, twisted stem; at right angles is a projecting tulip of opaque red and white enamel, and three green leaves. Height 6¾ inches. From the Bernal Collection.

Fig. 9 is an elegant bottle, spherical, long neck, ornamented with plain opaque white lines from top to bottom, two belts of crinkled glass round the neck, pewter stopper. Height 14⅛ inches.

Fig. 10 is a tall drinking-glass, etched with the diamond with a coat-of-arms and a courtier in the costume of Charles II.'s time, birds and flowers between, on a short baluster stem; seventeenth century. Height 15¾ inches.

Fig. 11 is a bouquetier, long fluted body, compressed into bulbs, the neck curved



Fig. 12. *Fig.* 11. *Fig.* 10. *Fig.* 9. *Fig.* 8.

forward, pear-shaped aperture, edged with blue, and blue scroll handles. Height 13 inches.

Fig. 12 is a pilgrim's bottle, oviform, with loops for suspension, ornamented with vertical lines of latticinio; seventeenth century. Height 10½ inches. All these are in Mr. Slade's collection.*

* To be continued.

OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES LOCKE EASTLAKE, P.R.A., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c.

AFTER several months of indisposition, more or less severe in its character, the President of the Royal Academy has succumbed to the disease from which he so long suffered. His death took place at Pisa, whither he had gone for the winter, at the end of December. The event could not be matter of surprise to those who knew the nature of his malady, and his extremely delicate constitution; for though tidings of improved health had reached England a short time previously to the announcement of his death, but little dependence was to be placed on its continuance.

Sir Charles Eastlake had reached the allotted span of life. He was born, in 1793, at Plymouth, Devonshire, a county that has given birth to some of our most distinguished painters—Reynolds, Haydon, S. Prout, and others. His father, a solicitor in extensive practice, sent his son to be educated at the Charter-house, in London. Whatever profession it was intended he should follow, it was quite evident the youth had made up his mind to be an artist; a determination he formed, it is said, by seeing Haydon's fine picture of 'The Death of Dentatus,' which young Eastlake saw in Plymouth. Accordingly he came up to London, and entered the schools of the Royal Academy, where he studied for two or three years under that strange son of genius, Fuseli. In 1817 he set out for Italy, where he remained two years, and then, accompanied by the late Sir Charles Barry, R.A., who was also abroad for the purposes of study, and other friends, he visited Greece and Sicily, returning, at the expiration of a year, to Rome, which for some time he made his place of residence; so late as 1829 a picture exhibited at the Academy appears to have been forwarded thither from Rome.

A retrospect of the principal pictures painted by this artist will show, even by their titles, how much his mind and feelings had become identified with Italy; while his manner of painting was, as evidently, borrowed from the Art of the country. Taking these pictures in their chronological order, we find him exhibiting 'A Girl of Albano leading a Blind Woman to Mass;' 'Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome;' 'A Contadina Family taken Prisoners by Banditti;' 'An Italian Family;' 'Italian Peasant Woman fainting from the bite of a Serpent;' 'The Escape of Francesco Ferrara;' 'Italian Peasants on a Pilgrimage;' 'Gaston de Foix before the Battle of Ravenna;' 'La Svegliarina;' 'The Salutation of the Aged Friar,' and others. His visit to Greece also bore its fruits in his 'Isidora repelling the Thebans;' 'Byron's Dream;' 'Haidee, a Greek Girl;' 'An Arab Chief Selling Captives,' and 'Greek Fugitives.' But other works than these have certainly done more to make Sir Charles Eastlake popular as a painter; one, his 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' and his 'Christ Weeping over Jerusalem,' both of them subjects treated with refined sentiment in composition, and with delicacy of colour. Several of the pictures here mentioned have been engraved in the *Art-Journal*.

In 1827 he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy; three years afterwards Academician. On the death, in 1850, of Sir M. A. Shee, President of the Academy, Sir Charles Eastlake was elected in his stead, an onerous and responsible post at all times, but especially so within the last few years, when questions seriously affecting the position and interests of the Academic body have been the subject of diligent inquiry and of much discussion both in and out of Parliament. Whether the late President was equal to the emergencies of the situation—equal, that is, to the exercise of that judgment and independence in the Academic debates which could at one and the same time uphold the rights and privileges of the institution, and yet be mindful of what was due to the country at large, is a matter we do not care to entertain at present.

During the last twenty-five years of his life, Sir Charles added but little to his catalogue of paintings: duties that were performed out of his studio left him few opportunities of working in it. The "Royal Commission" on the Houses of Parliament, to which he was appointed Secretary by the late Sir Robert Peel, in 1841, occupied very much of his time. In 1843 his brother Academicians elected him Librarian; and the same year he received the appointment of Keeper of the National Gallery; the former post he resigned in 1845, and the latter in 1847; but in 1855 he was called to preside over our national collections in the capacity of Director: this post, and that in the Royal Commission, he held at the time of his death; in both his loss will, unquestionably, be severely felt.

Those who would learn more of the particulars of the late President's artistic career, we must refer to the volume of the *Art-Journal* for the year 1855, in which his name appears in the series of "British Artists."

It must fairly be admitted that the high position Sir Charles Eastlake obtained in the Art-history of his country was due far less to his talents as a painter than to his knowledge of Art, and to the general qualifications he possessed for presiding over the Academic body. His pictures, in no single instance, show remarkable genius, but they are distinguished by great delicacy of feeling, by pure taste, and by a pervading grace that never fails to win attention, though it never forces it. As a colourist they show him to have had no ideas in common with the best painters of the English school: and though he studied in the chief schools of Italy, he acquired none of the glowing tints of Titian or Giorgione; his life-size female heads, however, have, in elegance of composition and sweetness of expression, some affinity to those of Titian.

Under the Directorship of Sir Charles the National Gallery has assumed a proportion and a value for which the country ought to feel much indebted. He brought his influence and knowledge to bear in securing for it many gems of Art; and if one or two "mistakes" occurred, such errors of judgment, if we may so call them, are venial offences. It must be remembered that the purchase of pictures, and especially of those by the old masters, is very often a subject in which the most experienced connoisseurs are liable to be deceived. The genuineness of a painting is sometimes a matter of opinion, and not of unquestionable proof. To the late Director, and his able coadjutor, Mr. Wornum, we owe the present admirable arrangement and excellent preservation of the pictures in our national collection.

As Secretary to the "Royal Commission" his duties were at one time onerous, and his services were, we have reason to know, duly appreciated by those with whom he was called upon to act; and particularly by the late Prince Consort, President of the Commission. It may be presumed that his experience and judgment had much weight in the deliberations respecting the intended decorations of the Houses of Parliament—the frescoes, oil-pictures, and sculptures. Much of what has been done must only be looked upon in the light of an experiment, the result of which could only be ascertained after the lapse of years. The failure of the fresco scheme was a misfortune, and not a fault for which the Commission was responsible. We owe many, and perhaps the best, of Sir Charles Eastlake's literary works to his official connection with the Commission—such as his "Materials for a History of Oil Painting," and the various "Appendices" to the "Reports." His other principal literary publications are a translation of "Goethe on Colour," and "Notes to Kugler's Handbook of Painting." In 1849 he married Miss Rigby, daughter of Dr. Rigby, of Norwich, a lady whose name, both before and after marriage, is favourably associated with literature. Her latest book, and a very valuable one it is, is "The History of Our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art." The book was commenced by the late Mrs. Jameson, but continued and completed by Lady Eastlake.

CAPTAIN FOWKE, R.E.

On Saturday the 9th of December last, the Brompton Cemetery received the mortal remains of Captain Francis Fowke, late of the Royal Engineers, and of the South Kensington Museum. The deceased officer was born in 1824, and having gained his commission in the Engineers in his eighteenth year, he was gazetted a Captain in 1842.

Captain Fowke for several years occupied a prominent position in the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, and he also was well known to the public as the designer and architect of the building for the Great Exhibition of 1862. Since 1862 Captain Fowke was actively employed in various works more or less directly associated with the South Kensington Museum; and it is but simple justice to add that his later works are of a much more meritorious character than the unfortunate edifice that now is almost forgotten. The deceased officer deservedly enjoyed the affectionate respect of all who were personally acquainted with him; and his early removal will be sincerely regretted, not only by those with whom he was professionally associated, but also by every one of his fellow-countrymen who only knew him as an accomplished and amiable gentleman.

PHOTO-RELIEF PRINTING.

MR. WALTER WOODBURY having lately patented a new process especially adapted for the mechanical printing of photographs, the following short account will be acceptable to our readers. It differs from all other modes hitherto used, although it is based on the discovery of Mr. Mungo Ponton—that gelatine when in combination with a bichromate salt forms an insoluble substance upon exposure to light, leaving those portions of a picture which have been protected from the sun's action quite free to be washed away by ordinary immersion in water. The author of the process states that for the last fifteen months he has devoted his entire study to its perfection; and he seems so far to have succeeded with it as a practical commercial utility as to offer to present to a photographic journal of extensive circulation a specimen of his work with each copy; and in reply to an inquiry made of him when the process was brought before the

Photographic Society, he said that with this new process one individual could work off about two hundred copies per hour and at the most trivial expense, the cost, in fact, being the manual labour. Pictures may be produced on other substances than paper—opal, glass, porcelain, or any transparent media, also used as valuable objects of Art-illustration in interior decorations in a numberless variety of ways. The pictures are in fact very thin casts rather than prints, inasmuch as a colouring matter is mixed with a semi-transparent gelatinous fluid, and which gives its depths of tone in proportion to the depth of the intaglio mould which holds it. A thin, wedge-shaped vessel would exactly illustrate the property, for whereas it would be perfectly opaque at the upper thick part of the vessel, the lower would become most gradually lessened in colour. The mode then is summarily the following:—Any ordinary photographic negative is used, and a print is obtained on a piece of talc covered with the bichromate and gelatine. The action of the light is registered by the relative insolubility of these substances; after manipulation in the usual way, the film is dried and is then placed under a block of soft metal and submitted to hydraulic pressure; the perfect mould is thus taken, and which is afterwards protected by the electrotype process. Several such metal intaglio plates may be obtained from the same negative without detriment, Mr. Woodbury having taken ten or more, and all of equal sharpness. It will be seen that the entire softness of a photograph is thus secured by the very nature of the means used to impress the plate, being very different from all modes of engraving. The prints from these plates are then produced by filling the cavities with a solution of coloured gelatine, the matrix being placed in a suitable press which is made in the shape of a shallow box with a hinged lid; at the top of the lid is placed a sheet of plate glass, and which *exactly* fits when brought down on the substance intended to secure the picture, either paper or otherwise, with pressure so as to exclude from the paper or glass all the spare ink or pigment. It is allowed to remain from half a minute to a minute, according to temperature and other circumstances, when the fluid becomes fixed. The subsequent entire drying renders the relief scarcely visible; the water used being the chief bulk in the ingredients. Water-colours sold in tubes appear to answer well for the mixture used as ink.

The soft metal used for the negatives is a mixture of lead and type metal; the hydraulic pressure required, about four tons to the square inch. Printing by a similar manner by means of carbon has been also lately brought to great perfection by Messrs. Swan and Mawson, who have produced some large pictures equal in every respect to the finest photographs ever produced in the ordinary photographic way by the use of the salts of silver or uranium. We are promised specimens, and in a future number will again refer to the subject. There is, as we all know, a great uncertainty in the permanence of our photographs; scarcely any one but must have regretted the loss of some picture by fading, perhaps the representation either of a departed friend or some loved spot which can never be again recovered. We therefore feel a great degree of thankfulness to Mr. Woodbury, as well as to the perfecters of the other process to which we have alluded, for not only giving the public a cheap picture, but also one which is, in all probability, permanent. We wish them every degree of success in carrying out their discoveries. D.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy.—The death of Sir Charles Eastlake has proved a "perplexity" to the members of the Royal Academy. There has been great difficulty in finding a successor; and it is somewhat humiliating to know that among "the thirty-nine," there were but two considered likely to obtain the suffrages of the whole body. We believe we are justified in stating that the unanimous voice would have called on Maclise; but it was ascertained that he would decline the office if offered to him. There was then little or no choice. Sir Edwin Landseer will, no doubt, before this document is in the hands of the public, be the new President of the Royal Academy—the successor of Eastlake, Shee, Lawrence, West, and Reynolds. The Academy will grievously miss Sir Charles Eastlake; for he had several prominent requisites for the high office, although in others he was deficient. His timidity was so great, that he seldom did right because of his continual dread of doing wrong. He very rarely brought together the professors of Art, and never led them into contact with professors of letters. He was, at all events, a courteous gentleman, a ripe scholar, and a man of business. At the present moment, when the Academy has to contend with larger and more serious difficulties than have beset it since the foundation, it is unfortunate that there will not be a head to guide and control. It is to be feared that the coming pilot is not one who can weather the gathering storm. We have, however, seen men rise with occasion; and we may hope that so it will be with Sir Edwin Landseer. Sir Charles Eastlake was interred at Kensall Green on the 18th of January. The whole of the expenses, and they are considerable, of removing the body to England and interring it, are borne by the Royal Academy.

Lady Eastlake, it is understood, will receive one of the Crown pensions to the extent of £300 per annum.

John Gibson, R.A.—We deeply regret to find—from a letter of the *Times* correspondent in Rome, dated January 11th—that this distinguished sculptor has been struck down by paralysis. The writer says:—"Though he retains the full use of his senses, he is not expected to live." [He died on the 14th of January. In our next we shall give some particulars concerning his useful and honourable life.]

Mr. Henry O'Neil, A.R.A., is to deliver Art-lectures at the Royal Academy, about the middle of February. He holds no special appointment; but the Academy invites *any* lecturer of whom the council may approve. We believe, however, Mr. O'Neil is eminently qualified for the task.

The Paris Universal Exhibition.—The committee of the French Universal Exhibition of 1867 has decided that there shall be no days of admission gratis. The charge will be one franc, except on Friday, when it will be five. Persons who may wish to enter before ten in the morning will pay one franc extra. The price of season tickets will be one hundred francs for men, sixty francs for women, and twenty francs for children. The sum to be demanded for season tickets is unexpectedly large; there will, we imagine be few of them sold, as most persons will prefer to pay a franc daily. Our readers will not forget that the time for sending in requisitions for space expires on the 28th of this month of February. We have expressed our belief that a large number of British manufacturers will be contributors; inquiries confirm that opinion. Applications for information should be at once transmitted to Henry Cole, Esq., C.B., South Kensington.

Mr. Foley, R.A., has just completed the model for his bronze statue of Lord Herbert, to be erected in front of the War Office, Pall Mall. This work promises to rank among the very finest portrait-statues its author has produced, and to all acquainted with the unobtrusive bearing and high intellectual refinement characterising the *physique* of the lamented nobleman, it will be a matter of gratification to know how thoroughly such characteristics have been rendered by the artist. The figure, in peer's robes, is standing, the head downcast, absorbed in thought, the face partially supported by the half-closed right hand, while the left upholds the elbow of the former. The drapery forms are rich and varied, but so arranged as to sustain by their repose that sense of meditative abstraction centred in the head. We predict that this, Mr. Foley's first *out*-door work for the metropolis, will tend to revolutionise the sculptural aspect of our thoroughfares.

City of London Free Public Library.—The Corporation of the City of London has unanimously voted the use of the Guildhall, recently restored at great cost, for the purposes of an Industrial Exhibition, to be inaugurated on the 1st March next. On the motion of Mr. Thomas Lampray, F.R.G.S., of Paternoster Row, Member of the General and Executive Committees, it has been determined to devote the surplus funds towards the establishment of a Free Public Library for the City of London. Several City firms have already expressed their intention of liberally contributing to the project, and it is believed the Corporation will also lend its aid. A guarantee fund has been formed for the purpose of providing for (what it is hoped and believed is a morally impossible contingency) any deficiency that may occur in the receipts. That fund already amounts to considerably over £2,000, and guarantees for additional sums are almost daily being procured. It is intended to raise that sum to at least £5,000. Some hundreds of persons, skilled workmen and others, have applied for space forms, many of which have already been returned duly filled up. It is also contemplated to form a Loan Collection, to which several gentlemen have already expressed their willingness to contribute many articles of interest, attraction, and value, in an artistic point of view.

Statue of Mr. Guinness.—The city of Dublin is so deeply indebted to the munificent support Mr. Guinness has for long past extended to its public works and institutions, among which may be especially noted the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral, at his own private cost of £150,000, that, to mark their grateful sense of such more than princely generosity, a number of his fellow-citizens have determined on erecting his statue, in bronze, on the ground near to the cathedral. The commission for the work was at once placed in the hands of Mr. Foley, R.A.

Female School of Art.—The opening of the new class-rooms in the house in Queen Square took place on the evening of January 3rd, when Professor Donaldson read an excellent paper to the pupils and their friends, on the study and practice of the Fine Arts as applicable to females. Prior to the delivery of the address, Professor Westmacott, R.A., presented certificates of merit to two of the students, Miss Webb and Miss Manon. Drawings and designs, the work of pupils, covered the

walls of the large and well-lighted rooms. Conspicuous among these were the productions of Miss S. McGregor, Miss M. E. Julyan, Miss K. Elam, Miss E. E. Child, Miss E. Bras, and Miss A. D. Webb. The two latter ladies have obtained medals. With respect to the alterations and improvements recently made in the large and numerous class-rooms heretofore in use, a lofty sculpture-gallery, 47 feet long by 26 feet wide, has recently been erected, and supplied with the best models and other appliances for study, ample accommodation being thus provided for an increased number of students. At the present time there are about ninety students, under the direction of Miss Gann, the indefatigable lady superintendent; and with the recent additions, there is now accommodation for one hundred and fifty.

The Crystal Palace Picture Gallery.—Contributions will be received at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 5th and 6th March. It is an opportunity of which artists should avail themselves, not only as a means of giving enjoyment and instruction to hundreds of thousands, but as affording almost a certainty of sales. During the seven years of the directorship of Mr. C. W. Wass, his exertions have been "crowned" with signal success; the sales having amounted to upwards of £25,000, averaging above £3,600 annually. We believe no Provincial Institute can show so gratifying a return.

The Directorship of the National Gallery.—The Government designs to introduce several changes with reference to this office before a successor to the late Sir C. L. Eastlake is appointed.

A Statue of Andrew Marvell, the memorable representative of Hull in Parliament, is to be placed in the public hall of that town, and the commission to execute it has been given to Mr. William Day Keyworth, jun., a young artist who thus begins life under very favourable and fortunate auspices. He is we believe, a native of Hull, and the son of an established sculptor there. He has submitted to us a model of his work; and we have much satisfaction in stating that, although possibly, he may be indebted for the commission to the fact (which it would have been unjust to ignore) that Hull is his birthplace, the selection is one upon which we may entirely congratulate the corporation of that ancient port; for the result will be a production in all respects worthy of them, and of the great citizen to whom they accord honour two centuries after he became an example to patriots for all time. Mr. Keyworth has imagined Andrew Marvell moving away from the offered bribe of the monarch, who sought to buy him. The right hand is placed above the heart, the left is extended as if putting aside temptation. The *pose* is exceedingly good, the figure admirably modelled, exhibiting a knowledge of Art seldom seen in a first effort. No doubt the young artist has been taught in a safe school, but the poetry of this conception is the offspring of his own mind. This statue of Andrew Marvell will, we are sure, be one of the works of modern British sculpture of which the country will be rightly proud.

The Works of Kaulbach.—The great German artist—the greatest of living painters—has a host of admirers in England. To such it will be gratifying to know that the whole of his many works have been produced in photography by the eminent publishing house, Bruchmann of Munich, whose agents in London are Messrs. Trapp and Irion, 20, Cannon Street West. They have submitted to us a large number of these productions, ranging in size from the ordinary "carte" to a print twenty-six inches by eighteen; while of many of the pictures of the master there are admirable engravings in line. All the photographs are perfect examples of the Art.

Mr. Vernon Heath, who has obtained high renown as a photographist, has recently joined the firm of Messrs. Day; or rather become a leading member of the Company (limited) by which the extensive concern is now conducted. In that establishment Mr. Heath will have all desirable aids and appliances; while to the Company his cultivated taste, large knowledge, and practical experience will be very valuable.

Mr. Rawson Walker, of Birmingham, has issued a portfolio of photographs, which he calls "Carbonic Drawings," being very faithful transcripts of some of the most interesting objects and fair scenes in England—Windsor Castle and Richmond Hill, oaks in Sherwood Forest, Devonshire lanes, and so forth. It is a very charming collection which he thus supplies to Art-lovers; they are attractive and instructive as pictures, while they preserve many of the most valuable examples of the beautiful scenery of our country. There have been few productions of the art so desirable either as studies or as pure and varied examples of rich landscape beauties. They exhibit industry as well as genius, for the series here presented consists of thirty-six, and the "originals" must be of high finish.

Statue of Cobden.—A statue of the great statesman is to be erected, by public subscription, at the entrance to High Street, Camden Town: and the commission has been given to Messrs. W. and T. Wills, sculptors of very great ability, whose names are not so well known as they ought to be, and in time will be. The pedestal is of Portland stone, the figure of marble; the whole twenty-six feet high.

Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, has published a small engraving, by W. Holl, from a photograph by Mr. J. Hughes, of the Queen holding in her lap her grandson, Albert Victor of Wales. The *pose* of her Majesty—whose left side, as she sits on the couch bending forwards to look into the face of the royal infant, is presented to the spectator—is easy and natural; while the white robes and feathered hat of the latter produce a Rembrandtish effect in contrast with the black dress in which the Queen is habited, and with the general sombre tone of the apartment. The engraver has put some of his most delicate and finished work into the plate.

The Art-Union of London has published, as usual, its annual report, to which, however, we need not refer, as the substance of it was given in our columns when noticing the last meeting for the distribution of prizes. The pocket almanac for the present year, published by the Council of the Society, contains much information concerning the Art-Institutions of the country that will be found useful to others than artists.

Crewe Hall.—The "old mansions" are rapidly passing away; decay, fire, and railroads are removing them fast. Since Mr. S. C. Hall published his work "The Baronial Halls and Picturesque Edifices of England," no fewer than twelve of those he pictured and described have been destroyed by fire; another is now to be added to the mournful list. Crewe Hall was erected between the years 1615 and 1636, by Sir Randal Crewe, "a fortunate lawyer," who bought it, or rather bought it back, from the heirs of Sir Christopher Hamilton, who in 1578 had purchased it from the branch of the Crewe family to whom it then belonged. It was one of the most beautiful of all the mansions of the time of James I., having lost very little of its original character. Nothing of it now remains; many of its rich stores of Art have perished with it; some of the pictures were saved, but several fine landscapes and seascapes of size, by Stanfield, which filled panels in the walls of the drawing-room, were no doubt unhappily destroyed.

The Restoration of the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, so graciously undertaken at her own cost by her Majesty the Queen, is now completed, so that all has been done that could be done to reproduce what was unfortunately destroyed by fire in the course of the last summer. The original chapel was a work of the time of Henry VII., and the restored chapel is, in almost all points, a faithful reproduction of the work of the year 1505. The only important difference between the old chapel and the new is the different manner in which the shields in the ceiling have been executed; in the originals the sacred symbols and heraldic bearings were carved in bold relief, whereas now the shields have their blazon simply displayed in colour. Mr. Willement and Messrs. Hart have had the decorative works in their hands, and have executed their respective tasks with complete success.

"The Largest Chandelier in the World" is to be seen at the Agricultural Hall; it is a huge mass of crystal drops, arranged with some taste and much skill, the main object being to give the greatest possible quantity of light, for the hall is of enormous size—so spacious that one hundred men on horseback, and four hundred on foot, "caparisoned," entertain the lieges there nightly. The chandelier is the production of the renowned firm of Defries, whose works are seen not only in nearly all the public places of England, but in many parts of Europe and America. Messrs. Defries "lay themselves out" with that view: they have prodigious resources always readily available, and are consequently enabled to meet any demand with an ample supply. They obtain the co-operation of excellent artists, and in the manufacture of glass there are few by whom they are surpassed.

The Holmesdale Fine Arts Club, progressing in strength and numbers, held its second public exhibition and *soirée* a week or two since, in the Town Hall, Reigate, on which occasion the members contributed a large and interesting display of studies and sketches, which, with various other Art objects, attracted a crowded meeting, and were thrown open to public view on the following day, to the evident enjoyment of numerous visitors.

Mediæval Furniture, like mediæval architecture,—and the two ought never to be separated,—has become somewhat a fashion of our time. In the show-rooms of Messrs. Marsh and Jones, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, are several excellent specimens of such furniture, manufactured from designs by Mr. Charles Bevan, whose work shows that he has a true knowledge of the principles of mediæval art as applicable to objects of this nature. Furniture of such a description need not be ponderous, it may be made, as some of the examples testify, light and elegant while retaining its antique character, and it admits of much pleasing and effective ornamentation by means of inlaying, &c. Mr. Bevan, in his designs, is doing good service to manufacturing-Art.

REVIEWS.

MY FIRST SERMON. Engraved by T. O. BARLOW, from the Picture by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Published by AGNEW AND SONS, London and Manchester.

IT scarcely admits of a doubt whether among all the pictures painted by Mr. Millais, he ever produced one so universally attractive and admired as 'My First Sermon,' exhibited at the Academy in 1863. No one who was present at the banquet which annually precedes the opening of the gallery to the public, could feel surprise at the special allusion made to it by the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he is reported to have said, "The hearts of all of us should grow enlarged, and we should feel the happier by the touching representations of the playfulness, the innocence, and might he not add," pointing to this picture, "the *piety* of childhood." The idea is singularly happy and original, while it is carried out in a manner as truthful as it is charming. The expression of the child's face—as she sits with her eyes steadfastly, even reverentially, fixed on the preacher, and her whole mind absorbed by his discourse, as if she were trying hard to understand it—grows, the more you look at it, into one of remarkable beauty and intelligence—a simple, loveable beauty, that wins the heart of the spectator to it at once. That child most assuredly will not in vain have listened to her 'First Sermon,' though overcome by drowsiness in her 'Second Sermon,' as we saw the year after: an effect, however, which may have been caused by the preacher, or his subject, rather than by want of inclination to listen; for there are, unfortunately, men in the pulpit whose sermons woo even greybeards to slumber, especially in such high-backed, comfortably-cushioned pews as Mr. Millais's little girl occupies, which seem made for the very purpose of inviting a quiet nap unobserved by the rest of the congregation.

The engraver, Mr. Barlow, was fortunate in his subject, which he could scarcely fail to work at *con amore*: at any rate, he has done it ample justice; the tone throughout is soft and harmonious. Both as a work of Art and on account of the subject, the print must be extremely popular; it ought to be within the observation of every child, and pointed to as a model of right behaviour in church; a more practical, pleasing, and useful lesson could not be placed before the *lambs* of the pastor's flock.

THE LIFE OF MAN, Symbolised by the Months of the Year, in a Series of Illustrations by JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Remarkable as the last few years have been for producing the most perfect specimens of typography, nothing that has yet appeared surpasses, even if it equals, this book, printed at the presses of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. We mention this peculiarity first, because it is the first thing which must strike any one who opens the leaves, and takes only a superficial glance at the glossy cream-coloured paper on which both text and engravings are impressed with a clearness and delicacy most pleasant to the eye. The idea of symbolising life by the months has frequently been attempted, and sometimes carried out with ability and success, but we cannot call to mind a single instance in which the result has proved so entirely satisfactory as in this truly beautiful quarto volume. Each month is prefaced by an elaborate symbolical engraving, surrounded by ornamental borders of rich design; the four ages of man occupy respectively other pages; and the remaining pages, which, of course, fill the chief part of the book, contain, on many of them, characteristic illustrations, and on all, elegant initial letters more or less ornamental. The text consists of prose and poetical extracts from the earliest writers to the present time, judiciously selected by Mr. R. Pigott, and printed in the typographical characters of their respective periods. These passages are arranged on the page with due regard to symmetrical appearance, and the variety of type in which they are set is a novel idea and an agreeable change, regarded æsthetically, from the monotony of uniform letters.

The engravers of the large illustrations are Messrs. H. Leighton, W. T. Green, G. Dalziel, E. Dalziel, H. Harrall, and A. Gaber and Professor Bürkner, of Dresden; the emblematic devices, the ornamental decorations and initial letters are designed, it may be presumed, by Mr. John Leighton, who certainly has produced a book of rare merit and beauty, one that must abundantly satisfy by its elegance the most dainty bibliopolist, and which will find a home wherever there are the means for indulging in a *livre de luxe*, and the taste to discern and appreciate it.

HOME TREASURES. Engraved by J. H. BAKER, from the Picture by E. C. BARNES. Published by BROOKS AND SONS, London and Oxford.

Mr. Barnes's picture is one of those compositions which, from their enlarged sympathies with our nature, are sure to find popularity, even among those who have no knowledge or special love of Art. A young mother is looking down upon her infant, whom she has just taken from its bed, and who is now lying in her arms disporting in all the luxuriance of freedom of action. An elder child rests its arm on her knees, regarding the whole procedure with a countenance somewhat akin to jealousy. The figures are grouped without affectation, and the face of the mother is very sweet; but the infant's head is awkwardly posed, presenting in its outline the appearance of an elongated round block. Mr. Baker's work is sound and effective throughout. A little more reflected light on the face of the elder child would have benefited the engraving, by uniting the two masses of light on each side, and thus carrying the eye from one point to another. They are now almost separated.

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ. With an Introduction by T. TEYNMOUTH SHORE, M.A. Published by CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN.

It is indeed an honour to the Familiar of our boyhood to be brought before us thus—done up in grand quarto, with all the advantages of modern typography, and illustrated by the leading genius of the age. What a contrast between this gorgeous volume and the sixpenny edition, with "coloured plates," of fifty years ago! Mr. Shore tells us all that can be told of our old friend the Baron. Of his birth and parentage little is known; it is made clear, however, that he owes his origin to one Raspè, a German, "a renegade fellow who fled from justice, and found shelter in England," who compiled the "adventures" from various sources, and gave them to the world first in an English dress. The superb book before us has, however, many additions, "by several hands." The illustrations are of a high order; of that our readers will require no assurance. They are of course, full of humour; the accomplished artist sets no bounds to his inventive faculty. We may question, however, whether M. Doré excels in humour as thoroughly as in pathos; and we may doubt whether his great abilities might not have been better employed than in the service of the immortal liar who is scarce worthy of the dignity thus conferred upon him by Art.

THE ETHICS OF THE DUST. Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallisation. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Published by SMITH AND ELDER.

We cannot give to this book the space to which it is entitled; no other author could have written it; such a mingling of the playful with the instructive—the knowledge of the sage brought within the comprehension of the simple. It is needless to say that the language is graceful, harmonious, and often eloquent. It is Mr. Ruskin's privilege so to write—when he pleases; but there is a world of wisdom in these pages that would attract, and ought to attract, if the counsel were conveyed in words no matter how coarse. It is, however, to the beautiful morality of the volume, the careful bringing in, as perchance, an impressive lesson, when to trifle seemed the object; wiling on a young student to learn, by small health-giving doses on a lump of sugar; stimulating a wholesome appetite for knowledge; ministering to vigour of body and soul; inculcating love of God as the only sure prompter to love of neighbour; leading to the contemplation and consideration of works of nature and of Art as certain, under wise direction, to insure happiness. It is to these peculiarities in this remarkable book, far less than to its graces of composition, that we desire to direct attention. They constitute its true value. Mr. Ruskin has laid almost every class and order of society under weighty obligations; but none of his many publications are more calculated to do good than this volume for the young readers whom he here teaches to think, to reflect, and to reason on the mighty works of God and man.

LYRICAL FANCIES. By S. H. BRADBURY. Published by E. MOXON & Co., London.

Under the *nom de plume* of "Quallon," the poetical writings of Mr. Bradbury have, during some years past, met with a most favourable reception, both from critics and the public. "Edenor," a dramatic poem, "Yewdale," "Leonine," and a host of lyrics singing of all things sweet and beautiful, have achieved for their author well-merited popularity. His latest volume, "Lyrical Fancies," will add another leaf to his poetical wreath; for though the longest poem, "The Lady Vale," is a tale of sorrow, the story is told in graceful language, expressive of pure and natural thoughts. Such thoughts are characteristic of all Mr. Bradbury writes. As a rule, he loves to "lie down beside the still waters," and gather from the objects that surround him on every side all their freshness, and calmness, and loveliness. He holds pleasant converse with the scenery of Nature, and weaves her teachings and her sights into the verse of his subjects. But he talks, and very graphically, too, of other matters,—those which relate to man and his springs of action. "The Miser and his Gold" is a specimen, written with much power, of this kind of composition, and "The Artist" is another. We heartily commend his lyrics as thoroughly sound in tone, and melodious to the ear; the creations of a rightly-trained mind enriched by brilliant fancy.

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES; or, Sixty Days of America. Published by S. LOW, SON, AND MARSTON, London.

A series of very clever sketches—apparently made with pen and ink, and afterwards lithographed—by an anonymous artist, but one, nevertheless, who knows how to use his pencil in the representation of scenes both grave and gay. The work is a kind of pictorial diary, or record, of the author's journey from London to New York, then on to Richmond and Washington, just at the closing point of the late internecine war, when the dead were yet lying unburied on the fields of Petersburg and Richmond. We have, as a result of the journey, scenes on railroads and steamboats; scenes of American life, domestic and public, battle-fields and military hospitals, with numerous others, and concluding with the assassination and funeral of the late President Lincoln; a compound altogether of the humorous and the solemn. The plates are not accompanied by much text, but the author remarks that, as he was told his sketches might be somewhat meaningless, he has added a few extracts from his journal by way of description. These "notes" are amusing enough till the writer gets among the graveless dead and the ruins of cities, when his song of joyousness is turned into a low wail suited to the occasion.

The publication is, as already remarked, anonymous, but we have an idea that it is the production of one well known in the world of popular literature and journalism, who is said by those best acquainted with him to show no

little artistic skill when he pleases to take a pencil in hand. Assuming our conjecture to be right, here is ample proof of the truth of the report.

My Beautiful Lady. By Thomas Woolner. Published by Macmillan & Co., London.

Though every artist is assumed to possess, and a very large number do actually possess, some poetical feeling, it is the good fortune of but few to have the power of expressing their ideas in language that fittingly conveys the thoughts of the mind. Mr. Woolner, whose works of sculpture have obtained for him a high reputation, is also happy in finding a public so far appreciative of his poetical talent, as to demand within a comparatively short period a third edition of his poem entitled "My Beautiful Lady." We are not surprised at this; for the story of her life and death, as the one and the other affected the existence of her lover, is well narrated, although the occasional ruggedness of the versification jars somewhat on the ear. The history appears in episodical divisions, to each of which a different metre is given; hence the absence now and then of a regular flow of time, and smoothness of measure. These, however, are but minor defects, which in nowise detract from the sentiments of the poem, which have doubtless already found an echo in many hearts, and will assuredly yet find more.

Millais's Illustrations. A Collection of Drawings on Wood. By John Everett Millais, R.A. Published by A. Strahan, London.

This is simply a reprint on thick toned paper, forming a handsome volume, of sundry engravings—about eighty in number—from drawings made by Mr. Millais, and published at various times in *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, "Tennyson's Poems," and other works. No letter-press description accompanies them, but there is an index that explains the subject, and gives the name of the publication in which the engraving originally appeared. It is a pity this was not printed on the same page as the illustration, whereby the turning-back for reference would have been avoided.

The admirers of Mr. Millais—and these are manifold—will value this register of his thoughts and handywork. Familiar as most of the subjects are to us from previous acquaintance, we are glad to renew it in their present improved form. Notwithstanding a peculiarity of treatment inseparable from the productions of this artist's pencil, there is a wonderful truth and power of expression in all he does, united with a purpose and a meaning such as are conveyed by language at once vigorous and eloquent. The manner in which Mr. Millais "sets" his figures is something remarkable; their position is as striking as it is true; it almost tells the story of the picture without further aid; while it reveals almost as surely the thoughts and character of the individual.

The Atlantic Telegraph. By W. H. Russell, LL.D. Illustrated by Robert Dudley. Published by Day and Son.

Dr. Russell has made a very attractive book out of his brilliant history, published in the *Times*, of the attempt to lay the wires that were to join the British island to the continent of America. There were few on either side of the Atlantic who did not read the startling narrative—so marvellously minute and accurate in all its details as almost to convey the reader to the deck of the *Great Eastern*, to share in the hope and to participate in the after-grief that influenced and affected so many millions. It was well to preserve the history in a more formal shape than it found in the columns of a newspaper. The book will be classed among the more valuable productions of our time; and singularly contrasts with the accomplished writer's records of the War in the Crimea. If the voyage of the *Great Eastern* did not achieve one of the "Victories of Peace," there can be little doubt that even the existing generation will yet "hold converse" with their neighbours thousands of miles away. There are no fewer than twenty-six prints to illustrate this volume; they are tinted lithographs admirably drawn by Mr. Dudley.

Scenes from the Winter's Tale. Illuminated by Owen Jones and Henry Warren. Published by Day and Son, London.

This is entirely a work in chromo-lithography, and a very beautiful example of the art; the prints, of which there are twenty-one, exhibit all its capabilities of colour, while gold is lavishly introduced into each. The drawings of Mr. Warren are unexceptionable renderings of the text, which they admirably illustrate, although, from the peculiar style adopted, expression is lost. The borders of Mr. Owen Jones are very varied, and show the great extent of his resources, in an Art-manner of which he is a profound master. The establishment of Messrs. Day is too well known to require any compliment; it is now conducted by a joint-stock company, but the same mind that has long directed it presides over its issues.

The Handbook of Christian Symbolism. By W. and G. Audsley. With Chromo-lithograph Illustrations. Published by Day and Son, London.

This valuable volume is compiled from many costly works; it gives all the information general readers require, and is, indeed, sufficient for artists, who too frequently introduce into pictures objects concerning the origin and nature of which they know nothing. We have explained to us, in a very clear and comprehensive manner, all matters that appertain to the sacred symbols and emblems, the nimbus, the aureole, the glory, the emblems of the passion and the resurrection, the emblems and attributes of saints; in a word, all that can explain and illustrate the symbolism of Christian Art. It is very needful that those who paint or write concerning sacred subjects should find a guide to lead them aright; they have one in this small and unassuming book, and if they require one who can conduct them further into mysteries, the authors tell them where such can be found.

Wordsworth's Poems for the Young. Published by Alex. Strahan, London.

There are fifty illustrations to this charming volume, engraved principally by the Dalziels, from drawings by two Scottish artists, John Macwhirter and John Pettie. Though not highly wrought, they are decidedly good; they would have been better, however, if the artist had visited the English lakes and pictured the scenes as well as the incidents immortalised by the great poet. The selection has been judiciously made; but a brief memoir of Wordsworth, and some explanatory notes, should have been added to the book. Any work that can make the young familiar with his poems is a boon; and this collection is presented to them in so attractive a form that parents, guardians, and friends of children, cannot fail to be grateful for it.

Little Songs for Me to Sing. Original Music by Henry Leslie. With Illustrations by J. E. Millais, R.A. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London.

The season has produced no prettier book than this: none that has been more gracefully "got up," whether as to printing, binding, and paper, or the contents. The whole of the illustrations are from the pencil of Millais; they are somewhat loosely engraved, but the designs are examples of high genius condescending to small things. The opening print is of a little maid contemplating the starry heavens, and repeating the familiar lines, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star;" and the book closes with pictures of two children offering up in prayer the morning and evening hymns, the bat illustrating night, and the lark the rising day. Millais seems to have considered this comparatively humble task a very pleasant one; he has evidently given his heart to the child models he pictures. It was a bold effort in Mr. Leslie to give "original music" to the time-honoured words here printed. His compositions are worthy of his fame; but it is, we think, unadvisable to separate the little songs from the music with which they have been so long associated, and which, at all events to our ears, brings memories we would not willingly let die.

Historic Scenes in the Life of Martin Luther. Illustrated by P. H. Laboucherb. Published by Day and Son, London.

A series of twelve line engravings, all records of leading incidents in the life of the great Reformer; they are from paintings by an accomplished amateur, who is, however, in the highest sense, an artist. The letter-press which accompanies the prints is from the renowned "History of the Reformation," by Merle D'Aubigné, the personal friend of the painter. An explanatory preface, written expressly for the volume, introduces the work; but the accomplished author has described each picture, thus giving force and emphasis to the valuable labours of the artist. There is no production of modern times, in which Art and letters are combined, so admirably calculated to serve a holy purpose. The "scenes" are so judiciously chosen as practically to exhibit the "life" of Luther, from the days, when a child at school, he was taught not to love, but to fear, God, to that memorable night in February, 1546, at Eisleben, his birth-place, and where he then "went to his Master."

Passages from Modern English Poets. Illustrated by the Junior Etching Club. Published by Day and Son, London.

We have here forty-seven etchings by artists, many of whom rank among our foremost men; others, as Viscount Bury and Lord G. Fitzgerald, are amateurs, yet none the less prominent and excellent in Art; together they have produced a very beautiful and very interesting volume, for the pictures are skilfully associated with poetry, and nearly all the leading poets of Great Britain have been called to the aid of the painters. In some cases the union may appear forced, for the etchings did not in all instances owe their origin to the lines printed with them. But the marriage was celebrated by the late Mr. Alaric Watts.

Snooded Jessaline. By Mrs. T. K. Hervey. 3 Vols. Published by Saunders and Otley, London.

We are not often, in these days, able to give to a work of fiction the praise we can give to this. It is a *healthy* book, and if every woman is not, she ought to be, the better for reading it. To read some of the modern novels that have achieved popularity in our time, one would think that wifely and womanly love and duty had died out in the land; let us be thankful that a few "fast" young ladies do not constitute "English society." "Snooded Jessaline" is, we believe, the first novel Mrs. T. K. Hervey has published; but the poetic element was developed in her early youth, for we remember a volume of poems by Miss Montague that gave evidence of very superior talent, and were, like all things she has written, pure and high-minded. The story is sufficiently exciting to please the most eager novel reader, and if now and then a little intricate, those who read to pass away time will be only the better pleased to unravel its mysteries. But there are scenes and passages of exceeding truth and eloquence, characters clearly and forcibly developed, and a purpose at once tender and dignified, which cannot fail to impart a lasting interest to "Snooded Jessaline."

There is no lack of English mothers who guard their daughters' minds from the contamination of immoral literature as carefully as they would guard their health from pestilence; by those Mrs. T. K. Hervey's novel will be cordially received. We should like to see a volume for the young from her pen, for she has the art of teaching without preaching—an art that is rare and very valuable.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MARCH 1, 1866

LIBER MEMORIALIS.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

LAKE SURFACES.



IN the preface to these papers the indulgence of the reader has already been claimed for one unavoidable defect—the want of order in their first appearance. Owing to the wide extent and infinite difficulty of the topics, I find myself obliged to consult convenience. As it so happens that the aspects of lake scenery are very familiar to me, I begin with this subject; but without desiring to give to it any particular degree of prominence or precedence.

As the intention of this work is to give the reader, in as small a space as possible, a full epitome of the natural science on which truth in Art is founded, it cannot be wholly new; and the better a reader may be already acquainted with the subject, the more facts he will find noted which were known to him before. The pretension to entire originality in works of knowledge could never be entertained or allowed by any one aware of its accumulative nature. In this respect there is a marked difference between works of knowledge and works of thought or of imagination. An entirely new thought may occur to a man, though even then there must have been suggestions from the thoughts of others to lead him up to it; but there is no instance of an entirely new science occurring to a man, for even when some one has built a new science, the materials have always been for the most part already quarried for him by others, and laid around him for his constructive hand to arrange in visible order. For this work I shall take my materials where I find them, whether in nature, or in the works of other writers, or in the works of true and observant artists. Still, though I am not required to have *discovered* everything I lay down, I am bound in honour to have verified everything by reference to nature, and this is what in each instance I undertake to do. And, after all, this is the main difference between trustworthy workmen and indolent, untrustworthy ones. The first *sometimes* discover; but they *always* test and verify. The second neither discover, nor test, nor verify; but repeat, like children, what other people have told them.

The first point to which I beg the reader's attention is, that water is not to be rudely divided under the two heads of smooth water and rough water; but that between the two there are thousands of gradations, each having laws of its own, even if all were seen under the same effect of light. It will be our business to note so many of these varieties as may be necessary to teach us to see any others when we may have the opportunity of observing them in nature.

In beginning the study of water, a small sheet of it is most convenient; but the reader is particularly warned against the belief that the complicated phenomena of large expanses can be guessed at, or understood, by reference to small ones. The two chief causes of the remarkable phenomena that so frequently occur on great lakes are the distinctness of appearances at a distance, which, when seen near, are almost imperceptible; and the variety of results produced on a large expanse by the simultaneous action of various air-motions over it.

An impression exists that the wind cannot blow two ways at once. Until we have got rid of this superstition, no knowledge of water phenomena is possible to us. The wind can blow a hundred ways at once. The best way to conceive of the winds is to think of them as winged creatures, which skim the surface of the earth in many and various directions when they are only amusing themselves; but which unite more unanimously when they have longer journeys before them.

1. *Absolute calm.*—Quite perfect calm is rare; but it does occur, nevertheless, occasionally. It needs little comment or explanation. Perfectly calm water reflects every object exactly as a piece of looking-glass does. There exist, however, one or two popular errors, against which it is as well to be warned.

First, the grossest possible blunder of all. I remember a picture in an English exhibition, representing a pool, with a kingfisher flying over it. The artist (I withhold his name out of compassion) painted his kingfisher truly enough; but when he came to its reflection, he simply painted a second kingfisher, flying in the water in exactly the same attitude as the first. He forgot that the reflection ought to have been inverted.

Secondly. An amateur once told me that he had discovered a capital plan for overcoming the difficulty of drawing reflections. He simply painted the objects first in their right places on the canvas, and then put a looking-glass under them, which gave all the inverted images, as he thought, truly. If he had *modelled* the objects, and placed them in their right relative situations, then the looking-glass would have given him the true reflected relations; but his device simply turned the picture upside-down, and left the relations of the objects unchanged.



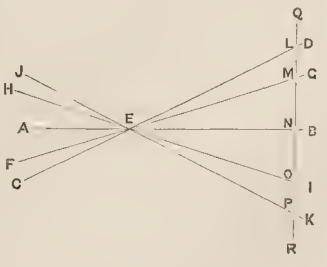
PERFECT CALM. KILCHURN CASTLE, LOCH AWE.

Thirdly. An artist believed that a reflection must represent the image of the shore as it would appear to a swimmer lying on his back in the water. This seems less *naïf* than the preceding errors; but it is still a great mistake. If it were not, it is evident that the reflections would remain the same even when the spectator ascended to higher levels; whereas we see less and less of the reflections in water as we rise higher, and when we look down on a lake from a high mountain, we see little else but a reflection of the sky.

Without entering into any detail of optics, the apparent result may be accurately calculated as follows:—

Draw a horizontal line A B.

Let two or more lines as C D, F G, intersect A B at E. Draw the lines I H, K J, also intersecting A B at E, and so that the angle K E B shall be equal to the angle D E B, and the angle I E B to the



angle G E B. Let a line Q R, perpendicular to A B, intersect these lines at L, M, N, O, and P.

A B is the water level; M and L are

supposed successive positions of a spectator on the shore of the lake. O and P are imaginary positions of a spectator under the earth, descending as the other ascends. Suppose earth and water transparent from O to E and P to E. Then whatever the subterranean spectator could see of the *real* shore at H and J from O and P, so much will the upper spectator see of its image in the water when he looks to E from M and L. The parallax of objects will be the same in both cases as the real spectator ascends, and his imaginary double descends immediately under him.

The picture in calm water has, therefore, the advantage of being not a precise reproduction of what we see on the shore, but—what is infinitely more interesting—a reproduction under an entirely new arrangement. You get one harmony of form and colour on the real shore, and then in the water another and quite different harmony, made out of the same elements.

It is not possible to guess or deduce by reasoning the true relative situations of reflected lake shores, because to do that we must know not only their apparent shapes but their *real* ones: and nobody knows the real shape of objects in landscape. It would take months of careful survey to ascertain the true shape of any mountain. To have landscape reflections quite right they must be noted from nature. In invented landscapes all we ask is that they *look* right.

A reflection in perfectly clear water with no mist on its surface is necessarily darker than the object reflected on account of a loss of rays which the water absorbs. When mist intervenes, a kind of scumble is passed over the reflection which raises it to a higher pitch of light; and as a shallow yet dense stratum of mist often covers the surface of calm water without intervening between the eye of the spectator and objects a few feet high on the opposite bank, it so happens that in such circumstances the reflection may be even lighter than the object reflected. Again, if the water carries in suspension particles of light-coloured earthy matter, these will mix with the reflections and lighten them, if there is light enough in the sky to illuminate these particles. In the late evening a calm pool of light-coloured muddy water reflects as deeply as does clear water. Again, there is a considerable difference in the depth of reflection in different lakes, owing to the colour of the water itself. That of the lake of Geneva is a kind of ceruleum passing into emerald green; it is very pale, and does not injure delicate tints; the reflections of the shores are consequently very pure and brilliant. Windermere is clear, though less so than Geneva, but the water has a pale brownish colour, and its reflections are modified accordingly. Loch Awe is stained with peat, its own colour being, when deep, as nearly as possible that of London porter: the consequence of this is that Loch Awe reflects its shores, as it were, in a Claude glass, mixing brown with all their hues. These differences of local colour in water affect all its appearances in daylight; in the late evening they are of much less consequence. They vary also in their influence very greatly even in daylight itself. Under a cloudy sky the stain in the bog-waters of the highlands seems usually of exaggerated depth, but a bright sky almost overcomes it. The local colour of water is always most visible in shadow and in the darkest reflections. The shaded side of a black boat on Loch Awe gives a black reflection, because the water itself is almost black; in pale green water the reflection of black in shadow is rendered by pale green. Differences so marked as this ought to be carefully borne in mind by all who have to judge of Art, or they may unintentionally be guilty of grievous injustice towards artists whose only fault is to be better informed than their critics. The difference of colour in the water itself affects the colour of reflections so much that unless we accurately know the particular tinge of the water represented, we are not very competent to judge of the truth of colour in the painting.

2. *Invisible motion.*—A slightly tremulous movement in water, *entirely invisible in*



INVISIBLE MOTION. SHORE OF INNISTRYNICH, LOCH AWE.

itself, is nevertheless strong enough to elongate a reflection. As this motion increases, the reflection elongates more and more, till it approaches the character of a ripple. Unless you observe whether reflections are elongated or not, you cannot distinguish between absolute calm and a calm which is not quite absolute.

3. *Isolated calms.*—Light breezes, of which more presently, are so capricious that they often leave small mirrors of perfect calm entirely untouched. These mirrors reflect



ISOLATED CALMS CRAIGANUNIE AND BLACK ISLES, LOCH AWE.

(of course) whatever *that* portion of the water would reflect if the whole were calm. Of all the phenomena of water that I know, these isolated calms, with the variety of breezes which surround them, are the most exquisitely beautiful; but out of kindness to any young painter who may read this, I ought to add that these things are entirely beyond the cognizance of all but the most careful observers. Consequently, if you paint them, but one spectator in a hundred will know what you are aiming at, and every spectator who does not understand your aim will either be indifferent to your work or

offended by it. It is wonderful that phenomena which occur so frequently should be unknown to the inhabitants of a country rich in lakes: but the physical sight perceives nothing that the mind takes no interest in.

As to the *forms* of isolated calms they vary to infinity. Sometimes it is a small oval mirror, very perfect; sometimes a band of calm crossing the lake like a straight path; sometimes a serpentine, river-like shape. If the reader cares to observe them in nature, and has the opportunity, he will arrive at a general idea of the kind of outline which is possible and that which is not.



ISOLATED BREEZES. ONE OF THE BLACK ISLES, LOCH AWE.

In *colour* isolated calms are often of great use by carrying portions of the colour of lake shores into the midst of a rippled surface. This is most remarkable in the late evening when a slightly dulled surface reflects the colour of the sky, and isolated calms reflect the dark of the hills. They are of great artistic use on account of their depth, which gives a valuable foil to the delicately bright edging of neighbouring breezes, and makes the pearly colours of the dulled surface more perceptible. It is



GENERAL RIPPLE. LOCH AWE, LOOKING TOWARDS PORT SONACHAN.

evident, however, that since the colour reflected in an isolated calm is detached from the hues which surround the real objects, and often surrounded instead by colours of quite an opposite character, it must itself be powerfully altered by its new situation, and look strange there, and *wrong*, if truly painted. It *always* looks unaccountable until the law of it is understood.

4. *Isolated breezes.*—Light breezes come down from the upper regions of the atmosphere, skim the surface of the water for a little space, and then leave it to rise again. They often continue to disturb the same place for a considerable time. The visible roughening of the surface produced by a breeze is what, in the technical language of landscape painting, I especially mean by the word "breeze." The air being invisible, it is always the visible effect of which I have to speak.

Breezes take a great variety of shapes. They are sometimes nearly straight, or seem so at a distance, when they run parallel with the horizon. This appearance is popularly understood, and is represented in popular Art. Some years ago, feeling painfully the difficulty of painting water truly, I said something about it to a successful artist, and was told, by way of friendly help and counsel, that I ought always to confuse the reflection well, *and draw white lines across it.* Good counsel from a commercial point of view! Water so painted, if done with fair manual skill, seems always to give general satisfaction. But it was bad counsel from the point of view of true students of nature, who will not endure to pass their lives in the repetition of a recipe. That particular little recipe would quite relieve us from the necessity of observation, and then, that glorious result attained, make manufacturing workmen of us. It is our duty to resist this tendency, and the writer on Art has no worthier office than to check this industrial spirit, and show how poor it is in comparison with the immensity of nature.

The common artistic breeze is, as we have seen, a narrow white line. Natural breezes are not always lines, not always narrow, not always white. Very often they are outlined with most beautiful and fantastic curves. Very often they are grey, or blue, sometimes a very deep blue; and sometimes yellow, and even crimson and scarlet. I have seen them, under a thunder-cloud, so dark a grey as to look almost black. I have seen them under a scarlet after-glow edged with intense fire. I have seen them purple, and violet, and pale pearly green, and a mixture of green and blue, like a scattering of emeralds and sapphires.

When a light breeze first touches the smooth water it disturbs it almost imperceptibly, as if awakening it with the tenderest caress. There is a little trembling of the bright surface, then a shiver of commotion, then a formation of tiny wavelets which extend over the space which the breeze agitates. The edge of that disturbed space is usually quite sharply defined. A single yard will often take you from the ripple to the calm. The prow of your boat will be in the perfect calm when her rudder is in the ripple. You may row up an isolated calm between two breezes as you would up a narrow river between its shores. Sometimes the surface of a lake is fantastically mapped out like the surface of a planet, with islands and continents of opacity which are nothing but these unaccountable breezes. Unaccountable, indeed, in some considerable measure, yet endlessly curious and quaint! The design and colour arrangement of a great lake surface, when the breezes are playing idly, and respecting the bits of bright calm which by some mysterious taboo law of theirs they unanimously hold sacred, are not less beautiful than the most inventive designs of human artificers. No floor of palace or temple was ever fairer. Polished wood does not reflect like those dark glassy calms; marble and mother of pearl are not so delicate as those dead surfaces of tender grey and green!

5. *General ripple.*—The commonest condition of a Highland lake, and also, artistically speaking, the most unmanageable, is

one of universally prevalent ripple, so strong as not to prolong, but destroy recognisable reflection everywhere. What strikes me as most remarkable in this condition of water, after thousands of observations, is the wonderful seeming insensibility of a surface so rippled to the colouring above and around it. No doubt it is affected in a broad and general way, but it is not always easy to discover the precise result produced on the rippled surface by small quantities of even brilliant colours in sky or on shore. The proof that general ripple *is* affected is, however, easily given. It may seem to us always grey under cloudy skies, or under clear skies when the light is low, but it is always frankly blue under a bright blue heaven. And if we could only put the greys of different days side by side, we should perceive great differences of tint. The bit of gold in the sky which the rippled lake does not seem to notice is, in fact, influential over a very wide area of water, and if to-morrow there should be crimson in the sky instead of gold, be sure that the water will not be of *the same* grey, though it may be grey still. A surface of strongly rippled water universally covered with wavelets a foot high, reflects at least as well as a sheet of rough lead, but then even the lead, rough and dull as it might be, would reflect very visibly—*everything* does that. And rippled water reflects better than lead, or it would not take that deep blue under the clear summer sky. The depth of that colour depends on the intensity of the sky, and on the local colour of the water. In Switzerland it is a mixture of azure and emerald, in Scotland of azure and deep rich brown. In Switzerland, a vast surface rippled at noon in fine weather is of a delicate pale greenish blue; in Scotland, of a deep ultramarine, broken within itself when you look into it by innumerable streaks of rich purple and brown. You may analyse these colours best from a boat. On Loch Awe I have constantly distinguished the deep blue and dark brown as they played together; at Lucerne I have watched the play of the bright azure and translucid emerald.

It may be an open question how far it is safe to attempt to paint the *detail* of rippled surfaces. They are prodigiously difficult to half-trained eyes. Their colour in nature seems perfectly monotonous, alike over the whole surface; and if you paint it with only Nature's variety, people will tell you that you have no variety nor gradation in your work, merely because your changes and gradations are so delicate as to escape them. There is nothing that experienced artists more cautiously avoid than these wide surfaces of ripple, and it must be confessed that they have excellent reasons for this abstinence.

6. *Interrupted reflections.*—When a breeze cuts across a calm place it effaces, of course, the reflection *where it passes*, and there only. Elsewhere the reflection remains precisely as before. A tree stands on the shore perfectly reflected; a breeze comes and effaces the reflection of the trunk, but does not extend over that part of the water which reflects the higher branches: these branches will then remain in their integrity, only they will be cut off from the shore by the breeze. Nothing can be simpler than this. It is the result of the most obvious causes, and one would think that a very feeble faculty of observation ought to enable anyone to understand it. Even mediæval Art recognised this fact, as a curious oil painting in the Geneva gallery proves. And yet I was solemnly warned by a dealer never to introduce interrupted reflection in any picture, because, as he assured me on the strength of a long experience, such phenomena always lessened the saleableness of landscapes, as people could not understand them. Incidents of this kind, which occur in the life of every landscape painter, are profoundly discouraging.



INTERRUPTED REFLECTION. BLACK ISLE, LOCH AWE.

7. *Storm waves.*—A lake is usually supposed, by persons living in lakeless regions, to be in a state of eternal placidity. The truth is, however, that a lake is anything but placid when a strong wind tears along it *in the direction of its length*. The waves on the Lake of Geneva may get a clear run to grow in longer than waves running from Calais to Dover. Even on Loch Lomond the waves have a clear run of ten miles, and on Loch Awe of six. Lake waves are just like sea waves in confined spaces. Compared to ocean waves they are short and chopping, still there is always a great distance between the chief ones. On an average, I believe, so far as much counting has enabled me to judge, there come two strong waves for every twelve minor ones. These are always crested with foam; and it is very fine to see a great dark lake under a thunderous gloomy sky flecked for miles with those charging travelling crests of white. After a great wave has passed there is usually a lull, the energy of the water seems spent, and the next great wave is more than a hundred yards off. A great wave has its sides covered with minor waves, just as a mountain has its sides covered with minor hills and knolls. As to the actual height of what, by comparison, we call great waves on lakes, they may reach six feet calculating from the trough of the sea, but rarely, I should say, surpass it.



STORM WAVES. LOCH AWE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE HEAD OF THE LAKE.

They are very deceptive. A wave seems to us usually about twice the height it really is. Sea waves impress one with a prodigious sense of immensity when they are twelve feet high.

Since the discovery of instantaneous photography, the study of waves is no longer so hopeless as it formerly was. By its help we may learn to draw all those curious twirls and unexpected twists of the water which have hitherto escaped even the best artists. I purposely abstain from going into further detail about waves in this place, as it will be necessary to do so at some future time, when we come to the waves of the sea, and a lake wave is no more than a sea wave in a very large harbour. So far as I have been able to ascertain, the difference between salt and fresh water does not in any perceptible manner affect its phenomena.

8. *Waves when the wind lulls.*—For some time after the lulling of the wind, waves continue in action, but they *heave* more and *travel* less, also they are no longer crisp and sharp in their forms, but polished, like domes of glass. For a short space after the lulling of the wind the waves seem even higher than before, and sailing vessels are more tossed and shaken by them, because no longer steadied by the pressure of the dying gale. Sometimes these large polished waves of the lull seem as if they would rock the masts overboard.

9. *Waves seen from behind.* There is always a remarkable difference in form between waves seen from before and from behind. The form before is far richer and more broken, behind it is simpler and more uniform. The grand simplicity of line in waves seen from behind may often lead us to poverty in design. A picture of mine from the same motive as one of these illustrations, has been blamed for the poverty of its wave outlines. It is very possible that in aiming at this simplicity I speak of, I may have fallen into the defect of which simplicity is the correlative quality, and the more easily that the true qualities of waves are so infinitely difficult to render.

The above are only a few of the most obvious facts about lake surfaces. I hope to return to the subject on a future occasion, to study the more subtle phenomena.



WAVES FROM BELOW. LOCH AWE, LOOKING TOWARDS HAYFIELD.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY LIVING ARTISTS.

The British Institution continues to exist for the express purpose of "promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom." Though the present exhibition may not conduce in any material extent to the accomplishment of this desirable end, yet we doubt not that the many distinguished noblemen and statesmen who constitute the "hereditary governors," "life governors," and "directors" of the Institution will be able, from their places in Parliament and elsewhere, to give a good account of their stewardship when the constitution and administration of our Art academies and institutions shall fall under the discussion of Parliament. We trust that the noble managers will be able, from their seats in the Legislature, to show how much benefit has accrued from their strenuous endeavours to "promote the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom." They will no doubt be in a position to state that their directorate has been marked by a wisdom, vigilance, and impartiality which have gained the confidence of the entire profession. They will surely be entitled to assert that under their patronage the most kindly relations have grown up between men whom birth, wealth, or genius have designed for mutual help. It is true that many persons who have watched narrowly the administration of this association will scarcely be prepared for the reception of such a line of advocacy. But at any rate we feel persuaded that the noble directors who are now understood to be making arrangements for the renewed tenure of the premises they have for half a century held—men who are landmarks in civilisation and leaders in a country of progress, will not permit the body over which they preside to lag behind the requirements of the age. The British Institution, we can only hope, may enter on that high sphere of usefulness for which it was originally founded.

This institution, perhaps, from its well-known allegiance to the Old Masters, enjoys prescriptive proclivities towards high Art. Mr. Cave Thomas, a name honourably distinguished by noble aspiration, has in 'The Return of the Prodigal Son' revived Italian traditions. The drapery is of classic symmetry, the columns and steps are designed for dignity, but true power is wanting, and the colour lacks harmony and even solemnity. The work will be commended more for its good intention than for the manner in which the thought has been realised. A like judgment must be passed on another attempt at so-called high Art—'Job in his Days of Prosperity,' by T. Davidson. G. Pope finds a too easily won popularity by familiar use of Scripture. He tampers with the text, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," in a manner absolutely trifling. Mr. Dicksee is the most dainty of painters. It is quite delightful to dote over his tasty little fancies, decked prettily with playful conceits. Among other charming offspring of his easel none is so felicitous as the figure of little 'Psyche'—a span-new rendering of a character who to all of us comes as an old acquaintance. The Psyche of Mr. Dicksee is a sportive, sentimental, and coquettish little creature, not quite after the manner which Praxiteles would have moulded, or Raphael designed. There she stands, conscious of accomplishments to which she is indebted to her dancing master; the possessor of charms which pertain, it may be feared, rather to the flesh than to the soul. Mr. Alexander Johnston is an artist who has often conferred upon this exhibition the *eclat* of striking pictorial display. His figures are formed for fascination, his colours placed in opposition for surprise, his attitudes chosen for parade. The picture on the strength of which this season he asks the suffrages of the public, 'Nutting' by name, is one of his most ambitious efforts. The artist's usual receipt for the manufacture of female beauty has on this occasion served him well. The lady's eyes are, of course, of jet; her hair also is of raven black, and the roses which bloom in the cheek vie with the coral and the cherry that cluster round the mouth. Mr. Long is among the numerous candidates for honours in Spain, and must rank with the followers, now not a few, of Mr. Phillip. He requires little more than close study to carry to completeness the pictorial ideas which his brush sketches but too readily. 'En passant,' by J. M. Joy, a fop who hands on the sly a love letter to a young lady, makes an eminently showy picture. The trivial character of the incident and the quality of the manipulation are scarcely commensurate with the magnitude of the canvas. John Gilbert measures himself with masters such as Rembrandt, Rubens, not to say Titian. 'The Trumpeter' carries memory to the museums of Amsterdam, the Hague, and Dresden, as if the artist had inherited the palette of Rubens, and was accustomed to dip his brush in the bottle of Egyptian darkness which Rembrandt kept in his studio. But to our mind 'The Timber Cart,' lumbering through the rough sandy bottom of a copse, is Mr. Gilbert's *tour de force*. In colour it is equal to the pictures of Linnell, and in grandeur of composition there is something, too, which recalls the manner of Doré.

It is a weary task to wade through six hundred and thirty-six pictures, the large majority whereof are of a merit the most

mediocre. Thanks, however, to the hanging committee, the spectator may be saved the fatigue of turning his eye upwards to the ceiling. Pictures which are not worth looking at it is every way a charity to place out of sight. Moreover, the extended line furnished by these handsome rooms affords space enough and to spare for all the talent which will bear close scrutiny. The following works, which, by their merits, have gained good positions, give us for once the luxury of indulging in all but unmitigated praise. Mr. YEAMES, who from his first appearance on the walls of the Royal Academy showed signs of originality, contributes two works which prove his accustomed independence of thought, and display a manliness of execution that spurns garish blandishments. In 'The Young Royalist' the artist is content to seize on character, and in his touch to keep close upon intention. In another work, 'The Canterbury Cloisters during the Commonwealth,' Mr. Yeames illustrates a remarkable page in English history with his usual point and purpose. Mr. LUCY, who always works with the best intentions, and has the merit of taking us into historic walks out of the common path of every-day life, materially improves the quality of his pictures by making a reduction in their scale. 'Religious Emigrants in the time of Charles I.' has a certain good and quiet bearing which befits historic themes. Mr. BEAVIS throws clever character into a critical military situation. 'The King's Cavalry moving into Position for a Charge at Naseby' is a composition of spirit and action. Like meed of praise, too, may be extended to a couple of small canvases, wherein H. WEEKES sets forth with concentrated force the horrors of war. Young Mr. Weekes evinces quite a precocious genius for villains, whom he invests in grotesque guise eminently comic. His ideas come to him so readily, that he has no need to repeat them —a fault of which at one time we thought there was danger. A. F. PATTEN bids fair to achieve success; among this artist's other works, 'The Belle of the Market' is remarkable for colour, texture, and material, forced up to realistic illusion. ROBERT COLLINSON has fallen into passably good common-place; it does not require much originating power to paint a high-born lady, with sorrow laden, after the refined drawing-room manner. J. T. PEELE has, in 'Cherry Ripe,' made an effort to emulate those heads of Reynolds which bear fancy-titles. The careful course of study upon which Mr. LIDDERDALE has entered brings, if a slow, at least a sure, reward. 'A French Fish Girl with Nets' has in every touch this artist's accustomed fidelity to nature. We trust that ere long Mr. Lidderdale will feel himself entitled to venture on more important compositions, in which fancy may play with the materials he has been gathering with so much industry. G. D. LESLIE paints carefully: in a pleasing picture, 'Frozen Out,' he gains effect by contrast of the ladies' dark dresses against the white snow. 'Going to the Fishing Boats,' a scene which Mr. JOHN MORGAN brings us from Scotland, is another agreeable work, put together with knowledge of light, shade, and composition. Mr. MAW EGLEY exhibits two figures, which may be taken as refined aspirations after ideal beauty; and Mr. FITZ GERALD gives one more proof that he is at home in fairyland. Miss KATE SWIFT, both here and in the Female Artists' Exhibition, evinces powers which she may turn to much account, if only she can contrive to rid herself of a vicious mannerism of colour.

The remaining figure-pictures which call for cursory commendation may be classed under the vague and generalistic term of *genre*. Mr. BARNES, in the composition he terms 'Old Letters,' is refined, but not forcible. Mr. LUCAS, in the figure, 'A Maid of Honour,' is sparkling and brilliant. Mr. J. C. MONRO, in 'La Petite Rustique,' is graphic and grotesque; and Mr. E. HAVELL, in 'Winnowing,' has hit upon a charming subject, which he treats with pleasing prettiness. The group of market women beneath an umbrella in 'Our French Watering-place,' Mr. SMYTHE has portrayed with serio-comic truth. 'Hans Snaphaus of the Commissariat,' by J. A. HOUSTON, is a trenchant figure, dashed with comic character. Lurking satire may also be detected in Mr. CRAWFORD'S 'Good Old Times, a Hundred Years ago. 'Mag's Diversion' is worthy of Mr. HEMSLEY, who has proved himself pre-eminently the painter of humble cottage-life. After like manner there are works by H. B. ROBERTS, COLE WILLIS, F. G. KINNAIRD, C. W. NICHOLLS, W. A. ATKINSON, and JOSIAH GREEN, which call for commendation. And specially must we point out a small 'Interior of a Breton Farmhouse,' which the skilful hand of A. PROVIS has elaborated to a finish that Ostade would have regarded with complaisance.

It is to the honour of the British Institution that it has long granted to the great school of English landscape the justice the Academy denies. There are upon these walls no vested rights, such as those which often in another place obtain monopoly for mediocrity. Hence talent, whether it have a name or no name, procures impartial recognition, and landscapes of fair merit generally gain places where at least careful work may be seen and appreciated. Many of the pictures which here crowd on our notice are by painters so long before the world that their well-known styles but suggest oft-repeated criticism. We have all learnt to rejoice over the poetic feeling and the rapturous colour which THOMAS and JAMES DANBY inherited from their father, one of the most emotional of landscape painters the world has known. Again, E. W. COOKE, R.A., perseveres in making the closest transcripts of nature, so that now we have given to us studies of rocks and of strata which will satisfy the scientific geologist. In like manner ELIJAH WALTON has entered on a labour which implies industry and energy; he scales and measures the Alps with an enthusiasm worthy of a member of the Alpine Club; and if he fail in his enterprise, it is only because he attempts impossibilities. Mr. MIGNOT, too, is another artist who takes us beyond the limits of the four seas, and plunges into the grandeur, and realises the extent, of tropical zones, fervent in light and fiery in hectic hue. Such a painter in his novitiate may be excused for extravagance. Mr. OAKES, likewise, since we formerly met him, has been travelling south, and for the grey garb of the north, which of yore became Constable so well, has exchanged a coat of many colours, patched with discordant lights. Mr. DAWSON, Sen., and Mr. DAWSON, Jun., throw upon dappled sky and dancing wave sparkling lustre. Mr. WILSON, for the delicate grey and green of ocean wave, is unapproachable, but on touching the land he finds himself less at home. Mr. TENNANT, in a 'Coast Scene,' gets effect from contrast. Mr. LINTON blots in a subject broadly, yet with artistic mastery. Mr. G. A. WILLIAMS draws tree branches with easy grace, and touches in foliage with dexterity. Mr. C. J. LEWIS repeats with diminished lustre a subject which we have commended in its water-colour translation at the Dudley Gallery. Mr. A. GILBERT is once more solemn in moonlight, and majestic in mountains piled into the upper sky. Mr. NIEMANN, in several works after his unmistakable manner, dogmatises with a vehemence of hand that nature submits to unwillingly. Mr. G. COLE has laboured through a painstaking study, which obtains a central post of honour. As a final resting point, let us pause before an 'English Solitude,' which, notwithstanding the thistles, we could dwell near for many an hour. The labour here is infinite, yet the subordination of multitudinous detail and flickering light to one dominant effect is a feat of which the artist, Mr. ROBERT COLLINSON, may be justly proud. This picture alone were sufficient to render the exhibition memorable. In fine, the gallery of the British Institution, as our criticism has already shown, contains many a work which neither artist nor connoisseur can pass without approving scrutiny.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE experiment made in this Gallery last year created the favourable impression attendant on surprise. It was then discovered that outside the existing and exclusive societies, there lay a large area of artistic talent of which the world had yet to be made cognizant. Painters there were of something more than promise, who had in vain sought, through the channels hitherto open, to make their merits patent. Hence the necessity of this "General Exhibition," open alike to all comers, was from the very first apparent. We hope, therefore, that the future prosperity of this tentative undertaking may be placed beyond peril. The precise Art position, however, which the new Gallery may succeed in securing, is of course quite another matter, respecting which doubts may be still reasonably entertained. Last year generous allowance was made in favour of an enterprise that merited well, and time was given for the collecting of resources and the consolidation of powers. In the present year no such tender consideration can be claimed.

On entering the door, the stranger feels that he stands on experimental ground, he is conscious that he has been favoured with an unaccustomed sight—genius in parturition; that he has been permitted to look in on a charming little nursery, where all the talents are yet in infant sport. That a youthful Hercules may be among the promiscuous group, that many a child of large enough growth may be found in the general juvenile company, no one will, on inquiry, question. The scene, it may be easily conceived, is what is usually termed interesting. For there is indeed a special interest in watching over works which show an awakening, which tell at least, by noble striving, of an approaching maturity. In future years we believe it will be recorded that artists of renown found in the Dudley Gallery their earliest welcome and reward.

Simple subjects for beginners are of course the safest and most satisfactory. It were happy that ambition could be taught this lesson by anything short of

painful experience. A circuit of the Gallery will show at any rate that the very men who have a right to run into difficulties choose rather subjects within their grasp, that so all, however little that all may be, which they attempt shall be thoroughly well done. Look, for example, at a simple, truthful story, 'Morning and Evening,' jotted down by John Burr, in touching incident of cottage life, that comes very close to the pathos which Edouard Frere has brought home to us. In like manner 'Rustic Toilet,' by Frank Nowlan, 'Good Night, Dolly Dear,' by Wilkie Wynfield, 'Crochet,' by J. M. Stewart, and 'Wayside Refreshment,' by Lawrence Duncan, may all be commended for the careful carrying out of subjects within the artists' reach. George Thomas, too, a well-tried hand, has made in a little picture which he christens 'Sunday Morning,' a capital study of an old granny and child seated in a country church. Close at hand hangs Mr. Greig's 'Shorter Catechism,' a rustic interior of much ability taken from North Britain, the production of an artist who gives good promise of future fame. A head by Miss Ellen Gilbert, which answers to the title 'In check,' is of a force which we are accustomed to associate with this family-name. 'The Portrait of Miss Adelaide Frazer,' painted by Miss Frazer, shows good; sound work. Mr. John Richardson exhibits works which confess to steady study. 'Feeding the Poultry,' for instance, displays careful drawing, and the patient inditing of detail. The background, however, wants subordination, a common fault among novitiates in the new or "Pre-Raphaelite" school. An analogous failing is also found in another work by this meritorious painter, 'Welsh Anglers,' wherein we have to regret that the faces have received less attention than the corduroy breeches. In the drawing which Mr. Lamont chooses to call 'Bored to Death,' there is much to commend; but the lines want balance, the spaces due apportionment, and the execution emphatic circumstance. What, too, shall we say of J. E. Hodgson's astounding performance, monks making desperate onslaught upon a 'Trout Stream near the Monastery.' What can the artist mean? Does he design to perpetrate a cruel satire upon the monastic orders of the middle ages. If so, we can only say that an art less rude would have cut with a keener edge. 'The Sick Sailor' is another example of a picture beyond the painter's powers. Mr. Stannus should concentrate his labour within narrower limits; he should go to nature to gain a manner more robust; he should sober his eye by quiet greys.

The rights of women are fully recognised within these walls. No other gallery, with the single exception of that occupied by "the Society of Female Artists," contains so formidable an array of lady-exhibitors. Among other less known names, we may enumerate Miss Blunden, Madame Bodichon, Miss Bouvier, Miss Adelaide and Miss Florence Claxton, Miss Coleman, Miss Frazer, Miss O. P. and Miss Ellen Gilbert, Miss Lane, Miss Macirone, Miss Eliza Martin, Miss Louise and Miss Margaret Rayner, Miss Russell, Miss Solomon, Miss Warren, and the late Mrs. Newton. We are glad to say that woman's work ranks on an equality with that of man. The two Miss Claxtons are amazingly clever. 'The Tapestry Chamber,' by Miss Adelaide, is haunted by spectral ancestry, who stand in amaze at the vagaries of a fashionable lady's toilet in our own frivolous days. Sister Florence Claxton, too, is a satirist, but in her thoughful composition, 'Dante Alighieri,' overshadowing sorrow fitly preponderates. "The father of most wonderful Beatrice" is dead, the daughter becomes "full of the very bitterness of grief," and Dante "is so altered, he seemeth not himself." This design testifies to thought and independence; the characters are marked, and the drawing, especially in the drapery, is firm. Miss Martin's fine lady startled by a coming footstep is a little too much in the stilted tragedy style; the accessories of dress and the elaborately-carved furniture are, however, painted with mastery. Miss Solomon's 'Wounded Dove' is pleasing in sentiment and colour. But the row of plates overhead has been made too prominent, and the drawing and execution are careless, otherwise the picture would be wholly unexceptionable. Miss Juliana Russell possesses the intuitions of a true artist, and the promise which she gave last season obtains further assurance through the works now exhibited. 'Isabella,' with her tapestry background, shows the delight in rich harmony of colour which so often distinguishes young lady aspirants. Miss Blunden is a most painstaking student; but for her own sake, as well as for everybody else, it were wise to exchange the dotted miniature method of painting landscapes for a manner more broadly generalised. The two Miss Rayners err a little in the opposite direction. The buildings which they blot in are almost of too rude a vigour. Miss Coleman sketches flowers in the free growth of nature. A word of sorrow must here be given in tribute to the departed. The lovely drawings of a highly-gifted lady, the late Mrs. Newton, testify to the loss which the world of Art, and a scarcely less wide circle of admiring friends, have sustained at the hand of death. Such truly artistic studies as the affection of the lady's brothers, Walter and Arthur Severn, has here placed in loving memory, we regret to think will be seen at our exhibitions no more.

Certain strange attempts at high Art deserve notice solely by way of warning. 'The Visitation of St. Elizabeth,' by W. F. de Morgan, is too grotesque. Albertinelli's picture in Florence, and other treatments of the same subject by the great and good masters of Christian Art, would teach our young painters how to clothe sacred truth in beauty. 'The Return from Egypt' proves that Mr. de Morgan has neither gone to nature nor to the best of Italian precedents. The donkey dates back to days pre-Mosaic, and the sheep Noah would scarcely have thought it worth his while to take into the ark. After the same modern archaic fashion Mr. Donaldson has conceived 'The Vision of the Prophet Zechariah.' Satan is a most elaborate production; and as for the angel, he would do well to look to his anatomy. We trust that the grandeur of Mr. Donaldson's ideas may some day find less alarming utterance. In Mr. William Scott's 'Proserpine,' we pass from Pre-Raphaelite to Post-Raphaelite styles. This effective revival shows in sumptuous guise the rapturous colour of the Venetian school. In pale contrast comes a figure of dreamy melancholy, gazing on 'The Past,' painted by Mr. Edward Clifford: it is a work of promise. The pictures of Mr. Simeon Solomon seldom tread on the confines of common-place; in other words, they generally have about them traits which are decidedly uncommon, and yet perhaps not entirely commendable. 'Medea at Colchis' is certainly strange enough. On the other hand, 'The Coptic Baptismal Procession' has impressive power. Mr. Green's 'Wood Gathering' is spotty, scattered, and small. Mr. Tucker's 'Prawn Catchers' are clever plagiarisms on the pictures of Mr. Hook. Isaak Walton as 'Piscator,' by E. W. Russell, is a story well told, but over-coloured. The contrasts between the greens, reds, and purples are too violent. With some toning down this drawing would really be little short of first-rate.

The Dudley Gallery, open to all comers, enables artists, chiefly known in oils, to make an appearance in water colours. Either as debutants or well-proved practitioners, we may greet Calderon, Marks, Redgrave, Vicat Cole, Dillon, Danby, Haag, and Hughes. Ten pen-and-ink illustrations of Enoch Arden, by Arthur Hughes, necessarily want the colour which constitutes this artist's charm. Refined delicacy of sentiment may perhaps compensate for lack of certainty in drawing and symmetry, and compactness in composition. Mr. Redgrave's 'Yew Tree Shade' is a careful study worked after the manner of oil. 'The Temple near the Sphinx' is the best sketch we have seen from the hand of Mr. Dillon for many a day. The two landscapes by Mr. Thomas Danby have exquisite poetry. Mr. Vicat Cole seizes upon detail and attains to truth unadorned. Mr. Carl Haag in 'Egyptian Musicians' displays his accustomed vigour, and turns once more to good account the copper hues of the Nubian skin. Mr. Marks, known of old as an artist most original, advances further claims to be accounted the Hogarth of his day. In 'Great Orpheus,' a fiddler bold, he paints a screaming farce, a menagery of wild beasts, an auditory purely zoological. In a mere *jeu d'esprit* it were not fair to require more character and expression than hasty study may yield. A startling surprise has been made by Mr. Calderon. Even the process by which the artist painted the effective figure at 'La Fontaine' is new to our age and country. First, Mr. Calderon secures a piece of unprimed canvas and boldly lays down his subject thereon in body colours, after the manner used by the early Italian panel painters. The canvas itself shows through and gives texture, and the brilliancy of colour known to belong to the *tempera* method obtains for the completed work the light-giving power of fresco *buono*. We are glad to see that Mr. Calderon has incised his outlines with certain hand, and that he lays on his colours in *impasto* with a master stroke which stands in need of no retouching. This picture indeed is every way to be accepted as a skilful feat.

The list of landscape-painters, many of whom have come to light solely in this Dudley Gallery, stretches far beyond the limits at our command. Some of the drawings here exhibited are to be commended as mere prentice-performances; others there are which reach to maturity of style. For the most part these landscapes evince a very praiseworthy diligence, and a sincere desire to approach close to nature. On the one hand we have detailed studies most minutely dotted in; the danger here is absolute childishness. On the other side there is a more than usual prevalence of pictures which delight in twilight and sunset, and are content with broad general effect; the peril here is vague sentiment endlessly repeated by mere receipt. Several painters, however, may be named who have made for themselves no small reputation upon these walls. Ditchfield, Severn, Vincent, Moore, Goodwin, Glennie, are artists

who, if true to their powers, have before them the brightest future. Mr. Ditchfield may be classed under the school of Mr. Boyce, yet he evidently takes nature at first hand. His studies show faith in truth when plainly clad.—The laurels which Mr. Walter Severn won a year ago he still is entitled to wear. Any coarseness which may attach to the startling sunlight cast upon 'Notre Dame,' is redeemed by the modest grey of 'The Sea at the Land's End.' It is probable the artist has here attempted all but an impossibility; to gain sunlight for his sky he has thrown twilight upon ocean; and it may be a question whether the fact got is worth the price paid. Nevertheless, the solemnity thus gained, that awful power of a storm tossing in troublous unrest, is at least very impressive. Mr. Beverley's sea-pieces have all the dash and show which pertain to the most brilliant of scene paintings. Mr. Vincent contributes drawings intense in the golden harmony of sunset, tempered by grey mists of the approaching night. The catalogue informs us of five artists who confess to the name of Moore. Two at least merit notice for drawings which display no ordinary poetry of feeling. The works, however, of Mr. Henry Moore suffer from woolliness of execution, and distend to rather ultra dimensions. Mr. J. C. Moore, in his Italian sketches, shows greater moderation, and attains to proportionately more success. Mr. Coleman has a drawing upon the third screen, brilliant as a subtle study of sky, sunlight, and cloud. Mr. C. J. Lewis has laboured sedulously, and already finds his reward. Mr. Wainwright's 'Repose' is a drawing of chastened sentiment. Mr. Soper, in 'The Weald of Surrey,' robes the earth in verdure of richest tapestry; his colours, however, are a little abrupt and positive. Mr. Storks makes a photographic portrait of 'Gravel-pits.' Mr. C. P. Knight's 'Lake Como,' and Mr. Mawley's 'Approach of Evening,' are drawings of choicest quality. Mr. Glennie is truthful, and Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Binyon indulge by turns in placid and rapturous sentiment. The best amateur work in the gallery is a 'Study in North Wales,' by Mr. Arthur Lewis. A definite purpose guides every touch.

The Dudley Gallery is now more than an experiment; it is an established success. At the private view works to the value of £2,000 were sold, and the proceeds of the whole season promise to reach double or threefold this amount. It is evident that young artists have much to gain by the enterprise.

ROYAL ACADEMY LECTURES.

THE LECTURES BY G. G. SCOTT, R.A.

The lecture-room of the Royal Academy has recently been crowded with students eager to listen to the words which fell from the lips of a master. Mr. Gilbert Scott delivered, as a sequence to lectures commenced some years ago, two discourses on the method which should guide architectural studies. In the present day, he said, we constantly find modern examples of the most advanced development of Gothic architecture which show absolute ignorance of the very A B C of the art. He was anxious that students, from the outset, should be convinced that correct principles and practice could alone be learnt from the study of old examples, and fortunately the very best models were within our reach, not only in the country at large, but within the circuit of London itself. Westminster Abbey, for instance, was a complete museum, not only of architecture, but of the allied arts of sculpture, painting, metal, enamel, tile, and mosaic work, which could scarcely be exhausted in a lifetime. The student at home and abroad must make of all such examples detailed drawings and accurate measurements. He must investigate and dissect their construction, see how treatment has been modified to suit material, and how style has been evolved jointly therefrom. Thus will be discovered the method by which the master-architects and masons of the middle ages met practical difficulties; and in this way the moot points which arise in our days in the routine of office-work will receive solution. The young architect also should give his evenings to the drawing of the figure, to the sketching and modelling even of animal-forms and of foliage, both from nature and from choice sculptured examples. The lecturer regretted that, owing to lack of sufficient space in the building now occupied by the Academy—an evil which he trusted would shortly find a remedy—students had not the needful facilities for the prosecution of this line of operations. On the much-disputed question whether foliage and the figure should receive naturalistic or conventional treatment, the lecturer gave his hearers the advantage of mature judgment. In his opinion students should make themselves acquainted with both methods; they should vitalise a dead conventionalism of the past by continued contact with actual nature, that so, in the end, a living conventionalism might be attained, which should place all sister-arts in loving service and obedience. Then came the further and fundamental question, what precise historic period might best serve as the groundwork of our present revival. The lecturer had always considered the early Gothic as too early, as transitional, rudimentary, and hard; and the latest manifestations of the style he deemed, though not without value, somewhat corrupt, and thus too late. Hence, by an exhaustive process, we arrive at a *via media*, a course in which it will be wise and safe to walk, and yet not too narrowly or rigidly. Vigour may be gained sometimes by contact with the robust stock of the early age, and variety will be found by judicious incorporation of forms and materials gathered from continental sources. But, above all things, we must in this our catholicity and latitudinarianism, never forget that we are essentially Englishmen, that we live in a northern clime, and that within our own borders have flourished the finest and purest examples of Gothic Art. The neglect of our birthright has plunged us into error. Architecture in this country has been passing through chaos, and some of our architects have suffered from mania. Nothing could be too archaic, foreign, or grotesque; and monstrous creations were perpetrated in the cause of pretentious originality. This vulgar vice is now fortunately a little mitigated, and the moderation which lies in a middle course is likely once again to give to beauty her lawful supremacy. The unity and the harmony which reign over all true Art may be illustrated by the fact that Greek work combines perfectly with Gothic; and the lecturer would desire, for the sometimes obnoxious archaicism found in mediæval designs, just that correction which Flaxman, the master of classic Art, would have supplied. A young architect thus thoroughly grounded in the history of the purest schools, thus imbued with the spirit of past ages, and comprehending the changed requirements of our modern civilisation, may practise his art with propriety, and even assist in its future development.

We have endeavoured in brief to give the gist of Mr. Scott's well-matured teachings. The wide catholicity of his views were suited to the place wherein they obtained utterance,—the Academy, which should unite into harmony the too-long scattered Arts of our country. These lectures, at the time we go to press, are in the printer's hand, and will form a sequel to the former series on the "Development of Mediæval Architecture" already published, and presented to the architectural students. The lecturer teaches how the styles of the Middle Ages may, through the exercise of reason and common sense, be made subservient to the wants of the present day.

J. B. A.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF FRED. CHAPPLE, ESQ., HUYTON HALL, LIVERPOOL.

THE CAVALIER.

Herring, Bright, and Baxter, Painters.
J. C. Armytage, Engraver.

A PICTURE on which the talents of three artists have been engaged: it is the "companion" work of one, 'The Trooper,' that we are preparing for publication. To which of the three painters belongs the credit of the composition we cannot undertake to say, but that each has well sustained his own part in carrying out the originator's design is manifest enough. It is a bright, cheerful, animated picture, in spite of the grim towers and strong battlemented walls of the castle, whose age must go back to the feudal times, and which, doubtless, has withstood many an attack of beleaguering armies. Perhaps its strength and the courage of its defenders are about to be tested once more; for the Cavalier is a gentleman of the time of Charles the First; and though his horse does not seem to be jaded as if it had travelled far and rapidly, its rider is evidently the bearer of some news to the fair ladies, which by their action and expression is anything but agreeable. Possibly his message is that the standard of rebellion has been raised in the country, that the people are ranging themselves under the banners of their respective leaders, and that the inmates of that time-worn and "ivy-mantled" castle must be prepared for action. Whether the composition was intended to bear such an interpretation we cannot tell, but it certainly admits of it; and it is quite as certain that the errand of the horseman is one of importance: no words of gallantry or of courtly compliment have passed from him; his face is grave in its earnestness, while those of the ladies are inquiring, with a mixture of surprise. Possibly the Cavalier is on his way to join the ranks of the royalists, though at present he has not assumed the habiliments of war, and is not armed; but his horse is a noble charger, and would bear its owner well on the battle-field.

Colton, the author of *Lacon*, has drawn a graphic and pathetic picture of a war-horse lying dead on the snow-covered plains of Russia, on the retreat of the French after the conflagration of Moscow in 1812:—

"'Tis morn!—but lo! the warrior-steed in vain
The trumpet summons from the bloodless plain!
Ne'er was he known till now to stand aloof.
Still midst the slain was found his crimson hoof;
And struggling still to join that well-known sound,
He dies, ignobly dies, without a wound.
Oft had he hailed the battle from afar,
And pawed to meet the rushing wreck of war!
With reinless neck the danger oft had braved,
And crushed the foe—his wounded rider saved.
Oft had the rattling spear and sword assailed
His generous heart, and had as often failed:
That heart no more life's frozen current thaws,
Brave, guiltless champion, in a guilty cause!
One northern night more hide our work hath done,
Than whole campaigns beneath a southern sun."

The Conflagration of Moscow.

Mr. Herring's charger and dog, Mr. Baxter's handsome cavalier and graceful maidens, and Mr. Bright's ancient grey castle, "come together," to adopt an artist's phrase, very picturesquely and brilliantly on this small canvas. A triumvirate of painters engaged on one work, the size and character of this, is an unusual combination, though a similar instance is to be found in one we engraved last year, 'A Dream of the Future,' painted by Messrs. Frith, Creswick, and Ansdell. In some of the works of the old Dutch and Flemish masters, we find one artist introducing figures into the landscape of another.



MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. III.—E. F. DE BLOCK; F. A. DE BRUYCKER.



A Belgian writer upon Art, quoted by Victor Joly, in his *Les Beaux-Arts en Belgique de* 1848 *à* 1857, remarks:—"It is said that the modern French school of painting crushes, or overwhelms, the modern Flemish school. It is not so; and I maintain that Belgium is, in proportion to the number of her inhabitants, the more richly endowed with living painters." And the writer proceeds to point out from his own observations, that, though the ideas which many French artists put on their canvases are in every way excellent, the painters have not the power to carry them out effectively. "To know how to preserve in the finished picture what the sketch shows, or suggests, is," he says, "the most difficult problem of painting." In support of his opinion, he summons a French critic, M. Diderot, as a witness. "It is because this difficulty is so great," writes the latter, "that many French painters are compelled to stop their works at the stage of incomplete pictures. The simple sketch, that which contains in it the germ of Art, they do not weaken, but they leave their work *on the road*. Other artists, finding that the design does not convey the idea intended, manfully brave the perils, labour on at the work, and lose the sketch." "It has often been an objection raised against the painters of Belgium," says the writer referred to by M. Joly, "that they, in their efforts to attain a trifling or too minute result, are not artists, but only laborious workmen, machines distanced or outdone by the daguerreotype; having, in a word, nothing of the sacred fire of Art. But what, then, is to be said of those painters who mistrust the next day what they have done in the day preceding. They brush out, they correct, they scumble over, they erase by continued labour, their first conceptions; they grope along in the dark to the end of the work, producing, by a complete uniformity of touch, earth and sky, satin and rock, water and fire! Ah! these are worse than patient workmen; they are the incompetent in every acceptation of the word, who, willing to submit nature to that which they designate *le ton*, sacrifice the substance to the shadow, and reduce Art to the unblushing effrontery of the palette. France furnishes us with too many examples of such painters."

This is, at any rate, an amusing specimen of Art-criticism; upon the question of its truth we have no desire to enter. Both France and Belgium contain artists who do honour to their country; and without discussing the comparative merits of each,



Drawn by W. J. Allen. *De Block, Paint.* *Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

READING THE BIBLE.

or their relative numbers, we believe it may be safely asserted that the Belgian writer made no exaggerated statement when he remarked that in proportion to her population his own country could boast of being the "more richly endowed" with living

painters of high excellence; for it should not be forgotten that several Belgian artists of distinction have taken up their residence in Paris, and are looked upon generally as belonging to the French school.

Among those who have been content to remain in their native land, and who there practise *genre* painting with unqualified success, are the two whose names appear at the head of this page: the latter is, perhaps, less known to the English public than the former, for the works of M. de Block have been seen in London, at the International Exhibition of 1862, and at the French Gallery in Pall-Mall, as well as in Liverpool. M. de Bruycker has not, we believe, exhibited in London; but, in 1861, a picture by him, called 'The Surprise,' was in the Royal Manchester Institution; and in the same year he sent to the Liverpool Society of Arts another, entitled 'The Cock and the Doll.' In 1864, one of his works, of which we shall speak presently, was hung in the Picture Gallery of the Crystal Palace.

Eugene François de Block was born at Grammont in the early part of the present century; and after studying under M. Van Huffel, of Ghent, entered, as did De Bruycker, the *atelier* of M. de Brackeleer, at Antwerp. His first exhibited picture, 'A Flemish Cabaret,' appeared in 1833 at the Exposition in Brussels; and in the same year and the next, he exhibited at Ghent several paintings,—among them were 'A Musical Party,' 'Grandfather's Visit,' 'Interior of a Cabaret,' and 'The Politicians.' But the picture which first brought him prominently into notice was exhibited at Brussels in 1836: the subject, 'A Village Fête in the Environs of Antwerp,' is handled with considerable power in the arrangement and drawing of the figures, in truth of expression, harmony of colouring, and freedom of touch.

So far back as 1841, the works exhibited by this artist in Paris had found so much favour, that a medal for *genre* painting was awarded to him; and in 1846 he was nominated *Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur*. To the *Exposition Universelle* held in Paris in 1855, he sent 'Going out of School,' a picture he exhibited the year before in Brussels. A writer who saw it in the latter city, says—"There is in this work a life, a variety of characters and attitudes, which remind us not a little of the school



Drawn by W. J. Allen.] *De Bruycker, Pinxt.* [*Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

THE GRANDPARENTS' VISIT.

of Hasenclever"—one of the most distinguished *genre* painters of Düsseldorf. "The touch of M. de Block is always bold and vigorous. . . . . The schoolmaster has a countenance full of originality, spirit, good-humour, and ingenuousness: it would be difficult to find anything better from the pencil of Hogarth."

The managers of the annual Art-exhibitions at Liverpool have for some years past invited foreign artists to contribute to their galleries, and have offered them every facility for so doing. M. de Block has on several occasions availed himself of the opportunity. In 1858 he sent there a *replica* of 'Going out of School,' another canvas entitled 'Pain and Misery,' and a third picture without a name. The following year he contributed 'The Poacher's Wife' and 'The Hunter's Boy;' in 1860, 'The Flower-Girl,' 'The Indiscreet Fair,' and 'The Ferry;' and in 1864 a painting entitled 'He comes! he comes!' The original sketches for some of these pictures, as well as of several others, we had the pleasure of seeing in the artist's studio, when we visited Brussels last summer. They show him to be a close observer of nature, and to possess the power of delineating truthfully individual character.

In the gallery allotted to the Belgian school in our International Exhibition, in 1862, were four pictures by this artist—'Reading the Bible,' 'Sunday,' the property of the Queen of Holland, 'Cold and Hunger,' and 'A Fisherman's Feast in the Neighbourhood of Antwerp.' The first-named of these subjects De Block has repeated several times: in the exhibition at the French Gallery, last year, was one, under the title of 'Cottagers reading the Scriptures.' Another version—one of the best—we have engraved as a specimen of his style. The aged mistress of the cottage has put aside her spinning-wheel for a time to read, and evidently to explain to a small youthful auditory, the words of Sacred Writ. A quiet pleasant face has that young girl, listening attentively to the holding forth of the venerable teacher, whose husband, standing in the rear, has taken a pipe from his mouth, as if he purposed to add a comment of his own. The attractiveness of the composition lies as much in the unaffected-

ness of the design, as in the able and forcible manner in which it is put on the canvas. In his aim after the real, De Block rarely loses sight of that ideality which gives a grace even to a common-place subject.

François Antoine de Bruycker was born at Ghent, in November, 1816, and began to study Art in the Academy of that city. In 1839 he removed to Antwerp—where he has since resided—and entered the studio of M. Ferdinand de Brackeleer, with whom he remained two years. Both as a painter of flowers and of *genre* subjects, his works soon got into favour; for one of his earliest pictures, 'Les Soupçons,' exhibited in 1842, was purchased for the gallery of the King of Wurtemberg. Two paintings, exhibited in 1844, are in private collections in Antwerp: one, 'Asking in Marriage,' is in that of M. de Cock; the other, to which was given the somewhat indefinite title of 'En as tu Souvenance,' is in that of M. Born. Some of his works have found owners in our own country. 'Hot Cockles,' exhibited in Brussels in 1845, where it gained for the artist a medal of the second class, is now in the possession of Mr. Uzielli, of London. Two others, 'The Frolic,' exhibited in 1846, and 'Maternal Kindness,' in 1848, De Bruycker informed the writer were also sold to some English collectors.

Of a later date are 'The Butterfly,' 'A Declaration,' both of which are in German galleries, and 'Expectation,' belonging to Counsellor Barey, of Berlin—a duplicate of this last was executed for the present King of the Belgians. In 1857 M. de Bruycker exhibited 'Springtime;' a young girl holding a bunch of lilies for her companion to smell: a simple but elegant composition, transparent in colour, and firm in texture. With it he sent 'The Old Gardener,' a work which became the property of the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia. The old man is engaged in tying up the stalk of a tender plant, the figure is admirable in pose and in life-like expression, and the whole subject is worked with a lightness and delicacy of touch combined with high finish, little, if at all, inferior to the manner of Meissonnier.

In the possession of Mr. Herbert, of Liverpool, is, or was, 'The Widow,' a picture that procured for the artist, in 1860, the gold



Drawn by W. J. Allen. *De Bruycker, Paxt.* [*Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

CALLING TO MIND OLD TIMES.

medal and his nomination as a member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Amsterdam, where it was exhibited.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace, in 1864, being desirous of attracting to their picture-gallery works of a higher character than they usually received, offered several money prizes for the best pictures sent in both by native and foreign artists. M. de Bruycker was so fortunate as to have awarded to him a prize of forty guineas "for the best picture, irrespective of subject, by a foreign artist, not French, resident on the Continent;" the painting in question being one of those we have engraved, 'Calling to Mind Old Times,' or, to adopt the artist's title, 'Je n'avais que seize ans.' Over a social cup of tea a group of village gossips is holding friendly converse—or rather, it may be assumed, is listening to a story told by one seated at the head of the table, who relates to her companions some incident of her early life—probably the history of her first wooing, or of her marriage. The composition of the group is remarkably easy and truthful, and the countenances of the party are as humorous in their varied expressions as they are truly natural. The work, which was bought by Mr. John Margetson, must be allowed to be one of high merit in the class to which it belongs. In the picture-gallery of the Crystal Palace at the present time is a good painting, 'A Mother's Happiness,' by this artist.

Another picture we have engraved, 'The Grandparents' Visit,' shows equally with the one on this page how faithfully M. de Bruycker treats subjects of cottage life. Every figure has been carefully studied, from the venerable old man who has just entered the apartment to the infant in the arms of its mother; nor can the well-balanced arrangement of the whole escape the notice of the critic. The scene teaches an excellent social lesson. The heads of the cottage family are evidently a prudent, industrious couple, who train up their children into habits of usefulness and courtesy. Such an example of modern Flemish Art is a welcome contrast to the subjects on which many of the old painters of the country exercised their talents. These, and the other works to which reference has been made, have rendered De Bruycker one of the most popular *genre* painters of the modern Belgian school.

James Dafforne.

ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE.*

Although the book whose title appears below has been already noticed by us, it is referred to again because we have now an opportunity of offering to our readers specimens of the engravings which illustrate it. We may, however, remark that the volume contains many larger engravings than those which are here supplied; but the smaller examples have been selected, as best suited to our pages. The first is from a drawing by J. D. Watson, the second is the production of W. P. Burton; the poem which this illustrates is entitled "Sunrise and Sunset." J. Dalziel supplies a delicious bit of landscape representing "Sunset."



AMONGST THE MOWERS.

Of the engravings which we omitted to point out—but only for want of space—in our last notice, the most commendable in our estimation are—'At the Threshold,' by G. P. Pinwell; there is a homely naturalism in this design very noteworthy. 'Good-bye,' by A. W. Bayes, an old nurse on her death-couch taking leave of a young girl whom she had watched over from babyhood. 'The Home Pond,' by J. W. North, somewhat of the new school of drawing, yet very truthful. 'The Song,' by A. B. Houghton, is clever, but the keys of the pianoforte are so elevated as to be almost on a level with the lady's waist; and the folds of the dress fall ungracefully they are swayed about as if



SUNRISE.

by the wind; we notice this peculiarity in other designs by the same artist. 'Richer than Gold' is illustrated by two charming bits of landscape from the pencil of T. Dalziel. J. W. North's 'Old Shepherd on the Hills' is entitled to similar words of praise; and A. B. Houghton's 'Outward Bound' and 'Homeward Bound' are full of character, opposed as each is to the other in feeling and sentiment.

"A Round of Days" is, as we intimated before, one of the most welcome illustrated books the season has produced.

* A Round of Days. Described in Original Poems by some of our most Celebrated Poets, and in Pictures by Eminent Artists. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Published by G. Routledge and Sons, London.

SELECTED PICTURES.

IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS BIRCHALL, ESQ., RIBBLETON HALL, PRESTON.

CHASTITY.

W. E. Frost, A.R.A., Painter. T. Garner, Engraver.

Forming an opinion from what Mr. Frost has exhibited during the last few years, it may be assumed that we have seen the last of the pictures of which this is an example, and with which are associated his 'Una and the Wood Nymphs,' in the possession of her Majesty; 'The Disarming of Cupid,' a commission from the late Prince Consort, also in the Royal Collection; the 'Euphrosyne,' a commission from the late Mr. Bicknell, with one or two others; all of them pictures which, for elegance of composition, grace of form, and loveliness of features in the figures, will always rank among the best works produced by any school of painting, whether English or foreign, and which must inevitably increase in pecuniary value as time passes on; not only because they are most excellent in themselves, but because there is no artist who has adopted the same kind of subject with anything approaching to the same success, Etty alone excepted.

What has induced him to forego the practice of such pictures as those just named, and to content himself with the less important, but scarcely less beautiful, compositions he has lately exhibited, it is impossible to say; but the fact that he has done so is, indeed, much to be regretted, for there seems to be little probability of any one taking up the mantle Mr. Frost has chosen to cast aside. With the powers of representation, combined with purity and brilliancy of colour, which this artist possesses, he might, by changing his line of character and adopting subjects of a more familiar and ordinary nature, have secured a much larger share of public patronage and popular applause than, perhaps, has fallen to his lot; but he has kept on his own course, satisfied with the suffrages of the few who know and can appreciate what is really excellent. He is yet in the prime of life; we may hope, therefore, notwithstanding the misgivings we have expressed, that there will come forth again from his studio more such pictures as the 'Euphrosyne' and 'Chastity.'

The last-named work, exhibited at the Academy in 1854, is suggested by the following passage in Milton's "Comus":—

> "So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
> That when a soul is found sincerely so,
> A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt," &c., &c.

It is a belief, for which there is sufficient warranty in Scripture, that the inhabitants of the earth are at all times surrounded by "ministering spirits" from the regions above and beneath us. The artist sees in imagination those who are the guardian angels of the maiden Chastity; he has embodied them in forms and countenance becoming their purity, their exalted character, and their mission, as they attend her path through a world of temptation and trial, shielding her on all sides from danger while her way lies through briars and thorns. The elegance with which they are grouped round the central figure is very striking; and their diversified action and impressive sweetness of face are points which cannot pass unnoticed in the examination of this truly beautiful picture. The figures on the extreme left and right respectively are Sin and Guilt.



VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

II.

THE PROMONTORY OF THE PET MURENÆ. THE PICTURESQUE LIFE OF NAPLES. THE NERONIAN TUNBRIDGE WELLS (BAIÆ). CALIGULA'S BRIDGE.

THE queasy Neapolitan sea at length composed, we ventured forth in a boat into the airy quiet of the waters. Now for a few hours, thank Heaven, we took leave of rapacious roarings, of a most unamiable hubbub, of a hushed furnace-like atmosphere, and of that *snuff* composed of animal refuse which lies undisturbed on the Neapolitan streets, and with which every inhalation enhances the familiarity. Leaving these constituents of blue devilry ashore, we perceived a coolness in the wind itself! and felt that a residence at Naples might be delightful if only we could live on its waters. And yet the general aspect of the landscape was somewhat arid all about the Punto di Posilipo, now leisurely skirted. Caverns of pale-yellow dusty-looking rock, with openings like Egyptian doors, are shagged with grey aloes, and with the great rough disks of the Indian fig, which made, no doubt, a fine wreath for the brows of old Rhea in Saturnian times. Men clothed in little but tawniness, and of a tropical look also, were standing grubbing in the water, under volcanic waves of tufa rock, which here and there seemed to *grow naturally* into the honeycomb brickwork and arches of the substructions of the ancient Roman villas. The whole promontory, simple and level as it is of outline, is an exceedingly curious aggregation of natural and artificial ruins, desert rocks, terraced villas, and ornate gardens, ranged and piled together like the closely-packed shelves of some quaint museum. Along the water the natural ante-Vesuvian labyrinths have been extended and united by the Pollios and Luculluses so artfully that you scarcely see which is which; and above, abound the curiosities of the *modern* Italian villa, with urns and busts, and arches from ilex-shaded cliff to cliff, and the stone-pine, the Theocritan umbrella, where Virgil sat and mused; all highly inviting to the eye, but private property, walled forbiddingly.

At least, we could only gain admittance to the *boatman's* favourite object on Posilipo, a stuffed menagerie, itself stuffing the tiny shelf-like grounds and grottoes of a little deserted villa; the most interesting objects of the forlorn and tattered collection being a shrunken, but still ladylike, giraffe, with her head all on one side, like the lovelorn Claudia, and a hippopotamus grinning as drily and painfully as a nervous comic actor when first presenting himself. Might we have found our way farther, within hearing of Thalberg—the prince of all living musical instrumentalists, call him "virtuoso" who will—whose private piano serenely and beautifully thunders to himself alone in one of the most princely of those villas, *that*, indeed, had been charming; but as it was, after those pedestrian failures especially, we preferred the free passive enjoyment on the water. Beyond its scarce-rippling azure rose the silvery City, steeps of palaces, and gardens, and villas, and the silent guilty mountain above; all looking most unreal, like a *scene* delicately painted by fancy on the ideal canvas, like a cold prosaic Stanfield no longer. That dove-like tenderness of hues, that spiritualising light so rare with us, were everywhere. Our previous disturbant gloom already seemed but as a dark retiring background for setting off the ensuing beauties. Vesuvius, peering behind steeps of intermingled palaces and gardens, really looks down on Naples with quite a sociable and suburban air, almost—almost with the meekness with which Primrose Hill surveys the Regent's Park. Only when you glide out in the bay does he display his more suspicious features. Aloof from the other mountains, he has thoroughly the look of a heap of volcanic matter thrust up out of a country originally level. Like a wicked wretch as he is—murderer of Herculaneum and Pompeii—he gazes on the honest true-bred mountains around, as if he had no connection with them; his highest summit smooth and quiet as treachery itself. Vesuvius has not been well drawn. The painters shrink him into a mere tame hill, missing the bolder rushings of his lines, his scars of darkness and desolation.

We were reaching the point of the Posilipan promontory called *La Scuola di Virgilio*, from the pleasant fancy that here Virgil much pondered his Æneid. And certainly here was fine pondering for him, the Baian shores being added in the view to those of Naples and Sorrento; but already many of the associations may have tended to that melancholy which is said to have grown on him towards the end of life. Perhaps he began to see the infernal prospects of the world around him, by anticipating the inevitable results of unbridled power, to discover that the Empire was *not* Religion, and to be consumed by inward shame and mortification that he should have abased and thrown away his fine genius (even so would he abase and throw away his fine poem), in outrageous flattery of a delusion which he had stupidly deified. Beside his so-styled study the boat entered a narrow strait of tufa rocks, looking like ruins everywhere, so that the vast remains of the famous villas were not at first distinguished. But by degrees the semi-domed recesses and masses of grey reticulated brickwork multiply obviously amongst the yellow rocks, and glimmer under the green water of the sea; confused piles of ruin hanging in places on the natural cliff like dim remains of the rude mail of extinct giants, or *ichthiosaurii*. Thus we found ourselves gliding over the visible substructions of Vedius Pollio's villa, over the remains of the tanks and canals where this patrician and private Nero, in his domestic autocracy (of the kind which so propped up that which was universal), fed his *murenæ*, or sea eels, abominably. He would have thrown to his pet fishes a slave who had broken the dearest of his pet vases, even the one he set opposite his sleeping pillow, and all but took to bed with him; but before the emperor this outburst of frenzy was not merely inhumanity, but disrespect; and Augustus, rising from his couch with a majestic and even awful concentration of drapery, commanded that all his other vases should be tossed into the water instead. At least so runs the story. The water was so luminously clear, that had those fishes been there, we should have seen them capitally, waiting in liquid emerald; or had the pet *murena* been there which the wife of Drusus at her neighbouring villa (how sick of man!) decorated with earrings, (never surely were pets so petted as in that age of the general lapse of humanity), we might have admired the earrings, glistening as the loved creature hung in attendance on Apician crumbs. The pure colour of the deep, wrinkling into veins the white of the bottom-pebbles, made it seem paved with precious green marble—not Czarish malachite, for *that* is not so prettily silver-veined, but *Nereid's verde-antique*, may we call it? Underneath our boat all was thus *coolly* clear—a Roman bath for the fancy, in fancy resounding with the luxurious pants of Poppœa, or with the declamation of some pedant sitting on the bathers' clothes; but above, the evening sun was turning the broad frontier cliff from sandy dulness to living gold; its underlines curiously waved like light reflected from a flowing sea; and distantly, on looking forth from this glaucous dell, Ischia was seen issuing from shy misty azure into glowing rose. Stretching along before that peaked island lay Misenum, Bauli, and Baiæ, the great Roman resorts, now nearly absorbed by earth. The brightness of colour could not overpower the sentiment of solitude, neglect, and antique decay that hung over them; but, never, surely, was there a more brilliant and beamy tone of melancholy.

The only sound was a clank of chains. The neighbouring Isle of Nisida, whither Brutus and Cassius retired after assassinating Cæsar (philosophically attending the ruin of all things), being a prison, a number of captives in manacles were swaggering on the quay there in jackets of scarlet—the most targetable colour for a fugitive, no doubt. They were chiefly brigands, murderers, we were told, the last champions here of the Church and the divine right of kings, who have, in some recent instances, illustrated their principles with acts of cannibalism; men of religious habits and loyalty, who wear Madonna pictures round their necks, and never omit to kneel on proper occasions—are, indeed, most punctilious in their kneeling, but have, nevertheless, educed from their victims, cutlets, and devoured them in festive honour of their holy cause. Such being the Vedius Pollios still left to us, such the infernal volcanic *human* element which may still lie seething even under the firmest and most symmetrical institutions our Perfectionists can frame for us!

But we were so disappointed with regard to the picturesque *life* in Naples generally. Even here the old poetical forms and joyous spirit seem dying out, giving way to our own order of things—the utilitarian system, hastened by taxes, and twofold dearness of the necessaries of life, which press on the ever-teeming populace; so that the sole relief lies in the awakening adoption of invasive facts, improvement on the plainest principles, the rejection of the flowers of life for what may be called the kitchen and culinary esculents. During our three weeks' stay at Naples, I do not remember (ah me!) one guitar, not a single piscatorial improvisatore, not one *Giovanni on the Green*. And yet the quays of Santa Lucia are well worth haunting for the picturesque life which still breathes on them, though in a reduced and more serious, silent, reserved form. Here, in their little shops, sit handsome young women with decidedly Greekish profiles, and old ones with something of the antique, too, lurking under much walnut-like intricacy of wrinkles, with fine eyes, and noses which seem to have the stamp of immortality—that time appears unable to subdue. And here, too, lay fishermen, naked at least two-thirds, with smooth brown limbs sprawling, in any slip of shade to be found, with a free picturesqueness from which the *highest* Art would thankfully borrow. One sees in the *Museo* what the antique owed to their ancestors; the very peculiarities of their unconscious attitudes being there eternised in marble. And the handsome Faunish lads, with dark eyes hinting a

thievish energy, inert as basking lizards, as the hot glittering sea between them and glowing Capri!—one felt as if it would have been scarcely safe to disturb them. But the most beautiful, the divinest figures of all, were the sturdy little infants, wholly nude, walking about freely, and busying themselves in their simple serious way, with what the rest of the family was about, harnessing the mule, it may be, or decorating the fruit-bearing panniers with flags and boughs. One tawny little fellow, especially, irradiates my memory, shouldering a great glistening olive-branch, and the sun shining through his loose outflourishing fair hair, till it seemed a kind of wild saintly halo—the best that possibly could be for a little round toddling San Giovanni Battista.

These are the *charming* savages; but there are many quite the reverse, imperfectly adapting themselves to the new order of things. Assuredly the avidity for your money is most remarkable. The very cries with which the commodities are published in the streets have that greed in them, rising into leopard-like roarings, a sultry sound, which in odious harmony with the sirocco, depresses the lonely sensitive tourist, especially when debilitated by tossing waves, and diet not only strange but meagre; for unless at the hotels, refreshment at once substantial and timely is certainly one of the difficulties at Naples. Until the season when the foreign residents throng, the fare at the *Pensions* is, of necessity perhaps, particularly sparse and leguminous, and to an English stomach very lightly and unprofitably Italian. "Surely, this is a volcanic people," one is apt to murmur gloomily under these lowering, irritating circumstances. Hot lava seems to run wildly through their veins instead of blood; and they thirst for the pecuniary part of your substance, even as the musquitos do for the sanguineous. One extra cause for this rapacity, we were told, lies in the lotteries. "Grave elderly men dream of lucky numbers," said our informant; "wives pick their sleeping husbands' pockets that they may buy them; servants and tradesmen cheat for them; priests pray for them; beggars beg for them; needy persons starve for them, denying themselves necessary food and raiment in the hope of sudden and magnificent wealth through these means." But this is a trying period for the Neapolitans, now in a transition between the enjoyments of the old system, and a knowledge of the new. The costliness of organising the Italian nation, with its immense army and navy (so entirely victorious over the finances), needs heavy taxing; which has been met by a rise in prices, amounting to nearly double those of the easy-living times of King Bomba; a very good kind of man, after all, to those who left the care of thought to his religious providence. It is in vain to tell them of the good things to come, that the schoolmaster is laying the only lasting foundations of liberty, &c. &c. They only know that for these thriving new trades, so triumphantly pointed out to them, they have not the needful knowledge or training, that everything they want is dearer, and liberty (that most restrictive thing) the dearest of all. And so, on the whole, Ferdinand *may* probably be higher in their affections than Victor Emmanuel: the King of Immediate Maccaroni and Lazy Enjoyment preferred to the Monarch of Future Benefits and Present Sacrifices—the Prince of Self Abnegation and Hard Work. Indeed, the latter himself so inclines to this notion, as to be pretty nearly *nervous!* during his public appearances here, hurrying through and repeating them as little as may be.

The nocturnal sounds of that Vesuvian people were one of our capital plagues. Numbers of them having no home, of course never go to bed; and sleeping through the heats of the day in any patch of shadow at hand, in the night they are commonly at their liveliest—lively as the musquitos, with whom they coalesce for the disturbing of feverish wayfarers like ourselves, already unstrung and relaxed by weltering seas, and continual breathings from the enormous boiler of the south wind. Our bedroom overlooking the Chiaja was the very ear of this clatter, which seemed, in moments of imperfect dozing, in the room itself, just outside the inefficacious muslin; so that when the one or two musquitos concentrated on us by the net had supped themselves quiet, and sleep was at last creeping toward us, it was driven away by the roarings of these Neapolitans, and towards morning by the jingling of the bells with which every animal is hung, and by the military drummings and trumpettings, blameably, and *I* think scarce courteously, permitted to rob everybody of their natural, and sometimes vitally precious rest.

One of the haunting places of the imagination to those who have been there must certainly be that cluster of promontories, long low necks of land, and peaked islets, which form the extreme western land seen from the Bay of Naples. In the distance, they range along the water with a most poetical light grace and play of outline, changing, as you approach, into new varieties of exquisite grouping. What a wonderfully intense white silvery light was on them the morning we first drew near them, their sides obviously all crumbly with ruins! For here, where all seen remotely reminds one of innocence and the golden age, were, of old, the Roman Portsmouth, the Roman Brighton, Biarritz, or Baden Baden, the Neronian Tunbridge Wells, where not only the Roman navies lay in port, but the uppermost of the Roman world of every kind came to rest and disport themselves in their several ways and fashions. Here it was, to Baiæ and Bauli, they came flocking in the spring; to put on the short loose *chlamys*, and "play the Greek," where vice was intellectual and refined, or to remain Roman still, in all the pride of manlier grossness; to chat sociably amidst sulphurous steams, and dabble together, male and female, in the silvery little Lucrine Lake profusely bestrown with rose-leaves; or to enjoy literary leisure and philosophic retirement, conscious all the time of a hovering host of admirers. As if verily for its sins, the spot has been visited with tremendous volcanic movements, earthquakes, and every kind of desolation; and on overlooking its earth of *ruins* overgrown with the vine and olive, it seems wonderfully limited in extent for iniquities on so magnificent and imperial a scale. But a little inner bay there is, that of Baiæ, two miles across every way, with an outer one not much larger, and certain small inlets and lakes, and yet room enough not only for all that Cæsarian Vanity Fair, but for the Roman fleet to rendezvous near the further promontory, and for the provision fleets from Africa to lie at Puteoli on the nearer side. What a crowded animated scene must it then have been! but now loneliness and much rubbish seem, as you draw near, to predominate. Nevertheless, there is a grace in the landscape that gives something of what is felt in contemplating a fine antique; and the Elysian brightness of the air, such as prevailed on the day of our visit, and the associations, make magnificent even mean things, or exclude them from the mind, or render them even pathetic from the antithesis.

Early we set off, all morning sunshine both without and within, not a cloud anywhere, either aërial or metaphysical. Being in a carriage, raised more into the air, and wooing it by motion, it was delightful. Yes, now we felt something of that balminess of which we had read so much, and should not lose our way among the walls as heretofore; for *there* sat our guide, who had undertaken to conduct us into every corner of this Roman Elysium; and he was no lout, but almost gentlemanly, a man of information, discernment, and taste, of which last his kid gloves and handsome breast-pin were highly appropriate emblems.

First, he let down our unwonted steps at the little Lake of Agnano, populous only with most lively high-leaping frogs, being sequestered by thinly-shrubbed heights, overlooked behind by a peak coifed with a lonely, reticent, deep-meaning convent. But not like our own Rydal on such a morning was this lake, not an exquisitely sensitive mirror, in which the reflections are distincter and fuller of colour, it may be, than objects themselves somewhat filmed by the intense all-pervading light. It did not repeat things, like a poet's mind, with a vividness, yet spiritual dreaminess, they themselves have not. It was not in its stillness (as Rydal is) like the enchanted lake in the Arabian tale, a glassy spell sleeping on loveliest things, and soon to ebb beneath their brightness and their joy. No, on the contrary, this South Italian mere had a leaden look, as if the dull grave of some impenetrable volcanic catastrophe. Close by, a wicket led to that far-famed den of mephitic vapours, the *Grotto del Cane;* and a dog was already there, to be let down, and duly faint away in the given number of moments. But the notion simply hurried us on to the *Solfatara*, the southern verge of the Phlegræan Fields a little farther on, a low volcanic crater, yet fuming, though so ancient that Vesuvius is comparatively but an upstart; the record of its misdeeds being lost in that volume which the old Cumæan Sybil herself used to open with trembling awe. From the white and sulphurous ground bright vapours were wandering up in thin streams in many places, and from a cave, in denser volume, boiling forth with the noise of an angry steam-engine; the whole earth being hollow to the tread, and emitting sulphuretted gases very appreciably.

And hard by, in a hollow, lie the ruins of the amphitheatre of Puteoli, one of the oval seeds, or principal eggs, of whatsoever was most brutalising and deadening in the ancient world; its gradines most distinct, though crumbled to an earthy look, and cloven at the end, as if by the gentle Spirit of Beauty, on purpose to admit the view of a stone-pine between arches like little rocky caves, all tangled with sunny shrubs. We wandered leisurely about the grot-like corridors of fine diagonal brickwork, and in crypts beneath the arena, under slips of daylight falling through numerous trap doors, where caged beasts and human creatures emerged to be brilliantly butchered for the amusement of those vanished homicides who here dried up in their hearts the last of that pity whose divine strength might have nourished, protected, and saved them. Here they were probably entertained, not only with the highly curious cries of pain and fury of new kinds of Libyan animals, but even with the super-

masculine rage and mute endurance of women, who fought with one another, and even with men, in the arenas of the times of Nero and Domitian. A matter of legal charge was it against a consular in the latter days that he had descended into the circus to wrestle with a female athlete. Here Nero himself, having raised the wonder of his guest the Armenian king by gilding the Pantheon in a day, sustained it (and a still stronger inner contempt, most likely), by piercing two bulls with one javelin, and accomplishing a good deal of other loathsome zoological butchery besides. Loud and wild, no doubt, were the plaudits, as he turned about to receive them with that all-ravening vanity which left him callous to every feeling but admiration; for hitherto, of all their emperors, he was the most popular, as the most jovial and liberal, who dined in the Circus and Campus, in the very press of the charmed Romans, and fought, acted, and sung for them, and provided for them pleasures more brilliant, courageous, and costly, than any ever made public before. Sometimes, indeed, vague rumours were heard (for there was little certain or settled news in those days), of great persons cut off, who would have put an end to all these delights, and reviving the horrors of Sylla and Pompey, have brought on those terrible mysterious convulsions with which society is always threatened; but nothing clear or trustworthy was known even of those proceedings, eminently provident and praiseworthy as they, no doubt, were. "Without prying into the sanctity of private life, or concerning ourselves with his family troubles, poor man, with the proud hag his mother, and her fellow conspirators, the Pisos; without turning to inquire what is so quietly done within closed doors, with a small guard waiting before them, for the salvation of the commonwealth, perspicuously, cogently, we feel his corn and cutlets in us, and his pleasures tingling in every vein. With our own eyes, my Macro, we see the winning smile with which he looks round when scattering the sesterces of the bloody-minded oligarchs, who oblige him so often by dying spontaneously when he sends a courteous evening message to them —their only merit. Listen again! How shrill and noisy, above all the din, his illustrious beauty makes the women! And now he *kneels* for our suffrages; the imperial purple all in his face, nobly, heroically! As his sight is too weak to see us clearly, we must be at least vividly audible. And now he scarfs up his throat again, his sweet pipe. It is for *us* he takes care of it. Loathing the Pisos, and the *Philosophers* with their new-fangled Christian notions of another life, which would rob us poor wretches of our only sure happiness in this, he is never so thoroughly delighted as when in the midst of all his people, sharing, leading their pleasures, and winning their whole admiration. Yet his most glorious moment is in the Circus Maximus, when, as by a thread, he winds his stormy horses through a circling way of ten thousand up-thrown eyes, hands, and acclaiming voices of delirious Romans. The Pisos, indeed! Had Phaëton's attempt been Nero's, he would have given tamely-regular old Phœbus a lesson; and we should have been entertained with novelties of daylight at new hours, fine horizontal bursts and gleams at midnight, firing the north one moment, and the south the next. And then what an artist! so Hellenic and refined! Admirable! Wonderful!" But he was a curiosity too admirable for anything but admiration, too wonderful for anything but wonder. Such a marvellous Apollo, Hercules, and Bacchus combined must needs be self-sufficient, self-sustaining, want no aid from the common clay of man. And so, when the indignant masters of legions converged against the low degenerate mime, rather than against the murderous tyrant, not a sword or voice rose for him; and all at once he withered away like a mere clot of puddled gore in the circus under a hot sun. The echoes in the amphitheatre of Puteoli seem still faintly to murmur of these things. The Academe of Homicide was it, where that imperial people qualified itself for the unhorrified and even complacent endurance of horrors, for disregard of pain and life, for seeing the great round world made but the same thing. Here it was high Romans completed their training for—suicide. Needless, quite, for Childe Harold to invoke the vengeance of the remote barbarians, for Nemesis was already in the midst, settling herself in dreary hearts bereft of saving humanity, unable to pity even themselves. So hardened were they that in the ensuing civil strife between Vitellius and Vespasian, when carnage ran riot in the streets of Rome, the populace, stirred only by the instincts of the amphitheatre, encouraged the combatants with its usual gestures and cries, as if nothing but sport was before them.

Much Nero infested our fancy there; though now the arena is innocent with ferns, where then lay pools of blood; and the mailed lizard slips away into the dusty well, where, not only the gladiator, but that vilest of mob leaders and flatterers himself may have washed his parched throat after butchering noble lions and tigers privately drugged for his purposes. And so this ruin is no *moral* ruin, but in spirit a place of progress and innocent renewal.

Just the tips of other ruins appear above amidst most luxuriant vines, which run up into arched and windowed forms so fantastically that they seem ruins too, of a more Gothic fantasy, indeed a grace Tinternian. But under this steep of leafy traceries still stand the three *cipollino* columns of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, or the Serapeon, eaten into by the sea *lithodomi* at a height which shows that the land has sunk under the sea-level and risen again wonderfully since their construction; the subsidence of these shores having partially been counteracted by earthquakes, especially the upheaval of the Monte Nuovo, now a shabby and innocuous bare hill peering over the vines. At present the crust of the earth here is steadily sinking again; and the columns devoted to very questionable oriental mysteries, we saw standing in a looking-glass of the instealing, insidious, palavering waters; the little circle of bathing cells around, meanwhile, in a steam of low mist, looking as if business were actually going on there. In all probability this was a temple and sanatorium combined, where that magniloquent hierophantic humbug, the Apostle of the Esoteric, Bulwer's Arbaces, with a fit of the gout, or after a periodic phase of occult dissipation in his unknown inmost halls at Pompeii, would come to recruit, to be mesmerised and hydropathised after the most ancient nearly-forgotten Egyptian manner. And here he would, no doubt, with a pre-Lyttonian eloquence, dilate to the wealthy and pliant youths around him, enflannelled on grandly-designed bronze sitzes, on the more liberal mysteries of exotic deities, who accept all our pleasures as their rites, and subordinate the tyrannous exactions of the conscience to the imperative and indestructible requirements of the senses, in the spirit of a philosophy too profound and refined for the rude, and coarse, and indeed uneducated old vernacular divinities of Rome. Before a plausibility so sweet and sage, of course, principles and purses, and indeed all things, melt.

All about, ruins are so plentiful at this Augustan Harrogate that the very banks and shores seem made of them, and you fancy yourself treading on pulverisation of palace. With exceeding propriety the architect and antiquarian might here cry out to the hammer-in-hand geologist, *Hands off, my dear sir, this soil is mine!* Ruins have crumbled into the mother earth; hillocks become graves of palaces, moulding them into subterranean crypts, where the vine-dressers and the goats find shelter from the garish day glittering in golden drops through thicket-fringed rents overhead. Nay, a submarine fringe of ruins skirts the Baian bay; and your boat glides over a paved road two hundred yards from the shore, and between columns ascribed to the religious service of the nymphs, peering shyly above the water. And over the substructions of other temples and villas you thus proceed and wind about, tracing them amidst submarine groves, mosses, and freely expanding flowers, even where fine antiques and splendid marble columns have been found embedded in sea blooms. In ancient times here villa was terraced upon villa, and run out on foundations under the sea—so precious was the salubrious and fashionable but very limited site, where the noblest and most notorious of every sort came full of every kind of holiday wickedness and fine conceit. In this high vernal season, too, the dancing girls, the Ambubaiæ as they were called from the place (Pollutia Puppia, and Lollia Bibula, and many others I could name), came flocking with the rest, to play at hide and seek with the Roman gallants in the moonlit caves along the shores, and amuse themselves with ballets of action, as Mœnads, or chaste Dian's nymphs, according to the vein, as heroes, or as satyrs, dressed beautifully, humorously—the ladies now and then divinely muslined, we cannot help ourselves conceiving, like those floating nymphs in the Pompeian frescoes, where they seem draped in diaphonous vapours of silvery moonshine. They made, we are creditably assured, the balmy and star-winking night resound with their distantly-heard orgies, which sometimes, it may be, interrupted the *style* of Cicero in his closet here, and gave him a passing inclination to lay it down for a moonlight ramble—some momentary instincts shaking all his acquired philosophy.

The ruins of his villa are said to compose the many terraces of a vineyard close by Puteoli (now Pozzuoli), across a brake of canes overlooking the quiet and forgetful little bay just where Caligula ran across his mad bridge of boats. Some groups of Victor Emmanuel's soldiers stationed on the promontory here, servants of constitutional monarchy, were, in all but pictorial effect, a mighty improvement on the old legionary butchers of the *pilum*. Caligula, a big-boned but weakly youth, another of servility's most wondrous masterworks, was a monster of more courage and originality than Nero. Enough for Nero to be the first (and last) of mere men in all objects of vulgar desire and customary emulation; but his penultimate predecessor, with a temper ever verging on delirium, seems to have been lifted along by an imagination not without some confused elements of grand and vast conceptions. Nursed upon flattery, which by-and-by becoming oriental and mystical, told him he was a god till he seems actually to have vaguely believed it, he

was ever restless, and on the stretch, to prove his divinity by some monstrous triumph over the usual feelings, impediments, and limits of nature. It was his pride to coast Campania in prodigious galleys, not only laid out with baths and banqueting halls, but even with groves and gardens; and presently he determined to out-Xerxes Xerxes by bridging this Bay of Baiæ with boats, in a double line, planked across and paved like a road, over which he charged one day in Alexander's cuirass, into Puteoli, on horseback, with a long and dense tail of soldiery, and the next, triumphed with mock captives, enwreathed and charioted. The waters were crowded: the whole shore of the bay was an amphitheatre, dressed out and thronged as on the days of the imperial games—for indeed scarcely a senator or other distinguished person would dare to be absent. The ever-scowling Youth from the bridge, with staring eyes that never winked, and slept but little, had screamed his harangue, full of insane self-glorification. The money, afterwards replaced by murdering the noblest Romans to confiscate their wealth, had been senselessly scattered; and the general banquet, centred on the bridge, but spread over long lines of barges moored around, had begun. Lovely, it is said in the historic account, was the serene evening. Lovely, no doubt, the clear pensive sky, and the warm brightness on yonder peak of Ischia, and on those fairy promontories before it, and the ripple on the silvery waters, and the transparent after-glow around the bay on distant temples and villas, glittering with the bright colours and movements of festivity, or receding, softened away from sight, by woody creeks and little azure meres! At nightfall the whole curve of the bay suddenly, at a signal, sparkled and ran into bright illumination. But the dissonance of drunkenness, which Dion says was general, set the ear painfully at variance with the eyes; and when a loud crash, and splashing, and hideous cries occurred somewhere, many laughed and jested, few gave serious heed, and none effectual help. From one account it seems that the imperial frenzy was by this time completely softened and soothed down by the more harmless intoxication of wine; his crew of charioteers of the Green Faction, grooms, and actors, being all devotedly inebriate about him. But from another record it is plainly inferable that he was sufficiently himself to order that no aid should be given; and certainly it were abundantly characteristic of him to start up shouting—"Stop; see that my water-guard beats back those meddling slaves with strong blows on the head till they bleed well. A wreck of dining tables and diners all going down! three great thoroughly drunken galleys rolling and crashing into them! Back, back, I tell you! A catastrophe! unless they spoil it, such as I have longed for; worthy perhaps even to compare with the crash-down of the amphitheatre of Fidenæ in my adoptive father's augustly awful times! The sea nymphs' mouths water, my Nymphidius, for some of our banquet; or Neptune winces under all this load of triumph we have laid on him to-day; and let him so assuage his temper, for my fleet is out.—Besides, now we are all on our couches again—as you have often observed with me (like hollow earth-caves echoing the great mysterious Ocean Spirit when he comes stirring amongst them, so you have echoed, not only convivially, but with hymning verses, the divine spirit in me), how can these self-conceited crowds of insect men be convinced of my godhead but by the flattest distinctions between myself and them, particularly in whatsoever comes of womanish weaknesses, pity and shamefacedness, offspring of shivering fear, and losers of the appropriate moment? The very pillows of my boyhood heaved with whispered intimations that the world was waiting my will; and the great Spirit of the Ocean, in his calm unenvious moments, murmured the same at my feet at Capri in my adolescence frequently; though he has since come in the air blustering and raging audaciously, even as far as the Palatine in the night, to deny it. But I wrestled him off after three sweating throws, and he was exceedingly glad to find the best of his way back to Ostia. But, as I was saying, what is the use of Godhead (as you remind me continually), if not to free from human restraints, after the manner of my Neighbour of the Capitol behind me, whose glory lies in *that*, and his delight, in rousing himself from sleeps of satiety with amazing outbursts of magnificent and capricious power, or with secret currents of death and fate stealing on those so vain of their security; as envious Juno, through Lucina, stole on my deified Drusilla. A stroke, friend Jupiter, we will rival on the pampered breast of *your* most cherished favourite, even in *her* brightest security, when we can find her; and, for the present, we will feebly imitate it by stealing on those exiles of ours, now enjoying their philosophic ease quite beyond our reach, or thought, as they flatter themselves, and whisper one another. Why, even an Intimate should deem himself exalted by being sacrificed to these imperious necessities of godhead, which is bound by one consideration solely; and that is, ever to keep before men's minds its boundless powers, and superiority to every human restraint."

This last hint so alarmed them that they knelt around, and tried to melt away the thought in hottest reek of hymning flattery. "Caius, Lord Caius! The old gods *are* old certainly, and Caius alone is young. They, tired of us, or rather, jealous of Cæsar, have gone to the Hyperboreans, or to Æthiopia; but Caius is ever present, visible Dispenser of all pleasures and good things, Spouse to our own now fully-grown, fully-powerful goddess Roma, by whose fierce sanguine young charms Venus looks aged. Their epithalamium we ever sing; Hymen, O Hymen! But she, a she-Mars, watching Cæsar's enemies, is, till her clear manifestation, proxied by all the loveliest daughters of the seven hills, who *have* for him but one white neck. Hymen, O Hymen! Me, Callistus, thy Vulcan, now forging thy thunder, soon to roll from the Palatine vaults with strange new terrors, she visited the last two nights in a dream, and showed a silver shield graven with all our images as the destined ægis against conspiring senators. Hymen, O Hymen!—Caius, Lord Caius! *Obvious* Divinity! Sole Viaduct of Clemency! Cæsar's Claudian aquaduct (marvel though it be) is but his tasteless metaphor: he being a diviner duct, which brings to Rome every blessing above thin cold water. Having given all pleasures to others, to please himself with them, utterly, utterly is the godlier part, leaving to watch and ward the silver shield-bearers commended to him by his spouse—Spouse of *Jupiter Palatinus!*"

"*Optimates!*" replies the emperor, "now see whether my nod is not to the very point Jupiterian. If I needed further persuasion of my deity, this would give it; for never certainly heard I a god addressed with such an air of earnest, passionate, anxious conviction. And manifestly, ye speak for all (except only the fine-pointed senate); my Nymphidius, with his soft young voice for the women; and Cassius Chærea, with the high flaw in his singularly pious flute, almost beyond imitation, for those who shall henceforth take better care of them, my good friend King Agrippa's last present." Chærea, already often stung by his banter, touched a dagger under his robe; and the young wretch's doom was sealed. If the Romans had taken leave of horror, at least some coarse remains of pride were left them. But no humanely-groaning patriotism palliated the deed; and in a few days, the wretched crew of flatterers followed the miserable work of their soft mouths and fearful hands.

It was on this bay, and the above event, our Turner founded one of his most magnificently beautiful conceptions, an ideal one—for Caligula laid but an ephemeral bridge of borrowed boats; whilst Turner established across the bay permanent arches of stone, with columnar pavilions on each pier, where the rising sun, triumphing amidst the ruins of unhallowed power, flings around him golden enchantments. The fine excursive genius of the painter was thinking rather of the architectural ambition of the Cæsars generally, which gloried in wonderful structural metamorphoses and extensions, till Grecian builders seemed to them petty and tame indeed. Turner's vision reminds one rather of that other nearly as evanescent structure of Caligula's, his viaduct from his palace on the Palatine to the Capitoline hill, which stalked along high over the temples and colonnades of the wide valley of the Forum. There it was that inflated Thing, so soon to die as the most noxious, having paused awhile on the brow of his own imperial height between the statues of Castor and Pollux, to amuse himself with the worship of casual wayfarers, passed on to confabulate privately with Jupiter in his sanctuary, and hint to him plainly that he must keep within strictly Capitoline limits. Such perspectives naturally did but converge all to the assassin's purlieu. So wonderful, however, these overarchings, and out-domings, and private galleries of Cæsar darting from hill to hill, really were at Rome, that Mr. Ruskin, perhaps, is a little hasty in condemning even the best of those compositions of such objects by his favourite as "nonsense pictures." For ourselves, even where the deviation from historic literalness is less atoned for by an enlarged significance than in this work of 'Caligula's Bridge,' that such an idealist should follow his own fancy rather than the pages of Suetonius and Dion, is what we admire. Provided he keeps within the specific truths and the harmonies of nature (which he, of all men, by virtue of his generalising powers, is the most likely to do), may the poetic visionary have no less confidence in his gift than the historian, the archæologist, or any other ologist, in his, and proceed as firmly, if with his *subordinated* aid, well and good, but never so that Art may stiffen into bare Science, or forgetting that for men so gifted freely to invent, bound only by the largest, freest law of beauty, is as true and legitimate nature as for the rose to bloom, the bird to sing, or the insect to put forth its pre-Alhambraic architecture. And oh, delightful is it, especially, to see a lovely sentiment, or other touch of nature very near the heart, lifted up from mere local facts and fleeting trivialities, and enshrined by pure invention where it *seems* altogether heavenly and immortal. Is not the *fact* of its superiority to what is fleeting and changeful, Mr. Lecturer, thus "suggestively," profitably rendered?

W. P. Bayley.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH

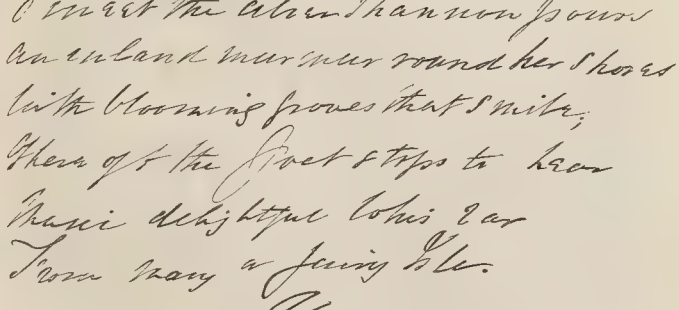
BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

JOHN WILSON.



ALTHOUGH I knew Professor Wilson under other, and always pleasant, circumstances, I associate my happiest remembrance of him with "The Festival" that took place in the pretty and picturesque town of Ayr, on the 6th of August, 1844, when a vast assemblage of the Scottish people tendered homage to the memory of Robert Burns, by welcoming to Scotland his sons, two of whom had been absent in India during more than a quarter of a century. I do not think I shall try the patience of my readers if I recall that exciting scene on that memorable day. I will first ask them to accompany me to a comparatively humble, but neat and comfortably furnished, cottage, where resided Mrs. Begg, the sister of the poet, and in which met, on the evening succeeding "the day," all the members of his family —his sister, her children, her husband's brother, the poet's three sons, and the daughter of Colonel James Glencairn—the only "strangers" (for the poet's friend and biographer, McDiarmid, was no stranger) being Mrs. Hall and myself, and an artist whose genius was then in the bud, but who has since become famous — Joseph Noel Paton, whose friendship we have had the happiness to retain from that far away time to this.



Mrs. Begg was a plain and very simple woman, obviously of a gentle and kindly nature, but giving no evidence that to her had been allotted any portion of the intellectual power of which her great brother had so much. Her sons and her daughter were in no way remarkable. Her husband's brother wore the dress of a Scottish peasant of the better class; and, I believe, had never aimed at any position beyond it. He spoke of "Robbie Burns" as a companion with whom he had passed many a pleasant day and merry night; and wore the bonnet and plaid as he had done fifty years before that evening. Robert Burns, the eldest son of Robert Burns, died long ago. He is said to have greatly resembled his illustrious father. I give the portrait of him, as I gave it in 1844. "His eyes are large, dark, and intelligent; and his memory is stored with legends, poems, and historical records of great value. These materials are not only abundant, but well arranged and ordered; and when a question is asked, intelligent reply is ready. His conversation is rich in illustration, and though he gracefully said, 'the mantle of Elijah had not descended upon Elisha,' the son possesses much of the ability, if not the genius of the father." The other two sons, Colonel William Nicol, and Colonel James Glencairn, are still living at Cheltenham; and no gentlemen in that favoured town of retired worth are more honoured or respected.* Both are men of considerable talent; they have not been called upon to exert it; but pleasanter companions are rarely met; it is a treat that many have enjoyed to hear Colonel James sing his father's songs.

Such was the group we met in that homely cottage by "the auld brig," at Ayr, on the eve after the poet's triumph—a triumph certainly greater than any that has honoured a memory in Great Britain at any period of its history.

Mrs. Hall had her Album with her; Colonel James Glencairn had previously written in it; his name being prefaced by the following:—

"This is confessedly a collection of the autographs of 'Lions;' and as it is impossible Mrs. Hall can get that of the Lion my father, she probably thinks the next best thing is to obtain that of one of his Cubs. I therefore have much pleasure in transcribing at her request the first verse of the address to a mountain daisy."

When assembled in that cottage at Ayr, it was suggested by our friend the Colonel that on the page which contained his name and the passage quoted, the names of the other members of the family should follow—as they never had met all together before, and most probably would never meet all together again. My readers will, I am sure, be pleased to see these autographs as they were then and there written.

A dull and gloomy morning ushered in "THE DAY." Nevertheless, upwards of 80,000 persons "gathered together." They came from all parts of the kingdom, and some from foreign lands; the town was full of triumphal arches,—"forests of evergreens" at every point associated with the poet's history;—processions of people, fancifully dressed; Lodges of Freemasons, Foresters, and Odd Fellows; and the trades,—

* Alas! within a few hours after this passage was written, we received from his daughter intimation of the death of our excellent and valued friend Lieut.-Colonel James Glencairn Burns, who departed this life at Cheltenham, in November, in his seventy-second year. He was essentially a man of high moral and social worth; of abilities by no means limited; he had written things not unworthy of his name, and sang, with much taste and feeling, some of his great father's songs. To the memory of that father he was intensely attached; proud of the name he bore; and always delighted when Burns was a theme of talk. He has left a daughter unmarried, and she is, I believe, the only one of the descendants of Robert Burns (the other brothers having left no children), if we except the sons and daughter of Mrs. Begg.

weavers, tailors, bootmakers, and so forth, with no lack of bands; and at least a score of bagpipes heading parties of stalwart Highlandmen, each playing his own pibroch, all of them "in harmony."

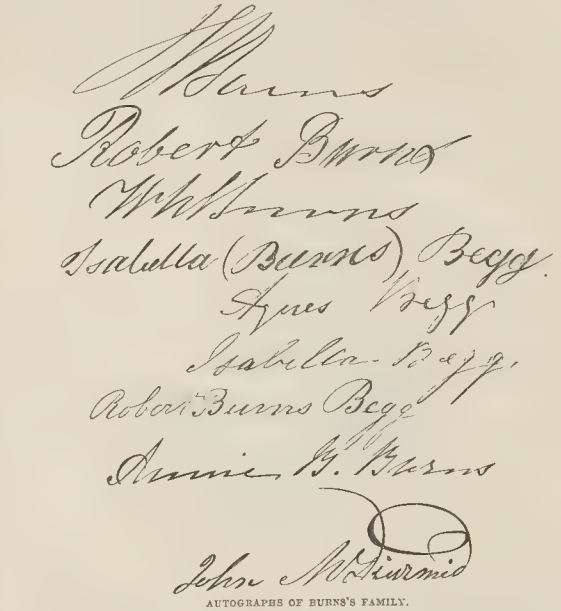
At one end of a field was a platform, on the first bench of which sat the family of Robert Burns. Before *them*, the multitude passed in orderly procession, pausing when they reached the point and bowing in homage to the sons of the poet; then marching on to the music with which every one of them was familiar, and joining in a song, the words of which were known all the world over. When all had thus passed, they collected into a mass, and raised a cheer, such as can be heard nowhere else in the world—literally eighty thousand voices of eighty thousand hearts!

It was not difficult to distinguish those to whom chiefly appertained that day the glory and the triumph—the honest lads and bonnie lasses, workers at the loom, tillers of the soil, who, belonging to "the Land of Burns," had their full share of his renown; and never, perhaps, in the history of any country has there been such conclusive evidence that a people, nine-tenths of whom were the grandchildren of his comates, identified themselves with a poet who had been half a century in his grave.

On the platform—on the seat immediately beneath us—sat a man of powerful frame, large-limbed and tall, who in youth was of a surety "the best wrestler on the green," and who in age seemed one of the elder sons of Anak; of whose "boisterous vigour" many pens and tongues had written and spoken. Look at his massive head, his clear grey eye, his firm-set and finely-chiselled mouth, his broad and intellectual brow, and you will be sure it is not physical force alone that makes him greatest of the many great men by whom he is surrounded. His hair, thin and grizzled and unusually long, was moved by the breeze, as he rose to speak; in a voice manly as his form, richly and truly eloquent; he was master of his theme, and loved it; but then and there, a stoic would have been an enthusiast with the cheers of such a multitude booming in his ears.

While he was speaking, and his long thin locks waved about in the wind, I thought I might steal, imperceptibly, at such a moment, a single hair; I saw one that I believed had been accidentally detached, and I ran the hazard of taking it. The Professor felt the touch; and turning instantly round flashed upon me one of those fierce looks of which I had heard so much from those who had seen the "lurking devil in his keen, grey eye;" but at once perceiving that no insult was meant, and perhaps appreciating the motive of the theft, as I murmured out something like "it is but one to keep for ever," his lips as suddenly assumed a smile of loveable grace such as might have won the heart of an enemy. That "single hair" is on my table as I write.

From the platform there was an adjournment of the "select"— but the select consisted of two thousand persons — to a monster tent or "Pavilion" that had been erected to receive the guests at the dinner. The President was the good, graceful, and gracious Earl of Eglintoun, whose two memorable words "repentant Scotland" had an enduring echo there that day in every Scottish heart. There was a gathering of Scottish "men of mark" ranged on either side of the noble chairman; following in order, the sons of Burns on his right, and the sister and her children on his left; with some of the poet's early friends; and one, a venerable matron then, who, when a blooming lass of sweet seventeen, had been the subject of his verse. Among the guests were Alison, Aytoun (whose lamented death was recorded during the year just past), Glasford Bell, "Delta" Moir, Charles



AUTOGRAPHS OF BURNS'S FAMILY.

Mackay, and the brothers, William and Robert Chambers. And good right had Robert Chambers to be there, foremost among the men whom the people delight to honour; for, but for his exertions, near relatives of the great poet — to render



THE TRUNK OF WILSON

homage to whose memory the tens of thousands had assembled—would have had to bear neglected penury instead of independent comfort. Scotland owes to these admirable brothers a debt the extent of which it would be difficult to calculate.

But on that day of glory the assembly of the "aristocracy" of Rank and Letters was far too small; from England and Ireland there were few guests, while Scotland did not contribute a fourth of the number she ought to have sent to the gathering. The glory and the triumph of the day were to "the common people;" and certainly the appearance of these—for whom tents had been provided—was an object of even higher importance than the assembling of the "select."

As we looked upon the heaving multitude, we could not avoid thinking that if all the preparations for the banquet had suddenly disappeared, the manifestation of respect on the part of *the people* towards *their* poet would have been accomplished—the heart-beatings of Scotland, as thoroughly exhibited, if no pavilion, with its tasteful draperies and elevated galleries, had been planted on the banks of the river that waters the land of Burns. Who that witnessed the glorious sight can have ceased to remember the fervent looks of the old and middle aged; the tearful eyes and exclamations of the young; the eagerness with which parents pointed out to their children the grey haired sons of the poet they delighted to honour. On, and on, and on, they came, in peace and harmony, disturbed by no jarring feelings, moved by no political object, warmed by the genial influence of the tenderest and most elevated patriotism. The shouts of the people were echoed by the enthusiastic cheers of the noblemen and gentlemen who were on the platform, while the tears of the fairer portion of the assembly proved how deeply they sympathised with the great purpose all had met to commemorate. As long as the procession was in progress, the men who composed it refrained from any manifestation of their feelings, beyond lowering their banners, uncovering their heads, and gazing upon the poet's sons; but when the gigantic thistle, the emblem of their native country, closed the procession, and had been not only honoured, but divided and borne off blossom by blossom, and leaf by leaf, as mementos of the "field of Burns," there was a rush of human beings back towards the platform, and eager hands were upstretched from below to grasp the hands of the family of the poet.

Yet it was a most exciting scene within the Pavilion—where nearly two thousand persons, ladies and gentlemen, were seated: we recall their fervid enthusiasm when the noble chairman rose and proposed the memory of Robert Burns—"drank in solemn silence" but followed a few minutes afterwards by a shout such as is seldom heard more than once in a life. The Earl of Eglintoun was then in his zenith; a thorough "gentleman" in look, in manner, and in heart. His address was brief, pithy, and condensed, yet remarkably conclusive and comprehensive. It was indeed an example of true eloquence—if eloquence is to be estimated by effect produced. There was in it no word too much—not a syllable that might have been as well left unsaid.



ELLERAY, THE DWELLING OF WILSON.

Then Professor Wilson rose to "welcome the sons of Burns." He was "in his glory." His robust and manly form appeared to grow under his theme, his magnificent head positively seemed to roll about over his huge shoulders, and his large hands to sweep away all let and hindrance to his gigantic energy.

I cannot attempt to give the toasts that followed; among them "Wordsworth and the Poets of England"—"Moore and the Poets of Ireland;" the latter was proposed by Henry Glasford Bell; and in the course of his eloquent speech he took occasion to introduce the name of Mrs. S. C. Hall, thus:—"I have to-day seen, that not the gifted sons alone, but also some of the gifted daughters, of Ireland, have come as pilgrims to the shrine of Burns—that one in particular—one of the most distinguished of that fair sisterhood who give by their talents additional lustre to the genius of the present day, has paid her first visit to Scotland that she might be present on this occasion, and whom I have myself seen moved even to tears by the glory of the gathering. She is one who has thrown additional light on the antiquities, manners, scenery, and traditions of Ireland, and whose graceful and truly feminine works are known to us all, and whom we are proud to see among us." (*Blackwood.*)*

I cannot give even an outline of the Professor's speech, which occupied full an hour. Perhaps the apologies he offered for the failings and shortcomings of the poet might have been spared, and were considered out of keeping with the occasion;† still it was a most masterly discourse—richly and truly eloquent, and those who heard it can never forget the wild burst of applause that followed his concluding sentence,—"We rise to welcome you to your father's land;" the whole assembly rose with a loud and long-continued cheer.

My readers will believe the event to be the most exciting of all our Memories. It is inseparably associated (I shall never desire to separate them) with the memory of Professor Wilson—the Burns Festival, where so many living worthies linked hand in hand, with the Ploughman and the Artisan, assembled in earnest homage to glorify the illustrious dead.

"To Live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die!"

John Wilson was born on the 18th May, 1785, in a "somewhat gloomy looking house in a dingy court at the head of the High Street," Paisley. The house is still standing, being "preserved" for public uses, under the name of "Wilson's Hall."* His father was a wealthy man, having realised a fortune in trade as a gauze manufacturer, and was respected for social worth and moral integrity. His mother is described as "beautiful, of rare intellect, wit, humour, wisdom, and grace." The boy John was "precocious," physically and intellectually; "foremost in the playground and in the task;" running a race against ponies while yet a child; in youth, surpassing men in bodily feats, and in early manhood excelling all competitors in strength of arm and swiftness of foot. Almost from his birth to his death, as one of his friends wrote long afterwards, "whatever he did was done with all his soul."

In June, 1803, he entered as a gentleman commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford, having been previously "well-educated" at Glasgow. His father left him an "unencumbered fortune of £50,000." Thus endowed, with rare personal advantages, "the world was all before him, where to choose," in a sense very different from that which applies generally to the heir of the Muses. Yet, so early as 1807, he selected an abiding place on the banks of Windermere, and the cottage of Elleray was his home until the year 1815.

When at Oxford, and indeed everywhere, he had the acquaintance of the refined and the rough—the learned and the ignorant—the "brutal" indeed. Dr. Routh, the President of his College at Oxford, was his friend; but his "friends" also were the "grooms, the cobblers, and the stable-boys." He gave wide scope for scandal, but such was the joyousness of his nature, the buoyancy of his big heart, and his many endearing qualities; so prominent also were his powers as a student and a scholar—his after-fame being clearly foreseen—that his eccentricities were visited with no heavy penalties, and he passed from the University with honour, if not with unmingled respect.

I have given my own portrait of Wilson as I saw him, and heard him speak, in 1844; I may add that of Mr. Aird, the editor of the *Dumfriesshire Herald*, when writing of the Burns Festival and in reference to the Professor's speech on that memorable occasion: "Now broad in humour; now sportive and playful; now sarcastic, scornful, and searching; now calmly philosophic in criticism; now thoughtful and solemn, large of 'reverent discourse, looking before

* My readers will not, I hope, consider me as materially departing from the rule I have laid down in these Memories of introducing little concerning ourselves, if I am unwilling to resist the temptation to "chronicle" this event.

† The Professor printed it *in extenso* in *Blackwood's Magazine*. I know that it gave greater pain than pleasure to those who were more immediately held in honour that day. Colonel James Burns has more than once expressed that feeling to me. I did not hold the opinion he did, but I could easily understand that some of the Professor's allusions to his father fell very far short of giving him content.

* It is a large stone-built house, situate in the main street of Paisley; at the time of Wilson's birth it was one goodly mansion; it is now divided into separate tenements.

and after' with all the sweetest by-plays of humanity, with every reconciling softness of charity,—such in turns, and in quickest intermingled tissue of the ethereal woof have been the many illustrations which this large minded, large-hearted Scotchman, in whose character there is neither corner nor cranny, has poured in the very prodigality of his affectionate abundance around and over the name and the fame of Robert Burns."

Talfourd, considering him as an editor, and contrasting him with Campbell in that capacity, speaks of his "boisterous vigour, riotous in power, reckless in wisdom, fusing the productions of various intellects into one brilliant reflex of his own master mind;" and Hallam describes him as "a writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters."

In 1812 Scott, in a letter to Joanna Baillie, describes him as a "young man of very extraordinary powers"—"an eccentric genius"—"a warm-hearted and enthusiastic young man"—"something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality places him among the list of originals."

De Quincey writes, in 1808, of "his large expansion of heart, and a certain air of noble frankness." "He seemed to have an intense enjoyment of life"—young, rich, healthy, and full of intellectual activity, then, with no care present or foreshadowed, how could it have been otherwise?

James Hogg, in one of his lay-sermons, says,—"Professor Wilson's conversation is rich and brilliant; but then he takes sulky fits. If there be anybody in the company whom he does not like, the party will not get much out of him for that night; his eyes gleam like those of a dragon, and, a poet says of him (Wordsworth, I think), 'he utters a short hem! at every pause, but further ventures not.'"

He was ever gentle and kindly, and meek and humble—in verse; holy and tranquillising was the influence he obtained by associating with the Muses. It was only in prose he was harsh, uncompromising, and bitter; yet in his criticisms there was always evidence of a sound heart—of a nature like the Highland breezes he loved to breast, keen, biting, but healthy; often most invigorating when most severe, but to be safely encountered only by those whose stamina was unquestionable.

On the banks of Windermere he had his "full fling" of "animal delights"—racing, leaping, wrestling, boxing, fishing, boating, and cock-fighting—one of the sports in which our not far-off ancestors indulged as of the "manly" English. And if there be ample testimony to his lofty genius and social worth, there is certainly quite as much to uphold the declaration of one of his comrades for a time:—"It was a' life an' murth amang us, as lang as Professor Wilson was at Ward'le Heed."

He dearly loved the gentle craft of the angler. Dogs were his familiar friends, but so were other animals. From the horse to the spider they were objects of study that gave him pleasure, generally healthy pleasure, but sometimes pleasure that was not so. He had large humanity—earnest love of all things in Nature. For dogs, his affection was intense, and many curious illustrative anecdotes are told of that passion. Especially he loved all things that needed help. For nearly eleven years he kept in his room a sparrow he had found, scarcely fledged, on his door-step. Who that has read can have forgotten his terrific anathema against those who were more than suspected of having poisoned his dog Bronte, in revenge for his awful denunciation of those who had "patronised" the butchers Hare and Burke?

Yet there is abundant evidence that the fierce leopard of "Maga" could be as gentle as a lamb; that the giant could use a giant's strength as tenderly as a young mother nursing her first-born. Let us picture the Professor, as he was seen one day, long after the period to which I am now referring, with a carter's whip in his hand, walking beside a miserable horse through Edinburgh streets. He had released the animal from a brute far more worthless, had unharnessed him from a cart full of coal, upset the coal into the street, given the carter one blow, and promised him another, and left the fellow, utterly astonished, "gaping wide-mouthed," and speechless, as he followed the horse to the charge of the police.

Notwithstanding his somewhat perilous attractions, he found a wife worthy of him. Miss Jane Penny was "the belle of the Lake district"—as good as she was beautiful—"whom he had sensibility to love, ambition to attempt, and skill to win." In May, 1811, he married. In 1815 he was called to the Scottish bar, having quitted "dear sycamore-sheltered Elleray" in consequence of a breach of trust on the part of a "guardian" that deprived him of nearly all his property.

Elleray is a nest in the midst of mountains, in an elevated dell surrounded by foregrounds of great beauty,—sequestered and secluded,—commanding views of surpassing loveliness, and of exceeding grandeur. The site is at once graceful and magnificent, and no marvel that the poet loved it with his whole heart. This is De Quincey's description of Elleray:—"Within a bow-shot of each other may be found stations of the deepest seclusion, fenced in by verdurous heights, and presenting a limited scene of beauty—deep, solemn, noiseless, severely sequestered—and other stations of a magnificence so gorgeous, as few estates in this island can boast, and of those few, perhaps none, in such close connection with



THE GRAVE OF WILSON.

a dwelling-house. Stepping out from the very windows of the drawing-room, you find yourself on a terrace, which gives you the feeling of a 'specular height' such as you might expect on Ararat, or more appropriately conceive on 'Athos seen from Samothrace.'" Mrs. Gordon adds that "Windermere is best seen from Elleray—every point and bay, island and cove, lying there unveiled."

The cottage is now denuded of its "profusion of jesamine, clematis, and honeysuckle." The trellis no longer "clusters with wild roses," but the gigantic sycamore still flourishes, and overshadows the lowly dwelling that was so long the home of the poet. He dearly loved that tree. "Never in this well-wooded world," he writes, "not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another." "Oh, sweetest and shadiest of all sycamores, we love thee above all other trees!"

Not far off was Keswick, where the high-souled Southey lived, and Rydal, where great Wordsworth communed with Nature. Thither, as to a cool fountain, came the man in his buoyant and hearty youthhood; there his favourite pursuits were to the full enjoyed. He had "a fleet of yachts" on the Lake. He excelled in all manly exercises and field sports; on road, field, flood, foot, or horseback, he was equally at home. In wrestling he had few equals, being, as a professor of the "noble art of self-defence" described him, "a vera bad un to lick."*

In the summer of 1865, I paid a visit to Elleray, to the cottage in which he dwelt during the earlier part of his residence in the district, and to the comparatively sump-

* The gardener at Elleray told me a story of the Professor. No doubt many such stories are rife in the neighbourhood. He had challenged *five* potters, brothers, to fight (potters are tramps) the whole of them. He led them into his sitting-room, cleared for the purpose, locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and told them to set to. One after another they were "floored" beneath his stalwart arm and "profound" science. At length one of them crawled along, entangled himself in his legs, and Wilson fell. The five set upon him together, then, as he lay on the ground, and would certainly have killed him, but that his servants burst in the door, and rushed to his rescue.

tuous house he built, and which was afterwards for many years his home.

"And sweet that dwelling rests upon the brow,
Beneath that sycamore of Orest Hill,
As if it smiled on Windermere below."*

It occupies a commanding site above the eastern bank of Windermere, and near to the picturesque town of Bowness; consequently, the views are supremely grand and beautiful. There are many houses all about it now. A railway terminus discharges its cargo thrice a-day close to the gate that leads to the well-wooded grounds of the "mansion," and probably the nightingales and cushat doves have been chased from the locality. It would no doubt grieve the great Nature-lover to hear the shrieking "whistle" in their stead; but there are some things even civil engineers cannot destroy, and the outlook from the hall door at Elleray is one of them.

In 1817—a memorable year for letters—was commenced the publication of *Blackwood's Magazine*, so inseparably linked with the name of Wilson from its birth to his death. The *Edinburgh Review* was then in its prime. To that work, Wilson contributed one article—his first and his last—a review of Byron; but the Tories were a powerful party in Edinburgh, and some of them resolved that the Whigs should not have it "all their own way."

One of two who suggested the idea to Mr. William Blackwood, an enterprising publisher in Edinburgh, was Thomas Pringle, "a pleasant poet," who afterwards emigrated to South Africa, from which he subsequently returned, and became editor of the "Friendship's Offering," one of the annuals published first by Lupton Relfe, a publisher in Cornhill, and afterwards by Smith and Elder.

I knew Pringle somewhat intimately. He was a kindly and courteous gentleman, with limited literary power, but with much taste and feeling for literature, and for Art. What was his occupation at the Cape I cannot say. He could not have been an "effective settler," for he was lame, so lame indeed, as to be compelled to use



THE MONUMENT TO WILSON.

a crutch. His politics got him into "a scrape" with the authorities at Cape Town. He was compelled to quit the colony, and strove to exist as an author in London, where not long afterwards he died. Those who desire to know more of him may read his "Narrative of a Residence in South Africa." I published some of his stray pieces and poems in the *British Magazine*, a work I then conducted. They were never, I believe, collected.

The first number of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* was issued by Mr. Blackwood in April, 1817. Its infancy was weak and unpromising. Misunderstandings having arisen between Blackwood and the then editors—Messrs. Cleghorn and Pringle—they withdrew. The title was changed, and in October, 1817, was issued *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. It began in a storm; a ferocious spirit influenced the leading writers from the first. "The Mohawks of the press," as Lady Morgan afterwards styled them, produced something like a shudder, and excited an amount of wrath scarcely conceivable now-a-days; for there was such abundant evidence of high ability in all its departments, that no one could despise, however much they hated. Later in its history, Hunt, in "the Liberal," described its writers as "a troop of Yahoos, or a tribe of Satyrs," "adoring Blackwood as some Indian tribes do the Devil!"

It soon became more than a suspicion that Wilson, if not the editor, was, at all events, a principal contributor. He was like an athlete in the arena, dashing at a score of foes; striking now here, now there; wounding alike friends and foes; heedless where he struck, or who fell beneath his blows; while "even in his fiercest moods he was alive to pity, tenderness, and humour," and would have been the first to heal the wounds he inflicted. The magazine prospered, and has ever since maintained its high repute. It was famous, and it was *feared*, and Wilson was assailed—not without show of reason—as a reprobate and a moral assassin.

It is known that one of Wilson's closest allies in the conduct of "Blackwood" was John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and the successor of Gifford in the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*,—The personal appearance of Lockhart was familiar to all *habitués* of society-reception-rooms in London. Neither in aspect nor manner, in mind nor in character, had he aught of the genial nature, the utter unselfishness, the large and universal sympathy, of his friend Wilson. Indeed, it would have been difficult to find two men so utterly dissimilar.

This is the portrait of Lockhart in Mrs. Gordon's life of her father, Professor Wilson:—"His pale, olive complexion had something of a Spanish character in it that accorded well with the sombre or rather melancholy expression of his countenance; his thin lips, compressed beneath a smile of habitual sarcasm, promised no genial response to the warmer emotions of the heart—cold, haughty, supercilious in manner, he seldom won love." He is described by other authorities as "systematic, cool, and circumspect," "when he armed himself for conflict it was with a fell and deadly determination," "no thrill of compassion ever held back his hand when he had made up his mind to strike." In Edinburgh he received the cognomen of "The Scorpion." His friend Wilson—through the mouth of the Ettrick shepherd—described him—"wi' a pale face, and a black toozy head, but an e'e like an eagle's, and a sort o' lauch about the screwed-up mouth o' him that fules ca'ed no canny, for they could'na thole the meaning o't." In Peter's letters he thus pictures himself—"His features are regular and quite definite in their outline: his forehead is well-advanced, and largest in the region of observation and perception." He protests against its being supposed that his play of "fancy is to gratify a sardonic bitterness, or to nourish a sour and atrabilious spirit." He was young then, and hoping to find there were better things in literature than satire. He did not find it so because he did not seek for it.

Certainly, he was a strikingly handsome man: tall and slight, with abundant dark hair on a head well set on his shoulders, and with features "finely cut:" but on his face there was a perpetual sneer, as if he grudged humanity a virtue.*

Blackwood, the eminent bibliopole, so often the mark of assailants as merciless as were those who upheld him, Wilson describes as "a perfectly honourable and honest man." I saw him often during his brief visits to London, and once in his shop in Edinburgh. We were invited to his house—an invitation circumstances compelled us to postpone: and on a subsequent visit to Edinburgh he had been removed from earth. He was a plain man, somewhat burly of form; of his shrewd intelligence there can be no doubt; he did not convey the idea of an intellectual man: neither, I believe, did he ever assume to be one. But he was a man of strong will; he did not hesitate to "cut down" even the papers of Wilson: and was the only "real Editor" of the Magazine in the day of its strength. He died in September, 1854, esteemed, respected, and beloved by those who knew him best, and by none more

* A courteous and intelligent gardener now occupies Wilson's *cottage* at Elleray. A lady of high position, and in all ways estimable, dwells in his house.

* Lockhart died at Abbotsford on the 25th November, 1854, a few months only after his friend Wilson; he is buried in Dryburgh Abbey "at the feet of his great father-in-law." He was born in the Manse of Cambusnethan, on the 14th July, 1794—his father being minister of the parish—and married, in 1820, Sophia, the daughter of Sir Walter Scott; by her he had a son and a daughter: the son died young; and so perished the lineal representatives of the great Scottish bard. The daughter married Mr. Hope, who took the name of Scott.

than his constant ally and perpetual trust, Professor Wilson.

In 1820, John Wilson obtained the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and was thenceforth known as "Professor Wilson;" not, as was to have been expected, without strenuous opposition. His enemies (and he had earned them) attacked the moral character of the candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, but in that they failed; there he was, as Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, wrote, "invulnerable." He had twenty-one votes out of thirty, notwithstanding all the efforts of political and personal foes.

Thenceforward he gave free vent to the more loveable qualities of his nature, the outpourings of his generous soul, his earnest sympathy with the young whom it became his duty to arm for the battle of life. One of his pupils describes him—"His grand and noble form excited into bold and passionate action: his manly and eloquent voice sounding forth its stirring utterances with all the strange and fitful cadence of a music quite peculiar to itself"—"with eye, hand, voice, and soul, bearing his audience with him." Thus writes another of the students, "the tremulous upper lip, curving with every wave of thought or hint of passion, and the golden-grey hair floating on the old man's mighty shoulders—if indeed that could be called age which seemed but the immortality of a more majestic youth."

In after years his writings were chiefly limited to his contributions to Blackwood. "He became," writes his daughter, in her most pious and most beautiful "Life," "identified with its character, its aims, and its interests." And in 1823 he was in a position again to reside at Elleray, to enjoy again its woods and walks; "his idle time not idly spent;" beside the banks of the lake, rod in hand; to look upon the hills he loved: to see the snow in summer on the mountain tops. Here he had passed his joyous and energetic youth—when animal strength and animal spirits were "overboiling," so to speak, and thither, when advancing age had matured his judgment, and, in a measure, subdued his passions, when—

> "Consideration, like an angel, came,
> And whipped the offending Adam out of him"—

he went, with as full a love of nature as ever, to enjoy the abundant gifts of which she is so lavish in that most lovely locality.

In 1837 his beloved wife died, "leaving the world thenceforward to him dark and dreary." Cannot we hear his voice "tremulous with emotion," as he met his class, "with a depressed and solemn spirit," murmuring, "Pardon me: but since we last met I have been in the valley of the shadow of death." And he wore "weepers"—badges of mourning—on his sleeves until he received his own summons to join her. *

One event connected with this period of his life is especially remembered at "The Lakes." In 1825 George Canning, writing to Scott, hopes he will join a party on the banks of Windermere, (where he was visiting the Birmingham manufacturer, Mr. Boulton), and he adds, "our friend the Professor (who is admiral of the lakes) will fit out his whole flotilla and fire all his guns in honour of your arrival." Scott went, and Wordsworth was of the party. The weather was brilliant: so was the company, especially by moonlight. Fifty barges, gay with banners and fair ladies, formed the "cortège;" music and merry songs came from each one of them, as the flotilla made its way among the islands, while the shores were lined with enthusiastic spectators, whose perpetual cheers were echoed by the mountains.

That grand event occurred in August, 1825; a record of it will be found in the memoirs of Sir Walter Scott, and in those of Wordsworth.*

So late as 1848 Wilson was at Elleray; but it had lost its charm—the beloved of his heart had been called to a better home; he complained of "its silence and loneliness," and did not remain there long before he quitted it for ever. In 1850 he was "breaking up;" strength was gradually decaying,† he grew meditative and solemn. Occasionally there were glimpses of his old self, when he "strolled" beside the banks of Dochart, rod in hand (the use of one hand had gone), and rejoiced to see it had not quite lost its cunning, as he transferred to his basket the trout from the stream.

His work was drawing to a close; he resigned the chair of Moral Philosophy, and prepared for the coming change; "the head grew sick, and the heart faint;" he remained altogether "within doors;" "something of a settled melancholy rested on his spirit;" he seldom spoke, and did not often smile; fully conscious of his altered state, "my mind is going—I feel it," he sadly said.

Now and then he rallied, "presenting a serene and beautiful picture of calm and genial old age." There were yet thoughts for his duties, and one of his latest labours—when he moved with difficulty, when his feet were feeble and unsteady, and the foreshadow of death was over him—was to drive into Edinburgh to give his vote for Thomas Babington Macaulay, then a candidate for the representation of the city—a Whig—a political opponent all his life.

But as his good and devoted daughter, his biographer, writes,—"He humbly looked in the coming days of darkness for the light that rises to the upright, and hopefully awaited the summons that should call him to rest from his labours, and enter into the joy of his Lord."

The final summons did not find him reluctant to obey it; his fishing-tackle lay scattered near him, and it pleased him to arrange his flies; but his Bible was ever at his bedside, and was read to him, morning and evening, when no longer able to read it himself.

It came at length—it came at midnight, just as a Sabbath day had passed; just as the clock struck twelve the mighty heart was still, as if in answer to his prayer uttered long years before—

> "When Nature feels the solemn hour is come
> That parts the spirit from its mortal clay—
> May that hour find me in my weeping home,
> 'Mid the blest stillness of a Sabbath day,
> May none I deeply love be then away!"

He died at No. 6, Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, the house in which he had long dwelt, on the 3rd of April, 1854.

On the 7th of April he was interred in the "Dean Cemetery," at Edinburgh, where a plain stone records his name and the day of his death. The Dean Cemetery is, perhaps, the most beautiful (the word is not out of place) graveyard in the kingdom; it is richly planted with various trees, and, at all seasons, full of flowers. The graves are carefully and neatly kept: no weed is suffered to grow there, although wild flowers are not excluded from associations with the dead. To those who can recall the old graveyards that environed our churches—they were nowhere else—these modern improvements are sources of no common gratification. I remember, some thirty-five years ago, when the subject was first broached by a Mr. Carden, and I had the satisfaction earnestly to advocate the movement (in the *Morning Journal*, of which I was for a time the editor), it encountered bitter hostility, as a movement that was hostile to the well-being of society, fatal to the interests of the Church, and, indeed, *contre la nature*. At that time Pere la Chaise was the only burial-ground in Europe that invited lovers of the picturesque; and 'no visitor to Paris ever left it without seeing that, its leading attraction. Yet to induce imitators in England was, for a long while, uphill work; those who advocated the innovation were encountered as not only un-English, but anti-Christian. If in England the feeling was strong, we imagine it must have been even stronger in Scotland, where "time-honoured" prejudices have ever taken deeper root. It is, however, one of the departures from the rules of "good old times" on which society has to be congratulated.

But his fellow-countrymen raised a monument to his memory; I give an engraving of it on the preceding page. It was erected by public subscription, and the statue, in bronze, ten feet high, is the work of Mr. John Steel, R.S.A. It is thus described by the pen of a loving friend:—"The careless ease of Professor Wilson's ordinary dress is adopted, with scarcely a touch of artistic license, in the statue; a plaid, which he was in the frequent habit of wearing, supplies the needed folds of drapery, and the trunk of a palm tree gives a rest to the figure, while it indicates, commemoratively, his principal poetical work. The lion-like head and face, full of mental and muscular power, thrown slightly upward and backward, express fervid and impulsive genius evolving itself in free and fruitful thought—the glow of poetical inspiration animating every feature. The figure tall, massive, athletic; the hands—the right grasping a pen, at the same time clutching the plaid that hangs across the chest, the left resting negligently on the leaves of a half-open manuscript; the limbs loosely planted, yet firm and vigorous; all correspond with the grandly elevated expression of the countenance." This description brings the man vividly before us. The statue stands in one of the great thoroughfares—in Princes Street, and adjoins the Institution—in the city of Edinburgh.

But the best monument to the memory of Professor Wilson is the two volumes of Memoirs written and compiled by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. They are charming records of his active, energetic, busy, and useful life, written in a spirit of devoted affection and genuine piety. That is not strange, for if he was loved almost to adoration by those who knew him only afar off, intense must have been the feeling with which he was regarded by those who were of his household, and who were portions of his great heart.

---

* Sir Walter Scott, speaking of Mrs. Wilson, says—"One whose grace and gentle goodness could have found no fitter home than Elleray, *except where she now is.*"

* To this memorable scene Wilson makes but little reference: yet it might have moved his pen; he afterwards, however, referred to Wordsworth there. "The memory of that bright day returns, when Windermere glittered with all her sails in honour of the great northern minstrel, and of him, the eloquent, whose lips are now mute in dust. Methinks we see his smile benign, that we hear his voice, silver sweet."

† Just then he received a pension from the Crown of £300 a year—an intimation to that effect having been conveyed to him by Lord John Russell, the noble lord expressing a desire that the intelligence might be communicated to him "in such a manner as may be most agreeable to his feelings."

SUBSTITUTES FOR ENGRAVING.

The introduction of the art of printing, by the impulse which it gave to the education, and the elevation it effected in the taste, of the middle classes, created both the desire and the necessity for some means of bringing illustrative Art also within their reach. Such a means was speedily and happily found in engraving.

The earlier attempts at engraving upon wood were rude, and the art, even after it had attained a measure of success, knew, like most other arts, a decline and a revival; but it was taken up by men whose hearts were in their work—men like Albert Durer and Burgkmair in the earlier, and our own Bewick, Harvey, and others, at a later, period—who brought all the enthusiasm of their souls to bear upon the work of their hands, and who worked not for gold alone, but for Art and beauty also. Thus nursed and encouraged, notwithstanding all its practical difficulties wood engraving flourished and found favour, doing good and lasting service to Art and to mankind, and ever creating new demands as it satisfied the old. Recently, indeed, its followers have appeared to sport with the difficulties of their material, and have introduced a style, which, as it has little but difficulty of execution to recommend it, will probably vanish soon after crinoline; but in spite of these eccentricities real progress has been made even of late years, and the 'English Landscapes' of Birket Foster, and other works by really great artists, will, if need be, go down to the future as evidences of the exquisite, and in some respects unapproachable, beauty of fine wood engravings.

Still, the process has one disadvantage which it requires some reflection to comprehend. Every artist makes his drawing upon a white ground. Now, in a plate engraving all his touches are exactly rendered—a line in the drawing is simply and exactly reproduced by a line cut in the plate. But if the engraving be upon wood, the case is different—the process is no longer analogous to the artist's work. Every touch of the tool is now a *white* touch, so that each line in the design has to be produced by cutting away the wood on each side, *leaving* the line standing in relief. Hence the artist is practically more or less hampered in his drawing, as he must to some extent study the convenience of his coadjutor. For instance, in the early stages of the art, what is now known as "cross-hatching," or shading produced by lines crossing each other, was considered to be actually impossible. It is now employed every day, but requires great skill and patience, for while the artist can draw such lines with the greatest readiness, or the engraver in metal can cut them with equal facility in his plate, the engraver upon wood can only produce them by the tedious operation of cutting out small pieces of a lozenge shape to correspond with the white interstices. This he does with a success which is marvellous, and which the reader can observe in the next high-class wood engraving which comes before him; but the difficulty still remains, that the engraver's touches do not correspond in character with those of the designer.

On the other hand, it would be a mistake to regard this as wholly a defect, for the very fact that in wood engraving there is a *black* ground from which to depart, and from which the white touches have to be cut, gives a power of *chiàro-scuro*—an effect of light and shade—which, in skilful hands, no other process can equal. In the midst of many strange vagaries, some of the designs by Gustave Doré are striking examples of this fact, and Bewick also knew well how to take advantage of it. Whilst some, therefore, independently of the point of economy, may regard it as desirable that a method should be discovered of producing lines in relief corresponding with those of the artist, and starting as he does from a white ground, others may and do consider that the black ground with which the engraver upon wood commences is really an artistic advantage not lightly to be thrown away. For ourselves, we cannot but coincide to a certain extent with this view, and cordially agree with an opinion expressed at the Society of Arts' meeting the other day, that should anything ever occur to cause the total abandonment of wood engraving, the finer specimens would by-and-by be sought for and regarded as among the most exquisite works of Art of our age. We believe there is no danger of this. But it is evident that in any successful process for superseding the labour of the graver—whatever other advantages may be gained, the one we have hinted at must be lost, and such a process must aim at neither more nor less than the exact reproduction of the artist's design.

It was not till a comparatively recent period that any systematic efforts in this direction have been made. This was evidently because such a want did not previously exist; but as the revival of wood-engraving arose from the felt necessity for some cheap and rapid means of multiplying works of Art among the people, so these attempts have been prompted by the same ever-growing and imperious necessity, which at present assumes a somewhat modified form. *Time* is now become of great importance, equally with cost; and although, when executed, wood-engravings can be printed with almost any rapidity desired, the time occupied in their preparation is felt in many cases to hinder their employment; whilst in the present rage for cheapness, their expense is also begrudged by the caterers for an ever-greedy public. It is natural to expect, therefore, that in the endeavours to find substitutes for the operation of engraving, the greater number of attempts should be made in order to obtain blocks in relief for typographic printing. It is of a process for obtaining such blocks cheaply and expeditiously that the *want* is felt; and in enumerating the more important of the efforts which have been made, and such as have had the greatest amount of success, if greater prominence is given to the processes which point in this direction, it is because both fact and relative importance alike require it should be so.

It may, perhaps, be expected that amongst such attempts we should describe some of the many endeavours which have been made to obtain printing surfaces from photographs. We shall not do so, for the simple reason that there is not the very slightest probability of such photographic prints ever superseding works of Art. It is quite true that attempts to produce both printing surfaces, engraved plates, and surface blocks from photographs have been frequent. It is equally true that even the early photographers attained a measure of success in such experiments, and that lately Mr. Fox Talbot, Mr. Dallas, M. Morvan, Mr. Paul Pretsch, Colonel James, Mr. Osborne, and others of less note "too numerous to mention," have in a great degree overcome all the merely mechanical and chemical difficulties in the way; and each produced what their admirers call "good results." But there are two fatal defects. In the first place, the lights and shades of photography are its own, and are most independent of either Art or nature; and secondly, there is in all photographs, or photographic prints, a want of what we may call *texture*. There are no *touches*—no wondrous lines which show that the pencil was held by a master's hand—no traces of the artist's mind. All is just what might be expected, cold, dry *science;* and hence, while such productions may have their value, and doubtless their use, they have no claim to be considered amongst substitutes for engraving.

Lithography might more justly claim a place, were it not, in general principle at least, too well known to need description here. We may, however, make two remarks. The first is, that even yet many artists are little aware of what this process is capable—of the beautiful effects which either pen, crayon, or litho-tint can produce in skilful hands. In many even of what are called "good" lithographs, there is a "rottenness" which need not be. All depends—the artistic power being supposed to exist—on the perfect understanding of the art in all its branches. No one has ever exceeded Hullmandel in this: with years of experience and added chemical knowledge, his productions have not yet been surpassed; and those who have not seen the exquisite creations of his crayon, have yet much to learn of the power of lithography to render the ideas of the artist. Our second remark is, that while the usefulness and extensive adoption of the process have hitherto been greatly impeded by the slowness with which its impressions were produced, the recent introduction of the cylinder lithographic machine—capable, in good hands, of doing most excellent work at a speed approaching the typographic—may perhaps inaugurate a new era in the art. On this account especially we commend lithography to the increased consideration of our artist friends.

The first attempt to produce surface blocks for printing which could be said to attain any real measure of success, was the process known as "Glyphography," which is still followed to some extent. The principle of glyphography was undoubtedly first published, in 1837, by Mr. Spencer, of Liverpool, who accidentally discovered during the course of some experiments in the decomposition of metals, that if the negative plate of a Daniel's battery were covered with a coat of varnish, no deposit of copper took place upon it. He at once made the experiment of coating a plate of copper with varnish, cutting a design through it, and placing it in the depositing trough, when a copper block in relief was obtained. No great results were, however, at first produced, and the process did not arrive at any degree of practical perfection until taken up by Mr. Edward Palmer, who patented it, and gave it the name it now bears. As improved by him, it may be described as follows. A smooth plate of copper is stained black, and then covered with a very thin coat of opaque white varnish, on which is transferred a tracing of the drawing or design. The artist then, by means of various tools, generally made in the form of hooks, cuts the design through the varnish down to the plate, after which it is placed in the trough, and a deposit of copper made upon it, thus producing a block in relief. Theoretically the process is perfect; but its defects and difficulties are easily seen. The coat of varnish must be exceedingly thin, or it cannot be cut cleanly through: and hence the block, as the strict glyphographic operation leaves it, is rarely in sufficient relief for printing from. The high lights, it is true, can be very easily "backed up" by putting on additional varnish, and so giving more depth; but even this requires great care, and there still remain touches of white too small to be thus mended, and yet requiring more depth than the original coating. Such places have, therefore, after the deposit is completed, to be deepened by the graver. What engravers call "tints," or flat shades, are also very troublesome, and often have to be cut in the copper block with the tool; and speaking generally, the block has almost always to go through an engraver's hands before it is fit for use, to say nothing of the fact, that, after all, the process simply consists in taking an electrotype mould of an "engraving" in wax or varnish. Still it must be admitted that glyphography, although at an expense of time and labour which would probably produce an ordinary engraving of equal merit, did, and does still, produce most exquisite results. We have seen specimens which would compare in beauty with the highest class of woodcuts; and it is just possible that, were it better known, glyphography might be found more extensively useful than it has hitherto been.

Attempts to reverse the process in the depositing trough would naturally follow, and were soon introduced. The drawing was made on a copper plate with some non-conducting varnish, and the plate then connected with the copper instead of the zinc pole of the battery, when those parts not drawn upon, and therefore protected by the varnish, were eaten away, and the lines only left of the original surface. Biting the blank portions in with acid was also tried in the same manner, and either method ought in theory to give good results. The difficulty, however, is, that long before the acid or the galvanic current in the trough has corroded the plate to a sufficient depth for surface printing, it begins to act laterally as well as downwards, and to undermine the lines which it ought to leave intact. Fine lines are in this way frequently obliterated, and for works of Art the method is therefore of little or no value.

For some descriptions of commercial work, however, this process, in principle, has been

recently revived with some success, under the name, we believe, of "Chemicography." The drawing is either made, or transferred, with a greasy ink upon a surface of zinc. The portion not thus covered is then eaten away by acid, leaving the design in relief; after which the plate is faced and slightly hardened by passing it under a polished steel roller, and if necessary, slightly "touched up" with the graver. Thus modified, the process may be very useful for maps and a large class of ordinary work, in which the lines of the design can be tolerably bold; it has also the advantage of being applicable to drawings made in chalk, after the manner of lithography, from which we have seen very passable botanical illustrations; but for all really artistic productions it has still the old defect, that the delicate portions of the design are spoilt before the bolder lines are properly rendered.

Etching by galvanism to produce an engraved plate, which was first suggested, we believe, by Mr. Alfred Smee, may be passed over as little more, for all practical purposes, than a modification of the old mode of etching with nitrous acid: but another method of producing plate engraving—that known as "Nature Printing"—must be described, though probably well known to many of our readers. There appears some reason to believe that the germ of this process originated in Birmingham; but the first published paper on the subject we can find any account of is a communication to the Society of Arts, in 1849, from Dr. Branson, of Sheffield. In this paper he described his method of embedding fern leaves, and other similar objects, by pressure, in softened gutta percha, from which, when cold, a copper plate capable of being printed from was obtained by electro-deposition. Prints thus produced accompanied the paper. The process afterwards emigrated to Vienna, where it was found that the object could be embedded, by using a *rolling* pressure, in lead, and even harder metals; and specimens thus obtained were shown in the Austrian department of the Exhibition of 1851. Nature printing has, however, since become most identified—at least in this country—with the name of the late Mr. Henry Bradbury, by whom it has been carried to as great perfection as will probably ever be arrived at. As improved by him, the process is as follows. The dried plant is laid upon a sheet of soft lead, planed and polished to a mirror surface. An equally polished steel plate being laid again on the top, the whole is subjected to immense pressure in a rolling press, until the object is thoroughly embedded in the soft metal. Great patience must now be exercised, the plant having to be carefully picked out from the lead piecemeal, and occasionally burnt out with the blowpipe, in which, of course, much caution is necessary, or the lead will be melted and the whole spoilt. But all this being satisfactorily accomplished, two electrotypings give a *facsimile* of the lead plate thus prepared, in hard copper, from which any number of prints can be obtained. Great pressure is needed in printing, on account of the depth of the plate, so that the proof is embossed as well as printed; and this relief adds greatly to the effect, the result in many cases, when ink of a proper colour is employed, being really marvellous. We need only refer to Mr. Bradbury's "Book of British Ferns" as an example of what can be accomplished by this method of printing from the natural object.

Mr. George Wallis has attempted to apply the principle of nature-printing to the reproduction of designs, under the name of "Autotypography;" and several tolerable proofs produced by him were shown in the Exhibition of 1862. For the ferns or other objects of which copies were produced by nature printing, Mr. Wallis substituted a drawing made upon gelatine, or a sheet of any substance having *no grain*. The drawing is made with an ink which crystallises as it dries, thus forming a granulated or gritty surface in slight relief upon the surface of the gelatine. The drawing so prepared being passed through a powerful press in contact with a sheet of lead, the "grain" of the drawing becomes embedded in the soft metal, which is then copied by electrotype, and can be printed from at an ordinary copperplate press. There are, however, many practical difficulties which hinder the obtaining of really good prints in this way; and nothing beyond what an impartial critic would call mediocrity has yet been arrived at, nor does it seem probable ever will be.

The most remarkable attempt, however, at producing engraved plates from the artist's design, and one which attracted much attention, is the method of so-called "instantaneous engraving," invented by Monsieur E. Vial, and communicated by him to the Society of Arts in the early part of 1864. The operation is very simple. The drawing is either transferred, or directly made upon a steel plate, with a fatty ink. The plate is then dipped into a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, containing some free nitric acid, when those parts of the plate not covered by the fatty matter of the design are at once overlaid by a film of metallic copper, and thus protected from all further action. The design itself, on the contrary, is corroded, or "bitten in," by the nitric acid, which penetrates with little difficulty through the ink to the steel underneath. In ten or twelve minutes the plate may be withdrawn from the bath, and the precipitated copper being removed by means of ammonia, the plate can be printed from in the ordinary way.

This process certainly contains some elements of success unknown to those before enumerated. Its great advantage over all similar attempts is, that what has already been mentioned as the "lateral" action of the acid, is avoided by the peculiar nature of the process. The copper very soon begins to be deposited over the design itself, and thus the delicate lines are speedily protected from further corrosion, while the bolder portions are left as they should be till the last. From the same cause, all the lines are engraved in the proper "V shape," which is so great a desideratum. The one great drawback is, that sufficient depth cannot be obtained; and hence the inventor himself was compelled to place the limit of proofs which could be obtained from a single plate at about seven hundred and fifty—a number totally inadequate for most practical purposes. The reader will also remark, that even were it otherwise, as the design could only be multiplied by the tedious operation of plate-printing, the process would not have the same practical value as a really good method of producing satisfactory surface blocks. The idea will perhaps occur to some of applying M. Vial's process to the production of such blocks, by making the drawing on the steel with a solution of copper, and biting in the rest of the plate, thus reversing the operation. This has been attempted, but not, we believe, with any prospect of success.

M. Dulos, of Paris, has made a most ingenious attempt to produce both engraved plates and surface blocks for printing, by means of the capillary attraction of metallic alloys in a state of fusion. As applied to the latter and most important purpose, the process is as follows:—The design is made with a fatty ink upon a copper surface, and the plate afterwards covered by the galvanic battery with a film of silver, which, of course, can only be deposited on the portions uncovered by the design. The ink being now removed, the plate is heated in order to oxidise the copper lines of the drawing, after which a silvered copper roller covered with melted alloy is passed over it. The alloy contains a portion of mercury, and attaches itself only to the silver surface, leaving the oxidised copper untouched, and bounded as it were by convex walls of the fused metal. The alloy having afterwards solidified, it is evident that an electrotype of the mould so prepared can be taken, and will produce a surface block ready for printing. M. Dulos has described several variations in the mode of operation, and has occasionally obtained tolerable results; but many tedious precautions have to be taken throughout: it is at best both a difficult and expensive process, and must be considered practically to have failed in securing the desired object.

Another ingenious method of producing blocks in relief, is that patented by Mr. Schultze. The drawing is made with gum arabic dissolved in water, a little sugar being added to prevent cracking, upon glass or some other similar surface: any colouring matter may be mixed with the gum in order that the artist may see the effect as he proceeds. The plate is then covered with a coat of varnish, composed of linseed oil, asphaltum, wax, and resin, of a thickness depending upon the drawing, as it determines the amount of relief. If the lines are very close, a thin coating is sufficient; if far apart, a thicker layer must be employed. The plate is now immersed in water for a quarter of an hour, and afterwards washed by pouring a stream of water upon it with some force; when it will be found that, the water having deprived the gum arabic of its adhesion, the varnish is washed away from all the lines of the drawing, while it still remains firmly on the rest of the plate. The mould thus obtained having been drained and dried, is treated with a coat of very thin alcoholic varnish, after which it can be blackleaded and electrotyped in the usual manner, producing a surface block ready for the press. If the artist prefers drawing upon paper, he can do so by rendering the sheet waterproof, and, after his design is completed, attaching it with a waterproof glue to a glass plate or other flat and smooth surface; the rest of the operation proceeding as before. It is also obvious that should any of the lines be unusually far apart, and hence require greater relief than is afforded by the coat of varnish, the composition can be readily "built up" to any depth necessary.

This process, which was patented in 1863, in England, France, and Germany, certainly had much promise. Those curious in such matters will find in this Journal of October, 1863, two large illustrations printed from surface blocks thus produced, with a somewhat fuller description of the operation than can here be given; and such will, perhaps, share our regret that an invention which held out so much of hope should apparently have been abandoned; for we are not aware that it is at present employed.

The last invention having for its object to produce surface blocks for printing without the labour of the graver, is the "Graphotype," invented by M. de Witt Clinton Hitchcock, of New York; but which, as it was both illustrated and fully described in our January number, need not be more than mentioned here. It is, however, only right to say that there appears far more reason to expect good surface blocks from the "Graphotype," than by any of the processes hitherto mentioned. Although not by any means perfect in this respect, even in its present state it appears to give much more delicacy of effect and a greater cleanness of line than any of its predecessors; and in these particulars makes, at least, some approach to the wood-engraving which it hopes to supersede. It has also the great advantage of occupying far less time and being much easier in execution than any of the tedious and complex processes we have attempted to describe. Unless we have been misinformed, it has also already borne in some degree the test of practical experience, having been extensively used in America, and, we believe, received commissions of some extent from publishers in London. The appearance of some of the works which are now being thus illustrated will be looked for with great interest by those concerned in such matters, and will probably decide with some precision the place which the "Graphotype" shall occupy in illustrative Art. We would hope and believe, if possible, that it may stand its ground.

Still it must be confessed, that every attempt hitherto to supersede the graver has fallen short, more or less, of the perfection of its model. Blocks have been produced, as we have seen; but while most of the processes have even signally failed, all have wanted that exquisite *finish* and mellowness of *tone* which is the peculiar excellence of good wood-engraving. It must be so, for the simple reason that no hand can *draw* lines of such finished beauty as a graver can *cut* them. The "Graphotype," and it may be other "types" as well, may, and we trust will, serve extensive and important uses; but for those exquisite gems of Art which are one chief glory of our modern literature, we believe that wood-engraving will remain if not unchallenged, yet still unequalled the only adequate means of translating into a popular form the creations of the artist.

LEWIS WRIGHT.

THE COMMONS ROUND LONDON.

Of the various societies that have lately arisen, having for their object the guardianship of the morals or the advantages of the people of London, there is not one that will interest the artist more than the Commons Preservation Society, at the instance of which a meeting was held at the Mansion House, on the 24th of January, in order to consider the most effectual means of preserving to the public the commons and spaces round the metropolis which yet remain open. Among those persons who directly promote this object or sympathise in it are, Mr. Locke, M.P., Sir T. F. Buxton, M.P., Mr. Buxton, M.P., Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., Mr. Hughes, M.P., Professor Fawcett, M.P., the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Milton, Professor Huxley, Dean Stanley, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Bishop of London, Mr. J. S. Mill, M.P., &c.; and it is here suggested that this is a movement which the whole body of painters practising their profession in the metropolis should support by the whole weight of their influence. Whenever the subject of the enclosure of Hampstead Heath has been brought forward in Parliament we have called attention to the fact; and now it is to be hoped that all question in reference to these open spaces will be settled by definite legislation. The enclosure of Hampstead Heath would be a real misfortune for the painters of London. It is a most valuable open air studio to landscape painters, and there is scarcely any kind of supplementary material that may not be found there, being, as it is, the constant resort also of figure painters who seek passages of relief for their groups. We are frequently surprised by the variety of feature which it presents in pictures, now as legitimate landscape, now as accessory, and always beautiful. Of some of the "fields" that were suburbs in the olden time the name still remains to tell us that they are now in the heart of modern London. Absurd misnomers also are the "greens" of Clerkenwell, Islington, Paddington, and other *quondam* suburban villages, that have not perhaps borne a blade of grass in the memory of living man. The picturesque is departing from Wimbledon, Tooting, Norwood, and the forests of Hainault and Epping. It is something to say of our picturesque environs that they have made more than one eminent landscape painter. But for Hampstead Heath Callcott might have remained an indifferent portrait and figure painter; and among others that have profited by these heaths and open spaces are many other artists not less eminent, as Constable, Turner, Linnell, Mulready, Müller, Duncan, Robson, Dewint, Stanfield, Harding, —besides several of our rising school, all of whom have derived "subjects" from, and healthy employment on, this suburban locality.

The prospects of a satisfactory settlement of the question are now more favourable than they have ever been. In 1864 a resolution was moved in the House of Commons by Mr. Doulton to the effect that it was the duty of her Majesty's Government to take steps for the preservation of the commons and open spaces near the metropolis. After a debate and a division, the motion was carried by a large majority. In that debate no voice was raised against the preservation of the commons. Mr. Cowper, while fully approving of keeping those spaces open, said that the Government would not advance any money for the purpose; and last year a committee was appointed, also on the motion of Mr. Doulton, the result of whose deliberations will be the introduction of a Bill into Parliament to secure the commons against further encroachment. There exists an impression that lords of manors can enclose any part of the land over which their rights extend, but that is not the case. The principle recognised by the Parliamentary Committee was that no portion of the commons was to be sold; and this was the difficulty in the way of Lord Spencer's scheme for Wimbledon Common. It is certain that the commons will be preserved without assistance on the part of artists, but some co-operation on their part would only be a graceful recognition of a service rendered to the profession.

WILLIAM HARVEY,

AND THE WOOD ENGRAVERS OF HIS ERA.

On Saturday, January 13, there passed from among us the last pupil of Thomas Bewick, the great wood engraver and the profound and happy naturalist, whose works gave an impetus to an almost forgotten Art; the professors of which, in his time, might be counted by units, but who have increased to hundreds. His pupil, William Harvey, soon resigned the graver for the pencil when he came to London. He put himself under the tuition of Haydon, and the only early wood engraving of his to which I can refer is the large woodcut copy of Haydon's 'Death of Dentatus,' which was looked upon as a marvel for ability and size. Woodcuts then were (like Bewick's) usually only a few inches square. This measured 16 by 11½ inches, was printed as a plate would be, and dedicated to the Earl of Mulgrave.

Harvey soon felt that his power as a designer and his facility as a draughtsman might be best and most profitably employed in drawing upon wood, rather than in the drudgery of cutting into it. His experience as a wood-engraver taught him exactly what engravers wanted. A few artists had attempted such work, but they failed miserably. The engravers were, therefore, left with a few regular "draughtsmen on wood" for copying ordinary work, the two principal designers being Thomas Thurston, whose best designs may be seen in the "Religious Emblems," a quarto volume, published by Ackerman, in 1808; and William Craig, who sometimes styled himself drawing master to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and whose works are all tame, mannered, and ineffective.

It was about 1824 that Harvey decided on abandoning engraving, his latest work being the illustrations to Dr. Henderson's "History of Wines" (published in that year), for which he did all the designs and some of the cuts. It was about ten years afterwards when I called upon him, to offer my services as an assistant; he was then, like his great master, engaged in the delineation of objects in natural history, and I drew the skeletons and details of anatomy. This period (1830) I shall fix as "the era" of Harvey, for then he reigned supreme as the only good draughtsman on wood, and was so full of "orders" that he said he had enough then to occupy him, rapid as he was, for three years. He was a proof that the closest sedentary labour and the severest mental strain does not always kill a man, for he died at the "allotted age of seventy."

This busy life commenced with the period referred to. I remember his telling me that he and Thurston would sometimes go to dine, by invitation, with one of the most important publishers, Mr. T. Cadell, and that they thought the time well-spent if they came away with one order each for a drawing, and a marvel of good luck if they got two or three. It was the works started by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and by Mr. Charles Knight, that altered this state of things, particularly the *Penny Magazine*, which travelled all the world over, and created imitations in the chief European capitals. I remember the astonishment the first number (and the poorest) created: people declared there was a pennyworth of paper in it; and so there was, at the rate paper was then retailed to the general purchaser.

At that time Mr. John Jackson was the busiest wood-engraver: he was an old friend of Harvey's, like him a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a pupil of Bewick. Another pupil, Charlton Nesbit, occasionally worked, but he was infirm, lived in the country, and was almost forgotten. F. Lee, who had practised in London during the previous century, left a son who followed the profession. Robert Branston, who taught himself the art, also left a son, who employed many assistants. John Thompson was Branston's pupil, and was universally allowed, even by his professional brethren, to be the best English wood engraver.

One of the most promising young men of the time, W. H. Powis, died at the early age of twenty-eight, owing to a greed of gain. He literally killed himself by close continuous labour. Not so with others, who were "on their own hands," and not engaged for a term of hours: their slowness was wonderful. I remember a quaint old specimen, one Edward, or, as he was more familiarly called, "Neddy" Willis, seeing an outline drawing of a medal, which would occupy a man about a day, and cost ten or fifteen shillings, in the hands of Mr. Jackson, and saying, "Do let me cut that: I will do it for two pounds, and you shall have it in three weeks." Willis was a *Chinese* engraver, without an idea of doing aught but mechanically cut out lines drawn on wood for him. He reproduced the pen-and-ink sketches of Thomas Hood in his "Whims and Oddities," with such wondrous exactitude, that the great punster felt compelled to tender him his thanks in the preface for the care he had taken of "his children in the wood."

At this time there was living, but not working, one of the old London school of what can but be called wood-*cutters*. His name was Berryman; his cuts are now amusing curiosities, yet about 1808 he could get them printed on separate leaves of a book, and attention directed to them as wondrous specimens of the art, by "the ingenious Mr. Berryman."

The difficulty Harvey occasionally had with some of these third-class men is amusingly exemplified in an anecdote he used to relate. They, none of them, doubted their own ability, and they knew that if Harvey recommended them to a publisher, they were sure of a trial, and perhaps future employ. One of these men, whom he had thus good-naturedly recommended, brought him a proof of his cut so badly engraved, that Harvey sent him to the publisher, saying, if that gentleman was satisfied he would say no more. The publisher was outspoken in his anger, declared he had ruined the drawing of which his cut recalled scarcely a remembrance. The engraver posted back to Harvey, and begging of him to keep his confession a profound secret, owned that he had, to save time, *simplified* the design by cutting out some groups and a few troublesome trees.

The only man who at this time engraved his own designs, was Samuel Williams; he, like the wood-engravers of the sixteenth century, saw the value of leaving the wood alone, to give by vigorous blacks, thus easily obtained, the brilliancy of effect obtained in copper-plate engraving by much labour. His style was peculiarly his own; he was the Rembrandt of his art. Of other professors it may be sufficient to name George Bonnor, who was brilliant and vigorous; Samuel Slader, once a member of the "Society of Friends," and who always retained something of their style of dress and manner; and E. Landells, who was much in the society of gentlemen of the press, and one of those

who worked hard, on speculation, to bring out and establish *Punch*.

Gallantry requires that the names of some few ladies who also practised the art be named. These were the Misses Hughes, Clint, Williams, and Byfield. The latter worked hard at the art all her life, and was much patronised by Dr. Dibdin, who was charmed by her clever copies of old woodcuts. His "Bibliographical Decameron," and other works, gave her abundant employ; as also did the books published by the late William Pickering.

Such were the contemporaries of William Harvey thirty years ago. I have already mentioned the great impetus given to wood engraving at home and abroad by the production of the *Penny Magazine*; but the world that wondered at it had no idea of the vigour and beauty of many of the cuts, which were all infamously printed. I possess a few proofs of some of them, and no person unacquainted with what a printer may easily do to ruin a work of Art could believe that they were both impressed from the same surface. Better days soon dawned on the art; it became a fashion to publish books illustrated with cuts which demanded and received more attention. Shilling pamphlets succeeded, each devoted to some short poem with about six illustrations. One of the best of these was Cowper's "John Gilpin," with George Cruikshank's admirable designs, and John Thompson's equally admirable engravings. Harvey illustrated three such books: they were the old ballads of "The Children in the Wood" and "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," the third being Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram." They exhibited all Harvey's peculiarities, his mannerism, and his merits.

About 1840 was the culmination of Harvey's career as an artist. Mr. Charles Knight having devoted great energy and capital to the production of useful "pictorial" books, such as the "History of England," &c., determined on publishing a work of the highest class. Edward Lane, whose perfect knowledge of oriental life and language rendered him peculiarly fitted for the task, engaged to literally translate the far-famed "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," which we before only knew through a translation of a French translation adapted to the atmosphere of Paris. Harvey was to illustrate it abundantly, and his designs were to be engraved by the best men procurable. Mr. Knight was one of the most liberal of publishers, never grudging cost for excellence; and in this instance he obtained it. One of Harvey's grandest designs appears on an early page (p. 44) of the first volume—the genii about to slay the merchant. It is engraved with most admirable taste by S. Williams. For his power of conveying an idea of vast space in a design of a few square inches, the seaside view, p. 53, may be quoted. The little scenes he sometimes introduces in his ornamental head and tail-pieces, occasionally as small as a seal-ring (see pp. 58, 409) are equally felicitous. For truthfulness, I may refer to the mercer's shop (vol. i. p. 52), the exterior of a house (vol. iii. p. 231), and many others scattered through the volumes. It must be remembered that Harvey here had the advantage of Mr. Lane's supervision. That gentlemen furnished him with authorities for costume and scenery, as well as for every portion of ornamental design used to decorate the pages. The artist seems to have lost his mannerism, and to have been more studious than usual over this work. The possessors of these beautiful volumes, if early impressions, have as perfect *livres de luxe* as ever issued from the British press.

The taste for books illustrated by woodcuts increased abroad, as well as at home, and the Paris publishers brought out editions of Gil Blas, Moliere, &c., the principal engravings being sent to the chief London engravers to execute, the drawings on wood being executed by their own artists. These drawings were quite unlike in their style what the English engravers had generally been used to. They were entirely drawn with the pencil, like etching; hence their ultimate effect was ensured. There was no chance for the engraver to go wrong; he had no washed tints to cut into lines, nothing to guess at, and translate, often wrongly, by his own ideas. This style, therefore, made his art simply a mechanical one; hence an ordinary apprentice of three years' experience might turn out a showy-looking woodcut. So the old draughtsmen to engravers were cashiered, and hosts of apprentices taken, enabling their masters to realise large sums on comparatively costless work. One unprincipled "profesional" followed no other system, never engaging a man, dismissing his pupils when their term was expired, and supplying their place with new workers. Then came trading firms, and though they engaged competent men, they made them generally useless except to themselves; they found out their individual peculiarities, and kept one man to engrave skies alone, another trees solely, another figures, and so on, by which process cuts were well manufactured, but not one of the engravers was competent to engrave an entire subject.

Harvey's drawings upon wood were, in 1840, computed at about three thousand; to these we must now add the Arabian Nights series, those executed for the pictorial Shakspere, and very many others, the result of twenty years' constant labour. Let painters who look upon woodcuts as insignificant works, reflect on the vast play of imagination all this labour demands; they may think six months over one design, and take twelve more to complete it. The constant exigencies of the press gave Harvey no more time than the mere labour of drawing required. Daily and hourly was his mind on the stretch; and his fertility of thought and rapidity of hand have only been rivalled by John Gilbert and Gustave Doré.

A very honest and unpretentious man was William Harvey; he used to good-naturedly laugh at long hair, brigand hats, and other amusing public indications of some professors; but he only joined the laugh, he never originated it by his own remarks. He was singularly free from vanity or jealousy; and when an officious friend told him of a new candidate for employ who termed himself on his card "draughtsman after the manner of Harvey," merely replied with a quiet smile, "No artist was ever injured by his imitators." Harvey had the look of a placid gentleman; it was only by noticing his eye of great penetration that an observer might guess at his active mind and great power of observation. He seldom took holidays, never devoted more time than was necessary to constitutional walks. His life was one of routine labour; its record is the record of that labour, its evidence is spread over hundreds of volumes. I claim no higher position for him than that he has fairly earned. He mainly aided for thirty years, and more, the onward progress of English illustrated literature. He was modest as an artist, honourable as a man, and upheld the respectability and independence of his profession.

F. W. Fairholt.

OBITUARY.

JOHN GIBSON, R.A.

[Twice during the existence of the *Art-Journal* have we had occasion to refer at some length to the life and works of this eminent British sculptor, with whose death at Rome on the 27th of January—not the 14th, as was stated in the brief paragraph we published last month, from erroneous information which had reached us—our readers have been made acquainted. The first notice alluded to was from the pen of that accomplished Art-critic, the late Mrs. Jameson; it accompanied a portrait of Gibson, and an engraving on steel of his fine statue of the Queen. The second notice appeared in 1857, when we published several engravings on wood from his classic designs for bas-reliefs: the latter paper formed one of the series entitled "British Artists and their Works." These two notices, though by no means exhaustive of the subject, comprehend as much as the public generally will care to know, and we have little to add to them except what relates chiefly to his last illness and his decease; and this information—supplied to us by one who long knew Gibson intimately in Rome, and was with him at the time of his death—we append. He had reached the seventy-seventh year of his age, and has, it is understood, left behind "a kind of autobiography," so that it is very probable we shall have occasion to refer to him again.]

During the whole of his long life, up to a very recent period, he had enjoyed most excellent health. Not many weeks since a countrywoman of his called to see him after a long absence, and on her remarking that she and he were probably of about the same age, he replied, "I know nothing of age or of death." He used to say that he never had a headache in his life; and the fertile brain which had originated so many great and glorious conceptions, and the busy, steady hand which had so accurately moulded these in the plastic clay, might have gone on serving to perpetuate the types of ancient Greek Art for some time longer, had not grief added its depressing influence, and thus hastened the loss which all must deplore. It is now nearly forty years since the late President of the Royal Academy and Mr. Gibson were friends and companions in Rome, and the latter was engaged in writing to the widow of his old associate at the time that illness stopped his pen, leaving the unfinished letter upon his table. In it he expresses how profoundly his mind had been afflicted by the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, and offers all his sympathy to his widow. It is perhaps to the effect of this grief that we owe the event which we now lament. In the spring of last year, whilst sitting in that resort of artists in Rome, the Caffè Greco, Mr. Gibson was for the first time attacked by giddiness. To use his own words, describing this seizure to the writer,—"I opened my eyes, and saw people walking about. I said, 'I have been ill,' and Adams (a sculptor friend) replied, 'Your head sank down upon your chest, and you ceased to talk.' A young man had hold of my pulse, and I heard him say, '*Male dello stomaco*.'"—Soon after this Mr. Gibson went to Leghorn, in company with Mr. Penry Williams, and they passed the hot months of the summer at Lucerne, where he most resolutely dieted himself, thinking that his complaint had been due, as the Italian physician had said, to indigestion. In October last, after his

return to Rome, he one morning fell down upon the floor whilst engaged in dressing himself, but did not lose consciousness. Since that time he had been engaged upon an heroic group, representing Theseus killing the robber. The legend is, that on account of the robbers who were known to infest the coasts, Theseus was urged by his friends to travel by sea; but the hero despised such enemies, and disdaining the advice, he proceeded on his journey. In Mr. Gibson's group, the robber, armed with a club, is lying at Theseus' feet, wounded in the breast. Supported by one hand, he raises his head, and looks up at his godlike adversary, who, with uplifted sword, is in the act of striking him a mortal blow upon the forehead. It was the custom of the ancients, before setting out for a journey, to cut off the hair from the front of the head as an offering to the gods; and the youthful hero is thus represented, nude save his helmet—his countenance Greek in its outlines, and severe in its expression. This group the great sculptor was engaged in modelling. He had intended to continue working upon it until April next, and the forenoon of every day was occupied by him in copying from the living subject.

On the 6th of January he dined at one of the hotels in the Piazza di Spagna, appearing then in excellent spirits; and his life went on as usual for three days more, when, after working upon his group in the morning, he had luncheon, and went to call upon two of his friends. After sitting for some time in the studio of the first of these, he walked to the house of the other in the Via Rasella, and while engaged in conversation he became giddy, but refused to have a carriage sent for, saying that he could walk perfectly well; and so he started to return, but after proceeding the length of two streets, he found that he could walk no farther, so getting into a carriage he directed the coachman to drive, not to his house, but to *his studio;* on reaching which his workmen had to carry him in. Here he was found by his physician, Dr. Topham, ten minutes afterwards, sitting upright in a chair in front of his unfinished group, deprived of speech, and with his right side paralysed. After a time, on recovering the use of his arm, his first exclamation was, raising his hand, and looking at the clay before him, "*Now I feel that I could model again.*" He was, however, unable to stand, and had to be carried to a carriage, and thence to the bed which he never left alive. Another attack occurred in a few hours, and after that he did not recover the use of his right side. No written words can testify so well to his worth as the recollection of the numbers of sorrowing friends and pupils of both sexes who came to take a last look of the dying sculptor, or to proffer whatever services they could give towards ministering to his last moments. That he appreciated these kind offices may be gathered from the expression he made use of to one of the ladies who nursed him. "*It is worth while,*" said he in a tender voice, "*to be ill, to be nursed by you.*"

On the 26th a telegram from the Queen was read to him by Mr. Odo Russell, inquiring "in her Majesty's name how Mr. Gibson is, and to express her regret at hearing of his illness." This he appeared to understand perfectly, for though he could not speak, he stretched out his hand for the paper upon which the message was written, and held it before his eyes until he fell asleep. This was the last clear act of intelligence he manifested.

Without pain, and with his mind unclouded, surrounded by those he loved, the powers of life gradually diminished, until at length he ceased to breathe, and now nothing is left but the remembrance of his gentleness and unassuming simplicity. He never spoke an ill word of any one, but always found some merit in the works of even the merest beginners in Art.

Not only will his fellow-artists and the numerous English residents in Rome regret his loss, but numbers of Italians to whom he had long given occupation or advice will mourn their dead Patron and Friend. Yet

> "Is he dead, whose glorious mind
> Lifts thine on high?
> *To live in hearts we leave behind*
> *Is not to die.*"

J. T.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

Barnsley.—The statue, by Baron Marochetti, of the late Joseph Locke, the eminent civil engineer, was publicly unveiled on the 15th of January, It stands in the "People's Park," a plot of ground presented by Mr. Locke to the town of Barnsley, with a liberal endowment for keeping the place in order. The statue we described some time ago.

Birmingham.—The annual ballot for prizes in the Birmingham and Midland Counties' Art-Union took place early in January. The amount of subscriptions—this is a *shilling* Art-Union—reached £965. The expenses incurred by the Society reduced the sum for distribution in prizes to £660; the number of these was sixty, ranging from £5 to £100. The holders of winning tickets select their pictures from the gallery of the Birmingham Society of Artists.

Devizes.—The prizes to the students in the Devizes School of Art were presented, towards the close of last year, by Sir Thomas Bateson, M.P., at a *soirée* of the Literary Institution, held in the Town-hall. The first report—for the school was only founded in 1864—was read by the honorary secretary. The number of students is eighty-five.

Dudley.—A numerous and influential meeting has been held in this town for the purpose of promoting a "Fine-Arts, Scientific, and Industrial Exhibition." The proposition appears to find much countenance in the locality, the guarantee fund already having reached a considerable sum. The Earl of Dudley has expressed his willingness to place his fine gallery of pictures, &c., at the disposal of the committee. The exhibition will probably open in July next.

Exeter.—The tenth annual meeting of the Exeter School of Art was held on the 29th of December last; the President of the institution, Sir Stafford H. Northcote, C.B., M.P., occupying the chair. The honourable gentleman was surrounded by a large number of the friends and supporters of the School. The report, read by the honorary secretary, speaks of its continued success; the classes have been well attended, and the two new ones, commenced at the beginning of the year, have been successfully established. There is a decrease in the pupils of the artizans' class, owing to the fact that several, not being artizans, who previously attended that class, have now joined the students' class. The finances of the school are in a sound and healthy state. Not only are the debts cleared, but at the end of the financial year the treasurer reports a balance in his hand of £32 7*s.* 8*d.* The Committee desire to call attention to the fact that this very satisfactory state of the finances does not arise from any increase in the amount of subscriptions, but solely from the increased receipts from the students themselves. The fees received in 1864 were £299 11*s.* In the past year they have been £399 3*s.* 6*d.*, showing an increase of £99 12*s.* 6*d.* The works of the pupils were forwarded to London for competition in March last, when nine local medals were awarded. Five of the drawings were selected for national competition, besides two by pupils who had been previously successful. Of these, one obtained a national medallion in one of the highest stages—painting from nature. Three medallions only are given in this stage to works in competition by the whole of the Art-schools; and no small amount of credit is due to those who are successful. Sir Stafford Northcote addressed the visitors at considerable length, and referred to the recent minutes of the Science and Art Department, and to their effects upon Schools of Art generally; but he spoke very guardedly, and gave not the slightest indication of a hope that any alterations would be made.

Halifax.—The annual meeting of the Halifax School of Art was held in January, when Colonel Akroyd, M.P., presided. On the platform with him were Sir F. Crossley, M.P., and Mr. J. Stansfeld, M.P., all of whom spoke at length on the subject of the school, and congratulated the committee on its success. The honours, &c., gained this year are greater than those on any previous occasion, and comprise one national medallion, one national honourable mention, twenty-three local medals, three honourable mentions, twenty-four local prizes, thirty-eight highest marks in the second grade examination, six second marks in ditto, thirty-four prizes in the first grade examination, forty-seven passes in ditto, and ten slate prizes. The committee considers the works executed during the year to be of a far higher character than those previously produced, and expects that the school will continue to increase in efficiency, and in public estimation. During the year works of Art (irrespective of medals and prizes to students) to the value of £23 have been awarded by the Department of Art, and the committee is able to say that the school is now possessed of a splendid collection of casts and examples of the best kind. The committee feels satisfied that the Art-education of the country is but in its infancy, and that a power of drawing and painting, as well as a knowledge of the principal styles of architecture and schools of painting, should form part of a liberal education; and rejoices to think that they are actually becoming so.

Hull.—The splendid new Town-hall, recently erected here, was opened with great ceremony on the 25th of January. The citizens of Hull have good reason to be proud of the work they have accomplished, for, as Mr. Clay remarked at the banquet which took place on the evening of the day, "all this beauty which we have admired to-day, and which I trust we may all be spared to admire for many a day to come—all that beauty is the creation of Hull men—every bit of it. The architect is a Hull architect; the decorator—and the decorations, to my mind, are in exquisite taste—is a Hull decorator. That splendid statue of the great Edward is the work of our great Hull sculptor, Mr. Earle. The freize on the exterior is a very beautiful work, and is the work of our gifted townsman, Mr. Keyworth, jun., who also, as I am informed, is likely to add another beautiful ornament to this town, having at present in hand the statue of one of the greatest men the country or Hull ever produced—Andrew Marvel." Allusion was made to this statue in our last number.

Hulme.—An exhibition of industrial Art was opened towards the close of last year at the Working Men's Institute. The majority of articles contributed are the products of the leisure hours of the skilled artisan—of the men who prefer working after the ordinary day's labour is over, to passing their evenings idly, if not dissolutely. The basement floor of the building contained a collection of needle and fancy work.

Keighley.—The students in, and the supporters of, the School of Art in this town, held their annual meeting on the 26th of December. Lord Frederick Cavendish, M.P., presided, and distributed the prizes. The chairman remarked that the school stood unrivalled as one for mechanical design, and that the only thing the pupils now wanted—and he trusted the want would soon be supplied—was a suitable building in which the various classes might pursue their studies.

KIDDERMINSTER.—The Earl of Dudley presided at the annual meeting of the Kidderminster School of Art on the 5th of January. The report stated that there had again been a satisfactory rate of progress during the past twelve months. The total number of children of public schools receiving instruction through the agency of the school during the past year had been 1,068; an increase of twenty-nine from the previous year. The number of students who had attended the central school had been eighty-four, showing a decrease of twelve since the previous year; this falling off had taken place in the ladies' and gentlemen's classes, and in consequence of the non-attendance of students, this class had been closed. The number of students in the employ of manufacturers, and designers for carpets, had increased from thirty, in 1864, to thirty-seven. The school had received one national medallion, two honourable mentions, nine bronze medals, nineteen second grade prizes and certificates, and 116 first grade prizes. The total number of prizes and certificates awarded to the students had been 173, as compared with 195 of last year. The school had been presented with works of art to the amount of £14 10*s.*, in consequence of the result of the examination. In addition to the Department prizes, others have been offered by Sir J. Packington, the Committee, and the Art-master, for original designs for carpets and other subjects. The treasurer's account for the year, after paying all charges, showed a surplus balance of £34 18*s.* 1½*d.* in favour of the school, and the committee proposed to hand it to Mr. Kennedy, head-master, as compensation for any deficiency arising under the new code, as a suitable recognition of his valuable services. The committee, thinking it desirable to encourage instruction in science, a public meeting was called last November, when it was unanimously resolved that a Government School of Science should be established, and a chemistry class, under the tuition of Mr. M. W. Packer, a certificated master, at once opened. This had accordingly been done, and thirty-four students, amongst whom were several dyers engaged in connection with the staple trade of the town, were already in attendance.

LIVERPOOL. — An exhibition, entitled the "Liverpool Industrial and Fine-Art Exhibition," and which originated with the working men of the place, was opened here towards the end of January, by Mr. T. B. Horsfall, M.P., and with every prospect of a successful termination. It includes an excellent collection of water-colour drawings, lent by the resident gentry of Liverpool; while the artisan class contributed a considerable number of "sketches!"

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—The Savings' Bank in this town has recently undergone a thorough restoration; and the interior of the building has been submitted to an extensive process of embellishment, in which colour, gilding, and marble imitations are freely used. We notice the fact as one among instances which are constantly coming before us of the progress that decorative Art is making in our large commercial and industrial establishments. And where can it be more appropriately and usefully introduced?

STOURBRIDGE.—Lord Lyttelton presided at the annual meeting, held in December last, of the Stourbridge School of Art. Prior to the meeting an exhibition, which continued open during two days, of the students' works, was made. A considerable quantity of engraved glass, for which this town is celebrated, was shown. The report stated that there had been in each year since 1857, when the school was founded, a steady increase of pupils, who now numbered 147. The institution is in financial difficulty. A mortgage debt of £640 upon the building has yet to be discharged.

YORK.—A large and influential meeting, attended by many of the nobility and gentry of the county, has been held in this city, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of erecting a monument in memory of the late Earl of Carlisle. Resolutions in favour of the project were carried, but nothing definite as to the exact form it should assume was determined on.

ON THE

USES OF NATIONAL MUSEUMS TO LOCAL INSTITUTIONS.

LORD HENRY G. LENNOX, M.P., has delivered a lecture under this title to the Society of Arts. It is full of information and pregnant with instruction, exhibiting thorough knowledge and careful study of the subject, and deducing valuable arguments from facts, such as may influence the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Parliament when they come to legislate concerning Art and the Art-institutions of the kingdom. Our space will not permit us to follow him through his various and somewhat elaborate arguments, but those who desire to read his paper at length (and it will amply repay perusal) may easily obtain the Journal of the Society of Arts, in which it is printed.

He gives a succinct history of the several exhibitions that have taken place in London, in the provinces, and in France and other European kingdoms, since the year 1851, when England commenced, under the auspices of the good Prince Albert, a plan by which the artists and manufacturers of all the countries of the world became competitors for honours. His main purpose is to show that these assemblages of Art-glories have materially influenced the public mind, leading (there can be no doubt they have done so) to improved capabilities in Art-producers of all classes and orders, and to advanced taste on the part of the consumer.

His principal purpose in this address is, however, to answer the question—"Are our national collections made as available as they might be for the education and enjoyment of the people?" His leading object is to induce the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give a practical reply by allotting public money for public advancement in Art-knowledge and practice; and his hope is to strengthen the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and nerve him to add this to the many achievements of his political career—the breaking up the antediluvian system of irresponsible Boards, and the placing under a responsible minister of the Crown the control and government of our vast national collections, so that they may be managed in consonance with the wants of the age, and be made as available as possible for the education and recreation of the people, not only of the metropolis, but of the United Kingdom at large.

Lord Henry Lennox is very—yet, perhaps, not unjustly—severe on the system of management at the British Museum, in reference to which he advocates a radical reform, condemning, however, far less the officials than the Board, which consists mainly of noblemen and gentlemen who are *ex-officio* trustees, and whose trust is looked upon as free from any responsibility.

Of the Kensington Museum he says very little. He has evidently not given as much thought to that institution as he has to the British Museum; yet it is the latest of our public institutions, formed long after experience had been taught—and bought—with regard to public predecessors, and ought to be freed from all the incumbrances to which *they* had been subjected by the wisdom of our ancestors. Whether he considers it is so or is not so, is a question he leaves unanswered. A time may come, it may be, when he will give to that branch of his important subject the same amount of thought and labour he has bestowed on its elder sister at Bloomsbury.

A topic on which his lordship is more at home concerns the policy of sharing our national collections, or rather their superfluities, with the institutions now established and flourishing in Ireland, Scotland, and the English provinces. If he achieve this object he will do an immense amount of good, and we heartily wish him success in his patriotic labours.

At all events it is one of the encouraging signs of the time to find a member of Parliament able and willing to enlighten Parliament and the public on a subject far too much neglected by the legislature; and we may hope that Lord Henry Lennox will be heard by "the House," as he surely will be by the country.

RELIGION.

FROM THE STATUE BY JOSEPH EDWARDS.

THIS statue, the work of a sculptor whose very beautiful monumental designs we have engraved on more than one occasion, was erected in Highgate Cemetery, in memory of Mrs. Vaughan, wife of the Rev. R. C. Vaughan, M.A., and a lady whose gentle, enlightened, and unobtrusive excellencies won the deepest love of all who knew her. It was, therefore, natural that those who could best appreciate her worth should be desirous of commemorating it in a manner that would in some degree be the reflex of her character. This could scarcely be more appropriately symbolised than by the figure of Religion.

It was evidently the intention of the artist to take in his design a high and pure view of the subject, and to see whether in this aspect it might not safely be asserted of religion as of wisdom that "all the things which may be desired are not to be compared unto her." Another idea which probably passed through the sculptor's mind was, inasmuch as the statue was destined for a monumental purpose, to render it suggestive of the divine light of hope and consolation which religion throws over the dark shadows of the grave. Carlyle has described religion as "an everlasting lode-star that beams the brighter in the heavens the darker here on earth grows the night around us." Sir Humphrey Davy also represents her as the "morning star," throwing "its radiance through the gloom and shadow of death." But from the words engraved on the pediment below the figure, it appears that a passage in Pollok's "Course of Time" suggested to Mr. Edwards the treatment of his work:—

> "Daughter of Grace! RELIGION!
> . . . . . now humbly bent
> Upon thyself, and weeping down thy cheek,
> That glowed with universal love immense,
> A tear, pure as the dews that fall in Heaven!"

Though a statue admits only of one special aspect, and though the subject of this is unequivocally defined and abstract, the sentiment of the work, so to speak, admits of amplification. Thus it may be freely imagined that "heaven-born religion" in the design, after letting fall the tear of sympathy, would soon rise, on the wings of angelic expression, to the loftiest heights of her own sacred domains; and thence return with the glory of a new light from heaven, to console the hearts of the mourners,

In painting it is usual to denominate Christian Art as the highest style of Art; and surely the works of the sculptor who makes sacred subjects his theme are entitled to be ranked in the same category. No one, or at least none who entertain right views of things sacred and holy, would presume to say that a figure like this, grave and exalted in feeling and graceful in its form, is less worthy of admiration than a Venus or a Dancing Girl. We had an opportunity of examining it four or five years ago, in the sculptor's studio, and though it was then in a comparatively unfinished state, we saw sufficient to justify the remarks we then made upon it, as an "impersonation designed in the most exalted conception of Christian Art. In composition the draperies are grand and imposing, and the features are modelled with an elevation of sentiment admirably sustained by the right hand resting on the Bible." The work as completed has raised itself in our estimation.

The statue, seven feet high, is executed in the finest Sicilian marble: it rests upon a simple pedestal of the same material, the whole being about twelve feet in height.


RELIGION
DAUGHTER OF GRACE. RELIGION

STATUE OF SIR CHARLES BARRY BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

On the erection of this work at "the new Palace at Westminster" we protested against the unfitness of its site and imperfect lighting. At that time its background of wall space was undergoing some modification, which we hoped would have resulted in the removal of objections then existing; but so far from such being the case, certain evils have been increased.

Our readers may remember that the statue is placed at the foot of the staircase leading to the Commons' Committee Rooms, beneath a false window, whose lines of mullions, sill, &c., range most discordantly with those of the figure, and tend to destroy all sense of the breadth and repose essential to the arrangement of such a work. But, as the matter was under consideration by those presumably the best judges of such requirements—the architects—we trusted for a satisfactory result. However, such anticipations have proved ill founded, and only point to the necessity for some one controlling power, whose dictum, either as an individual, or the representative of a Tribunal of Taste, shall be final.

The diapering on the background wall then carried straight across as high up as the shoulders of the figure, is *now* raised to the top of the head. At this level the window sill crosses the background, and from this line rise the mullions to the arched top. It is needless to remark that by such arrangement the sill and mullions appear to rest on the head. To realise this absurdity, it is but to imagine a portrait-painter making the head of his subject support the top of the frame. Had the diapered space been raised above the head to about one fourth of the height occupied by the figure, and taken the form of an arch within the outer one, a degree of breadth around the head would have been gained, and an idea of enshrinement suggested.

Further, on the flat between the inner and outer mouldings of the arch have been placed a number of ornamental forms. Those at the upper part are circular in shape, and being gilt, appear as so many golden circlets revolving in the air about the figure and rectangular lines of the background. Surely such are not the conditions under which a piece of sculpture should be viewed.

It is easy to understand the site was not originally intended for the reception of a statue, since no situation could be more unfitting. To turn one's back on the figure when ascending the staircase, and in descending to see it as in a bird's-eye view, and withal, most imperfectly lighted, are not the conditions under which Sir Charles would have placed a work of the sister art. But, if when in a part of a building not designed to receive a piece of sculpture, a site is subsequently given for such purpose, then in justice to the work so admitted let us modify the surrounding parts to its artistic necessities, though still preserving the characteristic features of the original architecture. The placing of Chantrey's "Watt" in Handsworth Church, near Birmingham, may in many respects be cited as an instance of appropriate treatment of such works.

At this time of year the gloom of the site of Mr. Foley's statue is such, that all accessorial forms are merged in a general obscurity; but, if a fine work is to be ruined by its surroundings, on the plea that want of light prevents such injurious influences being recognised, better were it for Art and the artist that his genius and labour had been bestowed on a work more fortunate in its destination.

Likewise, we cannot but again demand the removal of the stained window lighting, or rather darkening, the statue of Barry—a result we can anticipate only when official discernment shall substitute, by ground diapered white glass, the rainbow-hued panes that now at each returning noon pour their disfiguring rays over one of the grandest mural paintings human hand has produced—Maclise's 'Wellington and Blucher.'

THE LAND OF THE LOTUS-EATERS.

PAINTED BY R. S. DUNCANSON.

America has long maintained supremacy in landscape art; perhaps, indeed, its landscape artists surpass those of England; certainly we have no painter who can equal the works of Church; and we are not exaggerating if we affirm that the production under notice may compete with any of the modern British school. Mr. Duncanson has established high fame in the United States and in Canada. He is a native of the States, and received his Art-education there; but it has been "finished" by a course of study in Italy, by earnest thought at the feet of the great masters, and by a continual contemplation of nature under Southern skies.

The picture to which we more immediately refer (although hereafter we may describe such as make us familiar with Canadian scenery) is "a composition," but one in which the natural beauties of Greece are brought together with consummate skill. A bit may have been taken here and a bit there; yet there is perfect harmony in the whole; insomuch that the scene may have been presented in its entirety, for we need the statement of the artist that it is not one of altogether truth.

The painted poèm has been suggested by the written poem of the Poet Laureate:—

> "Here are cool mosses deep,
> And through the moss the ivies creep,
> And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
> And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

The scene represents Ulysses and his warriors visiting the Lotus island on their way from Troy. The artist is thus supplied with an incident that gives point and value to the lovely valley surrounded by snow-topped mountains in which the simple natives—the lotus-eaters—dwell. A group is thus introduced on the borders of a river amid richly dowered trees—the fruit-producing. Some have gathered round the stately Greek, while others swim the stream bearing the produce of their harvest. "Slender streams" come down from the mountains, the bare and barren summits contrasting with the verdure of a hundred hues at their feet, while over all is a glowing sunset that makes of the whole a very paradise of earth.

Perhaps the most meritorious parts of the picture are those that represent the mountains, their tops partly hidden by the clouds, rich in the glories of a southern sunset, while the snow that covers their summits reflects the varied hues that are brightest and fairest when day is about to depart from earth.

The picture is full of fancy. It is a grand conception, and a composition of infinite skill; yet every portion of it has been studied with the severest care, from "the charming sunset, lingering low adown in the red west," to the "slender streams," "some like a downward smoke," that bear the contributions of the mountains to the valley. The picture is one of large size, and has obviously been a work of time, but time well bestowed. The sight of it cannot fail to be a source of intense enjoyment. As a transcript of nature, such as nature may be in the land where, even now, all but man is divine, where the loveliest of earth's products are lavished in luxurious profusion, and where the commonest things are the most beautiful—this painting may rank among the most delicious that Art has given us, but it is also wrought with the skill of a master in all, even the minutest of its details.

We may therefore add this picture to the many works of rare value supplied to us by the landscape artists of America. They have in their richly-gifted "world" natural objects in such incalculable variety, that every student may be made a painter who looks on Nature with an eye ever so little educated by Art. Go where they will over their boundless forests and "everlasting prairies," they find themes for the pencil. It is not, therefore, surprising that we find the artists of America contending successfully in a special department of Art with those of Europe; nor that recent "importations" from that country into this have raised our expectations very high as to their future.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy.—Sir Edwin Landseer has declined to accept the office of President, and Daniel Maclise, Esq., having expressed his resolve to do so if offered him, the Royal Academy has elected Francis Grant, Esq., to succeed Sir Charles Eastlake. The election was not far from unanimous, Mr. Grant receiving twenty-six votes out of the thirty-five members present, the nine being given, not to a single candidate, but scattered among a group. Perhaps, all things considered, there could not have been a better choice; although that is not saying much. Mr. Grant is an accomplished portrait-painter — nothing more. An Art-scholar he is not, and he will not be an Art-teacher; neither is it likely that he has acquired any of the habits that qualify him to be an administrator, or that would fit him to grapple with the difficulties he will surely be called upon to encounter; for Parliament will not (even if the present Government be willing to do so, as insinuated) grant a large amount of public money, or its equivalent, to the Academy, without insisting on such reforms as shall enable it to meet the requirements of the age and the demands of the profession. Mr. Grant is, however, a gentleman of cultivated mind and refined tastes. His associates are those of "the upper ten thousand" (whether that be an advantage or a disadvantage time will tell), and we believe he will very properly discharge one of the most onerous duties of the position—to preside at the dinner on the first Saturday of May. It is gratifying to know the very general feeling that places Mr. Grant in the Presidential chair, and to expect, therefore, that he will have the general support of the members.

The Bequest of Mr. Gibson to the Royal Academy of £32,000 will augment the funds of that body to a sum approaching £200,000. By a codicil to his will, dated May 26th, 1865, he also bequeaths to the Academy his group in marble of the wounded warrior supported by a female figure, then nearly finished; all his works in marble not sold at the time of his death—models in Gesso of his works in marble not sold, except the models of such works as have been presented in marble; all his models in Gesso not executed; the first cast of the Venus de Medicis, which was sent to Canova to be executed in marble, and which, when executed, was to replace the noble statue carried off to Paris. But the entire gift depends upon the fulfilling of the following conditions by the Academy: that "a space sufficient for their reception and easy accommodation is to be provided for his works, which are to be open to the use of the students of the Royal Academy, and to be exposed to the public, according to such regulations as to the Council shall seem best."

William Boxall, Esq., R.A., has been appointed to succeed Sir Charles Eastlake, as Director of the National Gallery, an appointment for which there was a host of candidates. To what fortunate chance Mr. Boxall is indebted for the coveted distinction we cannot say; as yet he has established no claim to it of which the public is cognizant; nor do we believe the profession is a whit more enlightened as to his capacity for discharging duties, very weighty to say the least, and which certainly require a large amount of prudence, wisdom, knowledge, and experience. Mr. Boxall may have all these advantages; he *may* have studied in all "the schools" (he

has, it is known, resided some time in Italy), and the Nation *may* safely depend upon the acuteness of his criticism, and the soundness of his judgment; we earnestly hope he will manifest his right to the appointment, on the ground that he was the best of the many who sought to obtain it. But it is certain that his claims must rest more on the future than the past.

ROYAL ACADEMY LECTURES.—Mr. O'Neil, A.R.A., commenced the 12th of last month a series of four lectures on painting. The tenor of the discourse was orthodox and Academic. The principles enunciated were in support of prescriptive practice, and in indirect antagonism to the heresy called "Pre-Raphaelitism." Upon the style of Leslie the lecturer passed warmest eulogy; and other masters of established renown, such as Raphael, Titian, and Velasquez, received safe and accustomed commendation. In conclusion, Mr. O'Neil contended that artists should paint what they feel more than what they see, because truth to feeling is greater than truth to fact. Thus the ideal painter becomes the real poet.

FEMALE ARTISTS' EXHIBITION. — The gallery in Conduit Street has received, since our last notice, the addition of a picture of more than ordinary merit, 'The Family Sorrow,' by a Swedish artist, Amelia Lindegren. The work is marked by that naturalistic vigour and simple pathos which, in the scenes taken from peasant-life painted by Tidemand and other members of the Scandinavian school, produced so deep an impression in the foreign galleries of the International Exhibition.

THE COUNCIL OF THE ART-UNION OF LONDON has purchased the original picture, with the copyright, from which Maclise painted 'The Death of Nelson,' in the Houses of Parliament. The picture is of large size, and will, most probably, be sent to the ensuing exhibition of the Royal Academy. It is intended by the Council to have it engraved for their subscribers, as a companion to Maclise's 'Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo;' but it will be a considerable time before either plate comes out of the engraver's hands, from the magnitude of each work respectively, and the determination of the Council to have it executed in the first style, so as to make both of national interest as works of Art, and as illustrations of great events in the history of the country.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The address delivered by Professor Donaldson, on the 3rd of January, before the students and friends of this institution has, we see, been printed by the authorities of the school. It is an eloquent and instructive essay, that will well repay perusal. Though not at all bearing on the subject, it may not be quite out of place to mention that, at the first ordinary meeting of the Institute of British Architects, after the Christmas recess, the President, Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, M.P., presented to Mr. Donaldson a gold medal bearing his portrait, executed, at the instance of his professional brethren, to commemorate the eminent and zealous services of the Professor in promoting the study of architecture. The gift has been well merited, for there are none of his compeers who have done more by their talents, energy, and suavity of manners to confer honour on their art and on themselves.—We are happy to learn that a very important feature has been added to the excellent and valuable academy for FEMALE EDUCATION IN ART, It is an evening class for the study of the draped Living Figure, offering an opportunity not only to pupils wishing to complete their education, but to ladies not connected with the school who may be desirous of improving themselves in drawing. On Wednesday, the 7th February last, a large number of ladies were invited by the superintendent, Miss Gann, to hear Mr. E. T. Parris, the well-known artist, explain how this class is to be conducted. He produced a variety of sketches, prints, &c., from Raffaelle and others, with several of his own sketches and studies from the life, and a few highly finished drawings, showing every mode of study by the specimens placed before his audience. His method of instruction is rather different from that usually pursued in this country. Having "placed" the living model, before the students commence work he marks out all the principal features of the subject, describes the bones and muscles of the hands, arms, throat, &c., drawing attention to the variety of form which the muscles assume in different actions, appealing to the surrounding casts from the antique and the skeleton; and having noted the many beauties of light and shade and colour, and so far instructed his pupils by such demonstrations, he sets them to work—watches their progress, and corrects their faults, referring constantly to those particulars of the model to which he had previously directed their attention. We earnestly recommend these classes to artists and teachers, and also to those ladies who have gone through the preliminary practice previously acquired in this and other schools of Art.

ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—The Council of this society offers, through the Architectural Union Company, an additional prize of £5 for a boss, in clay, representing 'David with his Harp;' the size of the boss is not to be less than 9 inches in diameter, and the design must not be a copy. A second prize of £2 is added by the Council of the Architectural Museum, who will adjudicate in this latter competition.

MR. SARONY has invented a very useful and ingenious aid to photographers. He terms it a "posing apparatus, or universal rest." It is intended, and certainly calculated, greatly to assist the sitter in assuming an easy *pose*—a substitute for the inconvenient fork that now props the head, and the head only. This invention supports the whole form.

TWO TABLETS in memory respectively of W. M. Thackeray and John Leech have been placed side by side in the corridor leading to the chapel of the Charter House. They are plain stone tablets let into the wall, and bear Latin inscriptions, of which the following may be given as translations:—"To William Makepeace Thackeray, a Carthusian; Carthusians have had this monument erected. He was born 1811, died 1863, was a scholar 1822 to 1827." "To John Leech, a Carthusian; Carthusians have had this monument erected. He was born 1817, died 1864, was a scholar 1825 to 1832."

SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COPIES OF PICTURES of great merit have been produced and issued by Messrs. Lucas and Groom, of Wigmore Street. They are, indeed, so admirable in execution, as to do all that faithful copies can do to give pleasure and convey instruction, and are certainly the best that have yet been published. Those on our table are from modern works. No doubt the photographers would be as successful with transcripts from the old masters. But the boon is one of great moment to living artists, who desire to have, and ought to have, a copy of every painting they produce. Hitherto we know that in many instances they have been deterred from carrying out a natural wish by the dread of defects in the copies. That dread need not now exist; for the examples under notice, after paintings by Wyburd, Duncan, Armitage, and others, are as near perfection as copies can be.

MR. P. R. MORRIS'S picture entitled 'Where they crucified Him,' exhibited at the British Institution in 1863, and favourably noticed by us at the time, has passed into the hands of Mr. R. Rawlinson, C.E. The painting, which, by the way, Mr. Ruskin highly commends in the opening chapter of "The Cestus of Aglaia," in the *Art-Journal* of last year, gained for the artist the travelling studentship of the Royal Academy. Mr Morris has also been a successful competitor for several of the Academy medals. His picture, 'The Knightly Mirror,' now in Mr. Wallis's "Winter Collection," is a work of great merit. An engraving of 'Where they crucified Him' is in preparation for the *Art-Journal*.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.—At a somewhat recent meeting of this society Sir O. Mosley laid before the members a set of drawings of the once famous Croxden Abbey, in Staffordshire, made by Mr. Bedford, of Manchester, for one of the prizes offered in 1864 by the "Institute of British Architects." By the aid of these, and from an hitherto unpublished MS. in the Cottonian collection in the British Museum, Mr. G. M. Hills placed before the audience who listened to his reading of a paper on the subject, an almost complete history of the Abbey, and a restored plan of it.

ARTISTS AND AMATEUR SOCIETY.—The first *conversazione* of this society, held at Willis's Rooms, was rendered attractive to a large and *elite* company by the variety and value of the drawings and pictures placed on view. Especially we recall the many examples of David Cox's middle and best manner—grand, suggestive, and broad, yet in detail seldom slurred. We also must not forget mention of a portfolio which displayed Harding's unexampled facility of pencil touch. Mr. Bennett's studies among the mountains of Switzerland, which he moulds into magnitude, and robes in majesty and mist, may also be recorded as novelties in the artist's usual sketching routine. Mr. Collingwood Smith's dramatic dashing manner covers a large surface, and makes great display.

THE SOUTH EASTERN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, which was opened early in November last, in the noble Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital, was closed on Saturday, the 3rd of February, when the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., distributed prizes to the successful exhibitors. It was stated in the course of the proceedings that the Exhibition, during the three months it was open, was visited by 85,000 persons, 62,000 of whom came in during the evening. The sum of £1,213 had been taken at the doors, and this, it was hoped, would cover the expenditure. The chairman, in his address, pointed out the importance of employers and employed working together, inasmuch as foreign nations were successfully competing with us in branches of manufacture which were supposed to be peculiarly our own, and it was necessary, for the interests of our country, that our skilled artisans should be able to mantain the superiority of their work, and which, he said, these competitive exhibitions would encourage them to do. The prizes were then presented, and silver and bronze medals were given to workmen in the large factories in the neighbourhood for inventions and improvements in their trade, and soldiers and others obtained prizes for works of industry and

ingenuity. Sir Charles Bright, M.P., urged the young men employed around the district to take advantage of the Schools of Art in the neighbourhood, in order to educate themselves in branches which would add to their skill.

Mr. Rimmel has introduced this season what to us seems a useful novelty in Valentines. In the centre of the perforated ornamental border is a floral design, consisting of a group of some flower—say a dahlia, or a pansy—surrounding a female figure girt, as to the waist, with a dress of the form and colour of the flower itself, which symbolises some special feminine excellence. They are lithographic prints, and, by a peculiar process, may be printed on satin as effectively as on paper. The artist—for these valentines, though issued to meet special demands on a special occasion, are really works of Art—is a young Frenchman, M. J. Chérit; he has amazing facility as well as rare inventive faculty, and his pencil seems alike ready, be the subject either serious or comic—fertile of fancy, or rich in burlesque. He will prove a very valuable acquisition to our book-designers, and can illustrate either a graceful fairy tale or a comic serial. Mr. Rimmel has limited the power of the artist to these productions of his especial "trade," and has thus given new evidence of his desire and ability to elevate the common into the refined. We cannot treat Mr. Rimmel as a mere vendor of elegant nothings, although his productions are, for the most part, ephemera. They leave impressions that cannot but be beneficial; teaching while they delight, and gratifying in such a manner as to render out of the question any after contentment with mediocrity.

The Hangers this year at the Royal Academy will be Messrs. Cope, Horsley, and Faed.

A Service of Communion Plate, consisting of one flagon, two chalices, and two patens, has been manufactured by Mr. John Keith, of Westmoreland Place, City Road, for "Christ Church," Naples, the first Protestant church erected in that city, to which it has been presented by Sir Charles Fitzroy McLean, Bart. It is of silver; pure in form and not overladen with ornament; ranking among the most meritorious of the many works of its class, the productions of a manufacturer who has attained the highest eminence in the art.

Egg's Paintings of the Life and Death of Buckingham.—In the notes that accompanied our engravings of these pictures, we stated that they were from the originals exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855. That was an error; they were from *replicas*, and not from the pictures so exhibited. The originals were painted for James Cole, Esq., of Hyde Park Street, and continue to form attractive and prominent parts of his choice and valuable collection.

Art for the Cottage.—The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has recently published a series of "Cottage Wall Prints," six in number, from drawings by J. W. Whymper, (2), E. Duncan, J. H. Mole, G. Farmer, and G. H. Andrews. They include landscapes, marine views, and figure-subjects—a judicious variety. The prints are produced by W. Dickes; are capital in colour, and as they are sold "framed and glazed," ready to hang up, at a shilling each, they must have, as they deserve, a large sale. Nothing of the kind more suitable for cottage wall decorations could possibly be produced at the price. Our clerical friends would do well to obtain a sight of them, for presentation or rewards.

REVIEWS.

The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression as connected with the Fine Arts. By Sir Charles Bell, K.H. Fifth Edition. Published by H. G. Bohn, London.

Nearly sixty years have elapsed since the late Sir Charles Bell put forth the first edition of this work; a second editon appeared in 1824; and, after visiting the Continent in 1840, he re-composed the whole for a new edition, which, however, the author did not live to see in the hands of the public. It has now reached a fifth edition, and is an acknowledged standard work, which every artist—certainly every figure-painter and sculptor—ought to have at his elbow.

But it is just possible there are many to whom the existence of such a valuable book of study and pictorial reference—for it is amply supplied with masterly illustrations—is unknown. To such it is necessary to explain its scope and object; which may best be done in the author's own words:—"The academies of Europe, instituted for the improvement of painting, stop short of the science of anatomy, which is so well suited to enlarge the mind, and to train the eye for observing the forms of Nature; or if they enforce the study at all, it is only in its more obvious application, that of assisting the drawing of the human figuré. But my design in this volume goes further. I purpose to direct attention to the characteristic forms of man and brutes, by an inquiry into the natural functions, with a view to comprehend the *rationale* of those changes in the countenance and figure which are indicative of Passion."

Lavater and Le Brun both entered upon the same field of inquiry, but the attention of each writer was directed less to its artistic bearings than to its physiological character. Sir Charles Bell was an ardent admirer of the Fine Arts, and desired, in this work, that a new and right impulse might be given to their study and cultivation, by explaining their relation to the natural history of man and animals; and by showing how a knowledge of outward form, and accuracy of drawing, which is a consequence of it, are related to the interior structure and functions. "Anatomy," he observes, "in its relation to the arts of design, is, in truth, the grammar of that language in which they address us. The expressions, attitudes, and movements of the human figure are the characters of this language, adapted to convey the effect of historical narration, as well as to show the working of human passion, and to give the most striking and lively indications of intellectual power and energy."

It ought not to be a necessity, considering to what a degree of perfection our painters have brought the technicalities of their art, such as colouring and manipulation, to urge upon them the importance of aiming also to imbue their designs with the quality that can alone render them truly valuable—the expression of the thoughts of the mind, the desires of the heart, as these exhibit their effects on the human countenance. And yet the necessity is obvious enough, for are there not multitudes of pictures yearly hung in our public galleries that show little or nothing but the artist skill in dealing with textures and surfaces—pictures in which no trace of the *mens divina*, or *mens* anything else, is visible? What is it gives such inestimable value to Landseer's animals? Not their glossy skins, or even their wondrous life-like action; but the *mind* they exhibit, the appeal they make to our reason and sympathy by the display of feelings scarcely inferior to those which animate the race of man. And till an artist "has acquired a poet's eye for nature, and can seize with intuitive quickness the appearances of passion, and all the effects produced upon the body by the operations of the mind, he has not raised himself above the mechanism of his art, nor does he rank with the poet or the historian." His inane productions take him out of the category of *artists*, if we give to the term its true and right meaning, which signifies something more than to have the ability to cover a certain quantity of canvas or paper with daintily-coloured forms.

Memoirs Illustrative of the Art of Glass-Painting. By the late Charles Winston, of the Inner Temple. Illustrated with Engravings from the Author's Original Drawings, by Philip H. Delamotte, F.S.A. Published by J. Murray, London.

The friends of Mr. Winston have done well to rescue from comparative oblivion, by publishing in a collected and attractive form, the results of his researches into, and knowledge of, the art of glass-painting, as exemplified in the specimens that have come down to us from mediæval times. A most indefatigable labourer, even from boyhood, was he in this field of decorative Art; as evinced by the multitude of drawings he made during his lifetime, and which were exhibited in the spring of last year in the gallery of the Arundel Society, a few months after his sudden and premature death. Probably there has been no one within our own time—certainly no amateur—who has done so much to direct attention to glass-painting, to show what it ought to be, and to inculcate a knowledge of its principles and practice, as Mr. Winston; archæologists and glass-painters alike bear testimony to the value of his investigations, to the soundness of his judgment, and the importance of his critical remarks. "At the commencement of his career as a critic," his biographer remarks, in the introduction to this volume, "Mr. Winston took high ground for glass-painting, and insisted upon constituting this art a branch of the Fine Arts, and of avoiding all mere literal translations of old forms; he insisted upon the necessity of introducing correct forms and natural expression, and of designing the figure parts of windows as well as the existing state of Fine Art will admit of. But he never lost sight of the conditions of glass-painting. These he thoroughly understood, but he thought their observance consistent with good Art."

His constant and close study of the subject resulted in the conviction that it should be treated simply as an art, free from the restraints of antiquarianism, and guided by a taste unwarped by ecclesiastical prejudices and religious associations; that, in fact, it should be considered as a branch of the art of painting, distinguished only by the peculiarities arising from the nature of the materials, and subjected only to such limits; that representation should be characterised by the highest perfection in design, colour, and expression, and not made in the rude and imperfect manner prevalent in early periods—a manner which was the effect of ignorance and not of intention. These views are strongly enforced in all his writings, and also in his private correspondence with Mr. Charles Heath Wilson, relatively to the painted windows for Glasgow Cathedral. These letters form a portion of the book we now notice.

But its principal contents are the various papers read at the meetings of the Archæological Society and of the Institute of British Architects, and which were published in the records of the proceedings of those learned bodies; consequently they have become well known to all who take any interest in antiquarian pursuits of this character. The painted glass in our principal cathedrals forms the texts of the majority of these papers; and each is respectively discussed in a manner that shows how thoroughly the author entered into the spirit of his subject, and what complete mastery of it he possessed.

The volume is enriched with a considerable number of illustrations, chiefly coloured, and most faithfully copied by Mr. Delamotte, from the drawings by his friend Mr. Winston, exhibited last year.

Drawing from Nature: a Series of Progressive Instructions in Sketching, from Elementary Studies to Finished Views. By George Barnard, Professor of Drawing at Rugby School; Author of "The Theory and Practice of Landscape Painting in Water-Colours," &c., &c. Published by Longmans & Co., London.

In one of the chapters in Mr. Barnard's book, he thus speaks of the late J. D. Harding:—"It is the fashion with some of the modern critics

to decry the services that Harding has rendered to Art; but it would be difficult to name any one who has laboured more energetically and successfully to advance the ability and tastes of the public for drawing." The commendation here expressed, though not in the clearest and most literate manner, is no more than is due to the subject of it; and it confers credit on one who, as a teacher, both by his practice and his published works, must rank next to Harding. Disregarding whatever fame and pecuniary benefits might have accrued to him as a painter familiar to the public in our exhibition galleries, Mr. Barnard has passed the greater portion of his life in the arduous duties of an instructor, or in the production of works having special reference to the requirements of the student of Art. The volume before us seems to embody the results of his long experience both as a teacher and a sketcher from nature. Less oracularly didactic in his word-lessons than Harding, and inferior to that bold and skilful draughtsman in the mastery of the pencil, he has employed both this instrument and his pen to good practical purpose.

Not only may the Art-student consult Mr. Barnard's "Drawing from Nature," but every lover of the beauties of nature will find in it that which will interest him; for it is something more than a dry, technical treatise upon landscape painting: it is a book full of valuable information about every object that constitutes the picturesque—trees and shrubs, wild plants and flowers, hills and valleys, rustic cottages and old gabled mansions. He takes the reader with him in his sketching excursions, and narrates his adventures while he instructs in the use of the pencil. The two may spend many a pleasant hour together on the hills and in the woods of Surrey, or among the mountains of Switzerland. There is a peculiar charm in such teaching: it combines work and pleasure.

Appended to the more theoretical portion of the volume are several lectures upon Art, delivered by the author to his pupils at Rugby. Here we find incidents of travel, abroad and at home, mingling with descriptions of scenery and lessons upon sketching. A large number of coloured and plain lithographic plates, and a host of picturesque "bits" from the hands of the wood engraver, are introduced to illustrate the text. A more attractive book of instruction has rarely, if ever, been brought to our notice.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated in Terza Rima by John Dayman, M.A., Rector of Skelton, Cumberland; and formerly Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Published by Longmans, Green, & Co., London.

The first portion of Mr. Dayman's translation of the great Italian poet, the "Inferno," is not new to us: it was published in 1843, and has a place on our book-shelves. The translation of the "Purgatorio," he tells us, was completed in 1852, and that of the "Paradiso" in 1864; the "whole is now given to the public," and we may add, in a very handsome volume, "in the sixcentenary of the Poet's birth." On the appearance of the "Inferno," critical exception was taken to it on the ground of the metrical structure, the *Terza Rima*, which the translator chose to adopt; it was described as the one "deleterious ingredient" that corrupted the version throughout, and as placing it, on this very principle, in disadvantageous contrast to the older and well-known translation by Cary. Mr. Dayman puts forth an ingenious defence of his method of reproduction, drawn from remarks upon poetical construction by Schlegel and other writers, as well as from Dante's own arrangement and measure of the poem. "What so natural to Dante," he asks, "and on Schlegel's principle so *necessary*, as the adoption of a vehicle which, by the consonance of its terminations perpetually drawing *three* verses into one metrical whole, should keep the predominant thought of the poet ever before his readers? Such a structure he certainly *has* chosen, and it stamps his work throughout with that image which he had proposed to himself as its climax. Consequently, any version in any language, whatever its other merits, which neglects this essential element of the poet's plan, must so far fall short of transfusing his spirit."

Leaving to others whose vocation or inclination it may be to discuss the question of Mr. Dayman's adherence to his original plan, we are quite satisfied with his version of the *Divina Commedia*. It is throughout simple and unaffected; truthful, yet free; and generally shows an elegance of expression that evidences how completely the translator has imbibed the spirit of the poet himself. No one has a right to expect that any translation of a great work can compare with the power, beauty, or grace of the original; the most that ought reasonably to be looked for is a faithful rendering, and in somewhat appropriate language, combined with similarity of style, of the author's meaning: this, we think, Mr. Dayman has achieved. He has himself invited criticism upon this point, by printing the Italian text—Brunetti's edition is that principally followed—conjointly with his English version.

Elijah the Prophet. An Epic Poem, by G. Washington Moon, F.R.S.L., Author of "The Dean's English." Published by Hatchard & Co., London.

This is a readable poem, though it is little more than a versified account, in Spenserian stanzas, of the life of the "grandest and most romantic character," as Dr. Stanley says, Israel ever produced; whose history Krummacher has given the world in vivid prose, and Mendelssohn has immortalised in an oratorio whose music will bear comparison with the noblest compositions of Handel. Mr. Moon has chosen a theme that ought to call forth the highest poetical faculties, but his appear to linger only on the threshold of his subject; nevertheless, the poem has the merit of dealing truthfully with recorded facts, and is sent out into the world with such adventitious aids as good printing, toned paper, and a handsome binding may give it.

Stories told to a Child. By the Author of "Studies for Stories." Published by A. Strahan, London.

So numerous are the books for children which, during the last two or three months, have come into our hands, that we have found it impossible to supply the demand made on our columns, except by a very brief notice; and, indeed, many of these works do not call for anything beyond. "Stories told to a Child" will, we have no doubt, hold its own among its contemporaries. The tales are simple, will amuse their juvenile readers, and they point a good moral. The illustrations, of which there are several, are better in design than engraving.

The British Workman. Band of Hope Review. Published by S. W. Partridge, London.

These two well-conducted publications claim favourable notice from every reviewer, if only for the good they effect among the classes to whom they are especially addressed. Both take a high moral and religious tone; they enforce, and in the most pleasing and instructive way, the duty of both old and young to his God, his neighbour, and himself; while the illustrations that ornament almost every page are of an order that cannot fail to cultivate the eye, as well as to satisfy imagination. The monthly parts of each periodical for the past year, stitched into an appropriate wrapper, are on our table; they maintain the excellent character, in its fullest extent, of their predecessor.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations by J. C. Thompson. Published by A. Strahan; S. Low & Co., London.

A series of papers originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, but which are quite worthy to reappear in a collected form, for they are most pleasantly written, and embrace a variety of desultory subjects discussed by the "autocrat" over the breakfast table, somewhat after the manner of the famous "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of Professor Wilson, save and except that the speaker, as his name implies, generally has all the conversation to himself. He is a capital talker, according to his own definition of such individuals—"people with fresh ideas, of course, and plenty of good warm words to dress them in." There is a kind of connecting thread running through the whole, for at the end the talkative and philosophical bachelor of the boarding-house finds a wife in one of his most attentive listeners, and we catch an occasional glimpse of the lady, as well as of some of her companions of the "round table." This is an instructive as well as an amusing book.

The Clifton and other Remarkable Suspension Bridges of the World. By Lewis Wright. Published by J. Weale, London; J. Wright & Co., Bristol.

This little book disclaims in the preface any professional pretensions, but nevertheless contains the latest information on its peculiar subject. The most eminent engineers have contributed to its pages, and with their aid the author has given, in a very readable form, all that he professes to do—full particulars of the most remarkable bridges of the world.

A leading position is of course given to the recently completed Clifton Bridge, which is copiously illustrated by plans and sections. This remarkable bridge—700 feet in span, and 250 above the water—is most minutely described; and this portion of the book may evidently be received with the authority of the engineers, Messrs. J. Hawkshaw and W. H. Barlow, who have accepted the dedication. The principal other structures described are the Menai, Fribourg, Pesth, Queenston (Canada), Wheeling (U.S.), Niagara, and Lambeth bridges. The book concludes with a few remarks on the present position of suspension bridge engineering, from which we cannot quote for want of room, but will only state that "an eminent British engineer" has considered spans of 5,000 feet, or nearly *a mile*, not impossible upon the principle of suspension, and given actual calculations for such a bridge of 3,000 feet span, to connect Liverpool and Birkenhead. The author himself recommends a combination of the suspension and tubular principles for bridges of large span, and evidently believes that by this means railway and other communication will be effected across distances hitherto considered impracticable.

We will only add that the book is illustrated with eight views of various bridges, and will be perused with interest by both professional and unprofessional readers.

The Autographic Mirror. Vol. III. Published at 13, Burleigh Street, London.

Though the pages of this volume have been somewhat reduced in size—to render the book rather less cumbersome than its predecessors, which were noticed by us as they appeared—its contents are as ample as those of the others, and are quite as full of interest. Indeed, we are somewhat surprised at the large mass of autographic letters, &c., written by celebrities of ages past and present, which the conductors of the publication manage to get possession of. The volume opens with the signatures of George III. and Queen Victoria, and closes with letters from the hands of Augustine Brohan and Pauline Virginie Déjazet, distinguished French actresses. Between the first and last pages we find a host of names of which the world has heard something that entitles them to distinction. But a very attractive part of the volume to us is the variety of sketches, by artists of more or less repute, which are introduced; altogether the "Autographic Mirror" is a work which may well serve to interest any intelligent family or social gathering.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1866.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER LX.

I PURPOSE in this chapter, as intimated in the last, to sketch briefly what I believe to be the real uses and powers of the three kinds of engraving, by black line; either for book illustration, or general public instruction by distribution of multiplied copies. After thus stating what seems to me the proper purpose of each kind of work, I may, perhaps, be able to trace some advisable limitations of its technical methods.

I. And first, of pure line engraving.

This is the only means by which entire refinement of intellectual representation can be given to the public. Photographs have an inimitable mechanical refinement, and their legal evidence is of great use if you know how to cross-examine them. They are popularly supposed to be "true," and, at the worst, they are so, in the sense in which an echo is true to a conversation of which it omits the most important syllables and reduplicates the rest. But this truth of mere transcript has nothing to do with Art properly so called; and will never supersede it. Delicate art of design, or of selected truth, can only be presented to the general public by true line engraving. It will be enough for my purpose to instance three books in which its power has been sincerely used. I am more in fields than libraries, and have never cared to look much into book illustrations; there are, therefore, of course, numbers of well-illustrated works of which I know nothing: but the three I should myself name as typical of good use of the method, are I. Rogers's Poems, II. the Leipsic edition of Heyne's Virgil (1800), and, III. the great "Description de l'Egypte."

The vignettes in the first named volumes (considering the Italy and Poems as one book) I believe to be as skilful and tender as any hand work, of the kind, ever done; they are also wholly free from affectation of overwrought fineness, on the one side, and from hasty or cheap expediencies on the other; and they were produced under the direction and influence of a gentleman and a scholar. Multitudes of works, imitative of these, and far more attractive, have been produced since; but none of any sterling quality: the good books were (I was told) a loss to their publisher, and the money spent since in the same manner has been wholly thrown away. Yet these volumes are enough to show what lovely service line engraving might be put upon, if the general taste were advanced enough to desire it. Their vignettes from Stothard, however conventional, show in the grace and tenderness of their living subjects how types of innocent beauty, as pure as Angelico's, and far lovelier, might indeed be given from modern English life, to exalt the conception of youthful dignity and sweetness in every household. I know nothing among the phenomena of the present age more sorrowful than that the beauty of our youth should remain wholly unrepresented in Fine Art, because unfelt by ourselves; and that the only vestiges of a likeness to it should be in some of the more subtle passages of caricatures, popular (and justly popular) as much because they were the only attainable reflection of the prettiness, as because they were the only sympathising records of the humours, of English girls and boys. Of our oil portraits of them, in which their beauty is always conceived as consisting in a fixed simper—feet not more than two inches long, and accessory grounds, pony, and groom—our sentence need not be "*guarda e passa*," but "*passa*" only. Yet one oil picture has been painted, and, so far as I know, one only, representing the deeper loveliness of English youth—the portraits of the three children of the Dean of Christ Church, by the son of the great portrait painter, who has recorded whatever is tender and beautiful in the faces of the aged men of England, bequeathing, as it seems, the beauty of their children to the genius of his child.

The second book which I named, Heyne's Virgil, shows, though unequally and insufficiently, what might be done by line engraving to give vital image of classical design, and symbol of classical thought. It is profoundly to be regretted that none of these old and well-illustrated classics can be put frankly into the hands of youth; while all books lately published for general service, pretending to classical illustration, are, in point of Art, absolutely dead and harmful rubbish. I cannot but think that the production of well-illustrated classics would at least leave free of money-scathe, and in great honour, any publisher who undertook it; and although schoolboys in general might not care for any such help, to one, here and there, it would make all the difference between loving his work and hating it. For myself, I am quite certain that a single vignette like that of the fountain of Arethusa, in Heyne, would have set me on an eager quest, which would have saved me years of sluggish and fruitless labour.

It is the more strange, and the more to be regretted, that no such worthy applications of line engraving are now made, because, merely to gratify a fantastic pride, works are often undertaken in which, for want of well-educated draughtsmen, the mechanical skill of the engraver has been wholly wasted, and nothing produced useful, except for common reference. In the great work published by the Dilettanti Society, for instance, the engravers have been set to imitate, at endless cost of sickly fineness in dotted and hatched execution, drawings in which the light and shade is always forced and vulgar, if not utterly false. Constantly (as in the 37th plate of the first volume), waving hair casts a straight shadow, not only on the forehead, but even on the ripples of other curls emerging beneath it; while the publication of plate 41, as a representation of the most beautiful statue in the British Museum, may well arouse any artist's wonder what kind of "diletto" in antiquity it might be, from which the Society assumed its name.

The third book above-named as a typical example of right work in line, the "Description de' l'Egypte," is one of the greatest monuments of calm human industry, honestly and delicately applied, which exist in the world. The front of Rouen Cathedral, or the most richly-wrought illuminated missal, as pieces of resolute industry, are mere child's play compared to any group of the plates of natural history in this book. Of unemotional, but devotedly earnest and rigidly faithful labour, I know no other such example. The lithographs to Agassiz's "poissons fossiles" are good in their kind, but it is a far lower and easier kind, and the popularly visible result is in larger proportion to the skill; whereas none but workmen can know the magnificent devotion of unpretending and observant toil, involved in even a single figure of an insect or a starfish on these unapproachable plates. Apply such skill to the simple presentation of the natural history of every English county, and make the books portable in size, and I cannot conceive any other book-gift to our youth so precious.

II. Wood-cutting and etching for serious purpose.

The tendency of wood-cutting in England has been to imitate the fineness and manner of engraving. This is a false tendency; and so far as the productions obtained under its influence have been successful, they are to be considered only as an inferior kind of engraving, under the last head. But the real power of wood-cutting is, with little labour, to express in clear delineation the most impressive essential qualities of form and light and shade, in objects which owe their interest not to grace, but to power and character. It can never express beauty of the subtlest kind, and is not in any way available on a large scale; but used rightly, on its own ground, it is the *most purely intellectual* of all Art; sculpture, even of the highest order, being slightly sensual and imitative; while fine wood-cutting is entirely abstract, thoughtful, and passionate. The best wood-cuts that I know in the whole range of Art are those of Durer's "Life of the Virgin;" after these come the other works of Durer, slightly inferior from a more complex and wiry treatment of line. I have never seen any other work in wood deserving to be named with his; but the best vignettes of Bewick approach Durer in execution of plumage, as nearly as a clown's work can approach a gentleman's. Some very brilliant execution on an inferior system—less false, however, than the modern English one—has been exhibited by the French; and if we accept its false conditions, nothing can surpass the cleverness of our own school of Dalziel, or even of the average wood-cutting in our daily journals, which however, as aforesaid, is only to be reckoned an inferior method of engraving. These meet the demand of the imperfectly-educated public in every kind; and it would be absurd to urge any change in the method, as long as the public remain in the same stage of knowledge or temper. But, allowing for the time during which these illustrated papers have now been bringing whatever information and example of Art they could, to the million, it seems likely that the said million will remain in the same stage of knowledge yet for some time. Perhaps the horse is an animal as antagonistic to Art in England, as he was in harmony with it in Greece; still, allowing for the general intelligence of the London-bred lower classes, I was surprised by a paragraph in the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, quoting the *Star* of November 6th of last year, in its report upon the use made of illustrated papers by the omnibus stablemen to,—the following effect:—

"They are frequently employed in the omnibus yards from five o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, so that a fair

day's work for a 'horse-keeper' is about eighteen hours. For this enormous labour they receive a guinea per week, which for them means seven, not six, days; though they do contrive to make Sunday an 'off-day' now and then. The ignorance of aught in the world save ''orses and 'buses' which prevails amongst these stablemen is almost incredible. A veteran horse-keeper, who had passed his days in an omnibus-yard, was once overheard praising the 'Lus-trated London News with much enthusiasm, as the best periodical in London, 'leastways at the coffee-shop.' When pressed for the reason of his partiality, he confessed it was the 'pickshers' which delighted him. He amused himself during his meal-times by 'counting the images!'"

But for the classes among whom there is a real demand for educational art, it is highly singular that no systematic use has yet been made of wood-cutting on its own terms; and only here and there, even in the best books, is there an example of what might be done by it. The frontispieces to the two volumes of Mr. Birch's "Ancient Pottery and Porcelain," and such simpler cuts as that at p. 273 of the first volume, show what might be cheaply done for illustration of archaic classical work; two or three volumes of such cuts chosen from the best vases of European collections and illustrated by a short and trustworthy commentary, would be to any earnest schoolboy worth a whole library of common books. But his father can give him nothing of the kind—and if the father himself wish to study Greek Art, he must spend something like a hundred pounds to put himself in possession of any sufficiently illustrative books of reference. As to any use of such means for representing objects in the round, the plate of the head of Pallas facing p. 168 in the same volume sufficiently shows the hopelessness of setting the modern engraver to such service. Again, in a book like Smith's dictionary of geography, the woodcuts of coins are at present useful only for comparison and reference. They are absolutely valueless as representations of the art of the coin. Now, supposing that an educated scholar and draughtsman had drawn each of these blocks, and that they had been cut with as much average skill as that employed in the woodcuts of *Punch*, each of these vignettes of coins might have been an exquisite lesson, both of high Art treatment in the coin, and of beautiful black and white drawing in the representation; and this just as cheaply—nay, more cheaply—than the present common and useless drawing. The things necessary are indeed not small, —nothing less than well educated intellect and feeling in the draughtsmen; but intellect and feeling, as I have often said before now, are always to be had cheap if you go the right way about it—and they cannot otherwise be had for any price. There are quite brains enough, and there is quite sentiment enough, among the gentlemen of England to answer all the purposes of England: but if you so train your youths of the richer classes that they shall think it more gentlemanly to scrawl a figure on a bit of note paper, to be presently rolled up to light a cigar with, than to draw one nobly and rightly for the seeing of all men; —and if you practically show your youths, of all classes, that they will be held gentlemen, for babbling with a simper in Sunday pulpits; or grinning through, not a horse's, but a hound's, collar, in Saturday journals; or dirtily living on the public money in government non-offices:—but that they shall be held less than gentlemen for doing a man's work honestly with a man's right hand—you will of course find that intellect and feeling cannot be had when you want them. But if you like to train some of your best youth into scholarly artists,—men of the temper of Leonardo, of Holbein, of Durer or of Velasquez, instead of decomposing them into the early efflorescences and putrescences of idle clerks, sharp lawyers, soft curates, and rotten journalists, —you will find that you can always get a good line drawn when you need it, without paying large subscriptions to schools of Art.

III. This relation of social character to the possible supply of good Art is still more direct when we include in our survey the mass of illustration coming under the general head of dramatic caricature—caricature, that is to say, involving right understanding of the true grotesque in human life; caricature of which the worth or harmfulness cannot be estimated, unless we can first somewhat answer the wide question, What is the meaning and worth of English laughter? I say, "of English laughter," because if you can well determine the value of that, you determine the value of the true laughter of all men—the English laugh being the purest and truest in the metal that can be minted. And indeed only Heaven can know what the country owes to it, on the lips of such men as Sydney Smith and Thomas Hood. For indeed the true wit of all countries, but especially English wit (because the openest), must always be essentially on the side of truth—for the nature of wit is one with truth. Sentiment may be false—reasoning false—reverence false—love false,—everything false except wit; that *must* be true—and even if it is ever harmful, it is as divided against itself—a small truth undermining a mightier.

On the other hand, the spirit of levity, and habit of mockery, are among the chief instruments of final ruin both to individual and nations. I believe no business will ever be rightly done by a laughing Parliament; and that the public perception of vice or of folly which only finds expression in caricature, neither reforms the one, nor instructs the other. No man is fit for much, we know, "who has not a good laugh in him"—but a sad wise valour is the only complexion for a leader; and if there was ever a time for laughing in this dark and hollow world, I do not think it is now. This is a wide subject, and I must follow it in another place; for our present purpose, all that needs to be noted is that, for the expression of true humour, few and imperfect lines are often sufficient, and that in this direction lies the only opening for the serviceable presentation of amateur work to public notice.

I have said nothing of lithography, because, with the exception of Samuel Prout's sketches, no work of standard Art-value has ever been produced by it, nor can be: its opaque and gritty texture being wholly offensive to the eye of any well-trained artist. Its use in connection with colour is, of course, foreign to our present subject. Nor do I take any note of the various current patents for cheap modes of drawing, though they are sometimes to be thanked for rendering possible the publication of sketches like those of the pretty little "Voyage en Zigzag" ("how we spent the summer") published by Longman—which are full of charming humour, character, and freshness of expression; and might have lost more by the reduction to the severe terms of wood-cutting than they do by the ragged interruptions of line which are an inevitable defect in nearly all these cheap processes. It will be enough, therefore, for all serious purpose, that we confine ourselves to the study of the black line, as produced in steel and wood; and I will endeavour in the next paper to set down some of the technical laws belonging to each mode of its employment.

J. Ruskin.

LECTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BY HENRY O'NEIL, ESQ., A.R.A.

Mr. O'Neil commenced on Monday, 12th of February, a series of four lectures on Painting. The attendance of students was large, and the lecturer received the support of his fellow Academicians and Associates on this his first appearance in the quality of Professor.

The lecturer commenced by showing that the progress of Art had, to no material extent, been dependent on teaching, but yet, if instruction cannot supply ability, it may, at least, correct error. History proved that to follow after success was a fallacy. The eclectic school, which proceeded on this principle, had ended in a failure. The only safe course for the artist is the study of nature, to which must be added the results of experience. Mr. O'Neil said his object was not so much to tell what historic schools had done as to speak of the characteristics of great and successful works. It had been the usual practice of his predecessors to treat of Art under the several heads of Design, Form, Colour, and Effect, but correctly speaking, in painting as in music, there was but one quality of which all other elements were but as means—that of expression through character. The value of that expression, the force of that character, were in fact the measure of genius. Furthermore the lecturer strongly emphasised the truth that individuality is essential to genius, and hence the great distinction between Art and Science. Science is the accumulative knowledge of the many; Art the skill of the individual artist. Thus it happens that what has been done by any one painter can never be done precisely again by any other painter. Recurring to the impression made by a work, the lecturer showed how the province of the artist is to select the points which convey the best idea of the whole. True Art, indeed, consists in seizing the essence of a scene. Every object has two aspects, the positive and the relative, and the attempt to depict both at once can only lead to failure. The painter, from the very limits of his art, must sometimes give a more obtrusive reality than nature herself to certain objects which it is needful to emphasise. In further development of the idea that impression and expression are paramount qualities, it was shown that all material things owe their character to the mind rather than to the eye; and thus the primary aim of the painter should be to re-awaken in the mind the sentiments which would arise in the spectator on viewing any given scene. Man's works—such, for instance, as chairs, tables, &c.—are finite, and need imitation; but God's works—such as trees, &c. —are infinite, and defy imitation. These principles apply not to landscape art only, but still more to historic painting. It has been justly said that the powers of Art commence where those of language cease. The lecturer adduced the practice of Hogarth, who had a direct way of telling a fact, free from far-fetched symbolism, as seen, for example, in the covering of a charity box in a church by a cobweb, which clearly indicated the truth that charity was a virtue too often neglected. Then followed a eulogy on Leslie, having for its point the further elucidation of principles already enunciated. Passing to the element of colour, Mr. O'Neil repeated the accepted axiom that good colour depends less on its intensity than on its harmony: the former condition is more due to the man who makes the pigments than to the artist who uses them. Some writers have held that it is easier to succeed in the use of negative tones than in positive, but this assertion the lecturer denied.

There is, he contended, a sentiment and a language of colour which is eloquent in proportion to its propriety; the use of colour is subject specially to that sensibility which is the attribute of genius. The lecturer then touched on another fallacy, that when the thoughts are good it is of little consequence what may be the means of expression used. Surely without adequate language the thoughts cannot be known or appreciated. It is only by the study and close transcript of natural objects that the reputation of a painter can be won. Yet is it true that the means employed should never attract primary attention; even as wordy eloquence leaves no worthy impression, so mere dexterity and facility of hand are nothing better than snares to catch superficial people. Every painter, in fact, knows that the greatest art is to conceal Art. The tickling of the senses by a turn of the brush is a trickery which does not touch the soul. In the greatest masters we forget the means or the letter, and only look to the spirit. The lecturer here contrasted the execution of Rubens with that of Titian and Velasquez. A conjuror may throw dust into the eyes of the spectators, but he is no artist. Mr. O'Neil then proceeded to pass strictures on realism in Art, which, he contended, ought to be called materialism. This realism and materialism had proved in our day equally pernicious to the dramatist, the musician, the novelist, and the painter. The mind is bewildered by distracted detail. We fail to grasp the true meaning of a work, and in mere childish pleasure the dream of poetry vanishes. In no department of Art has photography proved more pernicious than in landscape. Between the ideal poetry of Claude and the mechanism of photography lies a wide field for excellence in landscape Art. Character, as before said, should here be the primary purpose, for beyond a certain point the more there is of hand labour the less there is of mind. Hence the knowledge where and when to leave off is often the greatest Art, and in this discretion Velasquez was conspicuous. For this reason a sketch is frequently better than a picture, and that not only because more is left to the imagination, but also because in a first study the hand obeys the mind, while in subsequent work it follows the eye. Mere finish is but the record of our skill, yet must the artist's thought be thoroughly carried out. The painter should permit no interval of time to intervene between the idea and its realisation. The mind may be slow in forming a judgment, but the hand must be swift in the setting down of the object seen and the thought conceived. The slightest touch of a great artist reveals genius. In conclusion, let the student above all endeavour to paint what he feels more than what he sees, for truth to feeling is greater than truth to fact. The artist who in the delineation of a real scene shall express his ideal, is the real poet.

Mr. O'Neil's second lecture was delivered on Monday, 19th of February. In the first lecture character in Nature had been elucidated; character in Humanity now came under consideration. The danger to the artist is that he may fall into conventional forms of the human countenance, and it is to be feared that the science of physiognomy will afford him little assistance. There are no certain rules by which the complexion of the mind can be read in the outward form. The inflated nostril may equally express fear or courage. Not form, but expression, is the index of character. Beauty is the symbol of virtue; ugliness the emblem of vice. Expression, however, is so transient, that powerful memory, keen penetration, and an accurate hand, are needed to seize its traits aright. Therefore lose no time between the thought and its transcript.

The lecturer then proceeded to speak of portraiture—the simplest manifestation of the painter's art. Students emulous of attaining the highest walks cannot do better than practise portrait-painting, for it has truly been said that a man who cannot paint a good portrait is not qualified for success in the noble sphere of history. The practice of the great portrait-painters was to emphasise the principal object, and to make every minor detail subservient to that object. The masters of the Venetion school merged small accidents into breadth and character. The principal effect they concentrated on the face; and each object, as it receded from that one focus, became of diminished intensity; thus the completed work emulated nature in her force. It is known to require more experience and ability to indicate an object indefinitely, yet with truth, than to transcribe its literal detail. General character is often of more value than individual features. In order to give importance to the head, the background is frequently left in unobtrusive simplicity.

To the oft-discussed element of grandeur Mr. O'Neil devoted considerable space. Grandeur he conceived to depend less on subject than treatment; a grand manner, in fact, was not uncommonly the result of subordination. Grandeur, no doubt, may in part be consequent on size, and yet if a painter represented a man sixty feet high, he would have perpetrated only a monstrosity. Simplicity and breadth, indeed, as in the portrait by Francia in the Louvre, will of themselves constitute grandeur. Then followed a critical discussion, in no material degree differing from descriptions before given by lecturers and historians, of the styles of various painters, such as Velasquez, Murillo, Vandyke, Reynolds, Rembrandt, Denner, and Correggio. The lecturer then proceeded to estimate the comparative facilities and difficulties incident to historic and domestic themes. Pictures which treat of local and contemporaneous subjects are called domestic, while works that deal with past events and distant scenes are termed historic. It is generally supposed that contemporary subjects present little difficulty and offer great opportunity of awaking public interest. Yet it cannot be denied that such incidents are subject to the severe test of daily experience. On the other hand, historic subjects gain much by the halo which invests the past. A single brass kettle, however, painted by Ostade, is of more value than acres of canvas covered by those Italian painters who flourished subsequently to the sixteenth century. Nevertheless, it must be conceded that the illustration of history is the noblest sphere for Art, inasmuch as to the destiny of nations attaches more grandeur than to the small incidents which pertain to private individuals. Again, historic painting addresses itself, if to a narrow, at least to a refined circle, and it has the merit of reducing vague ideas to positive form and colour. The national prejudice which would bid a painter depict only the habits and customs of his own country would indeed narrow the scope of Art. Delaroche owed in no small degree his reputation to compositions taken from English history. Horace Vernet gained applause by depicting French victories. No one can for a moment question which of the two was the greater artist. It is essential that a historic painter should forget himself under a sense of the greatness of his theme. It is needful, too, that he should ever preserve a broad distinction between a noble dramatic style and a false theatrical manner. By exaggeration, the strength in nature becomes lessened, and the effect on the spectator must be proportionately weakened.

Mr. O'Neil deemed that it would be interesting and instructive to inquire into the causes which in certain nations have led to the decline of Art. The loss of individuality marks decadence. It is clearly proved, moreover, that Art culminates with the prosperity of a people. Such, certainly, was the case in Italy, Spain, and Holland. In England, then, we may venture to hope that we are yet destined to attain both to a higher national prosperity and a more perfect Art than we now enjoy. Turning to Italy, we find that up to the close of the fifteenth century a similarity of character marked every school, but about the commencement of the sixteenth century arose six painters of consummate power and distinct individuality. The characteristic of Leonardo may be said to have been taste, of Michael Angelo sublimity, of Raphael dramatic power, of Correggio grace, of Titian colour, and of Tintoret invention. But all alike possessed the one quality of grandeur. Now, be it remembered, that the disciples of these several painters signally failed of the greatness of their masters. Michael Angelo, during his lifetime, expressed the fear that his style would produce impostors, and certainly pretence was not long in taking the place of sublimity. Of the six great leaders, Tintoret exercised the least influence: he stood alone; no artist thought of imitating him. The secret of decline, then, is the lack of individuality and the neglect of nature. In the first stage, pupils copied the manner of a master-painter, and in the next generation succeeding pupils copied from the first pupils; and so ideas taken at second or third hand became filtered, and the style was weakened and debased. Sacrifice of independence has always been the bane of Art. Reflected genius is like conflicting light; as light may end in darkness, so genius, when severed from nature, is lost in nothingness. National independence proves equally beneficial to Art as to a people. The individuality thus educed, as seen in the works of Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilkie, Leslie, and Turner, is the crown and glory of our native school. We have reason to be proud of the past, confident in the present, and hopeful for the future. In fine, the independence and individuality of our painters give pledge that the Art of our country will attain that high estate to which it is steadfastly aspiring.—J. B. A.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE PETRIE, LL.D.

Ireland has lost one of her most accomplished and worthy sons by the death, about the middle of the month of January, of Dr. Petrie, whose name has long been familiar to every archæologist and antiquarian. But it was as an artist that he commenced his career, and his love of Art made him an antiquary. While a young man, there was scarcely a spot in Ireland he had not visited, or a ruin which he had not sketched; and if his enthusiasm had not led him into other pursuits, he would unquestionably have obtained great eminence as a landscape-painter. "In early life," says a writer in an Irish journal, "he was intimate with Danby, and he knew the struggles by which the friendless young Irishman passed into the foremost rank of his profession. Perhaps Dr. Petrie himself had learned what it was to labour without encouragement or reward, for in after-life he was the kind and thoughtful adviser and the generous friend of many aspirants to distinction; and there are some artists of no mean reputation who will readily acknowledge large obligations to his sympathy and experience." Both as an artist and a musician, Dr. Petrie made himself a name; but it was as an archæologist, devoted to the study of Irish antiquities, that he won his chief honours. His principal work was an essay on the "Round Towers of Ireland," to which he ascribed a Christian origin; it won the medal of the Royal Irish Academy, and though the treatise did not carry conviction to the minds of all who read it, no one was prepared to deny the great learning, research, and ingenuity displayed by the writer in the attempt to establish his theories. Another essay, published subsequently, was intended to prove that military antiquities in Ireland are of the same nature as those existing in Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor, which are presumed to be of the old Pelasgian race. This essay, as well as one, we believe, on the "Ancient Architecture of Ireland," and another on the "History and Antiquity of Tara," also gained prizes from the Irish Academy.

Dr. Petrie was appointed some years ago to conduct the historical and antiquarian sections of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. On these and other expeditions he amassed a most curious and valuable

collection of ancient relics of all kinds, including Irish music, which it is to be hoped will not now be scattered again, but secured for one of the museums of the country to which they rightly belong. Whatever his pencil depicted, his ready and elegant pen could describe with an accuracy due in part to his keen powers of observation, and in part to his earnest study of the records of ancient Ireland. The papers published by him, more than thirty years since, in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, a periodical of which he was joint-editor, testified to his lucid descriptions and his careful criticism. The journal soon became extinct after he gave up its management.

Though at the time of his death, Dr. Petrie had entered upon the seventy-sixth year of his age, he retained to the last his interest in Art and archæology, and his mind never lost its freshness and versatility; but he had latterly become too infirm to labour much in his old fields of investigation. He was followed to the grave, in Mount Jerome Cemetery, by a host of the most distinguished men in Dublin, and by a large body of artists, members of the Royal Hibernian Academy, an institution of which he was formerly President. He was also Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy.

MRS. CHARLES NEWTON.

Among the female artists of this country Mrs. Charles Newton held a very prominent position. Associated from her earliest years with Art; the daughter of Mr. J. Severn, English Consul at Rome, a painter of considerable reputation; and the sister of Messrs. Walter and Arthur Severn, both of whom are very favourably known as artists, Mrs. Newton was rising fast into eminence when an attack of brain-fever, supervening on measles, caused her premature death in the early part of January, at the age of thirty-three.

As Miss Severn, the portraits she executed in pencil, crayons, and water-colours, and especially the copies she made, in the last-mentioned vehicle, of the works of the old masters, showed talent of no ordinary character. After her marriage with Mr. Charles Newton, superintendent of Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum, she became, as one who has referred, in a daily journal, to the death of this lady, says, "a more devoted and conscientious labourer in her art than before. Following her husband's studies with the double interest of a devoted wife and an enthusiastic artist, she learnt to apply to the antique that rare faculty of rendering the thoughts of great minds, which till then she had deciphered by means of the works of the great Italian masters. . . . . Mrs. Newton executed on a large scale a great number of drawings from the finest antique sculptures and vase-paintings of the Museum, as illustrations of her husband's lectures. These drawings have been pronounced by very critical judges unsurpassed for truthfulness, and for their rendering by equivalents of the untranslatable and inimitable qualities of the finest antique Art. There is the same quality in her drawings from the sculptures discovered by her husband at Budrun and Caidos, which are photographed in his history of these discoveries."

During the last three or four years of her life, Mrs. Newton studied and practised oil-painting with a success which promised much for the future, as the portraits exhibited by her at the Royal Academy evidenced.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A COPY of the "Report of the Keeper of the National Gallery to the Lords of the Treasury for the year 1865," printed by order of the House of Commons, lies before us. There is not much in it which passed unnoticed in our columns during the past year, but as a detailed *résumé* of the operations which have taken place, the document deserves our attention.

Eight pictures were purchased in the year, namely, 'The Dead Warrior,' by Velasquez, bought at the sale of the Pourtàles collection in Paris for £1,549; 'Portrait of a Lawyer,' by Moroni, also from the Pourtàles collection, £528; 'Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain,' Velasquez, formerly in the collection of Prince Demidoff, Florence, and 'Landscape with Ruins,' Ruysdael, formerly in the collection of the Duke de Morny, both bought in Paris for the sum of £1,200; 'The Virgin and Child, and St. John,' Raphael, purchased from Lord Garvagh for £9,000; 'St. John the Baptist,' and 'St. Lawrence,' two wing-pictures by Hans Memling, purchased in Paris, price not stated; 'Altar-piece, representing the Doge Giovanni Mocenigo, the Virgin and Child, and other Figures,' by Vittore Carpaccio, purchased in Venice of Count Aloise Mocenigo, for £3,400; 'The Madonna and Infant Christ,' Giovanni Santi, bought in Bologna for £120. The two last-named pictures, being purchased at the close of the year, by the late Director, Sir C. L. Eastlake, had not arrived in England at the time of issuing the Report. Of four pictures purchased in 1864, one, 'The Virgin and Child,' by Sassoferrato, was only placed in the gallery in the early part of last year; two, 'The Madonna and Child, with St. Anna and Angels,' by G. dai Libri, and 'Portraits of the Giusti Family,' by N. Giolfino, arrived in this country in December last, and are not yet framed and hung up; and the fourth, 'Christ and the Disciples journeying to Emmaus,' by A. Mellone, has not yet reached England.

Several pictures have undergone the process of restoration, among which are named Newton's 'Yorick and the Grisette,' S. A. Hart's 'Jewish Synagogue,' Sir M. A. Shee's 'Portrait of Morton,' Reynolds's 'Portrait of Sir A. Hume,' Lance's 'Redcap,' G. Jones's "Lady Godiva.' Of the pictures lent to the Dublin International Exhibition, Wilkie's 'Parish Beadle,' and Turner's 'Venice,' were returned "slightly rubbed," and Maclise's 'Malvolio and the Countess' received injury from a blow, the canvas being broken. The damages have been repaired.

The practice of protecting the paintings with glass, where it seems to be both desirable and practicable, is continued, twelve works having been so covered during the year. These are:—Reynolds's 'Age of Innocence,' Newton's 'Yorick and the Grisette,' Hart's 'Jewish Synagogue,' Lawrence's 'Portrait of Mr. Angerstein,' Reynolds's 'Portrait of Mr. Windham,' G. Jones's 'Lady Godiva,' Lance's 'Redcap,' Etty's 'Youth at the Prow,' &c., Memling's 'St. John the Baptist and St. Lawrence,' Reynolds's 'Infant Samuel,' Etty's 'Bather,' and Frith's 'Derby Day.' At the close of 1865, the total number of "exhibited" pictures of the foreign schools protected with glass was 108, including three cartoons and one tracing; of the British school 47 pictures, and 202 frames of drawings and sketches.

The gallery in Trafalgar Square still continues more attractive—it may be only because it is more easily reached by the public generally—than that at South Kensington; the former, open to the public only four days in each week, and closed throughout the month of October, received during last year 694,354 visitors; the latter, open six days and three evenings in the week, was visited by 692,900 persons.

The Report concludes with an allusion to the death of Sir Charles L. Eastlake, "an event which the Trustees cannot direct to be thus recorded without expressing their deep regret upon the loss which has been sustained in the administration of the affairs of the National Gallery."

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF F. CHAPPLE, ESQ., HUYTON HALL, LIVERPOOL.

THE TROOPER.

Herring, Baxter, and Bright, Painters.
C. Cousens, Engraver.

As in the case of 'The Cavalier,' engraved in the last number of this publication, so also in that of 'The Trooper' the three same artists participated in the labour of the work; the horse and dogs are Mr. J. F. Herring's, Mr. Baxter supplied the figures, and Mr. Bright the landscape. As a rule, this plan of joint contribution to a picture is not to be commended, because we rarely find two artists, much less three, entering into the feelings of one another on any given subject as to produce a truly harmonious whole, not so much, perhaps, in the design as in the quality and character of the painting. There are, however, occasions when such a junction of labour is perfectly justified by the occasion, and more by the result; it is so here. Not one of the artists who has assisted in this work could have of himself alone produced it: neither Mr. Baxter nor Mr. Bright is an animal-painter, and, therefore, neither could have drawn and coloured a horse with such truth as that whereon the trooper is mounted. The late Mr. Herring was by no means a contemptible "hand" in representing the human figure,—in fact, we have seen some excellent examples of this kind in his pictures,—but he must, and would, yield the palm to Mr. Baxter in delineating the female figure especially; while Mr. Bright, whose share here, by the way, is comparatively small, is essentially a landscape-painter, and rarely attempts figures or animals except as subordinates, that is, they are merely introduced to enliven his scenes.

But the trio have worked well together on 'The Trooper,' a most pleasant and cheerful picture throughout. The young horseman has none of the staid and demure appearance—some would say, none of the sour and morose look—of Cromwell's enthusiastic soldiery; he is a Royalist, and perhaps even now, though there are no indications, but the contrary, of a country agitated by civil war, he is on his way to join the squadrons of Prince Rupert, and to join in the charges at Marston Moor and Naseby. No Roundhead trooper would be greeted so smilingly by the pretty maiden of the hostelry where he has pulled up for a cup of ale, in the which, we may be sure, he has not failed to pledge her beauty, a compliment as modestly received as it was honestly given, and as truly merited. Seated on the step of the inn is another female, older than the fair cupbearer, but yet comely of countenance; though pretending to caress the dogs, she is evidently listening to the horseman's conversation, and will, possibly, have something to say to her younger companion on the subject, after he has ridden away.

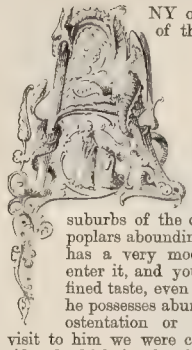
We have called this a most pleasing picture, and it is so; but we doubt its entire accuracy. The costume of the females is certainly not of the same period as the trooper's; the former seems to belong almost to our own time, before the extended skirts, now universally worn by all classes, rich and poor, were brought into fashion.

We are indebted to the courtesy of F. Chapple, Esq., of Liverpool, for permission to engrave this picture and its companion: this gentleman possesses a very choice collection of English pictures.



MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. IV.—LOUIS GALLAIT.



NY one desirous of making the acquaintance of the chiefs of the modern Belgian school of painting,—and judging from our own recent experience of the affability and courtesy with which, without a single exception, our visits were received, a stranger showing anything like suitable credentials need apprehend neither slight nor rebuff,—would seek out the residence of M. Gallait. It stands almost at the bottom of Rue des Palais, Brussels; a long street in what may be called the suburbs of the city, planted on each side with the tall poplars abounding in the country. Externally the house has a very modest and unpretending appearance; but enter it, and you at once see its owner is a man of refined taste, even in the matter of things domestic, and that he possesses abundant means of gratifying it, yet without ostentation or superfluities. On the occasion of our visit to him we were conducted through the entrance-hall, one side of which is glazed to admit a sight of a garden prettily laid out in somewhat of the English style, and passing through an elegant little antechamber, were ushered into the capacious studio of the painter, who was just putting the last touches to the portrait of a gentleman, an eminent civilian of Brussels, and a member of the Chambre des Représentants. Placing his pencils in the hand that held the palette, the artist welcomed us into his *sanctum*, and entered freely into conversation upon the object of our visit, and upon Art-matters generally. Though but little past the meridian of manhood, his hair has already turned almost white, giving increased dignity to a finely modelled head, with a face of great intelligence and remarkable benignity of expression. It was impossible not at once to feel quite "at home" in his company. In one of M. Gallait's rooms we noticed on the walls an excellent portrait by him of his friend and fellow-countryman, Mr. Louis Haghe.

Louis Gallait takes a place not only in the highest rank of the modern historical painters of Belgium, but also among the chiefs of the great European schools, widely as he differs in manner from the foremost men of Germany, Overbeck, Cornelius, Lessing, Bendemann, and their compatriots. He was born at Tournay, in 1810. Though the circumstances of his parents did not permit them to do much towards procuring for their son such instruction as his early predilection for Art would have justified, his own perseverance and energy carried him onwards in the pursuit he loved; and in time he entered the Academy of Tournay, then under the direction of M. Cels, a Flemish painter of talent. M. Hennequin came to settle in Tournay about that period; Gallait visited his atelier, and soon after became one of his pupils. It was then that he competed for the prize at one of the *Concours* for historical painting which takes place alternately at the three principal towns of Belgium—Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent. It was at this last place that he obtained the prize, the subject of his work being 'Christ and the Pharisees,' when the former addressed them in the words "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." There were some, however, desirous to rob the young artist of his triumph, and hinted that his master, Hennequin, had worked on the canvas to a far greater extent than the pupil.

After leaving the Academy of Tournay, M. Gallait entered that of Antwerp, and soon had an opportunity of showing his detractors how little reason there was for the animadversions passed upon him; for in the year following that in which the award was made, and when the death of Hennequin had rendered any assistance from his hand impossible, he sent to the Exposition in Brussels a picture, 'Christ restoring the Blind Man to Sight,' which attracted much attention, though criticism rendered not full justice to its merits.

It must be recorded to the credit of the inhabitants of Tournay, that their young townsman received from them the greatest encouragement in the prosecution of his artistic career. They not only bought this picture and placed it in their cathedral, but they



Engraved by. THE LAST HONOURS PAID TO COUNTS EGMONT AND HORN. *J. D. Cooper.*

granted him a sum of money to study in Paris the works of the modern French school; so confident were they that he was destined to do honour not only to the place of his birth, but to his country. And, undoubtedly, this visit was of essential service to him: in the works of Delaroche and Ingres, especially, he saw what the pictures of the best Belgian painters could not then teach him.

It was about the year 1834 that he went to Paris, and soon after he exhibited there, with two portraits, a picture called 'The Duc d'Albe,' and at the same time he sent to Liége 'The Beggars,' which was bought for the museum of that city. In 1836 he contributed to the exhibition at the Louvre 'Job seated on Ashes,' a work that extorted high eulogium from the French critics. His countrymen soon had an opportunity of judging for themselves whether the success achieved in Paris was but a momentary flash of genius, or the appearance of a light to be followed by others brighter and more enduring. In the same year that his 'Job'

appeared in Paris, he exhibited at Brussels 'Montaigne visiting Tasso in Prison,' and 'The Penitent,' both of them pictures that at once raised the reputation of the artist to a high place among the continental schools. The former of the two—we regret our limited space prevents any detailed notice of either—is always spoken of as among M. Gallait's best works. Not very long after this he received a commission from the French government to execute a picture, 'The Battle of Cassel,' for the gallery at Versailles.

The history of Flanders when under the dominion of Spain supplied M. Gallait with a subject which he exhibited at the Louvre in 1841—'Charles V. resigning the government of the Low Countries to his son Philip.' Charles places his hand on the head of Philip, while he leans on William of Orange, a noble and majestic figure. The whole assemblage is magnificent; the incident is treated with breadth and clearness, and the tone of colouring is warm, rich, and harmonious, without any striving at those effects of high-wrought expression or action which it is so usual to aim at in subjects wherein much feeling and excitement prevail. This picture, with its calm and simple treatment, at once impresses the spectator with the innate power and acquired experience of the artist. Not only is every glance, every feature, every costume, exactly what one might wish and expect to see on such an occasion, but there is something more in all these one



Engraved by QUEEN JOANNA UNCOVERING THE FACE OF HER DEAD HUSBAND. *J. D. Cooper.*

does not expect, which lays hold of the observer's attention, and yet to accomplish which the artist has made no sacrifice of propriety, hazarded no trick of arrangement, of light, or of colouring. This picture was hung in the International Exhibition of 1862. It was painted for the Belgian Government, and produced a greater sensation, and excited more controversy, than any picture before produced. After its exhibition in Paris it was exhibited at Brussels, and afterwards in most of the towns of Belgium; and the Belgian Government was solicited by the principal cities of Germany to lend it for exhibition. It travelled through that country for more than a year.

The late King of Belgium, who had already made himself the possessor of the 'Montaigne visiting Tasso,' followed this purchase by that of the 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' exhibited at Brussels in 1848. It is the pure and saintly spirit above temptation that is here represented with a success never exceeded in the School of Flanders, and which only finds a parallel in Spanish or Italian fervour. Nor is the tempter treated as a voluptuous wanton, so often hackneyed on this subject, but with that balance of modesty and entrancing beauty by which the demon could alone hope to overthrow the natural feelings of manhood. A light emanating from the crucifix is employed to give the *chiar-oscuro* of the com-

position; it falls so direct on the countenance of the Fiend, which is the central figure of the composition, that he lifts his right hand to avoid the dazzling blaze; and the shade thus thrown on the face gives a frightful malignant glare to the eyes, indicative of the malevolence within. On the opposite side, the pale moonlight sheds a faint gleam on the left of the female figure, and completes a perfect illusion of unearthly mystery. At the same time and place the artist exhibited a work with which the English public had an opportunity of making themselves acquainted in the International Exhibition of 1862; namely, 'The last moments of Count Egmont,' painted for, or purchased by, M. Wagner, of Berlin, but now in the Royal Museum of that city. It divided with the other picture the opinions of connoisseurs as to the greater merit of each respectively; and while it equals Delaroche's 'Lord Strafford going to Execution' in intensity of feeling, it excels this in colour. There are but two figures in the composition; the Count, and his confessor, the Bishop of Ypres. The former is seen as low as the knees, looking at the fearful preparations for his execution through the prison window, as the dawning daylight discovers the awful scene. The eye is fixed, but the tempest of thoughts that rages within is evinced by the swollen perturbating veins on the temples, and the agitated feverish hands, equally indicative of hurried circulation. In these deep observations of nature the painter becomes truly a poet. The Bishop, with a silent tear gliding over his cheek, offers the last consolations of religion, and seeks to avert the Count's attention from the scene that so immovably rivets his feelings. This picture is treated in the same scale of *chiar-oscuro* as the other, but with a greater



Engraved by] FORGOTTEN SORROW. [*J. D. Cooper.*

contrast of warm and cold tint. The priest and the left side of Egmont are lighted from a lamp which does not appear on the canvas; the right side of the Count receives the cool grey of morn. Both works are distinguished by intense expression, and are painted with a rich, firm *impasto*. If comparison be admissible, they may, in this latter respect, be cited as analogous to the manner of Velasquez. The picture of 'Egmont' was sent for exhibition from Brussels to the Hague. The King of Holland saw it there, and offered M. Wagner, the owner, his own terms for it. The Berlin banker, however, would not part with his acquisition; but the Dutch monarch, to show how highly he appreciated the genius of the painter, conferred on him the order of the Oaken Crown.

As a fitting companion to this picture, and as a sequence in the history of two distinguished patriots, M. Gallait painted and exhibited, both in Brussels and in Paris, in 1852, 'THE LAST HONOURS PAID TO COUNTS EGMONT AND HORN,' who were executed in the principal square of Brussels, in June, 1598, by order of the execrable Alva, Governor of Flanders for Philip II. of Spain. The picture, which forms one of our engraved illustrations, many of our readers will doubtless remember seeing in the International Exhibition of 1862; a small reproduction was first exhibited at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, in 1859. The richness and brilliancy of the colours seem strangely at variance with the awful and sanguinary nature of the subject; all is fresh, vigorous, and splendid, save the bloodless features of the dead warriors. The

spectator's attention is attracted by turns to every part of the composition; here by the gorgeous tints of red; there, by sparkling points of light reflected from the jewelled sword, and the silver crucifix extending its arms over the bodies, as if to re-unite them in death. Across the bodies lies in ample folds a richly embroidered pall, the deep blackness of which is more intense because of its juxtaposition with the white sheet, whereon repose the dissevered heads of the two nobles, whose faces show more of the repose of undisturbed sleep than of a violent and momentarily agonising death. From beneath the pall is a hand of one of the victims—that of Horn, it may be presumed, for he was younger than his companion, and only forty-six years of age at the date of his execution. This hand is exquisitely modelled, equal to one of Van Dyck's painting. At the foot of it, and around the improvised couch, stand those who have come to pay the last honours to the illustrious dead. The countenances of these men will well repay careful study; it is evident that they, and the two figures on the opposite side of the couch—who must be followers of the Spanish tyrant—contemplate the scene with very different feelings. The picture, regarded merely from an artistic point of view, as a composition and in colour and expression, is a great work, but it makes a still stronger appeal by its profoundness of sentiment and its deep pathos. An artist less thoughtful and of less refinement than M. Gallait would, in all probability, have rendered such a subject repulsive; he has filled it with tender emotion, and made the chamber of death attractive by the solemn dignity with which he entered it, and the glory of the colouring which emblazons it. His fellow-townsmen of Tournay did themselves the honour of securing this picture for their civic hall.

On the table whereon we are now writing is a fine photographic copy of a picture called 'Art and Liberty,' by M. Gallait, exhibited at Brussels with that just noticed. The subject is in itself very simple, but it is treated in a style of Art which carries the spectator back to the portraits of Titian or Van Dyck. It represents a three-quarter length figure of a young man, picturesquely attired in the costume of a past age. He is evidently a prisoner; but a violin which he holds in his hand enables him to wile away some, at least, of his hours of solitude; and the "Art" of the musician gives "Liberty" to the captive's thoughts. Without adopting a term of hyperbole, this is a noble picture.

Whether or not M. Gallait is an amateur violin-player we know not; but the instrument has suggested to him ideas which he has on other occasions than that just referred to turned to valuable account, as we see in our engraving, 'Forgotten Sorrow,' a highly poetical composition. The sentiment of the work is analogous to that of the 'Art and Liberty'—the power of music over the heart. The relationship in which the two figures stand to each other is not easily definable; still less so is the position they occupy in the open landscape. They may possibly represent a pair of strolling musicians, for a tambourine lies at the feet of the woman; and, wearied with toilsome travel, they may have sat down to rest by the way, and the female has forgotten her trouble in sleep, which her companion would prolong by gently striking the strings of his instrument to the notes of some soothing air:—

"When sorrow slumbers, wake it not."

We must, however, accept the subject for what it shows us, without attempting to analyse it upon any other principles than those of ideality founded on the weakness and anxiety of humanity; the female representing the former, the man, absorbed by thoughts of her, represents the latter. There is sculpturesque grandeur in the arrangement of the group, much power and knowledge in the modelling of the figures, harmonious design in the flow and combination of lines, and a richness in all the accessories introduced, which, united, elevate the picture to a very lofty position.

In the category of "violin-pictures"—to give them a distinguishing term—is 'The Family of the Prisoner,' painted about the year 1853, and exhibited in the International Exhibition of 1862. A photographic copy lies beside us. A group of figures, consisting of a woman with a young child and an elder son, appear beneath a heavily-grated prison window. The young man holds a violin, by the music of which, awakening remembrances of past days of happiness, he has evidently tried to attract the attention of some captive—possibly his father. The attitude of the player is grave, his countenance marked by extreme sadness; and it seems as if he would convey, through his instrument, to those within the walls, all the griefs, the regrets, and, perchance, the hopes of the family.

In the gallery of the Queen of Holland is one of M. Gallait's *chefs d'œuvre*, 'Queen Joanna uncovering the Face of her Dead Husband;' it was included among the works contributed by the artist to the International Exhibition of 1862, and is engraved on a preceding page. Joanna was the wife of Philip I. of Castile, surnamed "The Handsome;" he died in 1505, at the early age of twenty-eight, having been married little more than a year. His widowed queen, who survived him for half a century, had already given evident tokens of mental imbecility, and her malady is said to have been so much aggravated by the death of the king, though he never loved her, that the remainder of her life was passed in a condition of mind between insanity and fatuity. She traversed her kingdom, carrying his dead body with her, and caused it to be uncovered at times that she might look upon it, until she was at length persuaded to allow of its being taken from her, and consigned to a fitting place of sepulture. Joanna is known in history as "Joanna la Folle," the title given by M. Gallait to his picture, which represents her indulging her grief in the manner described. The corpse lies on a raised couch in a chamber of rich architectural adornments; the queen bends over it, and having removed the covering from the face, gazes on its pallid features with a strange earnestness, in which distress seems to strive with vacancy of expression for the mastery, or as if by her look she hoped to recall the dead to life. But the figure, with its long sweeping robes, on which the light falls vividly, is nobly put on the canvas.

We have already noticed an early picture by Gallait, 'Montaigne visiting Tasso in Prison.' Some years after it appeared he executed a beautiful little work of which the great Italian poet was also the subject: 'Tasso in the Dungeon at Ferrara.' The prisoner is seated in a pensive but somewhat constrained attitude; and—contrary to the usual method of rendering the countenance, which forms the centre of interest, the most prominent part of the subject—the hands are made to appear the most conspicuous, by a shining light falling directly upon them. Thus the face is only lighted by reflection; but this half shade gives it an air of mystery which, perhaps, assists in realising that tone of deep melancholy and contemplative thoughtfulness which pervade the strange and careworn features of the captive.

'The Taking of Antioch' most of our readers will, doubtless, remember in the International Exhibition of 1862. Another of this artist's largest and finest historical pictures is 'Count Baldwin of Flanders crowned Emperor of Constantinople, May 16th, 1204.' It was painted about the year 1847, for the then King of France, Louis Philippe, and is now in the gallery of Versailles. This is a grand composition: a vast crowd—red-cross warriors, armed, some bearing banners, ecclesiastics of various degrees and orders, women with their children, youths and maidens—fill the interior of a magnificent Byzantine church; a gorgeous but semi-barbaric multitude, gathered to be present at a high ceremonial. Seated on a raised throne, which is canopied, is Baldwin, one of the valiant leaders of the Crusaders, crowned, with the sceptre in one hand and an orb in the other. The bishop, or archbishop, stands near, and with out-stretched hands appears to be calling on the assembly to do homage to the monarch. On the steps leading to the throne, a Saracen noble—such the figure appears to be—kneels in obeisance. Opposite the throne, in an elevated gallery, a band of trumpeters proclaim on their instruments the completion of the solemn act of coronation. All the accessories and details of the scene, with the costumes of every kind, have evidently been well studied, and although, as just stated, the area of the basilica is crowded with figures, they are so judiciously placed in groups, that the canvas nowhere appears overburdened.

Two of M. Gallait's latest works we have not seen; indeed, we know not whether they are yet quite completed, though neither of them was in his studio when we visited it. One is 'The Plague of Tournay,' a canvas of large dimensions, for which, it is reported, the Belgian Government has offered the sum of £5,000. Another is 'Vargas taking an Oath before Alba to destroy all Heretics, even were his own Mother among them.' A recent picture, and a noble one it is, 'Counts Egmont and Horn listening to the Sentence of Death passed on them,' was exhibited at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, in 1864, when it was noticed in this Journal.

Our opinion of the genius of this distinguished painter must be gathered from the brief remarks made in noticing his principal works, for no space is left us for a lengthened summing up. His style, whether shown in an elaborate composition or in some simple subject, though it be merely a portrait, is essentially grand. His ideas are always noble and elevated, and they are realised on the canvas with the power of a master-hand. His colouring is of the highest order, but in striving for brilliancy he never verges upon garishness or vulgarity. To adopt the language of one of his own countrymen, "he is of the race of artists who, comprehending the grandeur and dignity of Art, have never prostituted their pencils to the follies and infatuations of the day, nor flattered the passions and intellectual weaknesses of the crowd."

M. Gallait is a member of the Royal Academy of Antwerp, of the Institute of France, as well as of others in his own country, and has received several honorary distinctions. Perhaps no compliment ever paid to him was accepted with higher satisfaction than the banquet at which he was entertained in London by the artists of England and other admirers of the man and the painter, after the close of the International Exhibition.

James Dafforne.

VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

III.

ÆSTHETICAL CONSIDERATIONS AT BAIÆ. THE GREAT DECLINE OF OUR ART FROM THE SUBJECTIVE TO THE OBJECTIVE. ALL GREAT ARTISTS DECIDED MANNERISTS. SCIENCE THE MOST FORMIDABLE ANTAGONIST OF ART. ALL GREAT LANDSCAPES NECESSARILY COMPOSITIONS, AND PAINTED AWAY FROM NATURE. BAULI. THE LOCAL SUCCESSOR OF AGRIPPINA.

THE Bay of Baiæ, where we paused in the last number, is associated with the greatest landscape painting in more than one instance; and very significant it is that the only painter, Turner, who gives any worthy impressions of such scenes is the veriest mannerist and most *ad libitum* compositor that ever handled pencil; every line and mass in his work being exquisitely artificial, manifestly; whilst now, in these our days of rigid verity, little or nothing of Italian landscape is produced that is not dismissed on the spot as poor and commonplace, and falling short of those finer traits of which the very virtue of such scenes consists. For, indeed, such beauty is to be rendered only by that which has been made most rare amongst us,—a fine sense of beauty, able to discern the *fine style* of nature, and abstract it; the very prime essential, which he who, without the artistic feeling, absorbs himself in reproducing the facts and incidents with an aim scientific rather, overlooks. My own ideas of Art much differing from others now frequently put forth (else it were superfluous to add them), it may be well, before proceeding, to give some explanation of their principles. First then, and fundamentally, my creed, in the words of Coleridge, is, that poetry is the proper antithesis to *science*, and that the Fine Art of painting, being "mute poetry," stands in the same category, appealing to and exercising the same higher faculties. Art, therefore, and *Imitation* (especially considering the turn English painting has lately taken), are the two opposing terms most in favour with me for the present. Art, as the very word implies, signifying adjustment, contrivance, ingenuity, works of indiscriminate imitation, or even of mere scientific truth, had, we consider, better watchfully be set aside from works of Art, for those especially who care only for literal facts, and the accumulation of knowledge within the limits of science; the finer Art, with written poetry, being reserved for those who, believing that the Almighty has endowed his human creatures with imagination, ideality, *and even with the power of conceiving beautiful things peculiar to the human brain*, desire, particularly and warmly, to see those faculties exercised too, and in painting as their direct means with regard to form and colour. Our own former Art was so far richer in these more intellectual gifts and graces, that in our last Great Exhibition the advance from our paintings of the present day to those of our forefathers (inverse in position to the order of their dates), was an advance from Matter to Mind, from the killing letter to the vivifying spirit, in a singularly well-graduated *crescendo*. Formerly, England had several truly great and many delightful artists, men of poetic passion in their art, and finest sensibility, who painted bright fancies and tender emotions, and humours delicate and refined;* but of late, what with the great ebbing after a highly-gifted and impassioned period, an ascetic mediæval revival, and the materialism of prevailing and engrossing Science, and of luxurious careless Mammonism, the old liberal imaginative faith has languished; and a cramped one-sided view of Nature has dissociated from her the human mind, as if *that* were no part of Nature, or God's work. When the only critical writer of popularising power cried out, *I want not fancies, but facts; give me more facts*, he pronounced unhappily, we needs must think, so far as in him lay, a sentence of death against *Art*, which innumerable crude mindless young men, much better employed at desk, or farm, or even counter work, have since been labouring hard to execute. The idealising faculty, "the simple, the sensuous, the impassioned" (those elements which Milton declares to be the essentials of poetry), being depreciated, and even denounced, and mere matter exalted (for a dainty dismal purism, the most morbidly human thing of all, must never be confounded with spiritual life), we have been left alone to compile external facts together, by dint of mere hard-staring eyes, ministered to by new-fangled smatterings of all the ologies; the sense of beauty, grace, elegance, harmony, liberal pathos and humour, well-nigh faded away; and a deadly blight of super-moralising, fatal to every manlier growth, contracting every nobler virtuous instinct into a petty self-conscious pedantry, meanwhile hovering in the air.

The nature of our great general decline in Art may, we consider, be compendiously styled a descent from the Conceptive to the Imitative, *from the Subjective to the Objective*, a preponderance of Matter over Mind, pretty nearly an *idolatry* of the mere physical material of facts, natural and archæological, and a narrow sectarian (may we correctly add Spurgeonian? we scarcely know) depreciation of those great gifts, imagination, fancy, invention, and distinctively human feeling and sentiment, as if they were mere sources of idle fiction, falsehood, and vain sensuality, and not, *even likewise*, the very heart and soul of Nature, where alone her grace, her life, and spirit may be found. Broadly distinguished from the physical truths of science, the truths of Art are mental impressions of the objects rather than the objects themselves in their completeness; and these are truths as positive and actual as any the mere factist can understand as such, only psychological, and not simply geological, botanical, or aërological, as the case may be. For it is not all that is before the outer glass of the eye, but only that which is drawn by consciousness inwards to the sentient mirror of the brain, that we actually see; and this consciousness is much directed by knowledge and feeling. The very eye of mind selects—elects that which accords with its moods (whether the grand, the lovely, the pathetic), and overlooks the inconsiderable objects out of harmony with them; and to represent this intellectual abstraction, emphasising the better features, and skilfully subordinating or omitting the rest, is to give the truth of feeling, the truth of Art, as distinguished from mere vulgar factism, and that which, in a picture, is only a very little more respectable—the mere structural particulars of science. This great elementary distinction our English painters have of late been curiously forgetting, quite Vandalically violating. In a pathetic love tale, where the young Black Brunswicker is hero, Mr. Millais keeps us oscillating between sympathy and satin; Cordelia *Coped* in gems reminds one of Harry Emmanuel rather than of Shakspeare, her sweet filial love being coldly, tiresomely out-glittered; and in our Waterloo Fresco in the House of Lords, which we, with our own ears, have heard an A.R.A. pronounce the finest fresco ever painted, the engines, trappings, and accoutrements of war quite outstare the frozen heroism—the strange Germanised, or more properly, the wild Celtic phantasms who represent our genial and warm-blooded British heroism.* Commonly, in the absence or extreme feebleness of a ruling idea (monarchical or presidential), there is, now-a-days, a disorderly mob of insurrectionary details: nothing is secondary, nought principal; the relative importance of things is lost; and the painter abdicates his proper functions of a guide to nature, to point out to us that which is most worthy of her, in her multiform and many-sided aspects. And our crudely matter-of-fact landscapists are too often parallel, in loading their works with material better omitted, and seeing everything but the leading graces and harmonies, which blend and unite the whole, and, with a stealthy subtlety, compose the charm of a refined character.

But the great artist not only selects. Exquisitely, in a sort, he humanises the objects of his contemplation, by impressing on them a tenderness and grandeur peculiarly his own, making them intimate the thoughts and feelings with which they inspired him. In the highest instances, gloriously he transfigures them by means of this his own style; and it is its subtle and inexplicable harmony with nature, in which nothing is violated, but everything marked, not only by feeling, taste, and judgment, but by a delightful personality—it is this perfect marriage between matter and mind, that constitutes the fullest and most perfect Art. In this sense, all great artists are determined mannerists. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, and Rembrandt (the four most powerful of the painters, as

* Landseer, our last relic of a brighter day, canine Raphael; Leslie, with the very delights of Moliere in his pencil, and Newton with the lovelier graces of comedy; Etty, with his Spenserian visions, and a poetic fancy in colour in its kind unrivalled; Turner, landscape Shakspere in his universality; Stothard, the Angelico of romance; Smirke, whose nearly-forgotten illustrations of the "Hunchback" are, for romantic humour, the finest series of designs we know of; Flaxman, *the third greatest of all designers*, so thoroughly original in his profound antiqueness, with more of dramatic power and picturesque variety than anything ancient unearthed for us; Gainsborough, Reynolds, Hogarth;—these are leading notes in that *crescendo*, these our graphical Classics, unprecedented in their delightful kind, every one matchless. The hybrid art of Mulready we would pointedly except, considering his gorgeous colouring not only vile, but no less than his characterless elegance, out of harmony with his subjects, and his backgrounds, and manner of projecting his forms, thoroughly bad, even worthy of hissing. The others are our English poets of the pencil, who painted genial humours of balmy and restorative deliciousness, sweet fancies, high imaginings, by the instrumentality of forms and hues of beauty, grace, and elegance. Compare a Stothard, or one of the Smirkes here mentioned, with the dreary rigidity of a Millaisian (at first we wrote Malsyian) woodcut, so stiffly, shapelessly false in the manner of drawing, or with the odious ugliness and inanity of his imitators in some of our magazines; and the sad barbarism to which we have declined will surely be manifest.

* It is, I find, here my misfortune to differ wholly from Mr. Hamerton, who, page 2 of our present volume, says:—"The non-artistic sight is penetrating, seeking always some special fact; the artistic sight is receptive, trying to grasp all the facts so far as they are visible." This I should myself reverse, as the objective error; such a notion of the artistic sight being, I consider, the simply *ocular unmental* view, not the *poetical*, partially selective view of a mind excited by the finer sympathies, not the artistic view, *therefore*. The eye of feeling before moving events would not see, and none but a mantua-maker would point out to it, all that antiquarian trumpery (assumably actual) which Messrs. Herbert, Maclise, Armitage, &c., emphasise with a prominence that outglares its wearers. When embroidering his ideas with archæology (a process not so much above that of Berlin wool), the painter, if he has feeling and taste, will select such articles as are least quaint, ugly, and odd, least catching to the eye, least prickly, disturbant, and irritating, and show himself an artist by subordinating them so as to leave no sense of vacancy or incongruity. In landscape the case is quite parallel, but not so easily illustrated in words. Ever the eye of feeling elects and ignores, and *simplifies* objects to the conditions indispensable to a work of Art.

we believe), and Turner, declare, yea, flash themselves out on us at the first glimpse; and if critics, instead of finding in the word "mannerism" a mere substitute for ideas, had distinguished between a bad and a good manner, fog most voluminous had been dissipated, or rather averted. The genius of Turner, in painting this Baian loveliness all about us here, lies in the uncompromised harmony between his mind and whatsoever is beautiful in nature, in the transfusion of his own peculiar spirit and personality, his *style*, into whatever he painted. This is what is meant by subjective Art; and thus is exemplified the words in that lecture of Coleridge, which, unforgotten, might have saved us years of purblind delusion and loss of time in these matters, declaring that "Art is of a middle quality between a thought and a thing, or the union and reconciliation of that which is nature, with that which is exclusively human." And Mr. Ruskin's magnificent and admirable rhapsodies on Turner's truthfulness reach not, could not reach, this the supreme point of all, which is, not his truthfulness, but his *Turnerishness*. The finest facsimile of nature could have it not, it being something from within. The pencil is not only eloquent, impassioned, but has a charming individuality; a spirit of a high order, that of a graphic Byron or Shelley, being in it; painting not merely the scene, but its best workings on an intellect whose movements are operations of the great laws of beauty, and alone discover and impart their operation in nature. But now, with much executive and imitative cleverness, with graphic Shenstones and Bloomfields plentiful as blackberries, much clever sea, and with an operetta order of Italian picturesqueness, which would be highly honourable to the Strand theatres, what time one looks for the *corps-de-ballet*, and a boat with a fine rouged and curled Tenor in it, we have no landscape Art of this high epical class. Mere matter and trick are in the ascendant; and the graces of personality, or style, are so little thought of, that the most minute and anxious facsimiles of trees, and rocks, and skies, commonly bear the unmistakable impress of cold, narrow, uneducated minds, indicating that some subtle falsity lurks under all this laboured pretence of truth, and that, after all, their painter is "subjective," too, but in a bad sense, and unconsciously.

And also if our painters and critics better marked the vital distinction between Art and Science, there would be less risk of Science destroying poor Art than unhappily exists at present. Distinctly different are their purposes. Science carefully specifying the physical organization, Art, rather, respects the living results, and the veil with which Nature herself assiduously hides her framework; the scientific draughtsman particularly liking to display what Nature particularly likes to conceal. Science giving the letter, Art's province is rather the spirit and life, the air, the style, the *je ne sais quoi* (if I may be permitted the expression); and if these are rendered, we may thankfully overlook a certain degree of inaccuracy in matters merely scientific. The horses of the Elgin Frieze would probably simply educe the superciliousness of Tattersall's, in consequence of their glorious Hellenic mannerism, and anatomical oversights; and yet anything superlative in horses and horsemanship ever reminds one of them alone, never of Mr. Herring, surely. The spirit, the *style* is there. The scientific philosopher, a great Progressionist, who thinks we are in little better than our nebular incipiency, and whose *Novissimum Organum* (embodied in his Australian lectures), indicating (with all other things) the vast future Art-evolution, or development, is to show what poor mere sucklings in Art our "great old masters" were, on ardent praise of Raphael, spares only now and then, from courteous pity, his short laugh of contempt, disposing of the painter to his own contentment, by such a dictum as that his anatomy is false—in his figure of Ananias, for instance. That may be, or *may not*; but the *style*, the expressive position, turn, and air, of a fine human limb, the great artistic points are there. And on the other hand, drawing praised by scientific men is sometimes artistically most defective, from its want of that vitality and grace, which the most ignorant of science may clearly, tenderly, see to be in nature. And on this question, we consider it may be laid down as an axiom, that *in a picture, an error against science is but a second-class error*; errors against expression, character, beauty, and harmony, being the only first-class ones. And here, we believe, some division of labour must ultimately be acquiesced in, thankfully. Perfect Art and perfect Science combined, would surely be a field too wide for one brief human life; and if one must in some degree be sacrificed, should it not be the more foreign element? And besides, the highest consideration remains behind; would the severe and minute analytical toil needful to perfect Science be compatible with those habits of imaginative feeling, and its dry demonstrations with the free play of invention, and tender sentiment primarily indispensible to Art, as *muta poesis*? We fear not. Too much imitation supersedes feeling and invention; and we can, we think, trace the decline of minds among us, originally of pathetic power, to an excess of devotion to the objects supplied to our historic painters by Wardour-street, and by Lewis and Allenby. Similar mischief, in its degree, would, we fear, follow a disproportioned value of scientific considerations. The Physiologist, Psychologist, and Æsthete combined, the leading note in the present passage of the mighty *crescendo*, from the baby past to the immeasurable future, is absolutely powerless to perceive the majesty, the beauty, and the Shakesperean expressiveness of Raphael's Cartoons. Quite plainly, he has no sense of the beautiful, no tenderness *in his intellect* (we do not say in his heart), apprehensive of those fine feelings and harmonies, which here are all in all. To him, majesty and dignity are a dead letter, or worse, a mere rag of the oligarchical past, grace and elegance, but fine-ladyism. Reynolds (most various, and most rich in moods and humours of portrait painters), and Gainsborough (with all his subtle witchery of feeling and of pencil), he sums up as capable of little but frivolity and affectation, assuming, it surely needs must follow, that these painters thoroughly approved of all the airs and graces they painted, with no vein of delicate and sprightly satire in them, and as if Lady Betty Modely should have been idealised into a model utilitarian woman, with a face stoically indurated by all the ologies, cast into iron lines by the very energy of grimmest duty. When before those august Cartoons, which veritably seem, like the Histories they adorn, inspired, he cannot extricate himself, or rise to them, from some insignificant oversight in a detail, or something at variance with a huge universal-development theory of his own, expressed in an organic phraseology, which would, we doubt not, have made the tremendous noddle of Michael Angelo Buonaroti himself turn round, in its vain endeavours to apply it to the particular subject; and this, we think, does not augur well of the ultimate effects of Science itself on Art. Not that we should have dwelt so much on these opinions, had they not, unhappily, been widely prevalent. Some recent criticisms in highly-regarded periodicals, propounding the doctrine that the admiration for these Cartoons is a delusion, are even horribly Cimmerian, worthy of those ingenious and business-like savages, the Anthropophagi, who carried their heads in their pockets.

The anticipated effects of Madam Science on landscape painting, were marked amusingly in a criticism in Blackwood, on one of Mr. E. W. Cooke's pictures. "Mr. Hamerton, in his *Painter's Camp*, has justly observed that the progressive element in our Art is the scientific, not the poetic." (Which, according to our view, would be as much as to say that the progressive element in our *poetry* is the scientific, not the poetic). "And this landscape by Mr. Cooke is indeed true to the science of geology, and accords with the laws whereby the strata of the giant rock have been first laid down, and then upheaved—true to the science of statics, by which vast bodies rest in repose; true to the science of dynamics, by which every wave of the ocean moves in cadence. Such is the science of nature, which becomes the science of Art, and in turn is transfused into poetry; and in this science known and fitly applied, is the progress of our landscape school made sure." The critic here seems to us true to the trick and fashion of word-smothering pedantry.—But only think, my dear professor of æsthetics, how such language would sound when applied to a similarly scientific representation of a human face, terming it true to the science of osteology, whereby the bones, &c., to the science of myology, whereby the muscles, &c., to the science of angiology, whereby the blood-vessels, &c., and finally, true to the sciences of neurology and splanchnology, whereby the nerves and organs of sensation and respiration perform their various functions with so marvellous an economy. It might be all this, with something of statics too, in the pose of the figure, and of dynamics in the flow of the wind-unravelled hair, and yet a wretched performance, destitute of every condition needful to a tolerable picture; and, on the other hand, a face in a work of Art may be very unscientifically heavenly, like Francia's sorrowing, and Fra Beato's rejoicing angels. And indeed, as it almost certainly would be in that omniscient head, *because* of those various endowments, so it often actually is with these scientific rocks, and pedantic precipices, in which their masonry and not their architecture is given; like the drawing of one who in portraying a Gothic cathedral (or say St. Ouen's for instance) should think anxiously of the mere lie of the stones, and make feeble rude work, or what Mrs. Siddons in her unsuccessful modelling called "whibble-whabble," of porch, and lantern tower, and pinnacle. The unscientific ignorance, with the artistic knowledge, and true feeling of Salvator and Gaspar Poussin, painters so one-sidedly scorned in the recent great æsthetical triumph of words over things, of new knowledge over old feeling, of pedantry over poetry, how incomparably more interesting and stirring to the imagination! And then the latter part of that Blackwood criticism, all about the science or Nature becoming the science of Art, and being transfused into poetry! The easy brevity of these words is a fine antithesis to the

enormous obstructions and remoteness between the matters so plausibly set forth as naturally sequent. Here logic leaps like the wild kid, outstepping even everything fabled of seven-league boots. For Science, instead of naturally germinating into Art and Poetry, comes from sources in opposition! rather, more's the exceeding pity, and so far antagonistic, that she, of her own motion, inclines coldly, narrowly, to play the tyrant over her fair elder sister, and forbid her finer graces which arise from freedom of fancy, devotion to the beautiful, tender impassioned sympathies, humours, sentiments, and a thousand gifts of mind with which Science has so little concern, that her habits of dry analysis and demonstration leave little room for their encouragement.

Yes; when this, the wonderful age of science, is, in our England, less distinguished by coldness and consequent littleness of feeling, and confusion of intellect, in its theories of Art, when the "advanced thinker" advances further to the tender perceptions, which, with pure pleasure, I observe in my own nymph of the duster, my parlour maid, as she delicately tidies my bambino bronzes and picture frames, then I shall begin to suspect that I may be deluded in this matter. When it can be determined, dogmatically, on scientific principles, what is majestic, tender, and pathetic in every degree, imaginative, finely expressive of all the varieties of passion, character, feeling, and humour, then will science have a *vital* influence in the progression and perfecting of Art, and not till then. And then might be fulfilled one of the desires which induced Mr. Ruskin's present papers in this Journal; *i.e.* the obtaining of some sure means of enabling people generally to judge rightly of works of the fine Arts.* But for ourselves, we feel that there are no such sure and general means, none save the present most undemonstrative and partial means; namely, the liberal training of a mind naturally endowed with a certain order of perceptions to just and refined intelligence. Of liberal self-cultivation, a fine discernment is the due recompense; and judgments from intellectual abstractions conned for the purpose, or from any source not deep within inmost feeling, surely could but end in shallow pedantry. The hopeless inefficacy of rules lies in this, that none but the cultivated in taste can determine whether their requirements are fulfilled in the work of Art, either absolutely, or in the degree to be expected, considering the technical means, powers, and advancement, generally.

Who so thoroughly dispirit and discountenance Truth, who so snub her into a most injurious taciturnity, as your matter-of-fact people? My man of business, whom I took leave of so delightedly on starting, a man of inexpugnable money-power, was, at first, wonderfully struck with those magnificent landscapes by the American painter, Church, which are the only epical landscapes, in purposes and power, we know of since Turner. But, unluckily, overhearing that they were not wholly portraits of one particular scene, but to a considerable degree compositions, so as to admit the artist's impressions of that class of scenery more comprehensively and completely, he turned his back on them bluntly, as if they were not merely idle fictions, but unprincipled lies, thus hurting the feelings of the highly intelligent custode to a degree painful to witness. He had not the least notion that his complacency had lain in mere topography, or locality, according to the narrowest view, not in nature; else he would have been glad to see more of her brought together than any individual scene the painter knew could furnish. His satisfaction was in mere partial facts, unwinnowed, undistinguished, un-understood, and not in truth, which is ideal, an intellectual deduction collated from many facts, supplying from one the imperfection of another, and stripping away irrelevancy, so as to arrive at the principle of the thing, the ruling idea, which, separately, they hint obscurely, covertly, imperfectly. For the form does not always represent the essential idea; and an imperfect fact may sometimes be mended into a truth; the improvement being, of course, ever derived from other specimens, since none but ninnies ever think of improving *Nature*. Simply, that so decried "Composition" was an expansion from the individual to the specific, from topography to nature, a combination profoundly within the limits of heterogeneous verisimilitude, parallel in Art to the generalising classifications of Science, the comprehensive reminiscence of a graphic Humboldt, in such a spirit and form as alone could exercise the higher qualities of the intellect, and the noblest prerogatives of Art.

And in that same *Ecclesiastical* agglomeration, (*Churchian* would be awkward), there was, mind you, also the all-important composition purely artistic, by which truth is reconciled with ideality by lines and combinations of beauty, and order, and symmetry, which Imagination craves for her delightful limit of peace and rest, and which are analogous to the rhythms and finely artificial forms of the word-poetry. This primary element of great Art seems, alas! almost forgotten between our four seas of late. Here our Turner was the Raphael of Landscape, his principles being those of the 'Madonna di San Sisto,' but he has no English successor in exquisite manner of arrangement and design. When the only man of genius among our recent critics qualified his praise of a certain picture by attributing to it "a taint of composition," it would have been clearer to object to it simply, as *bad* composition, especially as his idol, his graphic deity, even in his so-styled views of places, is composition all through and over; its exquisite artificiality being, in fact, one of his highest merits. His arrangement of light and shade, perhaps his happiest excellence of all, is, by-the-bye, wonderfully unfactish and licentious. In short, all the greatest landscapes are, and ever must be necessarily, compositions; since thus alone can the highest qualities of mind be exercised on them. Denied the prerogatives of intellectual abstraction, invention, and ideality, landscape painting is degraded from a fine art to something not much above mere imitation. Nevertheless, my business friend absolutely prefers the way of that inveterate Realist we have been told of, one of the ablest of them, who, when he establishes himself in a field to paint a landscape there out and out, bargains with the owner not to remove any of his agricultural chattels or gear which may be lying about, lest the affidavitable truthfulness of the whole facsimile should suffer. But, for our part, we always consider these assiduous easels, in the hour of meditative rapture mirrored in a silver lake, or shadowy set off against the golden hills, ominous of crude, inconsistent, feelingless pictures. We apprehend the protracted indigestion of landscape material, and confirmed triumph of matter over mind, from this excess of the "Painter's Camp;" which, by-the-bye, has produced far pleasanter writings than pictures. Too much has it become the habit to paint landscapes completely, or almost so, immediately from Nature, instead of only the preparatory sketches; the finest landscapes having all been painted from memory helped by fancy; high Art, as we affectionately insist, being the representation of mental impressions, feelings, and generalising powers, which have freer play apart from the particular objects that first inspired them. In the very face of the scene, these feelings will be overpowered and chained down by the mere individualities and minutiæ—material immaterialities; so that we shall be faithful only to the physical, not the higher mental truth. Oh, the true Art-mirror is the enamoured musing memory, when "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and imagination fills up what is wanting in the vision from other beauteous visions likest in character! It is not the bare eye, which, bound by the things remaining before it, forgets the previous happy moment (that is, if it ever saw one), the happy impression, by adding something superfluous and incongruous. And as Nature is ever changing, while the plodding imitator must adhere to one moment of her, his work, with all its oppressive pretensions to truthfulness, is full of anomalies. And what is still worse, the result of this too servile labour, so frequent with our landscapists, is contrary to the very spirit of that whose very charm lies in its natural freedom, freshness, and power of yielding simplest impressions. The vaguest sketch which preserves these essentials, has, to our thought, incomparably more in it. Recently (our æsthetic heart is sorrowed by that same) our young landscapists have far too much been sent to grass, to feed on nature like mere caterpillars, and caterpillars, too, with far more appetite than digestion.

The germs of these reflections actually occurred to us, and formed the subject of an animated discussion with an intelligent stranger, as we sat on the mole of Puteoli, amidst the classical scenes which our painters now-a-days treat so unclassically. Yet it must be admitted that the landscape itself is a good deal humbled. To the mere eye, around the tiny Bay of Baiæ, little more of the Cæsars appeared than mere dust-heaps. On its inmost curve, the road cuts through the ruins of a villa doubtfully assigned to the mighty Julius, looking towards the open sea, and the Isle of Capri, the den of his not-illogical sequence, Tiberius. Could he have foreseen what occurred there, and elsewhere around him, would not even *his* ambition have winced? These ruins are now shapeless, but not so some remains of baths at Baiæ, a little further. One of them indicating distinctly a spacious circular hall, is still domed; but its skylight is now a great fissure, mantled

* The Saturday Reviewer makes the knowledge of the fine Arts extremely easy, and the learner very comfortably the absolute judge of his own proficiency. "Taste in sculpture, as in all the Arts, although it does not grow of itself, but requires some little trouble to learn, is simple matter of information. If any readers are induced by this criticism to open their eyes?" (I opened mine here, certainly), "and judge for themselves, they will be surprised to find how quickly the dormant power of distinguishing good from bad awakens in the mind." Probably, the airy essayist is reviewing his own pleasant course in the matter, the light and easy way in which he himself, almost at once, vaulted into Art criticism. With his ample grounding in phraseology and general smartness, his light gift of popular readableness, a little æsthetical hearsay, and a few profound sounding dogmas (or catches), would, no doubt, quite suffice; and there is probably nothing solemn and abstruse in knowledge on which he could not qualify himself for laying down the law with equal facility. "A little information," jauntily acquired, will enable us to gauge Michael Angelo, is the abundantly pleasant reflection to which he luminously leads us.

with a sunny thicket, and the sapphire sky. Ivy, and most delicate feathery ferns, come running, and creeping, and feeling their way all down these walls of spacious echoing coolness, in every likelihood the last remains of the classical equivalent of the Cheltenham Pump Room—the Assembly Room of ancient Baiæ. Came in some people with tambourine and castanets, and on the hard earth floor of the Cæsarian dust danced the tarantella with perfect seriousness, haunting one another in circular movements, with much of the air of mesmeric fascination. And that done, they hurried us off to lunch at the *Queen's Hotel*, which, despite its complimentary name, is still, happily, but a humble thoroughly Italian *albergo;* that is to say, the loggia where we regaled was hung with scarlet tomatas and green melons, in traceries along its arches, and tapestries on its walls; and the crones who ministered were most lively-eyed and nobly-nosed, and picturesquely kerchiefed; and they served up the daintiest local fish, lineal descendants of those eaten by Pompey on the self-same spot; the sight of his ruins meanwhile imparting to them a finer zest.

Then, in that brightest afternoon, we proceeded along lanes with lofty banks, all tangled vegetation of different climates, without common grass; the bare earth peering instead, often giving the Italian landscape an arid effect, notwithstanding all that boasted southern luxuriance of plants, whose names have such a fine effect through the ear. Even here, within most rural quietude, lay in ambush inklings of the Roman reticulated brickwork and massy Greek masonry—*imblackberried!* We brushed our way up a vineyard, and were told to look down on the lonely land where mystical Cumæ once stood; but though fine Etruscan things were lately found there by the Count of Syracuse, no more of Cumæ seemed left in that solitary plain of vines than will be of ourselves some few years hence. They are gone like Cumæ, one may henceforth say of happy yesterdays; he has vanished like the Sybiline city, of the be-worshipped friend, who, perhaps, leaves us not even a residuary belief in his virtues to comfort us. But no, it is not quite so; for further on, we found that something of Cumæ does remain, in a subterranean passage of great length; its tall grey arch glooming and earthing away in the silent solitude towards a tiny welling flash of white day at the other end, where priests and sybils hid themselves, and wrought their fearful juggleries. No less solemn the remains of the great naval reservoir at Misenum, where perspectives of similar arches cross each other, beneath a grey ghost of daylight fading down into them. What a transition, to rise to the height above, affording a vast view of the two bays and their shores, all steeped in the light of divine tenderness; a silent tomb of natural beauty over the past, the spirits of which may haunt *our* spirit, though not our eyes! In the Elysian fields below cotton had been called up by the American civil strife. On another side, we looked down over Bauli, in Roman days an airy steep of villas, where Hortensius nourished his beautiful plane trees with wine, and Agrippina escaped (for a few hours) from that false yacht provided by her son.

Pompeii, we humbly conceive, was but lath and plaster compared with what was then here. Then, no doubt, villatic wonders inlaid and faced all this steep,—terrace, and tank, and peristyle of marble descending between the sunny hills, from the blue sky to the blue bay, like a silvery stream in many waterfalls. But now, time and repeated earthquakes—of which the special monument is yon bare and shabby *New Mount*,—and Norman and Saracen raiders, in succession, have wrought such changes that Bauli is nothing but a noisome village-street, sloping down between the vines and the olives. The most distinguished promenade of all antiquity is said to have been yonder beach between the Lucrine lake and the sea, cut through by the port Agrippa made, and further shortened for a similar purpose by King Bomba only yesterday. But fancy banks it up again, and despite the solitude, sees very clearly that Brighton, or Baden Baden, could teem forth nothing not tame in comparison with what teemed there habitually in the high vernal season.—There, traceable through the throng (which sometimes is brought to a stand, there are so many), is the senator, as fussy after pleasure as in Rome after important business, holding his light Grecian cloak daintily, on the gad, both ears open to his Greek freedmen, who are cleverly quizzing provincial elegance. "Who was that portly old lady in a wonderful wig, borne past in a palanquin?" he inquires, in a voice unwontedly mild and gracious. "Ædepol! and *there* is Pollutia Puppia herself! She cut me; but she certainly smiled. (Find out, my Achilles, where she lodges.) These rough fellows of sailors from Misenum should not bring their cheese flavour here, where there is such a crowd one can scarcely keep moving. But so, so: now we move again. 'Tis certainly abundantly pleasant! And *there* is Lollia Bibula as well. But look the other way; don't see her."—Now nothing but a carriage like our own was moving near the spot.

As in a softened elegiac mood, we descended through Bauli, an old woman was declaiming at the door of one of the houses in highly pathetic excitement, imploring attention to her mother, who, a century old, was lying in bed, just within the open door. The local successor of Agrippina lay on a large disorderly bed, her grizzled hair capless, her fleshless face yellow and wonderfully furrowed, but animated by singularly bright, lively black eyes. Eagerly, tremulously seizing my hand, she carried it to her lips. Glancing round, and seeing nothing but symptoms of poverty and privation, I exclaimed, "Ah, poor old woman, you are fast going to a better world!" In the near presence of inevitable mortality, feeling a strong human tie between us, feeling all my *analogous* weakness and helplessness, in the confused emotions of the moment, my lips bent down, and touched her foremost frontal wrinkle; a consciousness stealing over me at the moment that my left hand, with my silver piece in it prepared, was fervently caught by her octogenarian daughter, whose handsome old eyes, filling with tears, gazed into mine with the tenderest light of reverential anticipative gratitude. Had I been Garibaldi himself (St. Joseph, as they call him), come to the humble bedside of parting mortality, to cheer it with that apostolic benignity of his which is no distinguisher of persons, she could not possibly have thrown more veneration into her countenance.—We were in view, by-the-bye, almost, of the scene where he told the rustical old pilgrim to his heroic saintship not to kneel to him: for, said he, *they who so bend their backs get them not straight again.*—"Surely, surely, she cannot mistake me for him," passed whimsically through my thoughts, "in consequence of this vacation hat and beard:" a fancy wild indeed, yet rendered not wholly unnatural by the beautiful and affectionate veneration with which I felt myself regarded, and of which *San Giuseppe Nuovissimo* alone was worthy. Meanwhile the piece of silver, near falling to the ground, was only saved by her neat and provident manipulation. And I admired, loved her, the more for this discreet carefulness; for was it not for the maternal sustentation? Even had she been importunate, and she was not, our own want of liberal charity drives them to this; for our own good, more than for theirs, must they sometimes almost coerce our offerings. Besides, when we blame their way of gaining the alms, let us bethink us to what beautiful and touching purposes they may devote them.

And yet, before leaving Bauli, I was convinced that the cupidity of these southern Italians surpasses any I ever met with. If you look even at an old woman, you are expected to pay for it—if at a babe in the mother's arms, charmed with its beauty, she is so little touched as to ask with cold vivacity for *grani*. To the *ba, ba, ba*—the first distinct articulation of babies—the provident parents begin their philological course of training by adding assiduously *iocchi*. The first word taught is *ba-ba-ba-iocchi;* and the last mewlings of old age shrink to the same deeply-founded syllables, here the alpha and omega of the human tongue. Ask but for a cup of water (as occurred on returning through Pozzuoli husky with dust), and you have to pay for all the cups of water that can be improvised at the moment; and if you pay not enough, you are greeted by contemptuous sharp looks from handsome features, that seem to have traces of Livia or Sempronia in them. As the carriage approaches, the idiots of the stately little town, the blind, the very sore, are gathered and led up to you to be paid; and in the absence of small money, the blessing of Santa Lucia and Sant' Antonio is not on you.

On returning, the view towards Baiæ was, in form and character, perfect, to ideality, in the tenderly serene evening, forming a seeming *picture*, profoundly, pensively, sweetly Italian,—where our *biga* affectionately lingered, instead of hurrying back to Pausylipum, in time to sup with that fiddle-faddle old senator we descried on the Lucrine beach. And on winding about the promontory that is graced with his villa, the variety of beauty became wonderful; at one moment the retrospect just dwelt upon, at the next, the whole bay of Naples—the spangled calm of its blue waters glimpsing behind hedges of aloes and the Indian fig. And these crowned yellow rocks, with regular horizontal flutings, curiously like architectural plinths and cornices, but sinking and rising here and there, from volcanic upheavals in times before Vesuvius renewed his man-forgotten activity; when the Ischian mount Epomeus was the great volcano of South Italy, the outbreak of the Typhæan hell, the mutterer of the ominous mysteries of Orcus. And then the whole promontory of Sorrento *at last* displayed its beauties, came out from the aërial film of a whole week's seclusion, in such colours as if the very landscape had put on gala; yet a wonderfully tender whitish light, very characteristic of this climate, pervading all. Distinct the many foldings of the precipices which cluster into the pyramidal mountain of the Great St. Angelo, the windings of the terraced road, the green steeps sprinkled with bright dwellings to a great height, like flocks of Venus's doves newly dismissed from her car, after some aërial voyage in which she had dispensed her gayest influences.

W. P. Bayley.

HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES.

BY MRS. BURY PALLISER.

PART IV.

THE COLONNA OF ROME.

THE ensign of the Colonna family is a silver column, with base and capital of gold, surmounted by a golden crown, the grant of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, in acknowledgment of the service rendered to him by Stefano Colonna, who, when chief senator of Rome, crowned Louis in the Capitol, contrary to the wishes of the Pope.

When Pope Alexander VI. banished from Rome Cardinal Giovanni and the other Colonnese lords, the twelve *figli d'iniquità* ("sons of iniquity"), they took refuge in Naples and Sicily, and assumed as device a tuft of reeds shaken by the winds (Fig. 1), with the motto, *Flectimur*



Fig. 1.

*non frangimur undis,** "We bend, not break, to the waves;" implying that they bent their heads to the storm, hoping to raise them, and to be restored to their honours and position when it had passed over. This device was invented by Sanazzaro, the court poet and favourite of Frederick of Naples. This king received the refugees, and took them into his pay. Thus, after devastating their native country by their private wars, the Colonna family found themselves reduced to live by the sword, and, as common *condottieri* or hired mercenaries, to serve any party who would employ them.

Always in rivalry, and often in open arms with the Orsini, Pope Julius II. succeeded in effecting a peace between the two families, on which occasion a medal was struck, representing a bear embracing a column, with the motto, *Patriæ Saluti*, "To the country's safety."

The sun, with the motto, *Si tardior splendidior*, "The slower the more brilliant," was taken for *impresa* by PROSPERO COLONNA, 1463, who was elevated to the dignity of Cardinal by his uncle, Martin V. (Oddo Colonna), the Pope, by whose election an end was put to the great schism of the West, and the popes finally re-established in the Vatican.

PROSPERO COLONNA, 1523. Lord of Paliano, was one of the most renowned captains of Italy. His hereditary hatred of the Orsini induced him to join the French party, because Virginio Orsino had attached himself to the Aragonese. By his help Charles VIII. entered Rome, but Prospero afterwards became re-united to King Frederick, who made him Grand Constable, and charged him with the care of taking Cæsar Borgia to Spain. Prospero had the generosity not to look even upon his prisoner, that he might not be supposed to exult in his fall. Confident in the constancy of the lady of his affections, Prospero took for his companion a gentleman of low degree, to whom she unfortunately transferred the love he thought was his own. Feeling that he had been the author of his own ruin, Prospero took for device the bull of Perillus, which had proved the death of its inventor, with the motto, *Ingenio experior funera digna meo*, "I suffer a death befitting my invention."

> "By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
> The dire artificers of death shall bleed."

Prospero subsequently commanded the imperial troops in the war of the Milanese, and at the age of eighty defended Milan against Lantrec and Bonnivet, his extreme caution being successfully opposed to the impetuosity of the French.

FABRIZIO COLONNA, 1520. "La Gran Colonna del nome Romano" of Ariosto, cousin of Prospero. Like him, he first served the French, but afterwards joined their opponents, and fought under the great Gonsalvo. He was made prisoner at the battle of Ravenna by Alfonso of Este, who released him without a ransom. Ferdinand the Catholic elevated him to the dignity of Grand Constable. Braithwart, in his "Rules for the House of our Earle" (*temp.* James I.), alludes to "The Viceroy of Naples, Fabricio Colonna, at that time accounted a Father of Soldiers."

When bribed to desert the French side, and to join the Italian League, Fabrizio placed upon his surcoat, as his device, a vase filled with gold, accompanied by the motto, *Samnitico non capitur auro*, "Not taken by Samnite gold;" meaning that he was no more to be corrupted by temptation held out to him, than his namesake by the gold of the Samnites.

At the battle of Ravenna, Fabrizio bore as device the touchstone, motto, *Fides hoc uno, virtusque probantur*, "By this alone faith and virtue are to be proved," showing that his virtue and loyalty would be apparent when put to the test.

His nephew, MUZIO COLONNA, caused to be embroidered upon his banner a hand thrust upon a burning altar, referring to Mutius Scævola. Motto, *Fortia facere et pati Romanum est*, "Brave action and endurance befit a Roman,"—a device worthy of this valiant knight.*

MARC ANTONIO COLONNA, 1522.—The brave defender of Ravenna against Gaston de Foix took for device on that occasion two branches crossed, the one of laurel, the other of cypress (Fig. 2). Motto, *Erit altera merces*, "One shall be the reward,"—prepared for death or victory.

When in the service of Pope Julius II., Cardinal Pavia, who was of an imperious disposition, was sent to advise and direct him. The haughty Colonna, to show that he would not be dictated to, but that he should keep aloof, took the device of the heron, which, in tempestuous weather, soars above the clouds, where the rain cannot fall upon its back (Fig. 3). Motto, *Natura dictante feror*, "Nature impelling, I am carried up."

The same device was placed in the Palais Royal under the portrait of the Duke de Guise. Motto, *Altior procellis*, "Higher than storms."

This instinct of the heron is noticed by Virgil, in the Georgics:—

> "And the lone her'n his wonted moor forsakes,
> And o'er the clouds his flight aerial takes."
> DRYDEN, *Georgics*.

And Drayton observes—

> "The her'n by soaring shuns tempestuous showers."
> *Ivi Chel.*

This bird, therefore, is a fit emblem of the elevated mind that rises superior to adver-



Fig. 2.

sity, and looks down with serenity on the tumults and tempests below, secure in its own height, and in the favour of heaven.

When Verona bravely defended itself against the armies of France and Venice, Marc Antonio, to show his unyielding spirit, took for *impresa* a shirt of asbestos in the midst of flames; motto, *Semper pervicax*, "Always unyielding;" this substance, from its resistance to fire, being considered as the emblem of immovable



Fig. 3.

constancy, and of virtue that comes out purified from the furnace.

"La pierre Amiantus est ainsi nommée de ce que gettée dans le feu elle se brule, et ne perd rien de son lustre, ains si ell' est sale, elle en sort nette et avec beau lustre."—MATTHIOLE, *Commentaire sur Dioscoride*. Lyon, 1572.

> "Un sasso è si tenace
> Del foco, che qual hora a lui s'apprende
> D'eterna fiamma spende."—CAMILLO CAMILLI.

"A stone there is so resisting of fire, that when it is applied to it, it burns with an eternal flame."

* "Mieux vant ployer que rompre:" "Qui ne voudra rompre qu'il ploye." The motto of Lord Palmerston was *Flecti, non frangi*. "To be bent, not broken;" that of the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Granville conveys the opposite sentiment—"*Frangas non flectes*, "You may break, you shall not bend me."

On a monument in Ringsfield Church, Suffolk, to the memory of Nicholas Gurneys, of Redisham Hall, died 1599, is the crest of a mermaid, with the motto *Flectar non frangar*.—SUCKLING, *History of Suffolk*.

* He fought the battle of Soriano against the Orsini, in which Cæsar Borgia was defeated; was one of the twelve in the proscription of 1501; had a company of Lancers given to him by Julius II., and afterwards by Leo X.; was at the battle of Marignano, and died at Fermo of a wound.

When approaching Milan, defended by his uncle Prospero, Marc Antonio was struck dead by a shot from a culverin.

Vespasiano Colonna, son of the Grand Constable Prospero, took for his devices thunderbolts, with the words from Horace, *Feriunt summos*, "They strike the highest;" and also a porcupine, with the motto, *Decus et tutamen in armis*, "Honour and safety in arms."

Marc Antonio Colonna, General of the Papal troops at the battle of Lepanto in 1571, the "Colonna" of the Spanish Armada, took a column between the two points of a crescent, which it prevents from meeting; motto, *Ne totum impleat orbem*, "Lest it should fill the whole world," to express that by the victory of Lepanto he (the column) prevented the Turks from extending their conquests.

On his return, Colonna was received in triumph, and after having passed through the three triumphal arches of Constantine, Titus, and Severus, which were decorated with inscriptions in his honour, after having been received in the Capitol to the sound of the trumpet, and having passed the bridge of St. Angelo in the midst of artillery from the Castle of St. Angelo, he entered St. Peter's, where the Patriarch of Jerusalem received him at the door, the *Te Deum* was sung, and Marc Antonio went to kiss the Pope's foot. Next day he proceeded to the church of Ara Cœli; mass was solemnised, and the victor presented with an offering of 1200 crowns and a column of silver, decorated with beaks of ships.—Such was the reception Rome gave to her victorious general.

Stefano Colonna, Lord of Palestrina, 1548, one of the *condottieri* generals of his family. He served with his kinsman, Prospero, in the Imperial army, and, after joining the French, ended his career in the pay of Cosmo, Grand Duke of Florence. He took for his *impresa* the mermaid (Fig. 4), the ancient device of his family, with the



Fig. 4.

motto, *Contemnit, tuta, procellas*, "Safe, she despises storms."

Vittoria Colonna, daughter of the Grand Constable Fabrizio, the beautiful and accomplished wife of the Marquis of Pescara. Their mutual attachment was unsurpassed. Betrothed when only four years of age, Vittoria was a widow at thirty-three. Inconsolable for the loss of her husband, she retired to the Island of Ischia, where she solaced herself with poetry, and corresponded with Cardinals Pole and Bembo. Michael Angelo wrote a sonnet in her praise. On her medal is the *impresa* of a phœnix. She also took, when assailed by the envious and malicious, the device of rocks resisting the fury of the waves (Fig. 5), with the motto, *Conantia frangere frangunt*, "They break those striving to break them," or, as the dramatic poet expresses it: *



Fig. 5.

"Thy brave, thy manly mind,
That like a rock stands all the storms of fortune,
And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot reach thee."
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Double Marriage*.

Her husband, the Marquis of Pescara,† 1525, the celebrated general of the Emperor Charles V., bore for device a Spartan shield (Fig. 6), with, as motto, the injunction of the Spartan mother to her son before the battle of Mantinea, *Aut cum hoc, aut in hoc*, "Either with it or on it;" either to return victorious with his shield,‡ or to die in a manner worthy of a true Spartan, and be brought home on his shield. This device shone conspicuous on Pescara's banner and surcoat at the battle of Ravenna, where he was taken prisoner.



Fig. 6.

Pescara also bore a sun, accompanied by Lucifer, the morning star. Motto, *Hac monstrante viam*, "Under this guidance," meaning either that he followed the path of his sovereign, Charles V., typified by the sun; or that he was ready to go to the wars in the East against the infidels. Pescara lies buried in the church of San Domenico Maggiore at Naples. Above hangs his torn banner and a short plain sword, said to be the same surrendered to him by Francis I. at Pavia.

* "Immobil son di vera fede scoglio,
Che d'ogn' intorno il vento, e'l mar percote."
Ariosto.

In the "Orlando Furioso," Ariosto devotes three stanzas to her praise, beginning—

"Vittoria è il nome e ben conviensi è nata
Fra le vittorie, ed a chi, o vado o stanze."
Canto 37.

"Victoria is she called, and well the name
Befits her, born to triumph and to fame."
Hoole's *Translation*.

† Francesco Ferdinando Avalos.

‡ Epaminondas, when mortally wounded and carried off the field by his soldiers, anxiously inquired if his shield was safe; being answered in the affirmative, he died showing signs of joy.

THE BORGIA OF ROME

Bore an ox on their standards. Three individuals of this family have darkened the page of history—Pope Alexander VI. (Roderigo Borgia), his son, Cæsar, and the beautiful Lucrezia.

Francesco, Duke of Gandia, the eldest son, whose body was found in the Tiber, his brother Cæsar being accused by posterity of his death, bore for his device a mountain struck by lightning, with the motto, *Feriunt summos fulmina montes*, "The thunderbolts strike the highest mountains."

Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Romagna, Cardinal, Count, Condottiero, and Usurper. He was made Bishop of Valence in his youth, and created Duke of Valentinois by Louis XII., when sent to that monarch with the Papal dispensation to repudiate Jeanne de France and contract a new marriage. It was on this occasion that Cæsar's mules were said to have worn shoes of gold attached by a single nail, so that they might easily fall off.

"Such was the entry, challenging renown,
Of this grandee into Chinon."

In the year 1500, when the solemnities of the jubilee year were interrupted by the extravagant demonstrations of joy at Cæsar Borgia's success, among other honours decreed to him was a triumph after the manner of the ancient Romans, on which occasion Cæsar Borgia inscribed upon his banner, *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil*, "Or Cæsar or nothing," an insolent motto, which was thus parodied at his death:—

"Borgia Cæsar eram factis et nomine Cæsar:
Aut nihil aut Cæsar, dixit, utrumque fuit."

"Cæsar in deeds as name would Borgia be,
A Cæsar or a cypher—both was he!"

and again,—

"Aut nihil aut Cæsar, vexillo pingis inani
Pro magno fies Cæsare, stulte, nihil."

"'Or nothing or Cæsar,' thou painted on thy empty standard,
Fool! instead of great Cæsar, thou wilt become nothing."

The idea was also repeated by Sanazzaro,—

"Aut nihil aut Cæsar vult dici Borgia: quid ni
Cum simul et Cæsar possit, et esse nihil."

"Cæsar or nothing, Borgia fain would be;
Cæsar and nothing, both in him we see."

Having lost all the possessions he had committed so many crimes to acquire, Cæsar fell before the small fortress of Viane, in Navarre, 1507.

Titian, died 1576.—The great Venetian painter took for his device a bear licking



Fig. 7.

her cubs into shape (Fig. 7), with the motto, *Natura potentior ars*, "Nature is

the more powerful Art."—The strongest efforts of Art can never attain the excellence of Nature.

Writing of bears, Pliny says:—"At the first they seeme to be a lumpe of white flesh without all forme, little bigger than rattons, without eyes, and wanting hair; onely there is some shew and appearance of clawes that put forth. This rude lumpe, with licking, they fashion by little and little into some shape." *

"The cubs of bears a living lump appear.
When whelp'd, and no determined figure wear.
The mother licks them into shape, and gives
As much of form as she herself receives."
DRYDEN.

Titian lies buried at Venice, in the church of the Frari, with this doggrel as epitaph:—

"Qui giace Tiziano de' Vecelli
Digni' emulo dei Zeussi e degli Apelli."

"Here lies Tiziano de' Vecelli, worthy rival of Zeuxis and Apelles."

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, 1533.—His favourite emblem was a hive (Fig. 8), from which bees are flying to escape the fire. Motto, *Pro bono malum*, "Evil for good," a device assumed by Ariosto when, after so many years of service, he was abruptly dismissed by Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, like the ungrateful countryman who kills the



Fig. 8.

bees which have furnished him with honey. He alludes to it in his "Orlando."

"Me che mi giova?
Se'l mio ben fare in uiul d'altri cede?
Così, ma non per se, l'ape rinnova
Il mele egui anno, e mai non lo possiede."
C. 42, st. 45.

Ariosto was so partial to this emblem that Rinaldo had it embroidered upon his knightly cloak.† It appears in a woodcut ‡ in the first and some of the subsequent editions of his "Orlando Furioso."

In the third edition, 1524, and in that of 1532, we find the device of two vipers with a hand over, holding a pair of shears, with which the tongue of one is cut off, the hand being directed to perform the same office upon the other (Fig. 9). The motto, *Dilexisti malitiam super benignitatem*, "Thou hast loved unrighteousness more than goodness," whilst alluding to the chastisement deserved by the enemies of the poet, refers us for the origin of the emblem to Psalm lii., in the fourth verse of which the motto occurs, followed by the words, "Thou hast loved to speak all words that may do hurt, O thou false tongue. Therefore shall God destroy thee for ever: He shall take thee and pluck thee out of thy dwelling."

These devices are also perpetuated upon two medals,§ on the reverse of which is a portrait of the poet, except that on the second medal one viper only is represented.

* Book viii. chap. xxxvi.
† *Cinque Canti*, cv. 146 st.
‡ First edition, 1516 (Grenville Coll. British Museum), with a border composed of the devices of a mallet and hatchet entwined by a snake, the motto distributed in the four corners.
§ A specimen of that with the beehive placed over the flames is in the South Kensington Museum.

Ariosto observed the most determined silence as to the meaning of a black pen, covered with gold, with which he at one time was in the habit of writing, and also of a similar device embroidered upon his dress. *Della mia nigra penna li fregio d'oro*, "Of my black pen, the golden ornament."

Over his house, which from his means was built but small, he had this Latin distich:—

"Parova, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus."

"Small is my humble roof, but well design'd
To suit the temper of the master's mind;
Hurtful to none, it boasts a decent pride,
That my poor purse the modest cost supplied."
HOOLE'S *Translation*.

"Maison petite, mais commode pour moi, mais incommode à personne, mais assez



Fig. 9.

propre, mais pourtant achetée de mes propres fonds."

"I confess," says Cowley, "I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast."

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house; "Small



Fig. 10.

as it is," he replied, "I wish I could fill it with friends."

CARDINAL BEMBO, 1547, secretary to Pope Leo X., poet and historian.—His device was Pegasus * and a hand issuing from a cloud, holding a branch of laurel and palm (Fig. 10). Motto, *Si te fata vocant*,

* Pegasus denotes fame, eloquence, poetic study, contemplation. A bronze medallion of Bembo, with this device, is in the South Kensington Collection.

"If the fates call thee"—in vain one seeks for honour if not granted by heaven.

Bembo, both by precept and example, revived a pure taste in Tuscan literature. Roscoe says that "he opened a new Augustan age, that he emulated Cicero and Virgil with equal success, and recalled in



Fig. 11.

his writings the elegance and purity of Petrarch and Boccaccio." Ariosto pays him a tribute in the following lines—

"Bembo, che 'l puro e dolce idioma nostro
Levato fuor del vulgare uso tetro
Quale esser dee ci ha col suo esempio mostro."
Orl. Fur. c. xxiv. 15.

"Pietro Bembo, whose example taught,
And to its purity our idiom brought."
HOOLE'S *Translation*.

JEAN DE MORVILLIERS, who succeeded Michel de l'Hôpital as Chancellor of France, bore for his device the harrow (Fig. 11) tied to the Pythagorean Y, a rebus of his name, *Mort-vie-liés*, "Death and life united." The harrow is the symbol of death, which makes all things equal, as the harrow breaks up and equalises the clods of the field. Père Menestrier states that in Rome, at the funerals of princes, cardinals, and other great personages, a harrow always figured in the ceremony, inscribed with the motto, *Mors æquat omnia*, "Death levels all things." He saw it at the funeral of Queen Henrietta Maria, and others. Morvilliers' motto was *Hoc virtutis iter*, "This is the road to virtue." The device of the harrow, with the motto *Evertit et æquat*, "It crushes and levels," was taken



Fig. 12.

by William of Hainault, Count of Holland,* father of the celebrated Jacqueline,—mean-

* "Then were placed the Hainalettiers, whose standard bore the device of Lord William of Hainault, at that time Count of Ostrevant, eldest son of Duke Albert of Bavaria, Count of Hainault, Holland, and Zealand, which device was a harrow *or*, on a field *gules*."—*Froissart*.

ing that a prince may, by his wise laws and good government, subvert bad principles, and crush those who resist his authority.

The letter Y is called the letter of Pythagoras, because that philosopher made it the symbol of life. The foot of the letter, he said, represented infancy, and as man gradually rises to the age of reason, he finds two paths set before him, the one leading to good, the other to evil—portrayed by the two forks of the letter.

The Pythagorean Y forms part of the symbolic decoration of a carved mirror frame in the museum at South Kensington, an exquisite specimen of the Italian work of the sixteenth century. At the base is a tuft of acanthus leaves, into which is set a large letter Y, from which, on each side, springs an acanthus scroll, running to the top; and at their juncture is the device of a flaming grenade, on one side of which is the recording angel, on the other a human skeleton. Within the scroll are various animals; on the right (looking from the mirror) are the lion, unicorn, eagle, and others, symbolic of the virtues, and on the left, below the skeleton, the dog, ape, a satyr, &c., representing the vices of human nature. Each animal is accompanied by a capital letter, picked out in gold, forming the words BONUM MALUM. The composition, therefore, represents the life of man, with the choice of good or evil set before him. This mirror forms part of the Soulage collection, and is reported to have been the property of Lucrezia Borgia, which is probable, as the flaming grenade was the device of her husband, Duke Alfonso of Este.

ERASMUS.—When Tarquin the Proud desired to build a temple to Jupiter upon the Tarpeian rock, he begged all the inferior divinities to give up the altars they had upon the rock in favour of the master of them all.

All the gods cheerfully consented except Terminus. This Terminus (Fig. 12), therefore, who refused to yield to Jupiter, was chosen by Erasmus for his haughty device, with the motto, *Cedo nulli*, "I yield to none;" or *Vel Jovi cedere nescit*, "He yields not even to Jove." This device is upon a contemporary bronze medallion of Erasmus.*

When Erasmus asked Sir Thomas More to give him a sentence to place over the door of his study, More said that the figure of Apelles, painting would be appropriate. Erasmus, wondering at his meaning, More replied, "Apelles said, *Nulla dies sine linea*, 'No day without a line;' a precept well observed by you, since you astonish the world with the number of your works."

WOOD-CARVING.

If we may be allowed to make use of an expression which is properly applicable to sacred buildings, the engraving introduced on this page is the representation of the *reredos* of a sideboard; a beautiful specimen of elaborate carving, by Mr. W. G. Rogers, an artist well known to those who are curious in this species of workmanship as no mean or unworthy follower of the celebrated Grinling Gibbons. The event which Mr. Rogers here commemorates has a curious appropriateness with the room wherein the sideboard is placed, and carries our mind back to the time when Gibbons was employed by England's "Merrie Monarch." The subject is the knighting of Sir Edward Waldo,



by Charles II., on the occasion of his visiting the City, 1677, when we find, from the *London Gazette*, October 29th, that "their Majesties, accompanied with his Royal Highness, their highnesses the Lady Mary, and the Lady Anne, and his highness the Prince of Orange, &c., were pleased, upon the humble invitation of the City, to honour them with their presence, first at the show in Cheapside, being placed in a balcony, under a canopy of state, at the house of Sir Edward Waldo, upon whom his Majesty was then pleased to confer the honour of knighthood." The ceremony of knighting took place at Sir Edward Waldo's house in Cheapside, which was pulled down in 1861, when "the fine old oak panelling of a large dining-room, with chimney-piece, and cornice to correspond, elaborately carved in fruit and foliage," was sold to Morris Charles Jones, Esq., of Gungrog, and transferred to his house in Montgomeryshire. It was to complete the furniture of this room that Mr. Morris Jones commissioned Mr. Rogers to execute a sideboard, which should be in keeping with its other parts, and to illustrate the principal historical event that had taken place within the room which the oak panelling had adorned. In a pamphlet (privately printed) entitled "Reminiscences connected with Old Oak Panelling now at Gungrog," Mr. Morris Jones has attempted, with some ingenuity, to show the probability of the carving having been executed by Grinling Gibbons, and the question is still a moot point. The minute circumstances to which he refers are not unworthy of consideration in a matter of this kind, but are not put forth as conclusive. It is true that while Waldo's house was being built Gibbons rose to sudden fame in consequence of Evelyn, in 1671, having discovered him at Deptford; but if the leading features of the carving can be attributed to him, it is the most that can be hoped for. Artists who are employed extensively cannot be expected to undertake all the minute details, but must trust to others for carrying out the coinage of their brains. It was in this way that Phidias was able to produce the sculptures which adorned the Parthenon, and which we now possess in the British Museum. He was the designer and superintendent, though the actual execution of them must of necessity have been entrusted to artists working under his direction.

Mr. Jones has also entered into minute historical details respecting the visits paid to the Waldo house by the successors of Charles II., and has brought together much curious information on the subject. With the exception of the unfortunate James II., five of the succeeding reigning sovereigns seem to have visited this house for the purpose of witnessing the Lord Mayor's Show.

The bas-relief in the centre of the reredos of the sideboard is beautifully executed; and the scroll-work is in true Gibbons style. On one panel is the monogram of the possessor, and on the other an allegorical representation of the origin of the name "Gungrog," which, though not very euphonious to English ears, is a contraction of the Welsh words *gwaun-y-grog*, meaning "the meadow or vale of the cross:" in fact the Welsh for *Valle Crucis*. It undoubtedly bears allusion to the Abbey of Strata Marcella, the site of which is in the immediate neighbourhood, and which, as well as the other well-known abbey in the Vale of Llangollen, was called, according to Dugdale, "*Vall-Crucis*." Mr. Rogers is to be congratulated on the skill with which he has carried out the idea that he had placed before his mind's eye. Like all the works of this excellent artist, this shows abundant richness of design, especially in the fruit and foliage, united with boldness yet delicacy of execution; and we trust that, before his long and successful career is closed, we shall still have many more such productions from his inimitable chisel. The sideboard is, we believe, entirely made of some of the old oaken beams that formed a portion of the ancient house in Cheapside.

* A specimen of which is in the South Kensington Museum. Date 1519.

JOHN GIBSON, R.A.

[The letter forwarded to us by a valued correspondent in Rome is so full of interest, that although some portions of it may have been anticipated, we do not hesitate to publish it entire. The departure of a great man is always a public loss, even though he leaves earth full of years and honours. But Gibson has made his country his debtor, in more ways than one, after his death; and posthumous fame is a recompense the lofty soul ever covets. We therefore occupy our space well in reverting to the history of the great artist.]

We have to lament the loss of a great man in John Gibson, the most eminent British sculptor of modern times. For some months his failing health had been watched with much anxiety. During the summer of 1865 he had several fainting fits; but in company with his friend, Penry Williams, he made a short trip to Switzerland; and affection, which is always hopeful, believed that its bracing mountain air had given him new strength, and secured to his friends for some time longer one whom they loved so well. Immediately on his return, he applied himself to the completion of the model of a statue which had been his dream for forty years. It occupied his thoughts incessantly, and a few hours before he was struck down by the awful messenger of Death, he had been engaged in giving some final touches to his group of Theseus. His life, therefore, terminated as it almost began, with labour in the service of the only mistress he ever wooed. On the 9th of January, 1866, he was paralysed, and on the 27th of the same month he sank to rest.

Of the life of so distinguished and so laborious an artist, it is impossible, in the compass of a single paper, to give more than a very brief history; but a long acquaintance with Rome, and an intimate friendship with John Gibson for many years, have supplied me with much material, which I proceed to give to your readers. He was born at Conway in 1789, as his friend Williams believes, and was baptised in the parish church of that place. His father was a landscape-gardener, and his mother, from the sympathy which she accorded to the early efforts of her son, must have had at least some slight appreciation of Art. Both were persons of high integrity, as is evident from an anecdote which Gibson, with characteristic simplicity, often told in public, and which it is no derogation from his honour to repeat. "When I was a child," he said, "I was a thief. I went into a shop and stole some cake, and as I was walking along the streets and eating it, my mother met me. I told her that the woman at the shop had given it to me; but she took me there and discovered the falsehood, and then leading me home, preserved perfect silence till my father came. After soundly thrashing me, he read a chapter from the Bible, and then prayed. Had it not been for this, I might have pursued the course of a thief, and been hanged," he concluded, with a smile. As to a mother, then, he was indebted for the encouragement of his taste, so to her, perhaps, he owed that high integrity of character for which he was ever so remarkable, and the anecdote is of value as showing the influence of woman in forming the future man. Early in life the family went to Liverpool with the intention of emigrating to America, and it was the accident of a dream only which diverted his parents from their design, and thus preserved Gibson for his country, and perhaps for fame. What the nature of the dream was I do not remember, but it exercised so strong an influence over the mother, who was the subject of it, that she prevailed on her husband to establish himself in Liverpool. Here the young artist had a wider field for the gratification of his taste, and from drawing geese on his father's slate in Conway, or sketching horses in the fields, his ambition now aspired to copy drawings in the shop-windows. These were his "studio," and again and again he returned, until he had made himself perfect master of the details of the drawing.

Already he appears to have acquired a certain reputation among his schoolfellows, to whom he sold his sketches for a few pence, and from one of whom he received what we may call his first commission. It was for a copy of a print of David's picture, 'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' with which the boy desired to decorate his Bible. What association of ideas led to the choice of such a subject for such a purpose it is impossible to say; but Gibson executed the work, and received sixpence for it, a remuneration which appeared to him enormous, and against which he remonstrated. At fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to Southwell and Co., wood-carvers, though he entreated to be articled to a painter. The limited circumstances of the family, however, did not permit this, and contrary to his inclinations he was compelled to work at a trade not suited to his taste. Still his genius for design displayed itself in all he did, and his masters were much pleased with their pupil. At this time Mr. Samuel Francis, a monumental sculptor, who was in the habit of visiting the shop of Southwell, was attracted by the work of young Gibson, acknowledged his skill, discovered his longings for another career, and finally, on payment of £70 to his masters, cancelled his indentures, and took the young aspirant into his own studio. With what delight and zeal he laboured on the material on which his great fame was hereafter to be built, Gibson often described. Spence, the father of the now eminent sculptor, was his fellow apprentice. For him he conceived a great friendship, which was afterwards transferred to the son, and was continued to him until Gibson's death. The elder Spence was ultimately taken into partnership by Francis, and on his death, the son bought the premises, which were sold about two years ago. The early studio of Gibson, on Brownlow Hill, is now, we believe, converted into a baker's shop. So favourite a pupil might doubtless have acquired the same honour as his fellow-workman, and then instead of producing those immortal creations which have commanded the admiration of thousands, Gibson might have decorated the walls of a church or a cemetery. It is interesting to record that two, at least, of the works of this early period of his life, not elsewhere named, still exist in England.

"In a church near Liverpool," says Signor Saulini, the precise locality of which he forgets, "is a monument which was made by your great countryman." Mr. Adams, too, a former pupil of Gibson, and now a very rising artist, relates that on visiting Dr. Dixon, a clergyman of Bradford, for whom he was executing a bust, the doctor showed him a sketch of the late John Jackson, which was made by the master when he was working as a stonemason in Liverpool. Both works are marked by considerable talent, and will now be viewed with increased interest. But we are pausing, as Gibson never did, in his career.

Pleased as he had been with his first essays in marble; valued and beloved, too, by his master, he panted for higher things, and the hand that now rescued him from despair was that of the refined, and then wealthy, William Roscoe. He saw him in Francis's shop, and judging only from works designed to perpetuate the memory of mediocrity, he felt that Gibson possessed vast creative power. From that time he gave him his protection and friendship, invited him frequently to his house, and enforced the counsels of an elegant mind by reference to the beautiful works of Art which his wealth had enabled him to purchase. By Roscoe he was introduced to Mrs. Lawrence, and by her to her brother, General D'Aguilar, and her sister, Mrs. Robinson. From the society of the stonecutter's shop he found himself thus transferred to a circle of accomplished and refined minds; and in the intimacy of their friendship his great natural genius was developed, and perhaps received its peculiar and permanent direction towards Greek Art. In the enjoyment of the advantages which such distinguished acquaintances offered him, he might have remained in England, and still secured to himself a niche in the Temple of Fame, and there were those who endeavoured to persuade him to establish himself in London; but Rome was the dream of his youth. An invisible hand seemed to beckon him to the Eternal City, and a real dream, which I give in his own words, gave a fresh impulse to his ardent desire. "I dreamt," he said, "that I was lifted into the air on the wings of an eagle, and borne at a rapid rate through the air. After soaring to a great height, I was suddenly let down in the centre of a large city, and the crowd came around and told me I was in Rome."

Prophetic as it was in all its details, the dream was doubtless the expression of his fervid longings. From that time there was no hesitation; Rome was in all his thoughts, and every effort was now made to accomplish the great object of his ambition. At this critical moment his enlightened friends came forward, formed a purse for him, did what Roscoe in the time of his prosperity had intended to do himself, and sent him off to the city where he was destined to acquire imperishable fame. He is himself a proof of the correctness of the opinion that to attain eminence in sculptural art the student should visit and reside for some time in Rome. "There," he has often said to us, "are models of beauty and of high Art grouped together, such as can be found in no other place. There, too, in that large community of artists of all nations, men visit each other's studios, and criticise, suggest, and correct, without awakening those petty jealousies and rivalries which are sure to arise in the more limited circle of the youth of our country. It is a reflection on the taste and judgment of our government that England is almost the only country in Europe which has not her pensioned academy in Rome, and, believe me, until our youth are sent there to study, we shall never make any great progress in sculptural Art." His original intention had been to leave £32,000 to be distributed in pensions to Art-students in the Eternal City, but, unwilling to place himself in opposition to the convictions of the Council of the Royal Academy, though his own always remained the same, he left that large sum to be disposed of as has been already announced.

It was in 1817 that Gibson arrived in Rome, and we may presume that he lost no time in presenting his letters from General D'Aguilar and others to Canova. The master received him well, examined his drawings, prophesied his success, and permitted him to enter his studio as one of his pupils. He invited him also as a special favour to attend his night-school, where he had an opportunity of studying from the life. "I never missed one evening," said Gibson to us, "which so much pleased Canova, that he gave me high marks of approbation. On one occasion he said to me, 'Now I know that a young man's purse is not often too well filled, so that you must allow me to supply your wants.' I thanked him, but I refused. Yes, I refused. I was resolved to do all for myself." It is illustrative of the little appreciation of taste and feeling often shown by the idlers who crowd the Roman studios during the season, that a party of English one day visited the room in which Gibson was at work. "They did not know I was their countryman; but after watching me for some time, one of the party remarked, 'What an awkward fellow that is!' I only laughed," said the artist.

How long he remained in Canova's studio I cannot precisely say, but some time before 1821, when Mrs. Jameson found him in the *sanctum* which he has occupied ever since Canova recommended him to take a studio of his own, and promised to send him some of his own visitors. In fact, not long after, "I was surprised one morning by a tall handsome man, who inquired if I was Mr. Gibson, and announced himself as the Duke of Devonshire. I was then modelling my group of Mars and Cupid, and his Grace was so much pleased with it that he gave me a commission for it." His price was, however, so low, that the sculptor added, "I did not make even a cup of coffee by it." During Canova's life Gibson always had the advantage of his criticisms on his first sketch, again when the model was half completed, and once more before the work was transferred to plaster. The judgment of Canova was always good; "but don't study my works," he said; "study the antique: my works are not worthy to stand by the side of the antique." So perseveringly and successfully did Gibson labour, that when Mrs. Jameson visited Rome, he had already ac-

quired a name. In her "Diary o ennuyée," published in 1826, speaking o visit, she says:—"Gibson, the celebrated ...ish sculptos, joined us while looking at the Ægeria Marbles. . . . . He afterwards took us round his own studio: his exquisite group of Pysche borne away by the Zephyrs enchanted me. . . . Gibson was Canova's favourite pupil; he has quite the air of a genius; plain features, but a countenance all beaming with fire, spirit, and intelligence."

In 1822 Canova, his "noble master," as Gibson was wont to call him, died, and after that event our young artist studied under Thorwaldsen. It was during the lifetime of this great sculptor that Gibson made his drawing of the work which he was modelling when death arrested his hand. Thorwaldsen saw, admired, and urged him to execute the figures in marble, but without persuading him; he nursed them and dreamt over them until nearly the last moment of his life. On this great work he expended his almost expiring efforts. During his illness his friends daily visited and moistened the model, and at the time I am writing preparations are being made for casting it in bronze.

It would require a volume to describe the results of his labours in Rome, and the necessities of limited space compel me to hurry forward. In 1844 the great sculptor returned to his native country, which he had left twenty-seven years before an ardent, though nameless, aspirant after fame. Penry Williams, his *fidus Achates*, accompanied him, and both were guests of Mrs. Huskisson, the widow of the celebrated statesman. It was on the occasion of this visit that he was honoured with his first commission from her Majesty. His host and friend begged Lord Palmerston to obtain permission to present him, but his lordship suggested Sir Charles Eastlake as the most proper person to arrange this delicate mission, and by Sir Charles, Gibson was presented to the Prince Consort. Almost immediately afterwards our great countryman received her Majesty's orders to attend her. Gibson was then honoured with a commission to execute a full-length statue of her Majesty, and every morning he went down to Windsor to complete the preparations for his task. The model of the head and bust was executed from life, and in England; a cast of the arm was taken by some inferior artist of London, and supplied with these materials, Gibson returned to Rome to execute the noble statue of our gracious Queen which now stands at the top of the grand staircase in Buckingham Palace,—a faithful likeness of the bust of England's Sovereign, and a monument to the artistic talent of her honoured subject.

In 1847 Gibson again visited England, and the incidents which marked this visit require some explanation. A statue to the lamented Mr. Huskisson had been already executed by our countryman, and now stood in the cemetery of Liverpool, but the subscribers to it expressed a wish that it should be removed to the Custom House, where it would be exposed to more public observation. A change which would have deeply wounded private affection was, however, avoided by Mrs. Huskisson generously offering to the town another marble statue of the deceased statesman. Still, difficulties pursued the project. On the completion of the statue it was objected that the weight would be too great for the interior of the Custom House. It was resolved, therefore, to have it cast in bronze; and that it is which now adorns the city of the merchant princes. The original one in marble was transferred to the Royal Exchange, London. There, too, it was objected that the room could not bear its weight, but some authoritative voice exclaimed, "Strengthen it, then," and a pillar was erected underneath. On the inauguration of the bronze statue in Liverpool, a public dinner was given to Gibson. Sir Robert Peel, who had been invited, was present on the occasion; and perhaps it was the proudest moment in the life of our countryman when, seated by the Queen's prime minister, and surrounded by some of the wealthiest men of England, he was fêted, and received the honour due to his genius, in a town where, as a boy, he had copied drawings in the shop windows, and worked in the rooms of a monumental sculptor.

Having now obtained the rewards of his well-directed labours, and the object of his highest ambition, Gibson visited England almost annually. He executed another statue of her Majesty by royal command, and yet another was executed for the nation, which now stands in Westminster Palace. For this latter statue he was honoured with several other sittings by her Majesty, and we believe we are correct in stating that Prince Albert, through whose influence this commission was given to Gibson, considered that it was the best likeness of the Queen.

In 1863 our distinguished countryman visited England again. A heavy cloud had cast its shadow over the Royal Family; still her Majesty, whose kindness and condescension have won the hearts of her subjects, no sooner heard of his arrival than she expressed a wish to see Gibson, and commanded him to present himself at Osborne. I am not conscious of any indelicacy in reporting the following incidents, the more so that they do honour to the sovereign, and illustrate the peculiar manner of the subject. Under the royal roof he slept two nights, and was received by her Majesty on two several occasions. On the first occasion the Queen accompanied him, and showed him drawings and other *capolavori* of Art, adding, that if he would present himself again she would show him all the beautiful objects in her own rooms. It is unnecessary to say that Gibson took advantage of her Majesty's condescension. On one of these occasions Mrs. Bruce, who was in waiting, asked Gibson in what year he first went to Rome. "Oh, Mrs. Bruce," was the reply, "I see you want to find out how old I am, and that is a secret; my hair is grey, but I never tell my age, especially to ladies—no, never to ladies!" The answer elicited something more than a smile. Indeed, Gibson's reserve on this subject was remarkable, and was well known to his friends, who have often laid a trap for him, but always without effect. It was during this visit that he executed three busts of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, one for her Majesty, another for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and a third for the Princess's own family. On the same occasion he was to have made the bust also of the Prince, but his Royal Highness's engagements did not permit him to give any sittings to Gibson. The Prince, however, treated the artist with the greatest condescension and kindness, begging him, on learning that he had received her Majesty's commands to present himself at Osborne, to delay his visit until he himself could go.

Of his great merits as an artist I feel utterly incompetent to speak, though claiming a place among his warmest admirers; but the subject will be taken up by others, who to admiration of the artist unite a practical knowledge and appreciation of Art. I may, however, point out some of the means by which he attained to his great eminence. His forms were perfect, and his love of excellence will account for and excuse one mode which in early life he adopted to arrive at precision. When in Liverpool, he connected himself with some medical students, who occasionally received from the graves the subjects necessary for their studies. "Once," he said, "we came upon the body of a beautiful young girl, but we were so struck by it that we respected it." To drawing he applied himself most diligently; he was always fond of it even from childhood, and a great number of his sketches remain, which are bequeathed to the Royal Academy. Following the advice of Canova, he was a loving student of the immortal works of the Greek masters. Without a knowledge of any language but his own, he was acquainted intimately with the writings of classical writers, so that his mind was thoroughly imbued with their taste and feeling. During his lifetime his beloved brother Benjamin was his translator, and after his death we have known him to apply to private friends to turn some of the Greek mythological stories of which he was so fond into English. It is as a public man that the world at large will desire to hear of Gibson; and the leading features of his character, as displayed in the pursuit of Art, were almost a childish simplicity and purity of mind, and a sturdy independence and integrity.

We were speaking of the study of the nude one morning not long since, when Gibson said, "I was asked by an excellent Scotch lady the other evening why we sculptors always made our figures without clothes. 'Madam,' I replied, 'because it is our glory to imitate the most beautiful creation of God, which is man; now if we put clothes on our forms, we imitate the work of the tailor or the milliner. I do not think, madam, that any really pure-minded person has impure thoughts when gazing on such works; and I would prefer any young lady, yes, madam, or any old lady either, who could look on such works without turning aside, to her who affected to blush. For myself, I look on a beautiful nude work without the slightest sentiment of licentiousness.'" Of his lofty independence I may give the following instance, premising, in the first place, that Gibson throughout his whole career never executed a commission, except for portrait-sculptures; in other words, his designs, his models, were always his own, and what they already saw in the drawing or the clay, his patrons ordered. His 'Pandora' had been ordered by the present Duke of ——, subject to certain modifications suggested by his Grace. The winter passed without any of these suggestions being adopted; the artist worked away at the model according to his original intention, and during the London season presented himself at ——. The duke examined the design, and, to his great surprise, discovered that nothing had been changed. "Why, Mr. Gibson," said his Grace, "you are very much attached to your own opinion." "Yes, your Grace," was the reply, "I am as obstinate as a Welshman, for I am one, and I can make no alterations." From the first the 'Pandora' had been greatly desired by Lady Marianne Alford, who to refined sentiment united a great appreciation and knowledge of Art, and in her possession this work now is. While on this subject, to the honour of her Majesty be it said, that after Gibson had taken a cast of her head and bust, the completion of the details of the statue were left entirely to his taste and judgment. Of his coloured statues, which have awakened much criticism, I shall not speak, except to note two or three incidents that indicate his great self-reliance. "He considered it," he said, "great presumption to dispute the propriety of colour with him who had made the subject his especial study." Nevertheless, he was cautious as to recommending the practice to younger men. On hearing that one of his pupils was deterred by timidity or modesty from colouring his statues, "Yes," said Gibson, "I have recommended him not to attempt it, as, until the taste has spread, such an attempt would be regarded as mere imitation." It was with great delight that he added, "Cornelius told me he had been colouring one of his statues. 'Where?' I asked. 'In my imagination,' was the reply, and I was enraptured with it. I know the opposition I have to contend with," he said, "but I shall fight it out; and I shall soon put eyes into the Venus you saw down-stairs."

Of the busts of our great artist there are three in existence with which I am acquainted, and probably there are others: that by Theed, which was selected by him, and sent to Munich by request, when King Ludwig of Bavaria ordered a statue to be erected to his honour in one of the national galleries of that country; another by an amateur artist, Mrs. Cholmeley, which received much praise from the master, and which is a very faithful likeness, by some considered the best; and a third by one of his pupils, Mr. Adams. The original of the last is in St. George's Hall, in Liverpool, and thinking he might improve upon it, Adams requested Gibson to sit again last year. The master gave the pupil five sittings, criticised, suggested, and directed, and the result is a very faithful likeness. Of portraits I have seen only two, both painted last year, and by distinguished masters, one by Lowenthal, the other by Penry Williams, the intimate friend of his life.

Few artists of modern times have been so highly honoured in their lives as was Gibson. The great marks of confidence and respect he received from her Majesty were greatly prized by him, and he may be said to have died almost

with the telegram, sent by her order to inquire for his health, grasped in his hand. The Emperor of the French conferred on him the order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; King Ludwig of Bavaria erected his statue in the Glyptotheca of Munich; and on the morning of the day when his remains were committed to the grave, despatches arrived from Berlin announcing that his Prussian Majesty had honoured him with the order of "Full Merit." Not less expressive of respect was a diamond ring presented to him by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He was a member of the Royal Academy of England, of St. Luke's in Rome, and many other societies, who were proud of their associate. His works adorn our palaces, more especially the great constitutional palace of England; and last, though not least, he lives in the hearts and affections of a very large circle of friends, composed of men of all nations. One of the little great, whose only title to consideration is a "handle" to his name, observed to a friend at the conclusion of the mournful ceremony of his obsequies, "It is quite as well that Mr. Gibson had not a public funeral, for he was a man of no position." What! not the man who had received all the honours enumerated above? But even had he been destitute of each and all, his genius alone gave him a position and a name which will live long after the speaker shall have crumbled into oblivion, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Somewhere or other his autobiography exists, for his friend Mr. Hay was for several years engaged in writing from his dictation. It is not in Rome, as far as I can discover, and his more intimate friends believe that it is in the hands of one in London who knew and appreciated his talents. Evening after evening Gibson was in the habit of meeting Miss Hosmer and Mr. Hay, and in his own precise and simple way recording the facts of his life, intermingling with them many an interesting anecdote. The amanuensis and the artist are both dead, but it is to be hoped that the papers remain, and will be given to the world.

It will not be uninteresting to the public to know what are the works which were executed by this laborious artist, and I am enabled therefore to send the copy of a report of many of them in his own handwriting.

A List of Works executed in Marble by John Gibson, R.A., beginning with the year 1818.

STATUES.

1. A group of Mars and Cupid, in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.
2. A statue of Paris, in the possession of George Watson Taylor, Esq.
3. A group of Psyche carried off by Zephyrs, in the possession of Sir G. Beaumont.
4. A repetition, for his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, ordered when he was Hereditary Grand Duke.
5. A repetition, executed for Prince Torlonia, of Rome.
6. A statue of a Sleeping Shepherd, in the possession of Lord G. Cavendish.
7. A repetition, for his Grace the Duke of Northumberland.
8. A repetition, for Mr. Lennox, of New York, America.
9. A statue of Cupid, for Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, North Wales.
10. A statue of Cupid drawing an Arrow from his Quiver to wound the Butterfly, in the possession of Lord Selsey.
11. A repetition, for Richard Yates, Esq., of Liverpool.
12. A repetition, for R. Holford, Esq., of London.
13. A statue of Cupid disguised as a Shepherd, in the possession of Sir J. Johnstone, Bart.
14. A repetition, for the Emperor of Russia.
15. A repetition, for the late Sir Robert Peel.
16. A repetition, for — Collingwood, Esq.
17. A repetition, for — Appleton, Esq., of Boston, America.
18. A repetition, for Lord Crewe.
19. A repetition, for — Alleson, Esq., of Liverpool.
20. A repetition, for — Farnham, Esq., of Philadelphia, America.
21. A statue of a Nymph sitting at the Bath, in the possession of Lord Yarborough.
22. A group of a Hunter and his Dog, in the possession of Henry Sandbach, North Wales.
23. A repetition, for Lord Yarborough.
24. A statue of a Young Dancing Girl in repose, for Count Schonberg, of Bavaria.
25. A group of Hylas and two Nymphs, for R. Vernon, London.
26. A statue of Sappho, for Patterson Ellams, of Liverpool.
27. A statue of Flora, in the possession of the Earl of Durham.
28. A repetition, for Mr. Alleson, of Liverpool.
29. A statue of Narcissus, in the possession of Lord Barrington.
30. A repetition, for Mr. Fort, of Manchester.
31. A repetition, for Mr. Errington.
32. A repetition, presented to the Royal Academy of London.
33. A statue of Proserpine, for Mr. Ablet, North Wales.
34. A repetition, for Dwarkanath Fagon.
35. A statue of Venus, in the possession of Mrs. Preston.
36. A repetition, for Jos. Neeld.
37. A repetition, for the Marquis of Sligo.
38. A repetition, for Mr. Uzielli, of London.
39. A statue of a Wounded Amazon, for the Marquis of Westminster.
40. A statue of Aurora, for Henry Sandbach, North Wales.
41. A repetition, for D. Henry.
42. A statue of Pandora, for Lady Marianne Alford.
43. A repetition, for Mr. Penn, London.
44. A statue of Bacchus, for Lord Londonderry.

Though in Gibson's writing, this list is incomplete, as it does not include his 'Dancing-Girl,' his statues of the Queen for her Majesty and Westminster Palace, and others. Of his basso-relievos, including some of his most beautiful productions, as 'Christ inviting Little Children to come unto Him,' and 'The Death of Mr. Sandbach,' no mention is made. Of busts he executed many, though lately he declined to do any. Three were made by him of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales; and one of Lady Clifden at all times excited his greatest admiration. He was accustomed to attach a little history to it, and to wind up by recommending all ladies to adopt the coiffure which he has imitated on the bust. Indeed, the receptions which he gave to his friends in that little studio on the Primo Piano in the Via Fontanella, are among some of the most agreeable reminiscences of him. Here he was in the habit of telling his favourite Greek legends in that simple easy way in which he might have spoken of real incidents that occurred but yesterday; and then he would illustrate them by referring to some work, still perhaps half created, or already transferred to marble. I remember many a morning thus agreeably spent with him; and we never left his studio without feeling that though ever present to and with his friends, in imagination he lived in the past. I have only to add that from the little room where he designed and modelled beautiful works which will long perpetuate Gibson's name, he was ever ready to descend and visit the studios of young and struggling artists. His criticism and his judgment were ever at their command, and among those now in Rome are rising into note many who have spoken to me with the utmost gratitude of the counsel and direction which they received from him. One of the latest acts of his long life was to leave a princely sum and casts of all his works for the benefit of students of Art.

By a will dated March 25, 1855, he left to his friend Penry Williams £500; to William Theed, the distinguished sculptor, £400; to his cousin, Benjamin Gibson, £200; to Mr. Dessoulavy, £100; to Giuseppe Incoronata, of London, £100; to Giuseppe Bonomi, £200; to Mrs. Anna Jameson (since deceased), £200; to Solomon Gibson, his brother, £100, having already purchased for him an annuity of £100. He left no directions for his funeral, ordering only that not more than £50 should be expended on his monument, and that his funeral expenses should be paid by his executors. His books, prints, and frames he left to Spence, the sculptor, his pupil and friend, and the son of his early friend and fellow-workman. His drawings, whether by himself or others, were left to the Royal Academy. By a codicil dated 26th May, 1865, he left also to the Royal Academy his group in marble of the wounded warrior supported by a female, then unfinished; all his works in marble not sold; his models in *gesso* of works in marble, except of such as they will receive in marble; all models in *gesso* not executed; the first cast of the Venus de Medicis, which was made for, and sent to Canova to be executed in marble—the statue, when completed, to replace that which was carried off to Paris. He left also to the Royal Academy the splendid sum of £32,000, free of duty, on condition that the Council should set aside ample space for the reception and accommodation of his casts. These were left for the use of the students, and for public exhibition, subject to such regulations as the Council might see fit to make. During his illness he added another codicil to his will, by which he left £200 each to his faithful and devoted friends and nurses, Mrs. Spence and Miss Lloyd; £200 to his faithful workman Baini, who had spent his life in his service; and £200 to an attached old man-servant.

I have now concluded all that can be well said of John Gibson, the British sculptor, in the limits of an article. For the history of his life abundant materials remain. He lived and talked in public, and somewhere, as already intimated, a portion of his autobiography exists. Let us hope, then, that the life of one who was as pure as his own beautiful statues, and who was devoted to Art, may be penned by some loving and able friend, for the encouragement of young and struggling artists, and to the honour of Old England. H. W.

THE

CASTELLANI COLLECTION OF GEMS OF ANCIENT AND EARLY ART.

That any collection of works of Art formed by Signor Alexander Castellani would be a collection of "gems," the readers of the *Art-Journal*, we are assured, are ready to regard as a matter of course. It is possible, however, that certain reminiscences of the Great Exhibition of 1862 may lead to some slight misapprehension, when now we invite attention to a "Castellani Collection of Gems;" indeed, it is more than probable that in such an expression we shall be considered to imply *Gems of Art in Gold*, though we may have abstained from any direct reference to the precious metal; consequently we hasten to submit to our readers that, while universally admitted to be the first goldsmith in Europe, Signor Castellani is also an artist in the most comprehensive acceptation of the term A collection of gems of Art, accordingly, which does not include a single example of jewellery, may claim to be no less consistently associated with the name of Castellani, than the golden bequests of the ancient Etruscans and Greeks, or the scarcely less precious reproductions of their jewels by Castellani himself. And in the particular collection of ancient and early works, which Signor Castellani has formed, there are no examples of jewellery or of Art in gold.

The collection to which we now refer has been brought by Signor Castellani to Paris, and there, in the first week of this present month of April, it will be sold by public auction, after having been open for the inspection of visitors for a few days. The collection consists of vases, the results of laborious and costly excavations in Magna Grecia and Etruria; antique works in terra cotta; antique bronzes; Italian bronzes of the Cinque Cento period, with majolica, terra cotta figures, works carved in wood, and tapestries from the Gobelins' looms.

In each of these classes the collection is very rich in both the number and the variety of its examples; and, what is far more important, it is distinguished in a pre-eminent degree by the extraordinary excellence of every example. These "gems" are gems indeed—glorious witnesses to the powers of those early masters in Art, who won for their own times imperishable renown, and who also left to all succeeding ages and to students of Art in all lands the rich inheritance of their grand example.

Without now attempting to enter any further into detailed descriptions of these most interesting and valuable works, we must repeat what we have already said with reference to the excellence of the entire collection in all its classes. These are verily gems of Art, such gems of Art as are very rarely to be seen, such as may never be seen again forming a single collection and obtainable by purchase. We know full well that Signor Castellani is not the man who would permit such treasures to pass out of his hands, were it possible for him to retain them in his own possession; but it is not possible for treasures such as these to find permanent resting-places except in princely or national museums. Princes, and the men to whose judgment the enlargement of national museums is entrusted, may congratulate themselves on the fact that such a man as Signor Castellani has first formed this collection and then permitted them to purchase it.

PALISSY THE POTTER.

PAINTED BY MRS. E. M. WARD.

Although the very remarkable work we are about to describe will necessarily come under notice when exhibited at the Royal Academy, we may allot to it now, what we may not be able to do then, the space to which it is entitled. Some years ago, to Mrs. Ward was assigned a high position in Art: the daughter, the granddaughter, and the niece of artists, as well as the wife of an artist, all eminent, she inherited a power that has been gradually developed and strengthened under salutary influences; we are not, therefore, called upon to regard her with indulgence as a woman working under disadvantages to which men are not subjected. It is not needful to do so; for if hitherto she might claim some consideration on the ground of "sex," her production this year will, we are sure, be classed among the best efforts of the British School —such as few artists of our time can surpass.

From the commencement of her career—from the time, that is to say, when she essayed pictures—she has selected only such subjects as evidenced reading and reflection; she has not been content to take as themes for her pencil those that are found on the surface of life, nor did she seek for them in previously exhausted sources; she has manifested, in her search for subjects, the original thought she has carried out in painting them; and therefore it is that her pictures are, in all ways, not only far removed from the commonplace, but reach the loftier limits to which Art is capable of attaining. The cases we might cite will readily occur to our readers; for, year after year, during the last eight or ten years, her contributions to the Royal Academy cannot have been forgotten.

The picture we have now the gratification to notice is taken from the singular and eventful history of the potter, Bernard Palissy, whose life was a protracted struggle with difficulties, and whose eventual triumph was accomplished only at the cost of a shattered constitution,—of that heart-disease, indeed, which arises from hope long deferred. The point selected by the artist in the sad story is this (her authority being Mr. Henry Morley):—The potter had looked forward to a day when the results of many months' labour would enable him to meet impatient creditors, and relieve the pressing wants of his hungry and scantily-clad children; his hopes were high, and with reason; fame would recompense him for all his trials, and fortune would be within his grasp. The furnace had been fired, and the potter bided the time to bring forth the works that were to be his glories. The moment had arrived, the wife had gone out to summon the creditors to witness his triumph; they stand at the entrance appalled, while she exhausts her wrath in imprecations; the children gather round, or stare in wonderment at the broken down and miserable father, for strewed on the ground at his feet are all the produce of his toil and his genius—deformed pieces, utterly valueless. The flints that formed the walls of the furnace had been detached by the heat, and had ruined the whole of the great works that were baking in it. Thus the afflicted artist writes:—"I lay down in melancholy—not without cause, for I had no longer any means to feed my family." The neighbours gave him "maledictions in place of consolation;" their bitter "talk" was "mingled with his grief!"

That is the moment Mrs. Ward has selected for picturing the sad scene. Mr. Morley suggested it when he wrote the life. A dilapidated outhouse, its breaches rudely filled up with green boughs; Palissy, grand in his own grief, tattered in dress, with a litter or beautiful vases, cups, urns, and medallions, the products of his rich taste and fancy, broken at his feet; the angry creditors; the village gossips pouring out their execrations over his bowed spirit; his thin, pale children crouching, wondering; his wife assailing him with maledictions—"ignorant or careless how his heart would open in that hour of anguish to receive one syllable of woman's consolation."

It will ere long be seen with what great ability Mrs. Ward has adapted these materials; they supply, indeed, a valuable subject for the painter. Though the picture is sad, it excites no painful feeling, for the issue is foreknown to all who read the story; the lofty soul of Palissy did not despair; the heart whispered to the mind of the great artist, "Resurgam!" and three centuries of honour have glorified his name.

The author's fancy has pictured the scene; it sufficiently describes the artist's treatment of it. The arrangement and grouping are all her own; they are obviously the result of long thought and careful study. The miserable man is gazing on the *débris* that covers the floor; his daughter leans on his bosom, vainly striving to minister comfort, happily contrasted with the wrathful wife, who gazes from the entrance on the apparently hopeless husband; a sick youth cowers close to the yet heated furnace; a boy and girl look on, more in wonder than terror, while two sorrow-stricken maidens see and comprehend all the evil, and *they* do despair. It is a touching story, told with intense pathos, appealing for sympathy to the universal heart, and we believe few will see it with more entire approval than the excellent author who has related to us in eloquent language, and after profound research, the history of Bernard Palissy's eventful life.

We have no fear that we shall cause disappointment by raising expectation high, in regard to this admirable picture. It cannot fail to be among the most attractive works the Exhibition will contain; for the execution is worthy the conception. It is painted with consummate skill; every part has been well studied and carefully finished. Misery indeed predominates, but it is not unrelieved; for the scarcely conscious children in the foreground are pensive rather than wretched, and we know that triumph was, in the end, achieved.

To criticise such a picture as this is a pleasant task, not only for its own intrinsic worth and merit, but as evidence that the labours of genius are not incompatible with the daily domestic duties of life. We do not overstep our assigned boundaries if we say that Mrs. Ward is in the happiest position as a wife and mother, and that no woman in broad England is more esteemed and loved by a large circle of intellectual friends. Her toil and industry as an artist supply to her no excuse for release from the obligations which all men and women, more or less—but women more especially—owe to society. It is not always desirable to postpone praise until too late to gratify or be of value, and it is not often we have so good an opportunity of tendering congratulation when we are sure we represent the feeling that will be universal.

SELECTED PICTURES.

NEW SHOES.

W. P. Frith, R.A., Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.

Artists, it is said, ought to be teachers; and perhaps Mr. Frith felt his obligation to become one when he sat down to sketch this picture, which inculcates an example to be avoided rather than imitated by all who have the management of young children. Who cannot here discern the early sowing of the seeds of vanity in the infantine mind? And it is marvellous how soon they take deep root, spring up, and expand into luxurious but unhealthy growth; each year adding to the varied ramifications of this natural production of the human heart, and assisting their development. Possibly some may consider this a very forced reading of a very common subject; and yet it is not so, for no one can have noticed a young child dressed for the first time in a new garment, but must also have observed the pleasure it has in exhibiting it to all comers. Here, then, is the germ of that feeling which is more or less cherished through life in proportion to the means adopted to stifle or encourage it as the child advances into youth and maturer years.

It does not appear that the mother in this piece is impressed by this duty to her child; the latter is evidently but ill at ease under the ordeal of the "fitting" process; she is inclined to be fractious, and her face indicates a rebellious spirit, which probably would break out into open violence were she not held in bonds by the nursemaid, and soothed by the mother's well-meant but injudicious ejaculation of "Pretty new shoes, darling!" We may detect the words in the expression of her face; and thus the little one is soothed into quietude and submission by an appeal to its childish vanities, the pleasure of seeing its tottering feet encased in a pair of bright red shoes. This is the lesson taught by a picture made up of very ordinary materials, but worked out with unquestionable skill and truth of nature. Nowhere has the artist gone beyond his manifest intention of representing a common incident of domestic life; the matron, the nurse, and her young charge are veritable personages, not characters studied from the lay-figure.

It is a trite remark, that life is the same at all places and times. And it is so in the motive-springs of action; but these develop themselves differently in every country under the constant change of fashion and custom. And, as we see in the pictures of the old Dutch masters illustrations of the manners of the people among whom they dwelt, so will future ages gain an insight into the habits of certain classes of Mr. Frith's contemporaries from many of his pictures: even 'New Shoes' will come into the same category as 'Life at the Sea-side,' 'The Railway Station,' 'Many Happy Returns of the Day,' and others. Hogarth did much the same thing for his time, but then, he too often degenerated into caricature; he was not contented with exhibiting life as it actually existed; he could not avoid associating it with, or, rather, arraying it in a garb of exaggerated humour, allied too often with a coarseness that was repulsive. Such a charge cannot be brought against the works of Mr. Frith: his representative men, women, and children of the nineteenth century are certainly not types of our aristocracy; but as certainly are they not types of classes which any honest Englishman would be ashamed to *own*.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.





LITTLE is known of the life of this famous lady; and there is little to tell of one who passed nearly all her days in comparative retirement. What there is has been communicated to me by her friend—himself a poet of no mean order—Francis Bennoch, F.S.A., who, while Miss Mitford was confined to her sick room, superintended the publication of "Atherton" and her dramatic works, and earnestly desires to do honour to her memory. I give it as I receive it; for I believe there is no other memoir of a woman whose renown has been established throughout the world.*

Mary Russell Mitford was born on the 16th of December, in the year 1786, at the little town of Alresford, in Hampshire. Her father was George Mitford, M.D., the son of a younger branch of the Mitfords, of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, and Jane Graham, of Old Wall, Westmoreland, a branch of the Netherby Clan. Her mother was Mary Russell, the only surviving child and heiress of Richard Russell, D.D., who for more than sixty years was Rector of Ashe and Tadley, and Vicar of Overton, in Hampshire. He was the intimate associate of Fielding and many of the wits of the period; remembered to have seen Pope at Westminster School, and died at the ripe age of eighty-eight, previous to his daughter's marriage.

Three or four years after his daughter's birth, Dr. Mitford removed from Alresford to Reading, and a few years subsequent to that removal, he went to reside at Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, in a fine old mansion previously occupied by the great Lord Chatham, whose two sons frequently spent their holidays there. The French Revolution and the great Continental wars, with threats of invading England, brought prominently out the patriotic spirit of the nation. The militia was trained, volunteer corps were formed, and the yeomanry cavalry was thoroughly prepared to aid in repelling any invader of the sacred soil of England. Dr. Mitford, at his own cost, raised, equipped, and maintained a troop of yeomanry cavalry at an expense that few could bear, and he was not long in discovering that just in proportion as his popularity rose, his fortune fell. In a few years £30,000 or £40,000 had disappeared; his troop was disbanded, and he went to London to retrench and determine his future course. His daughter, then ten years of age, was his companion; and now occurred an incident in the life of Miss Mitford that reads like a page taken from a fairy tale. The circumstances are related by her in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," accompanied by sundry hints and suggestions leading to the conclusion that much of Dr. Mitford's property had vanished at the gaming-table.

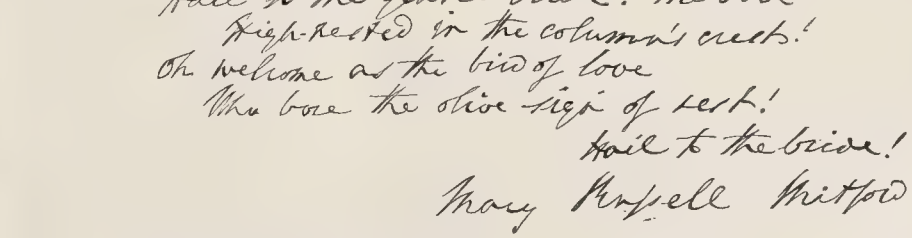
They were then lodged in dingy apartments near Westminster, and in the intervals of his professional pursuits, Dr. Mitford would walk about London with his little girl holding his hand.

"One day" (we quote Miss Mitford), "it was my birthday, and I was ten years old—he took me into a not very tempting-looking place, which was, as I speedily found, a lottery office. An Irish lottery was on the point of being drawn, and he desired me to choose one out of several bits of printed paper that lay upon the counter. I did not then know their significance.

"'Choose what number you like best,' said the dear papa, 'and that shall be your birthday present.'

"I immediately selected one and put it into his hand—No. 2,224.

"'Ah,' said my father, examining it, 'you must choose again. I want to buy a whole ticket, and this is only a quarter. Choose again, my pet.'



"'No, dear papa: I like this one best.'

"'There is the next number,' interposed the lottery office keeper—'No. 2,223.'

"'Ay,' said my father, 'that will do just as well, will it not, Mary? We'll take that.'

"'No,' returned I, obstinately, 'that won't do. This is my birthday, you know, papa, and I am ten years old. Cast up my number, and you will find that the figures 2,224 added together make ten; the others make only nine.'"

* In 1831 she gave me some very slight particulars of her life, which I published to accompany a portrait of her in the *New Monthly*. She states there, that in very early childhood she printed a poem, entitled, "Christine, or the Maid of the South Seas." I have never seen it, and I suppose few living have seen it.

It had been intended to publish a volume of her letters and other remains. The Rev. Mr. Harness was appointed

The father, like all speculators, was superstitious,—the ticket was purchased,—and a few months afterwards, intelligence arrived that No. 2,224 had been drawn a prize of £20,000. "Ah me!" reflects Miss Mitford: "in less than twenty years, what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What? except a Wedgwood dinner service that my father had ordered to commemorate the event, with the Irish harp within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other! That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money. Then came long years of toil and struggle and anxiety, and jolting over the rough ways of the world, and although want often came very close to our door it never actually entered."

Within twenty years of the lottery prize (and notwithstanding that other acquisitions, inherited through the deaths of relatives, had more than once repaired his fortunes) Dr. Mitford had again run through his property, little or nothing being left beyond £5,000, settled upon his wife as pin-money. This, in course of years, well-nigh evaporated also, as well as different legacies left to his daughter, and given up by her on various emergencies. Then they retired to a small cottage at Three-Mile Cross, near Reading, modestly taken for three months, but inhabited by them for thirty years. And there it was that Miss Mitford, finding it needful to turn her talents to profitable account, began those charming sketches which formed the first series of "Our Village." Like many other of our now standard works, they were lightly esteemed when first written. They were declined by Campbell the poet, who was then editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and rejected also by the editors of several other periodicals; but at last found favour in the eyes of the editor of the *Lady's Magazine*, where they were published; and in 1823 were collected in one volume, and never after had the author occasion to beg the acceptance of any work from her pen. The first series of "Our Village" was followed by a second in 1826, a third in 1828, a fourth in 1830, and a fifth in 1832. After this, Miss Mitford published in 1835, "Belford Regis," in three volumes, and "Country Stories," in 1837. She also edited two sets of American stories of three volumes each, and two sets of children's stories, three volumes each. During that period, she wrote *Julian*, a tragedy, which was produced at Covent Garden; *Foscari*, a tragedy, also at Covent Garden; *Rienzi*, a tragedy, at Drury Lane;* *Inez de Castro*, a tragedy; *Sadock and Kalesrode*, an opera, at the English Opera House; and *Charles I.* at the Coburg, now the Victoria, Theatre. In 1827, she published a volume of "Dramatic Sketches," and other poems, and edited Finden's "Tableaux for 1838," and the three following years. In 1853 she published her "Recollections of a Literary Life," in which she sketched in a light and playful manner the story of her life, and, with a partial appreciation, some of the numerous writers with whom she had associated. In 1854 she gave to the world "Atherton, and other Stories," and the same year her dramatic works were for the first time collected and published in two volumes, including several plays not previously printed, though marked by all the pathos and vivacity that characterised her other dramas.

In 1842 she lost her father; and in the autumn of 1851, left her old cottage at Three-Mile Cross for another at Swallowfield, about three miles farther south, where her later works were written. In the immediate neighbourhood resided Lady Russell, who generously ministered to the wants of the aged but ever-cheerful authoress. A few miles off in a quiet valley lies Strathfieldsaye, the doors of which were ever open to Miss Mitford, whence, too, by special command of the great Duke, the choicest fruits of the season, which meant all the year round, were sure to find their way to Swallowfield. At Eversley, Kingsley preached and laboured as a country parson, and found much pleasure in his walk to the cosy cottage and in the lively talk of its occupant.

In her youth, Miss Mitford was much in London, with every opportunity of seeing and mingling in the best society, with occasional glimpses of shadow that brought out the brighter points of the picture. Admired and appreciated by a large number of literary folk of her own standing, she saw much, spoke freely, and in her later years became the kindly critic and literary adviser of many of the rising and now risen spirits of the age. In middle life she visited several parts of England, especially the north and south; but never, so far as we know, had the good fortune to cross the Channel, and enjoy the gaieties and wonders of Paris. She spoke French well, and had, by reading, become acquainted with all the master-pieces of the best authors of France. In later years her life was passed in the serene quiet of a country village, cheered by the kindness of neighbouring families, enlivened by the frequent visits of admiring friends, and keeping up a free but almost voluminous correspondence with distinguished people on both sides of the Atlantic.



THREE-MILE CROSS.

During the last two or three years of her life she suffered great pain from injuries received by the accidental overthrow of her pony carriage, and from which she never altogether recovered. For two winters she was entirely confined to the house, and unable to enjoy those country rambles which at all seasons had been her chief delight. Here and now it was that she produced "Atherton," her last work; and those who wish to see gleams of sunshine illuminating the home of suffering cannot do better than turn to those sunny pages. The manner of its production she briefly states in her preface:—

"During the summer I had been lifted downstairs, and driven through our beautiful lanes in hopes that the blessed air, to which I had been almost as much accustomed as a gipsy, would prove a still more effective remedy; but the season was peculiarly unfavourable. I gained no strength. The autumn again found me confined to my room: wheeled with difficulty from the bed to the fireside, unable to rise from my seat to stand for an instant, to put one foot before another, and when lifted into bed, incapable of turning or moving in the slightest degree whatever. Even in writing, I was often obliged to have the ink-glass held for me under my pen, because I could not raise my hand to dip the pen in the ink. In this state, with frequent paroxysms of pain, was the greater part of 'Atherton' written. . . . . I tell this as a fact, not as an apology, and certainly not as a complaint. So far, indeed, am I from murmuring against the WILL which alone shows what is best for all, that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the merciful Providence which, shattering the frame, left such poor faculties as were originally vouchsafed to me, undimmed and unclouded, enabling me still to live by the mind, and not only to enjoy the never-wearying delight of reading the thoughts of others, but even to light up a sick chamber and brighten a wintry sky, by recalling the sweet and sunny valley which formed one of the most cherished haunts of my happier years."

The introduction to her dramatic works is an admirable *résumé* of the incidents that made her a writer of plays. Among other exciting causes, she mentions with exceeding pleasure the boys of Dr. Valpy, at Reading school, when they gave their public nights; and she, in the character of recorder and historian of the occasion, wrote for the *Reading Mercury* columns of the "profoundest philo-

her "literary executor," and was prepared to carry out her wishes, expressed and implied, when a difficulty arose; she had left all her personalty to her two servants, who had been faithful and devoted to her while living; but they insisted upon having the control of her correspondence, and laid claim to any profit that might result from the publication. The consequence was that Mr. Harness became disgusted, and the contemplated work was abandoned.

* In October, 1823, *Rienzi* was first performed, with no very strong cast—the only actor of note being Mr. Charles Young. In reference to one of her tragedies, I find these passages in a letter to Mrs. Hall:—"Now I am going to say something which will give your dear warm heart pleasure. We shall soon meet. A tragedy of mine, called *Inez de Castro*, containing a splendid female part, which has been waiting for a great actress, is coming out soon after Christmas, with Miss Kemble, at Covent Garden. You will like it—of that I am sure. It is less powerful than *Rienzi*, but infinitely more touching, and more interesting in the construction. I shall come to town a few days before its production, and if it succeeds (for we must always remember the chance of dramatic failure), shall probably stay a fortnight. We must be housed close to the theatre, as I must go to the play at one house or the other every night, for they want another tragedy at Covent Garden in the spring, and I ought to watch dramatic effects; but I know that you will contrive to get to me, and to let us spend as much time together as we can."

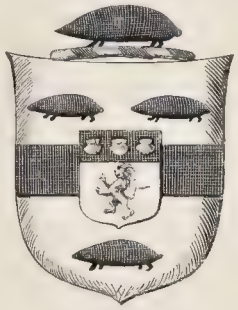
sophy,"—"albeit as ignorant of Latin or of Greek as the snuggest alderman or the slimmest damsel present:" there it was she made the acquaintance of Talfourd, her ever-constant friend; there, too, she had to commend the high talent of young Jackson, whose admirable acting of *Hamlet* won for him the soubriquet of "Hamlet Jackson," originally given, we believe, by Miss Mitford, and this Hamlet Jackson is now the able, learned, active, and admirable Bishop of Lincoln.

Among other friends who at this time comforted her, were the Dean of Windsor and John Ruskin; through the Dean came the sympathy and *liberal* kindness of the Queen, while Mr. Ruskin took care that she was well supplied with the luxuries that are necessaries to the sick and aged.

On the 10th January, 1855, she died, and was quietly laid in a corner of the adjacent churchyard of Swallowfield, in a spot chosen by herself; there a few friends erected a simple granite cross to perpetuate the memory and mark the resting-place of one of England's purest and sweetest writers.

So far I am indebted for very valuable help to my friend, Francis Bennoch.* I add to his history of her life our own Memories of Mary Russell Mitford.

The family name was originally Midford: when or why it was changed I cannot say;



Gy. Midford MD

but in a book that came accidentally into my hands, I find it so, as shown by the



SWALLOWFIELD.

accompanying engraving, copied from one on the cover. Her father was a remarkably fine old man—tall, handsome, and stately, with indubitable indications of the habits of refined life.

These are Mrs. Hall's recollections and impressions of Miss Mitford:—

It is a source of intense, yet solemn, enjoyment, that which enables me to look back through the green lanes of Memory, to recall the people and events of the "long-ago time."

"You may break—you may ruin the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

They are all, or nearly all, gone, "the old familiar faces," from the old familiar places; but they have been, and I can bring them back! I can even hear their voices, and quote some of the sentences that passed from their lips to my heart.

If I remember rightly, it was Maria Edgeworth who introduced me to Mrs. Hofland, and Mrs. Hofland who introduced me to Mary Russell Mitford, in 1828. In those days, I had an intense admiration for "Our Village:" a desire—which I thought most presumptuous, and hardly at first dared confess to myself—to do something for my native Bannow, like what Miss Mitford had done for Aberleigh. My natural veneration for genius led me to seek the acquaintance of those who had achieved literary distinction. I was content to be considered young and insignificant by the great ones so long as I was permitted to enter the charmed circle. Miss Mitford had visited her old friend, Mrs. Hofland, then living in Newman Street, to superintend the getting out her play of *Rienzi*—certainly the most perfect of her dramas—at Covent Garden; and Mrs. Hofland invited us to meet her there one morning. All the world was talking about the expected play, and all the world was paying court to its author.

"Mary," said the good lady, "is a little grand and stilted just now. There is no doubt the tragedy will be a great success; they all say so in the green room; and Macready told me it was a wonderful tragedy—an extraordinary tragedy '*for a woman to have written:*' the men always make that reservation, my dear; they cramp us, my dear, and then reproach us with our lameness; but Mary did not hear it, and I did not tell her. She is supremely happy just now, and so is her father, the Doctor. Yes, it is no wonder she should be a little stilted,—such grand people coming to call and invite them to dinner, and all the folk at the theatre down upon knee to her,—it is such a contrast to her cottage life at Three-Mile Cross."

"But," I said, "she deserves all the homage that can be rendered her,—her talents are so varied. Those stories of 'Our Village' have been fanned by the pure breezes of 'sunny Berkshire,' and are inimitable as pictures of English rural life; and she has also achieved the highest walk in tragedy—"

"For a woman," put in dear Mrs. Hofland. She had not forgiven our great tragedian—then in the zenith of his popularity—for his ungallant reserve.

I certainly was disappointed, when a stout, little lady, tightened up in a shawl (why will short, stout ladies wear shawls?), rolled into the parlour, in Newman Street, and Mrs. Hofland announced her as Miss Mitford,—her short petticoats showing wonderfully stout leather boots; her shawl *bundled* on, and a little black coal-scuttle bonnet,—when bonnets were expanding,—added to the effect of her natural shortness and rotundity; but her manner was that of a cordial country gentlewoman: the pressure of her fat, little hands, for she extended both, was warm; her eyes, both soft and bright, looked kindly and frankly into mine; and her pretty, rosy mouth, dimpled with smiles that were always sweet and friendly. At first, I did not think her at all "grand or stilted," though she declared she had been quite spoilt—quite ruined since she came to London, with all the fine compliments she had received; but the trial was yet to come. Suppose—suppose "*Rienzi* should be—" and she shook her head. Of course, in full chorus, we declared that impossible. "No! she would not spend an evening with us until after the first night; if the play went ill, or even coldly, she would run away, and never be again seen or heard of; if it succeeded!—" She drew her rotund person to its full height, endeavoured to stretch her neck, and the expression of her beaming face assumed an air of unmistakable triumph. She was always pleasant to look at, and had her face not been cast in so broad—so "outspread"—a mould, she would have been handsome; even with that disadvantage, if her figure had been tall enough to carry her head with dignity, she would have been so; but she was most vexatiously "dumpy." Miss Landon hit off her appearance, when she whispered, the first time she saw her, and it was at our house—"Sancho Panza in petticoats!" but when Miss Mitford spoke, the awkward effect vanished,—her pleasant voice, her beaming eyes and smiles made you forget the wide expanse of face; and the roly-poly figure when seated did not appear really short.*

* For a long time before her death her friend, Mr. Bennoch, visited Swallowfield, on Saturdays, in every month, and from these visits gathered the facts he has put together in this memoir.

* The portrait engraved at the head of this memory is from a painting by her friend Haydon. In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall she thus refers to it;—"Now to the portrait: one friend of mine used to compare it to a cook-maid of sixty, who had washed her dishes and sat down to mend her stockings; another to Sir John Falstaff in the disguise of the old woman of Brentford; and a third to old Bannister, in Moll Flaggon. I have not myself seen it since it was finished, but there must have been something very formidable about it to put such comparisons into people's heads. I daresay that an engraving in which the

I remember asking her if she would go to the theatre the first night of *Rienzi*. She gave a dramatic shudder, and answered "No: the strongest man could not bear *that*." She, however, had a room somewhere in the theatre, or very near it; her friends ran to her repeatedly during the evening to tell her how the play went, and she often rejoiced in the fact that Haydon, the painter, was the first to bring her the assurance of its unmistakable success. It achieved a triumph, and deserved it.

Miss Mitford, like Miss Landon, was, in conversation, fond of producing startling effects by saying something extraordinary; but what L. E. L. would cut with a diamond, Miss Mitford would "come down on" with a sledge-hammer. I remember her saying out boldly, that "the last century had given birth only to two men—Napoleon Buonaparte and Benjamin Robert Haydon!"

She kept her word, and after *Rienzi*'s triumph, spent the promised evening at our house,—"the observed of all observers." She did not, however, appear to advantage that evening: her manner was constrained, and even haughty. She got up tragedy looks, which did not harmonise with her naturally-playful expression. She seated herself in a high chair, and was indignant at the offer of a footstool, though her feet barely touched the ground; she received those who wished to be introduced to her *en reine;* but such was her popularity just then, that all were gratified. She was most unbecomingly dressed in a striped satin something, neither high nor low, with very short sleeves, for her arms were white and finely formed; she wore a large yellow turban, which added considerably to the size of her head. She had evidently bought the hideous thing *en route*, and put it on in the carriage, as she drove to our house, for pinned at the back was a somewhat large card, on which were written, in somewhat large letters, these astounding words, "Very chaste—only five and threepence." I had observed several of our party, passing behind her chair, whispering and tittering, and soon ascertained the cause. Under pretence of settling her turban, I removed the obnoxious notice; and, of course, she never knew that so many wags had been merry at her cost.

I valued Miss Mitford far more at her humble dwelling, Three-Mile Cross, than in the glare of London: here, she was by no means "at home;" there, she was entirely so; and though our visit to her was brief, during "a run" through Berkshire to Bristol, I had opportunities of properly estimating her among the scenes she has made famous. It was very pleasant to make acquaintance with her and her greyhound Mayflower, a familiar friend of all who love her writings; to walk in her tiny garden, and to stroll through the green lanes she has lauded so often and so much.

She was a very Flora among her flowers; she really loved them and enjoyed them as flowers are not always enjoyed; she treated them with a loving tenderness, not because they were the "new kinds," but because they were old, dear friends. One rose-tree I recall now—a standard, quite six feet high, I think,—certainly much taller than herself, for she stood under it.

Before I had seen her in her cottage home, I had accomplished my purpose, and dedicated my first book to her who had inspired me with the ambition to do for my native village what she had done for hers: she encouraged me to "write novels and prosper," cheering me onward with heart and hand. Advice she never tendered, and there it was that I felt the superiority of Miss Edgeworth, who, for some years at the sacrifice of time and with much trouble, took whatever I wrote to pieces, and did much to overcome faults which, but for her kind and judicious advice, would have certainly retarded my advance, and impaired my usefulness; but the objects these two remarkable women had in view were totally distinct. Miss Edgeworth was the precursor of utility; her great ambition was to be useful in her generation; the perfect independence of her circumstances left her at liberty to cultivate her "estate" after her own fashion. I repeat, her great ambition was to be useful. Miss Mitford was differently constituted: even when she wrote prose, she felt poetry; she knew nothing, and cared nothing for literary responsibility—she never outraged a moral or religious feeling; but she never cultivated either the one or the other. No utilitarian thought ever entered her head; she did cultivate imagination, and its offspring, the Muse, had a home in her heart. Her simplest village tales have a dramatic flavour—not the drama of the footlights, but the natural drama; and she maintained a hand-to-hand battle with adversity—not the growth of her own mismanagement or extravagance—which commands intense respect; her sacrifices, we know, were made, sometimes with tearful eyes, but always with smiling lips!



THE GRAVE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

She was deeply-read in the old poets, and it was a rich treat to hear her talk and quote from them, filling her small sitting-room with their richest gems. I never saw her after she left Three-Mile Cross; never saw her at Swallowfield (although I did visit it after her death), where, if the neighbouring cottagers speak truth, she must have grown strangely eccentric: they say she would not leave her house and garden in the day time; but that at night she would put on strong boots, and staff in hand, take long and lonely walks. That must have been some time before her departure from earth, for of late, her unfailing friend, Mr. Bennoch, tells us she became very feeble; indeed, in some of her later notes to me, she complained of weakness. Her letters in general were full of life and spirit, close, and to the purpose; she was a vigorous letter-writer, though not prone to give an opinion as to books—not that she was churlish of praise; but I should not have called her a good critic, and that was another difference between her and Miss Edgeworth. Miss Mitford would be frequently pleased,

"See knew not why, and cared not wherefore."

Miss Edgeworth would be ashamed if she could not at once define why she was pleased or displeased, and she invariably did so, when she gave an opinion at all.

In Miss Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life," a work in three volumes, singularly deficient of interest, and almost entirely free from personal "recollections" of any kind, she speaks of her grief at leaving the cottage that for thirty years had been her shelter. But "in truth," she adds, "it was leaving me:" the foundations were damp and rotten, the rain came dripping through the roof, and, in fact "it was crumbling about us."

So far go the memories of Mrs. Hall.

Miss Mitford had "associations with the old walls" that endeared them to her: there she had "toiled and striven," and tasted deeply of anxiety, of fear, and of hope.

There, in that poor and dull home, friends, many and kind—"strangers, whose mere names were an honour," had come to tender to her their homage. There

size would, of course, be diminished, and the colour away, would lose a great part of the odiousness; but I must entreat and conjure that the dress—especially the head-dress—may be amended, and the whole be made as much like a lady and a woman as the resemblance to an ugly original will permit." This portrait is now in the possession of Mr. Bennoch, and justifies her own description of it; but notwithstanding its breadth, there is a sweetness of expression that removes it far away from anything approaching the common or the vulgar.

In another letter to Mrs. Hall, reverting to the subject, she says,—"It is remarkable that the only real likeness of me was taken three months ago, by an itinerant cheap portrait painter, who requested me to sit, and who has failed in everybody else (above two hundred) in the neighbourhood, and has only succeeded in one portrait of me, another which he took subsequently being as unlike as possible. I have no doubt that an engraving from Mr. Haydon's picture will be sufficiently like, provided it be redressed, and made as pleasing as a due attention to the original being ugly will permit." The last portrait painted of Miss Mitford was executed a few years before her death, by her friend John Lucas, and by her presented to Mr. James T. Fields, the distinguished publisher of Boston, U.S.A. This is probably the most favourable of all the portraits of her. Age and infirmity had subdued the vigour and diminished the rotundity of middle life, leaving behind the shadow of her former self, but characterised by a delicate refinement of expression beautiful to look upon.

Haydon had "talked better pictures than he painted." Talfourd had "brought the delightful gaiety of his brilliant youth;" Amelia Opie, Jane Porter, the translator Cary, and a host of others, had been her guests—in that ill-furnished parlour, and in that natural, yet ungraced garden.

It is pleasant to recall some of them to memory.

She did not go far: from Swallowfield to Three-Mile Cross was but a walk; she took that walk one autumn evening, and in her new dwelling she lived thenceforward and died.

She calls Three-Mile Cross "the prettiest of villages," and her cottage "the snuggest and cosiest of all snug cabins;" hers must have been that continual feast, a contented mind, to have been so easily satisfied; for the village is one of the least attractive in broad England; and the cottage one of the least pretty and picturesque that could be found from John O'Groat's to the Land's End.

Again I draw on the memory of Mrs. Hall. Some time after Mary Russell Mitford passed away from earth, finding ourselves in her pleasant county, "sunny Berkshire," we made a *detour* to visit once more her cottage at Three-Mile Cross, and that at Swallowfield. We fancied we remembered the roads, and even the trees. It was a day brimful of air and sunshine,—no dust, no rain,—every bird in song, every leaf at maturity, every streamlet musical,—a jewel of a day! The rough-coated elms stood boldly and bluntly out from the velvet hedge-rows;—we were nearing the village; there were the signs of the over-many public-houses, so quaint and un-London-like —"The Four Horse-Shoes," "The Fox and Horn," "The George and the Dragon;" there were children clapping their hands, and blooming "like roses;" the jobbing gardener, with his rake, his garland of "bass," and his bundle of shreds—"blue, black, and red;" the muscular village blacksmith; the white-faced shoemaker; the ragged, rosy, saucy boys; the fair, delicate, lily-of-the-valley-like maidens—the descendants of those who were boys and girls when "Our Village" was written. We arrived, after delicious loiterings, at the quaint village "Three-Miles X," as it is described by itself on the wall to the right. It is a long, lean, straggling hamlet of twenty houses and a half—the "half" being the shoemaker's shop from which, in Miss Mitford's time, "an earthquake would hardly have stirred the souter." The village shop was there, still "Bromley's shop," just as it was in her day, except that the master and mistress were "elderly," and the children not young; but children still flourished round *them*, keeping the picture "*fresh*." The master of the shop, a handsome old man, was pleased to talk of Miss Mitford and "the Doctor," and of her good-nature and her oddities. "Yes," he said, "that was her house, the very next door: every one called it small and ugly and inconvenient; but *she* liked it—she made herself and everybody else happy in it. He did not know what visitors expected the house to be; he could repeat every word she had written on't." "A cottage! No: a miniature house, with many additions, little odds and ends of places, pantries, and what not; a little bricked court before the one half, and a little flower-yard before the other; the walls old and weather-stained, covered with hollyhocks, roses, honeysuckles, and a great apricot tree."

Out upon Time! The hollyhocks, the honeysuckles, the roses, even the great apricot tree, were all dead or gone; the flowers, her dearly loved flowers, had all perished; the trim, neat garden was a mass of tangled weeds; every tree in the garden gone, except the old bay and the "fairy rose."

The house—a body without a soul—was much as she left it, "an assemblage of closets," which "our landlord," she says, "has the assurance to call rooms." "That house," to quote her own cheerful words, "was built on purpose to show in what an exceeding small compass comfort may be packed." Then tenantless and without furniture, it was damp and dreary; we felt the impossibility of imparting to such a dwelling anything approaching the picturesque of cottage life,* and felt far more than ever the most intense admiration and respect for the well-born and once wealthy lady who brought within those "old and weather-stained walls" an atmosphere of happiness—an appreciation of all that is true and beautiful in nature. Who ever heard her murmur at changed fortunes? When obliged to leave "the home of eighteen years," "surrounded by fine oaks and elms, and tall, massy plantations, shaded down into a beautiful lawn by wild overgrown shrubs," she confesses, indeed, in her own playful way, it almost broke her heart to leave it. "I have pitied," she writes, "cabbage-plants and celery, and all transplantable things, ever since, though, in common with them and other vegetables, the first agony of transportation being over, I have taken such firm and tenacious root of my new soil that I would not for the world be pulled up again, even to be restored to the beloved ground." What was this? philosophy or heroism? or the perfection of that sweet, plastic nature which receives, and retains, and fructifies all happy impressions—which opens to, and cherishes all natural enjoyments, and adapts itself to circumstances with the true spirit of the practical piety that bends to the blast, and sees sunshine bright and enduring beyond the blackest cloud?

What the worthy shopkeeper, Mr. Bromley, said was true—there was nothing exaggerated in her description of that miniature home; if strangers expected the relics of a cottage *ornée*, it was their fault, not that of Miss Mitford. We continued our pilgrimage some two miles farther from Reading; the scenery was a repetition of that from Reading to Three-mile Cross, with the exception of the common, which Miss Mitford celebrated as the great cricket-ground —and cricketing she enjoyed as fully as any youth in all England. Her large sympathy held sway over the hearts of young and old. Her extensive poetic and even classic reading, the glare and glitter and town-bred celebrity of her dramas, did not lessen her appreciation of the *true* and beautiful in rural life. If the worldly carry the world within them, so did she bear the joyousness of nature within her heart of hearts.

Swallowfield is a charming wayside cottage, much more commodious than Three-mile Cross could ever have been; it is seated on a triangular plot of ground, skirted by roads, overshadowed by superb trees; it is the *beau ideal* of a residence for those who love the country; but we think Miss Mitford must have missed the village, missed the children, missed the homely life-interests that clung round her heart at Three-mile Cross. The aged tree had been transplanted, and superior as this cottage is in extent, in beauty, in comfort, in the richness of its close scenery, we believe the roots never struck far below the surface; the "dear father" never sate under that mantel-shelf, "pretty May" never stretched before that fire. To the old these delicious home-memories are more "life" than the actual life in which others exist; the eye may be closed and the lip silent, but the *past*, the PAST is with the old, ever fresh and young as a blind man's bride.

It is gratifying to know that when life was drawing towards a close, the world was "shut out" from her heart, except when it opened to beloved friends, and to the high and holy hope that is ever the comfort and the consolation of the Christian. She was not without suffering—much suffering indeed—but her mind was clear and fresh and *young* to the last.

It is a great satisfaction to be able to print this passage from a letter to Mr. Bennoch, written not long before her departure from earth:—

"I wish you had seen Hugh Pearson (Rev. H. Pearson). He is exactly a younger Dr. Arnold, and has been to me spiritually a comfort such as none can conceive, such as none can be who is not full of tenderness and charity. I sought from him advice and consolation, and I found it. I have always felt that this visitation was the great mercy of a gracious God, to draw me to himself. May He give me grace not to neglect the opportunity. Pray for me, my dear friends. We are of different forms, but surely one religion—that which is found between the two covers of the gospel. I have read the whole twice through during the last few weeks, and it seems to me—speaking merely intellectually—more easy to believe than to disbelieve. But still I am subject to wandering thoughts, fluttering thoughts—I cannot realise even that which I believe. Pray for me, that my faith be quickened, and made more steadfast. You will understand how entire is my friendship for you, and my reliance upon yours, when you read these lines. Mr. Pearson stayed over Monday, that he might administer the Sacrament to me. Sam (her servant) and one of my oldest and kindest friends, a daughter of Sir Matthew Wood, received it with us, although a nephew of her husband's had died that morning."*

Mary Russell Mitford sleeps in one of the prettiest of old village churchyards, where the lads and lasses pass every Sabbath-day beside her grave—fit resting-place of one who delighted in picturing

"The humble loves and simple joys"

of the Sylvias and Corydons that still gather round an English homestead.

Pleasant is the memory, because happy was the life, kindly the nature, and genial the heart, of Mary Russell Mitford; she had her trials, and she bore them well; trusting and faithful, and ever true to the *Nature* she loved; sending forth from her poor cottage at Three-mile Cross—from its leaden casement and narrow door—floods of light and sunshine that have cheered and brightened the uttermost parts of earth.

* Since this visit, some ten years ago, the "cottage" has been still more "transmogrified:" it is now an ugly stuccoed dwelling, which the author of "Our Village" would not recognise, or, if she did, would be ashamed of. Our picture represents it as it was during Miss Mitford's occupancy.

* It will add to the gratification of all who read this Memory, to know that to the correspondence of Miss Mitford with that estimable lady and accomplished authoress, Miss Manning, may be ascribed much of the holy influence that at so late a period of her life produced so happy a state of mind. The correspondence of the two friends might be published to the honour of both, and to the benefit of all who could peruse their letters.

DORÉ'S BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Gustave Doré, as the invisible yet watchful companion of the two great poets of Italy in their fearful wanderings through the regions of lost spirits; as the fellow-traveller with Chateaubriand's "Atala" amid the luxurious scenery of the Western World; as following the steps of the hero of La Mancha and his faithful squire on their various expeditions in the cause of Chivalry; and as the associate of the renowned Baron Munchausen in his still stranger adventures,—Doré, as the marvellous illustrator of scenes tragic, beautiful, and humorous, we have known for some time. We have now to make acquaintance with him as the exponent of Sacred Art, the delineator of the wondrous themes unfolded in the book of Holy Writ, and to judge whether his success in this new field of thought and labour—one which has tested the powers of the greatest artists the world has seen—is at all commensurate with that he achieved in the treatment of other subjects.

The public has already heard much, through the various journals and newspapers, of the series of drawings by this extraordinary young artist, of which Messrs. Cassell and Co., by great liberality of expenditure, have secured the sole right of publishing in England, and which will illustrate a large quarto edition of the Bible. They are two hundred and thirty in number, and embrace almost every imaginable subject or scene that would be likely to tempt the pencil of the artist. Doré, we are informed, has been engaged upon them during four years; this would give less than a week for each subject, a period of time by no means too long to *think out*, if not to work out, many of the subjects that have presented themselves to his notice. With such a ceaseless strain upon his inventive faculties, admitting the fecundity of his imagination, and the facility with which he carries out his conceptions, it ought not to be a matter of surprise, but rather the reverse, to find that his genius is not always ready to answer the demands made upon it, and especially if we remember that in all probability he has been also occupied with other works. He fails, where from our previous knowledge of him we expected he must fail, in the highest, the most spiritual, expression of Sacred Art. The school in which he has studied, as well as the bent of his own mind, is of too dramatic a character to qualify him to be a fitting delineator of much that he has attempted, especially from the events recorded in the New Testament; here we miss that *repose* and that sentiment of deep reverence apparent in most of the works of the old masters, and also in some of the moderns, which set before us the sublimities, no less than the love and tenderness, of Scriptural narrative. It is not difficult to point out examples of the absence of these qualities in this series of designs; for instance, 'Jesus walking on the Sea.' Here the figure is not advancing with the quiet dignity of one who holds the elements at his command, but he strides over the surface of the broad lake, with his hand uplifted as if to balance himself, or, at least, as if to answer Peter, who is "hailing" from the boat. In 'Christ healing the Sick,' the great Physician appears to make a laboured effort to lay his hands upon an emaciated boy; and there are many other subjects that will at once convey to the mind of the spectator the conviction that Gustave Doré is not "at home" in the spiritualism of Christian Art.

But if we turn from such scenes as these to others where the imagination has comparatively free ground over which to roam, where he has to deal with facts of Jewish history as he would deal with the annals of any other ancient nation,—in a word, where the natural man, so to speak, becomes alone the actor, and the "divinity that hedges him about" plays but a subordinate, if any, part in the drama, while landscape or stately edifice lend their aid to the picture,—Doré's pencil has been at work with a brilliancy and a power that will bear comparison with much of his earlier labours. We could select from these subjects a very large number worthy of special notice, though as we turn over the pile of prints on our table we are sometimes reminded that France possessed not very long ago an artist named Horace Vernet, and England one known as John Martin who produced not a few grand ideal representations of sacred narrative, and another, Francis Danby, who left behind him such pictures as 'The Passage of the Red Sea,' and 'The Opening of the Sixth Seal.'

Among the numerous illustrations which bear the stamp of Doré's originality the following may be mentioned—'The Plague of Darkness,' a scene on the banks of the Nile; in the foreground a flight of broad steps leading to an edifice; on the top of the marble platform is a group of affrighted wretches pursued by crocodiles and a lioness, seeking after their prey; in the distance a long vista of columns stretches onwards till it is almost lost in the glimmering twilight of the horizon; it is a grand composition most effectively treated. 'The Brazen Serpent' is a skilfully worked-out subject, and shows the artist's resources in grouping and placing his figures, as well as his knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame. The rays of light, however, proceeding from the head of Moses—and they are introduced in other designs where the great law-giver appears prominently—are a *mistake;* they suggest only the idea of huge horns. 'Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still' is a spirited and powerful drawing, but Martin has treated the same subject with more poetical grandeur, and with less of melodramatic feeling. 'The Death of Samson' is masterly, both in idea and in treatment.

A remarkably striking picture is that which represents the carriage of the Cedars of Lebanon used in the construction of the Temple at Jerusalem. Two large timber waggons, each bearing an enormous trunk of the tree, are drawn by a number of fiery horses, whose actions and movements the numerous drivers are scarcely able to control. The foreshortening of these groups extends far into the picture, and is managed with infinite skill; the background shows a forest of cedars, with hundreds of workmen felling and preparing the timber for removal. 'The Return of the Ark' exhibits a beautiful effect of misty sunshine bathing the entire landscape in a flood of soft and yet almost dazzling light; but why are the near objects as shadowy and ghost-like as those in the distance? and why make the recumbent oxen in the foreground look as wooden as the wain to which they are harnessed?

Perhaps out of the whole series there are no two subjects that will better convey a general idea of Doré's treatment of Biblical history, than the two engravings which Messrs. Cassell have permitted us to introduce here. In 'The Passage of the Jordan' we have a fine poetical rendering of a graphic subject: a long line of armed warriors, the descendants or survivors of those who during forty years wandered in the desert; they are now crossing the river to take possession of the promised land of Canaan. The composition is good, while the sentiment of the narrative is heightened by the twilight effect thrown over the picture; the weary journeyings of the Israelites will terminate with the close of the day. 'The Death of Achan' is also treated with true poetic feeling. The scene is one of awful grandeur,—a rocky solitude enveloped in thick darkness, relieved only by the white garments of the dead man, and by the light pinions of a flock of birds swooping down to devour the carcass. It is in such subjects as this especially that Doré's genius is seen to most advantage.

Notwithstanding the strictures, as some will undoubtedly consider them, we have felt it our duty in the exercise of an unbiassed judgment to pass on this artist in the character in which he here presents himself, he has undoubtedly accomplished a great work, one that will in no way derogate from his well-earned reputation, though it may not add much to it, simply because he has not surpassed himself. The first part of the work has already been published, it contains four plates, 'Adam and Eve driven out of Eden,' 'Cain and Abel offering their Sacrifices,' 'The Death of Abel,' and 'The Deluge;' the last especially a design of much grandeur, and all admirably engraved. It requires no foresight to predict for this publication a sale commensurate with the interest it excites.

A DESSERT SERVICE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales having commissioned Mr. Alderman Copeland to produce a dessert service, with a view to the highest efforts of which his manufactory is capable, it has been completed, and exhibited during the month, by his Royal Highness's gracious sanction, at Mr. Copeland's London establishment in New Bond Street.

The result of this commission is a triumph of Ceramic Art; perhaps the greatest that has been achieved in this country. It may certainly be accepted as evidence of the utmost extent to which the art can be carried in England. While, therefore, we congratulate the Prince on the acquisition of a series of Art-works of the rarest merit, it is but just to congratulate also the manufacturer who has produced it.

The commission was given shortly before the Prince's auspicious marriage; and as all the painted decorations are floral, the orange blossoms are prominent objects in every group. Of the painting we may first speak. There has been nothing of the class so exquisitely perfect; the groups of flowers are arranged with consummate skill, and are marvellously true to nature; indeed, it is plain to see that Nature has in every instance supplied the models.

The centre-piece of the service is a double *assiette montée:* the principal comport being supported by figures representing the four quarters of the globe, each figure with its appropriate symbol. These have been modelled by the eminent sculptor Joseph Durham, from those which support the statue of the good Prince Albert in the memorial placed in the garden of the Horticultural Society—one of the few monuments that grace the Metropolis that are really an honour to it.

The four raised fruit dishes are elevated upon groups, each consisting of three figures, which typify by their several zodiacal signs, and the diversity of their ideal occupations, the twelve months of the year. These are from admirable models by Mr. F. Miller, who has evidently laboured earnestly, and certainly successfully, in the part assigned to him in the work.

The four smaller comports are of great beauty, and very original in design. These represent the elements, Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, and are the productions of Mr. G. Halse.

The remaining pieces of the service comprise ice pails, cream bowls, and dishes for fruit and confiture. They are of considerable merit, and do honour to the artists of the establishment who have produced them. The ice pails are of graceful vase form, with faun handles in solid gilding; the covers surmounted by a bacchanal. The design by which they are ornamented is principally derived from the vine.

These are the more ambitious pieces of the service. We should but unfairly represent it, however, if we made no reference to the plates; they are of the purest porcelain, perforated with much care and skill. Each contains four panels, in which are grouped fruit and flowers, surrounded by festoons and ribbons of raised and chased gold. In the centre is the monogram of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the initials of the Princess being of festooned roses, and those of the Prince in raised and burnished gold.

It is a pleasant duty to congratulate all the artists concerned in the production of this magnificent service; not only the sculptors who have designed and modelled the figures, but the painter by whom the several works have been more or less decorated. As we have said, the subjects are all floral. We do not believe there is any artist living who can surpass these pictures (for they are so), either in design, arrangement, or execution; and M. Hürten is entitled to a large share of the honour the service is certain to achieve for the manufacturer and those who have been his aids in the undertaking. We may not omit the name of one to whom much of the merit really belongs. The late Mr. Thomas Battam conceived the plan which others have carried out; but he left little more for them to do than to work in accordance with the design as he projected it.



Designed and Drawn by Gustave Doré.

DEATH OF ACHAN.

Engraved by H. Pisan.



Designed and Drawn by Gustave Doré.] THE ISRAELITES CROSSING THE JORDAN. *[Engraved by C. Laplante.*

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—A testimonial, in the form of a silver tea-kettle and stand, was recently presented to Mr. C. Heath Wilson, by the students, past and present, of the Glasgow School of Art, as a mark of their respect and regard for him.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Committee of "Free Libraries and Museums" intends, we understand, to open the Gallery of Fine Arts here as early as possible. It is expected that many owners of pictures in Birmingham and its neighbourhood will lend works for exhibition: others are looked for from the galleries at South Kensington.

MANCHESTER.—The Art-workmen's exhibition in this city was opened with due ceremony on the 26th of February. Appropriate addresses were delivered by Sir James K. Shuttleworth, President of the Association, and by Lord Houghton. The exhibition is held in the Royal Institution, where four rooms have been assigned to it, three on one side of the staircase and one on the other side. A local paper says,—"The corridors leading from the staircase to these are filled with the statuary belonging to the institution, and round the passage on the top of the staircase is exhibited a collection of water-colour and pencil drawings, and pictures in oil, of which we need only say that, however creditable as amateur productions, they are not the kind of thing which such exhibitions are meant to encourage, and are therefore excluded from competition for the prizes. Though there is little in the general character of the exhibition to interest the mere sight-seeing public, to those who take a pleasure in marking the progress that is being made in the decorative Arts, there is much that cannot fail to be both gratifying and attractive. The painters and grainers, of course, monopolise proportionally the lion's share of the space—one room being almost entirely set apart to them—but it is only justice to say that the examples of their skill presented to notice seem worthy of the prominence assigned them. Among the miscellaneous contents of the collection were many articles which betokened great ingenuity in contrivance and skill in execution, though in not a few instances the practical utility of the production seemed to be in inverse proportion to the amount of care and labour bestowed upon it. Taken as a whole, the exhibition is altogether most creditable to the working men by whose exertions it has been got up, and whose time and skill have been devoted to the preparation of its leading contributions."

At the last meeting of the photographic section of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, Mr. Sidebotham exhibited several specimens of Boulton and Watt's "mechanical pictures," or supposed photographs, which he had received from Mr. Smith, of the Patent Museum, and read a paper upon them. After giving a short *résumé* of the history of the pictures, Mr. Sidebotham said the following was the result of his examination:—"The surface of the paper appears first to have been prepared with gum and sugar. On that is the image impressed, consisting of finely divided particles, apparently laid on either in the form of vapour or very fine powder. Over the picture is a coating of albumen. This has been applied, most likely, by floating the picture on the surface of a vessel containing albumen. The picture has then probably been taken up carefully, and allowed to drain for a short time, and then laid flat to dry. Small air bubbles, or particles of dust on the surface, would just produce the curious appearance of projections and shadows before mentioned—the powdery surface being slightly carried away and deposited just as we see it. Those who have made experiments in photography—such as in the old carbon process, &c.—will at once fully understand my remarks. The albumen, in drying, has run into the hollows of the paper, as we see in the specimens. It is easy now to see how the images could be transferred to canvas, or painted upon on the paper. How the images were formed I cannot even venture a suggestion. The process, if re-discovered, would be still valuable, even with our other and various modes of reproduction. For effect and beauty the specimens now shown are not to be despised; and, for permanency, have had the test of nearly eighty years."

NOTTINGHAM.—The distribution of prizes to the students of the Nottingham School of Art was made in the month of February. Mr. F. Fussell, the head master, explained that the prizes which had been delivered were those of the first and second grades—the third grade of prizes being given for masters in London, who were in training. There had been two examinations during the year, in order that the regulations of the Science and Art Department might be complied with. There were also several other prizes which had been awarded by the Department to pupils in public schools, and which, in some cases, instead of being sent to the School of Art, had been sent direct to the pupils themselves. Three medals had also been awarded to the Nottingham School of Art, which had been gained by A. H. Goodall, J. H. Tweltridge, and F. Hill. The national medal had been gained by J. H. Tweltridge.

READING.—The School of Art recently established in this town has opened its doors, and is now in working order, under the direction of Mr. Macdonald, of the Oxford school.

SOUTHAMPTON.—It is proposed to have in this town a "Fine Arts and Industrial Exhibition" during the summer. A meeting, attended by many of the most influential inhabitants of Southampton and its vicinity, was held on the 1st of March, at the Hartley Institution, at which a committee was appointed, and various resolutions were passed in support of the object. —A movement is also in progress for erecting in the town a memorial of the late Lord Palmerston.

STREATHAM.—An exhibition of water-colour drawings was opened during a week in the early part of last month, in this pretty suburban locality, in the neighbourhood of which so many well-known collectors reside, who have contributed, with several artists, to the exhibition. The proceeds are to be devoted to the completion of the parochial school-rooms, in accordance with the plan of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A.

WINDSOR.—At the last anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, part of the mausoleum at Frogmore was shown to certain privileged persons. "Since the preceding anniversary some progress has been made," says the *Builder*, "with the internal decorations, but the greater part of this was concealed from the gaze of the visitors, portions of the hoarding being still up. In one of the recesses, or chapels, abutting upon the central chamber seen, the arched ceiling is decorated with a painted picture of Christ bearing the Cross, while two of the side panels are ornamented with sculptured bas-reliefs of white marble, the subjects being the 'Expulsion of Adam and Eve,' and 'Moses Lifting up the Serpent in the Wilderness.' From the ceiling depends a brass chandelier, with several lamps attached to it. The other recesses are, it is said, also in a forward state. The ceiling of the dome (which is lighted by windows) is of a blue colour powdered with gold stars, the centre being occupied by an ornament. The marble floor beneath the centre of the dome has yet to be finished, and till this is completed the granite sarcophagus cannot be used for the reception of the Prince's remains.

WORCESTER.—The works of various kinds executed by the pupils of the School of Art in this city were publicly exhibited somewhat recently. The display was larger than usual, and above the average amount of excellence, especially the models of statuettes, medallions, foliage, &c.; some paintings on porcelain also obtained deserved notice. The annual distribution of prizes took place about the same time, the Earl of Dudley presiding. His lordship addressed the audience on the advantages which the school presented to the inhabitants of a locality where manufactures of great artistic importance were carried on. Mr. Binns followed with some remarks on the financial condition of the school, observing that it was not in so flourishing a state as on former occasions.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The vacancy in the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, caused by the death of M. Heim—noticed on p. 19, *ante*—has been filled by the election of M. Gérôme, the painter of the famous picture 'Siècle d'Auguste: Naissance de Jésus Christ,' belonging to the French Government.—The sale of the extensive gallery of pictures belonging to Count d'Espagnac took place at the beginning of last month: the collection contained a number of good paintings, chiefly of the old Italian schools, but it was not equal to the Morny gallery, nor to the Pourtàles collection, both of which were somewhat recently brought to the hammer. The principal examples were—'The Virgin and Child,' Francia, £204; 'The Magdalen,' Carlo Dolci (?) £160; 'The first Interview of Jesus with St. John,' Guido, £240; 'Landscape, with Cattle feeding,' Hobbema, £628; 'The Unhappy Family,' Prudhon, £528; 'A Portrait,' Paolo Veronese, £368; 'Two Children,' Correggio,' £368; 'Portrait of Pope Paul III.,' Titian, £128; 'The Triumph of Hymen,' Greuze, £640; 'Landscape,' Claude, £400; 'A Young Girl playing with a Dog,' Velasquez, £160; 'Portrait of Cardinal Richelieu,' Philip de Champagne; 'Portrait of Oliver Cromwell, at the age of Fifty-one,' Jacob Cuyp, commonly called "Old Cuyp," £224; 'Portrait of a Young Man,' Madame Lebrun, £214; 'Landscape,' Ruysdael, £404; another 'Landscape,' by the same painter, £102; 'Christ in the Garden of Olives,' Rubens, £240; 'The Martyrdom of St. Livinius,' Rubens, £260; 'The Music Lesson,' Van der Neer, £110; 'Portrait of a Youth,' attributed to Heins, or Heinsius, £111; 'Portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritte,' Titian, £226; 'Satan sowing Tares,' Tintoretto, £120. The sale lasted three days, but no one picture, except those enumerated above, reached so high a sum as £100.—The new saloons of models and antiquities in the *Bibliothèque Impériale* are now opened to the public. The principal apartment contains the antique library, bronzes, vases, glass, terra-cottas, medals, and cameos. Among the contents are numerous remarkable specimens of very ancient date.

CARLSRUHE.—The new Hall of Industry will, it is expected, be opened next month.

FRANKFORT.—The trustees of the Staedel Institution invite designs and plans for a new picture gallery, to be erected on the ground now occupied by the Zoological Gardens.

MOSCOW.—A School of Architecture has been opened here as a branch of the School for Painting and Sculpture. The Government has endowed it with funds for the education of sixty pupils.

ROME.—A monument in St. Peter's, to the memory of Pius VIII., executed at the cost of the late Cardinal Giuseppe Albani, by the sculptor the Commendatore Tenerani, has been uncovered to the public. This monument is placed at the entry of the sacristy, the door of which is brought into the work. The architectural composition forms three stories. The kneeling Pontiff, with clasped hands, is placed over the door in the lower story; the middle one has statues of Peter and Paul, with figures of Prudence and Justice on the basement in *basso-relievo;* and in the upper compartment the sculptor has placed a sitting figure of the Saviour, looking down and extending his arms towards the earth, This work occupies the only hitherto available space for a pontifical monument remaining in the church of St. Peter's, which, for many centuries, has been the burying-place of the Roman Pontiffs.

VIENNA.—At the sale, about the commencement of the present year, of some works of Art, belonging to the late Mr. Bœhm, of the Imperial Mint, were included a few specimens of wood carvings, assumed to be by Holbein and Albert Durer, respectively. Small busts of Charles the Bold and his wife, by Holbein, sold for £1,200; seven small tablets in relief, also by Holbein, realised £200; a small head, about one inch in height, by the same, £20. A statuette in wood, described as Adam, by Albert Durer, reached £200; a wooden crucifix, £48; and three small figures, also by Durer, £88.

ART IN IRON.

When describing certain precious offerings made by a wealthy Lydian prince to the famous Delphic shrine of the Greeks, the father of profane history has recorded the fact, that with vases of solid gold there were associated other kindred works executed in wrought iron; and the narrative leads us to infer that the difficulty of working the iron, coupled with the skill of the artificer who had triumphantly overcome that difficulty, had raised the hard metal in the sixth century before the Christian era to a level with gold itself.

Since those days men have learned how to deal with iron; and, hard as it is and naturally obstinate in its fibrous strength, the metal has become tractable and docile and obedient. Works of Art, worthy to be so entitled, have now, for many years, been produced in great numbers in iron; and, unquestionably, but for one single circumstance, works in iron, both of infinitely greater importance and in vastly increased numbers, would have been systematically executed, and the demand for them would have been continually extended in a degree at least equal to the enlarged supply. It happens, however, that iron, notwithstanding its hardness, is *not self-preserving*. Hard enough, and durable enough in itself, the nature of iron is such that it yields with but too ready promptness to the influences of both air and water. Consequently, works of Art in iron must be preserved as well as produced. The metal, having obeyed the artist, has to be taught how to refuse obedience to the elements. Of course ingenuity has been almost exhausted in the efforts that have been made to preserve objects formed of iron from the subtle operations of oxydation; but, hitherto, all these efforts have at best been but partially successful. The preserving agents have either required constantly to be renewed, or they have in no slight degree obscured and defaced the artistic features of the works which they have undertaken to protect, or they have done their own work so imperfectly that corroding rust has crept along beneath them, or (as generally has been the case) they have combined all these elements of imperfection and failure; and the result has been, that decorative iron-work of all kinds and degrees, as well as works of Art of a higher aim in the same metal, have been regarded as existing in a condition of abeyance, awaiting the appearance of some really effective agency for their protection.

At length, in a very quiet and unpretending manner, the oxydation problem has been solved, and we are enabled to announce the presence of the much desired and greatly needed protector for works of Art in iron. This most welcome stranger appears in the form of a peculiar preparation of india-rubber—a substance long connected with the Arts, but which now, instead of obliterating all traces of the presence of a very soft metal, promises to rescue a very hard one from the consuming ravages of its deadly enemies. Dr. Henry Edward Francis de Briou, a Parisian physician, who for many years has resided in England, and who recently has removed from Oxford to London, has discovered and patented a process for preparing from india-rubber what we may designate an *enamel-paint*, which is absolutely proof against the action of the atmosphere, as well as against the power of all liquids (including the most potent acids) to affect iron. This enamel-paint possesses all the remarkable qualities of india-rubber, without combining with them any other substance or element that is calculated in the slightest degree to qualify or counteract their thoroughly efficient operation. The preparation is applied cold and in a liquid state, and in consistency and general appearance it resembles such common oil-paint as is ordinarily used for painting iron-work. It may be applied with ease; but of course it is necessary that the process of application should be conducted with such care, as will ensure a complete covering of the surfaces to be protected. This covering may be so thin, that its presence cannot be detected, while it leaves the protected surfaces in all their original sharply defined freshness. It hardens also at once, and immediately forms a smooth and lustrous enamel-like covering, air-proof, damp-proof, water-proof, and acid-proof. Thus protected, the iron is safe. Rust cannot accumulate upon the surface of this enamel-paint, nor corrode beneath it. And, all the time that it thus does such precious service as a protector, the enamel-paint rather adds to the general effectiveness of works in iron than detracts from it.

It is not for us to speculate upon the uses to which this remarkable preparation may be applied for protecting works in iron, which do not aim at any association with Art. We understand, indeed, that Dr. De Briou has placed in the hands of the builders of iron ships and the constructors of iron bridges and girders and other engineering works, an ally, the value of which it is scarcely possible adequately to appreciate. We rejoice to know that iron, when applied to such important purposes as these, may be placed under such protection as that of the enamel-paint; but we necessarily feel a more lively interest in that application of Dr. De Brion's happy discovery which is more immediately connected with our own province. In connection with Art, this enamel-paint may reasonably be expected to prove no less valuable, than in its influence upon a grand division of human industry. Iron, a comparatively cheap material, may now be employed on the very largest scale where heretofore it has been found necessary to use bronze, a comparatively costly material. And, when producers have discovered that their works may be preserved from external injuries by an agent, which, in its own action, is, to say the least of it, absolutely free from all that could be regarded as objectionable even by the most fastidious artists, they will readily direct their thoughts to such applications of iron as will constitute a new era in Art in iron—a new era, indeed, in one sense of the expression, in Art itself.

THE CITY OF LONDON WORKING CLASSES INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

This Exhibition is a delusion. It professes to be a collection of productions by working men; it is nothing of the kind. No doubt there are such to be found at the Guildhall, sufficient it may be to have justified the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of London and Middlesex in opening it "in state;" but the greater portion of the contents are the contributions of manufacturers and dealers, who have here sought and found a new means of publicity under "distinguished patronage."

It will probably answer the purpose of its projectors; in all likelihood it will "pay," for the Committee of Management are under no rent; but an Exhibition of the "City of London Working Classes" it is not. Either space has not been allotted to them, or they are not in sufficient number to make an Exhibition.

We look from right to left, and from left to right, and see the contributions of well-known firms, and we very naturally ask what business have they there? If, indeed, they had placed upon their articles the names of the artisans who actually produced them, or had given any other indication that the merit of the works appertained to the "working classes" they employed, good reason would be shown for their exhibition; but that has not been done in any case, we believe, and although great credit belongs to the bookbinders, the engravers (on wood and steel), the artificial florists, the upholsterers, the frame makers, the house decorators, the glass cutters, the metal founders, the jewellers, the boot and shoe makers, the milliners, the surgical instrument makers, the sewing-machine makers, the musical instrument makers, and so forth, we imagine that the majority of the exhibitors would be mortally offended if we described them as "working men." For examples, the London Stereoscopic Company, who exhibit photographs; Mr. Keith, who shows a case of fine church plate; Messrs. Hitchcock, who display a gorgeous assemblage of "French dresses"—precisely such as any customer may see at their popular establishment in St. Paul's Churchyard; Mr. Land, whose "British stamped gold paper hangings" are of singular merit; Messrs. Walters, whose "silk furniture" competes with the produce of the looms of Lyons—we might greatly extend the list—the result would be merely to show that the title "Industrial Exhibition of the Working Classes" is a misnomer, and that either the Committee has been unable to fill the Guildhall with the productions they needed and expected, or that they have been deluded into encouraging a state ceremony for the benefit of dealers, the working men to receive little benefit and no honour from the procedure.* The whole affair is not creditable to the parties who have "got it up."

The evil of this mal-administration is not limited to the actual exhibition under comment; it will act as a discouragement to others. The public will be led to apprehend, when asked to aid "working men," that they are really required to assist manufacturers, and they will naturally draw back from applications that may be, and probably are, delusions.

Add to this the warnings given by the fate of guarantors, and we can arrive at no other conclusion than that an amount of caution approaching suspicion is, to say the least, justifiable.

PICTURE SALES.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., sold at their rooms in King Street, St. James's, on the 2nd and 3rd of March, a large and valuable collection of water-colour drawings, of which the more important examples were:—'View in Dresden,' S. Prout, £50 (Worrell); 'Rouen Cathedral,' S. Prout, £50 (Ensom); 'Purple and White Grapes,' W. Hunt, £71 (Col); 'Ben Lomond and Loch Lomond,' Copley Fielding, 160 gs. (Agnew); 'Morning, View in North Wales,' G. Barrett, £89 (Agnew); 'Evening, a Landscape with Ruins,' G. Barrett, 100 gs. (Vokins); 'Interior of the Church of St. Gomer, Lierre,' S. Read, £78 (Musgrave); 'Pumpkin, Cut Melon, Plums,' &c., W. Hunt, £62 (Musgrave); 'Lane Scene, near Dorking,' Birket Foster, 100 gs. (R. Smith); 'The Rainbow,' E. Duncan, 180 gs. (Vokins); 'Oxen in a Landscape,' Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, 100 gs. (Browning); 'Antwerp Cathedral,' L. Haghe, £50 (Vokins); 'On the River Wye,' Birket Foster, £79 (McLean); 'Brading, Isle of Wight,' E. Duncan, £85 (Page); 'Street Scene in Cairo,' F. Goodall, R.A., £387 (Adams); 'On the Scheldt,' S. Prout, £316 (Adams); 'Landscape, with Cows,' Birket Foster, £79 (Gurney); 'Shelling Peas,' Birket Foster, £72 (Ensom); 'Entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,' Carl Werner, £62 (Adams); 'Scene in the Fir Woods,' Birket Foster, £159 (Herbert); 'Grapes and Pomegranates,' W. Hunt, £115 (Vokins); 'Porch of a Cathedral,' S. Prout, 200 gs. (Worrell); 'Shrimp Boats,' E. Duncan, £278 (Agnew); 'The Trosachs,' Copley Fielding, £79 (Ensom); 'Loitering,' F. W. Topham, 260 gs. (Norman); 'Homewards,' F. W. Topham, 260 gs. (Norman); 'St. Michael's Mount,' J. M. W. Turner, one of the "England and Wales" series of drawings, £299 (Tooth); 'Cader Idris,' Copley Fielding, £203 (Agnew); 'Cromwell in Battle,' J. Gilbert, £324 (Addington); 'The Last Men from the Wreck,' E. Duncan, 500 gs. (Vokins): so far as our recollection serves, this is the largest sum ever paid for a water-colour drawing, except in the case of some by Turner; 'Interior,' L. Haghe, £62 (Browning); 'Venice,' J. Holland, £109 (Col); 'View off Gillingham,' E. Duncan, £304; 'Oxen at Pasture,' Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, £59 (Casella); 'The Bass Rock,' E. Duncan, £69 (McLean); 'The Gamekeeper,' W. Hunt, £77 (R. Smith); 'A View in Wales,' Copley Fielding, £267 (Norman).

* We find our strictures forestalled by one of the Common Council, who, at a meeting of the body, asked for how long the exhibition was to absorb Guildhall? "Had it been," he said, "an exhibition in reality of the productions of working men, as it professed to be, he should not have had a word to say. It was not, however, an exhibition of the skilled productions of working men, but of the wares of large and influential tradesmen." The Lord Mayor in reply merely said, "he had had nothing to do with the management of the exhibition, or the arrangements relating to it."

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—It is very doubtful if Parliament will be willing to grant a site in Burlington Gardens, on terms which the Academy proposes in return. These terms, we understand, infer no augmentation of the "forty." The number of Associates is to be increased, by three or by thirty, as may chance; that is to say, the forty will elect an Associate when an artist, by his exhibited works, shall give evidence of his right to such election; and of the Associates twenty-five (whether by seniority or not is not stated) shall have votes in all subsequent promotions. This, if we are rightly informed, is all the Royal Academy proposes to do in the way of reform. It is so little as scarcely to be considered anything; and if the existing body will do no more, we may safely assume that they prefer trusting to their own resources, which are very large, asking nothing from, and giving nothing to, the country. All Art-lovers, all who uphold the Royal Academy, and all who desire the progress of British Art, will lament such resolve as a grievous evil—to them and to Art.

PARLIAMENT has resolved to erect, in Westminster Abbey, a monument to Lord Palmerston—a resolution in the propriety of which all parties were agreed. Mr. Beresford-Hope took occasion to hint that the country will expect something better than the miserable "things" to which it has been accustomed—such as are blots not only in the Abbey, but in our public thoroughfares, subjecting us to the sneers and scorn of all foreigners who visit the British metropolis. "The present," argued Mr. Hope, "was the time to show that a monument to a great man in Westminster Abbey might be a memorial of the man, and yet not an eyesore or a disfigurement to the fine building in which it is placed. Now was the time for the Government to show that the sculptor need not put in allegories, clouds, and cupids, or any of the other things of which that magnificent building was now full."

CENTRAL HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.—Her Majesty the Queen will, it is understood, in the course of the summer, lay the foundation stone of a building under this name at Kensington Gardens, on a site between the Albert memorial and the conservatory in the Horticultural Gardens. It will no doubt be an ornament to the western suburb of the metropolis, and a comfort and convenience to an aristocratic and populous neighbourhood. But a profitable speculation it is not, we presume, expected to be during the remainder of the century. It cannot be described as a "Central" Hall, for it will be at least four miles from the heart of London. By the aid of about 150 vice-patrons, following the illustrious name of one who is a "tower of strength," a large sum, amounting already to £54,700, has been subscribed; but is raised by the sale of "Boxes" and "Stalls," which of course will be the property of the subscribers, and no sources of future revenue. Boxes on the great tier are "on sale" at £1,000 each, those on the second tier at £500 each; stalls at £100 each; while "sittings in the amphitheatre" are, it would seem, put up for bidding—the circular to be filled up by applicants having blank spaces to be filled in. There is a Provisional Committee of twelve noblemen and gentlemen, six of whom are associated with "South Kensington." We do not mean to say they are therefore entitled to less respect; but of a surety, the connection is not an element of popularity. The site is free of rent, a grant from the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, and it is possible that the sum of £200,000 required for the structure will in process of time be raised; for any buyer of any part of it will, as the circular states, have his "name included in the published list of subscribers," mixed up with the names of "grandees," in rank, science, letters, and Art.* The building when completed will be used for meetings of societies, *conversazioni*, musical performances, and "other objects of Artistic and Scientific interest;" but what societies able to meet in London will go a mile west of Hyde Park Corner, it would be hard to say; assuredly not the Royal, the Antiquarian, the Geographical, and the rest, who have all the advantage they need in Piccadilly or the Strand. It would be quite as hazardous to guess what public exhibitions can take place in the New Hall with a chance of being seen by the public; and certainly no professor of music desiring to give a concert with a view to profit will prefer the "Central Hall" to that of St. James's. We trust, therefore, the 150 noblemen and gentlemen who have purchased boxes and stalls, and those who follow their example, are influenced only by pure patriotism, for the money will be spent with but slight probability of a "return." It is at all events satisfactory to know that the "Charter" will be granted on the principle of "limited liability."

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.—Sir John Pakington has directed the attention of the House of Commons to this matter, expressing a hope that the conduct of all concerned in it will not be taken as a precedent in reference to the intended monument to Lord Palmerston; and the *Pall Mall Gazette* has ably dealt with the subject, characterising it as a disreputable job from beginning to end. We have said as much in the *Art-Journal* three or four times, since the senseless award was made that placed the work in hands now confessedly incompetent. The following passage from the *Pall Mall Gazette* points, however, to an evil of far greater moment than the "mess" of the Wellington monument, and shows very strongly the necessity that exists for an Art-minister in England. "Between 1850 and 1866 not less than seven gentlemen have in turn presided over the Board of Works. Unfortunately few, if any, of the gentlemen who have filled this important post have known anything of Art. Good business-men some of them may have been, but they were quite deficient, as a rule, in taste and knowledge of æsthetic matters."

THE NORTH-EAST LONDON EXHIBITION of Arts and Manufactures, which took place in August last, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and was largely reviewed in our columns, has been a disastrous commercial failure; so much so, indeed, that the guarantors (of £2,000) have been called upon for the *whole* of the amount guaranteed, to their intense mortification. The exhibition seems to have been conducted on a plan of reckless extravagance. It continued but for six weeks, yet the expense for rent and gas exceeded £1,000, while the charge for police (generously remitted by Sir George Grey) amounted to £240. No wonder, therefore, the receipts fell so far short of the expenditure. For these errors committed there can be little doubt the secretary must be held mainly responsible, while the president, Assistant-Judge Bodkin, cannot be released from blame. The evil is great; for it will go a long way to prevent other experiments of the kind. We have reason to believe the committee are not subject to the charge of neglecting their duties. The financial arrangements, if we are rightly informed, did not come under their control: they had but to make the exhibition, which they did in a very satisfactory manner. All of them were exhibitors, and all of them guarantors. The result cannot fail to be such as to supply a warning against guarantees under similar circumstances hereafter.

* At present there are but two artists in the list of 150; there is no man of letters, nor is there any professor of music.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.—During one of the recent discussions in the House of Lords on the bill for "Facilitating the Public Exhibition of Works of Art in certain Exhibitions," an act having special reference to the forthcoming International Exhibition in Paris, remarks were made by two noble lords that show how little trouble legislators frequently take to acquaint themselves with facts on which they assume to enlighten the "House" and the public. The Duke of Marlborough is reported to have said, that he "doubted whether any foreign Government ever had sent its pictures here;" and the Earl of Malmesbury "did not recollect any instance of a foreign museum lending works of Art to this country." Even Lord Stanley of Alderley, who introduced the bill, seemed to be only half-informed on the subject; he knew that France and Belgium had sent us loans, and he "believed" other Governments had also contributed. Now if these noble lords had but glanced over the catalogue of our International Exhibition of 1862, they would have seen that there is scarcely a country in Europe possessing a School of Art, which did not strip the walls of its *museums, academies, public galleries, and institutions*, to enrich the Fine Art Department of that Exhibition. We have gone carefully through the catalogue, and find that no fewer than 181 works of Art were thus contributed, and by the following countries:—

	Pictures.	Sculptures.
France	43	18
Germany	3	1
Austria	5	1
Sweden	4	—
Norway	11	1
Denmark	14	5
Russia	8	—
Belgium	20	6
Spain	14	—
Switzerland	1	—
Italy	22	4
Total Pictures..	145	36
do. Sculptures	36	
	181	

This list does not of course include loans out of the *private collections* of sovereigns and reigning princes, which come under the title of "Royal Galleries;" nor does it include architectural drawings and models, of which the Academies of Florence and Naples lent us a considerable number.

THE CERAMIC AND CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—The arrangements for the season—1866—are now complete, and nine new works are issued, any one of which will be supplied to a subscriber of one guinea. We are sure that any person who examines these very beautiful examples of Ceramic Art, will agree with us in considering them ample compensation, even if no other advantage were added to the acquisition. Each subscriber is, however,—as in the case of the Art-Union of London,—

entitled to the "chance" of a valuable prize; these prizes, we believe, amounting to about ten to every hundred. The Society's offices are at the Polytechnic, in Regent Street; and there the whole of the objects may be examined. It is hardly requisite to state that the Society consists of a number of gentlemen whose sole object is the public benefit. Their names—and at the head of them is that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—will be a sufficient guarantee for good faith, as well as for knowledge of the best means to advance public taste.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—All works intended for the ensuing exhibition must be sent in to the Academy on the 9th and 10th of this month.

MR. GEORGE SCHARF commences his course of lectures on English Portraits, at the Royal Institution, on the 14th of the present month: they will be continued on each succeeding Saturday.

MR. WOOLNER has received a commission to execute a bust of the late Captain Fowke for the South Kensington Museum.

FOLEY'S STATUE OF LORD HERBERT.—It is to be regretted that the contemplated removal of the War Office from Pall Mall to the new Government buildings, Whitehall, involves the probability of this statue obtaining a less public site than that for which it was originally intended: for, in the present condition of our out-door statues, the influence of this fine work was most desirable.

MESSRS. DAY AND SON are about to reproduce in chromolithography a very clever water-colour drawing by Mr. Walter W. May, who, as an officer of the Royal Navy, formed one of the expedition which, between the years 1850-54, visited the Arctic regions in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions. The picture represents one of the deserted ships frozen up in the pack of ice, huge masses of which lie piled upon each other as far as the eye reaches. The unfortunate vessel has lost her foremast in the storms she has encountered during the autumn and winter months, and now lies, almost broadside to the spectator, with the English Jack still hanging at the mast-head. The only signs of life are two polar bears, which have been attracted to the spot in the hope of finding food. The subject is skilfully treated, with much poetical feeling and apparent truth; this last quality can only be estimated by those who have visited the polar regions. The title of the picture is 'Deserted.'

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—Messrs. J. R. Lamont and E. K. Johnson have been elected Associate members of this society. A resolution has been passed to increase the number of Associates from twenty-six to thirty, in order to meet, in a measure, the numerous applications for admittance.

MR. A. H. LAYARD, M.P., has been placed on the list of trustees of the National Gallery.

THE PRINCE CONSORT NATIONAL MEMORIAL.—At the last general meeting of the Committee for managing the fund raised by the citizens of London and others towards the above object, a report from the Sub-Committee was read, from which it appeared that contributions to the amount of £56,765 13*s.* 3*d.* had been received towards the fund, of which £2,410 had been paid in since the last meeting; that various sums had from time to time been placed out at interest, and that a further sum of £3,200 had been received as interest, thus making a total of upwards of £59,000; that of this sum £54,242 had been transferred to the trustees nominated by her Majesty for carrying out the national memorial, and that £673 had been paid on the trustees' account for expenses connected with the designs, of which it will be remembered six were approved and submitted for the selection of the Queen and the Royal family. A formal resolution was unanimously passed by the meeting to transfer a further sum of £2,500 for the purposes of the proposed memorial.

MR. MACLISE'S great picture 'The Death of Nelson,' in the Houses of Parliament, is now open to the public each Saturday afternoon.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—A group of sculpture, representing Leda and the Swan, attributed by some to Michael Angelo, and brought to this country from Florence by Mr. Millais, R.A., has been deposited—as a loan, we presume—in the North Court of the Kensington Museum.—The department of Science and Art has commissioned Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co., and Mr. Poynter to decorate one room respectively in the building as a specimen of their work as ornamental decorators.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The last annual report, the fifty-first of this society, read at the meeting of subscribers held on the 28th of February, is most satisfactory, as it shows the steadily progressive character of the position and operations of the institution. Its net income during the past year amounted to £2,287 10*s.*, of which about one-half was collected at the annual dinner in the month of May. A donation of £100 from the Marquis of Westminster is reported, and also a legacy of £270 from the estate of the late Miss Woodburn. The number of applicants receiving relief in 1865 was eighty-two, among whom the sum of £1,443 was distributed, in amounts varying with the necessities of the case; many of these were of a very distressing nature. The working expenses of the institution for the year are set down in the report at £142 19*s.*, a comparatively insignificant sum considering the good it accomplishes. The next anniversary dinner takes place on the 12th of May, and as this social gathering is found to contribute so effectually to the resources of the charity, we trust there will be a large attendance of those who are both able and willing to support this well-managed society.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE-GALLERY.—The picture, by M. De Bruycker, entitled 'A Mother's Happiness,' to which reference was made last month in the notice of this artist and his works, has been purchased by the Committee of the British Art Union, for its principal prize. The picture, as we stated, was hung in the gallery of the Crystal Palace.—We believe that very shortly a fine collection of paintings and drawings will be lent to the gallery; their owner, a well-known amateur, following the liberal example set by Mr. D. Price, Mr. H. Bicknell, Mr. W. Leaf, Mr. Quilter, and others, will place his acquisitions at the disposal of the managers.

JAPANESE ARMOUR.—The Queen has presented to the museum at South Kensington a *cap-à-pie* suit of Japanese armour, beautiful in manufacture and curious in the relation it bears to the modern Indian and mediæval European equipments. The corslet is composed of cloth sewn over a thin framework of iron, and ingeniously ornamented with dragons with vegetable tails, and other monstrosities. This body armour, as to the manner of its fabric, reminds us of the *gambeson* used for some centuries in the equipment of our own troops: and, generally, the fittings are of the most cumbersome kind, realising the observation of, we believe, James I., as to armour being an admirable invention, because it not only defended the wearer from injury, but prevented him from hurting others. The headpiece, with its wide and heavy neck-guard, resembles, in some degree, certain of the *casques* in use during the seventeenth century; but there is used with this a grotesque mask, with a large grey moustache, intended, it would seem, to strike terror into an enemy. It is proposed, we believe, to mount these curious specimens on models of man and horse, the only means of showing the equipments to advantage.

THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—This old and always honoured establishment was placed in danger of extinction during the month past. It appears that by an Act of the 25th George II., such places are precluded from concerts or other entertainments before 5 o'clock P.M. Mr. Robert Cocks, its generous proprietor, had lent the rooms for a charity, and of course gratuitously: it is by no means rare for that liberal gentleman to do so. He was "informed upon;" and the Middlesex magistrates were about to adjudicate, when happily the matter was settled by an opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor-General, that the Lord Chamberlain had the power to grant such licenses as that demanded for the Hanover Square Rooms. It is needless to add that the difficulty and danger have been averted, and that concerts will continue to be given there without peril of infringing law.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.—A general report of the contents of this exhibition, which opens at South Kensington early in the present month, has been made public. We shall, of course, fully describe the exhibition.

THE CHAPTER HOUSE.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has consented to restore the Chapter House, Westminster, at the public cost. At no distant period, therefore, it will be in many ways useful. Hitherto it has been useless.

STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS ON GLASS.—Messrs. Negretti and Zambra have successfully competed with the famous French producers, hitherto unrivalled, of photographs on glass, for the stereoscope. These works are not mere experiments; they issue some hundreds of them, all of great merit, and some of unsurpassed excellence. The best are those taken in Italy, comprising views of all the famous places—the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Rome, Venice, and Florence, and the Lake of Como. Of Java and Japan many interesting scenes have been taken; so also of glorious objects in the Holy Land, while Switzerland is largely represented. These "hundreds" have not been taken without immense cost. They do honour to the renowned establishment from which they are issued.

A PAINTED WINDOW has been placed in Trinity Church, Irvine, N.B., the gift of David M'Cowan, Esq., of Glasgow. It was executed in the Royal establishment at Munich, from the designs of the eminent artist, George Fortner. It is described at length in the Glasgow papers as "a superb work, which presents new ideas of the legitimate powers of glass painting, lifting it at once from the position in which we have been accustomed to see it, into the highest domains of poetry and painting."

THE LATE WILLIAM HARVEY.—Several gentlemen have associated with a view to collect a fund for a monument, in the cemetery at Richmond, to the memory of this

admirable artist and good man. We earnestly hope they will succeed in raising the required sum. Those who desire to contribute may address Mr. Edward Dalziel, High Street, Camden Town.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has accepted the presidency of "the Archæological Congress," to be held in London in July. It cannot fail to be a very brilliant affair. "The lions" of London are many, and they will be seen under very auspicious circumstances.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Mr. M. Digby Wyatt has received the award of the ROYAL GOLD MEDAL this year. There is no man in the profession who, by the value and diversified character of his labours, is better entitled to the honour—nor one more universally esteemed. At the same meeting of members, on the 5th of March, the institute medals and five guineas, offered for the best illustrations of an ancient building, were awarded to Mr. C. Henman, jun., and a medal under the same heading was given to Mr. A. Baker.

ART UNION OF LONDON.—The Council of this association has resolved on the production of medals in commemoration of the two sculptors, Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., and John Gibson, R.A. The first will be entrusted to Mr. Leonard Wyon, and the second to Mr. Joseph Wyon. Mr. George Adams is at present engaged on a medal of the late W. Dyce, R.A., for this society.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The following six architects have been nominated to submit designs in competition, as well for the enlargement and re-arrangement of the present National Gallery as for an entirely new building:—Messrs. Brodrick, Banks, and Barry, Pennethorne, Scott, Street, and M. D. Wyatt. The designs are to be submitted in October next. It is generally understood that one, if not more, of these gentlemen have refused to enter the lists.

MR. S. S. KIRKUP, an English artist resident in Florence, has had the title of "Baron" conferred upon him by the King of Italy. The honour, however well-merited, is of very questionable value.

MR. WILLIAM SMITH, one of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery (a gentlemen universally esteemed and respected) has presented to the Royal Academy a valuable and useful collection of books concerning Art. The library of the Academy much needed such works. There is nothing in which its members have manifested so niggardly a spirit as in its utter neglect of the means for teaching Art by the "wisdom of their ancestors." We believe a thousand pounds have not been expended during the last ten years in augmenting the library—perhaps not half that sum.

MR. GEORGE HARVEY has exhibited, at his gallery, Portland Road, two works of very great merit and value. They represent the "Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light," as seen by him early in the month of October, 1850, at twilight, while voyaging between Ireland and America. Mr. Harvey is an artist of much ability; it is therefore fortunate that one who was eminently gifted with the power to picture these wonderful and beautiful effects in nature should have had the happy "chance" to do so. We cannot find space to describe them, but they will amply repay a visit, the interest of which is enhanced by the details the painter gives in explanation.

PROFESSOR DONALDSON has been elected Honorary Member of the Amsterdam Royal Academy of Fine Arts.

REVIEWS.

PHILOSOPHY OF ART. By H. TAINE, Professor of Æsthetics and of the History of Art in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. Translated from the French, and revised by the Author. Published by H. BAILLIERE, London.

A few words will suffice to explain the nature of this book, the contents of which are a number of short lectures delivered by M. Taine, in the winter of 1864, to the students in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. In them the learned Professor endeavours to propound a system of Æsthetics, consisting of an application of the experimental method to Art, in the same manner as it is applied to the Sciences. In a previous work, *Histoire de la Littérature Anglais*, the author adopts a similar theory, and applies it to literature. Art he would explain by social influences and natural causes; the experience of humanity, climate, and other conditions of a like character furnishing the facts on which his theory is based; while the artistic development of any age or people is made intelligible through a series of demonstrations terminating in a few practical precise laws constituting what the title of the book declares it to be the "Philosophy of Art."

The advantage such a system is assumed to possess is, that it tends to emancipate the student of Art, as well as the amateur, from metaphysical and sentimental theories growing out of personal sympathies or traditional fancies; he is also not misled by an exclusive appreciation of particular schools, masters, and epochs. And, as it dictates no standard of judgment, so it promotes a spirit of charity, a kind of cosmopolitan regard, for works of every class and school. This will, in all probability, be considered to evince more liberality of feeling than soundness of judgment or arguing for truth, if there is really any truth in Art.

Dividing his subject into two distinct parts, the "Nature of the Work of Art," and the "Production of the Work of Art," M. Taine enforces his propositions with regard to the former by a series of chapters, in which he treats of principles and method; imitation; essential character; music and architecture; and the value of Art in human life. In the second division the chief topics discussed are what the author designates as the "*milieu*," by which we are supposed to understand temper, or temperature, in its moral influences both over nations and individuals,—the four great epochs of Art, the Greek, Mediæval, Classic, and Modern; concluding with a summary of the whole matter, and a glance at the present condition of Art. A passage from the latter chapter may serve as a clue to the arguments brought forward throughout the whole series of lectures.

"You have observed," he says, "that each situation produces a certain intellectual condition, followed by a corresponding class of works of Art. This is why every new situation must produce a new state of minds, and consequently a new class of works, and therefore why the *milieu* of the present day must produce its works as the *milieux* that have gone before it. This is not a simple supposition based on the eagerness of expectation; it is the result of a law resting on the authority of experience, and on the testimony of history. When a law is once established, it is good for all time; the *liaisons* of things in the present accompany *liaisons* of things in the past and in the future. Accordingly, it need not be said in these days that Art is exhausted. It is true that certain Schools no longer exist, and can no longer be revived; that certain arts languish, and that the future upon which we are entering does not promise to furnish the aliment that these require. But Art itself, the faculty of perceiving and expressing the dominant character of objects, is as enduring as the civilisation of which it is the best and earliest fruit. What its forms will be, and which of the five great arts"—painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and the drama are, it may be presumed, the five arts implied—"will provide the expression of future sentiment we are not called upon to decide; we have the right to affirm that new forms will arise, and an appropriate mould be found in which to cast them. We have only to open our eyes to see a change going on in the condition of men, and consequently in their minds, so profound, so universal, and so rapid, that no other century has witnessed the like of it."

The sum and substance of M. Taine's reasoning are to be found in the passage he quotes from Goethe as his final paragraph:—"Fill your mind and heart, however large, with the ideas and sentiments of your age, and the work will follow." But the character of the work must necessarily depend on the character of the age, and if this be not of a high and ennobling order, the work will be in conformity with it. The history of Art proves this; it has taken its tone from the spirit and manners of the age, and has become debased not only in style, but in sentiment, corresponding to the condition of the society amid which it found its birth and development. Painting and sculpture, poetry and music, are, as a rule, the expressions of national taste and feeling, which find an echo in every kind of imaginative production that genius creates.

If the conclusions at which M. Taine arrives do not perfectly satisfy, the manner in which he works them out has a claim to originality, and cannot fail to interest the reader from the wide scope his arguments embrace, and the pleasant method he takes in enforcing them—as remote as possible from dryness and prolixity.

FAIRY REALM. A Collection of the Favourite Old Tales. Illustrated by the Pencil of GUSTAVE DORÉ. Told in Verse by TOM HOOD. Published by WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER, London.

Doré comes out here in all his wealth of imagination, comic and scenic. In those well-remembered tales of our childhood, "The Sleeping Beauty," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," and "Hop o' my Thumb," there is not only an ample but a congenial field for the exercise of his prolific and diversified pencil, and he has made good use of his opportunity. Rich in figure-composition and in pictorial accessories of every kind, are two scenes in the "Sleeping Beauty;" one an external view of the princess's palace, to which huntsmen, horses, and hounds have returned only to be transformed into motionless bodies in every conceivable attitude; the other is the banquet-hall, where guests and servitors are in the same inanimate condition. Capital is Red Riding Hood's old grandame in bed, eyeing the wolf, which has climbed on a chair by her bedside.

"Before she had time to exclaim 'Oh, my gracious!'
She was bolted entire by the monster voracious."

Ludicrously humorous is the noble group watching the process of trying on the slipper:—

"But when the lords put
The shoe on her foot,
Without any ado
It slipt into the shoe."

Hop o' my Thumb's father and mother seated by the fire in their rude cottage, is a very clever composition, with a Rembrandtish effect of light and shade; and there are two or three landscape scenes of great power and beauty illustrating this story. There is not one, however, in the whole of the book that does not show favourably the artist's original inventive faculty.

And who could better "write up" to these designs—for the illustrations were first published in France about five or six years ago, and the text which now accompanies them is adapted to the cuts—than Tom Hood? His name is suggestive of humour, and in a manner the most whimsical, as well as poetical, has he told our old favourite stories in verse. There are some passages in the poems of great beauty, which children of large growth will read with pleasure. "Fairy Realm" is a book to amuse all ages and degrees.

GARDNER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC SKETCH-BOOK OF THE WAR. 2 vols. Published by PHILP AND SOLOMONS, Washington.

This is an appalling work, yet one that cannot fail to be examined with the deepest interest,

teaching a lesson that will, we trust, have influence for all time in the country and to the people who, during four terrible years, endured miseries and witnessed horrors that made even those shudder who lived in peace thousands of miles away.

The volumes consist of one hundred photographs of places that have become historics. We read of them day after day during "the war." The Rappahannock, the Chickahominy, and other rivers of the South, became as familiar to our ears as the Tweed and the Thames; and Gettysburg, Antietam, Petersburg, and Richmond, the bloody battle-fields of brothers, are imperishable names,—whether they suggest ideas of glory or of grief,—whether they be uttered by the conqueror or the conquered.

It is a terrible monument this over the graves of millions who died useless deaths; but it will have mighty value if it so exhibit the horrors of war as to be the advocate of peace. One sickens over some of the frightful details represented by a pencil that cannot err—by an artist to whom there was no possibility of exaggeration. Fancy has done nothing here; the frightful pictures are but a collection of awful truths.

The publisher tells us the hundred are selected from three thousand photographs. Some of them show the dead as they fell, singly or in masses; others represent the scenes of the hardest fights; others the peaceful dales, and the dales after they had been "watered with blood;" others the tranquil homes, and the homes after the cannon or fire had destroyed them; in short, nearly all the memorable places of which we heard so much and so often during the most calamitous contest that ever cursed humanity, will be found accurately pictured in these volumes of intense, absorbing, yet appalling interest.

We can readily understand that in America hundreds of thousands will eagerly desire to possess the work; of both sides, indeed, for it is rarely that any place pictured is not associated with the heroism of both; and it is but just to say that the compiler has not manifested the prejudice of a partisan.

Records of 1865. By Edward West. Published by E. West. London.

This little shilling volume is merely a collection of slight poetical trifles commemorative of remarkable events that have occurred during the past year. They are all gracefully written, while some are compositions of considerable power. Year after year for many years past the author has issued similar books. It was a good idea, and has been well sustained. The writer evidently possesses much poetical tact, is a close reader, and thinks with a view to give pleasure and do good.

The Queen's Messenger; or, Travels on the Highways and Bye-ways of Europe. By Major Herbert Byng Hall. Published by Maxwell & Co., London.

"The Queen's Messenger!" There is something in that term which appears to possess grave significance; it is associated in the mind, and rightly too, with the history of nations and the government of peoples; it seems in some way or other to be identified with questions of peace and war, with protocols and manifestoes, decrees and orders in council, royal alliances, and whatever else may be the mainsprings of action which move the world. These state messengers are the silent heralds oftentimes of weal or woe, and as they pursue their allotted courses from court to court, their progress is followed by events which not unfrequently startle a country "from its propriety," and set in motion the thoughts and the tongues of all who dwell therein. Important, however, as may be the business which urges them on their journey, and swiftly as they are hurried on to their destination, the Queen's messenger, attached to the foreign office, if he be a man of observation and intelligence—and it is only right to assume, from the class of gentlemen usually selected to fill the post, that the exceptions to this standard must be very few—has abundant opportunity and time for seeing and noting down much that will interest others. His journeys, from their nature, are often full of adventures, and while he waits, in the town or city to which he was bound, for "return" despatches, he finds leisure to examine what the place has to show; his position also enables him to make the acquaintance of those who may be worth knowing.

Major Byng Hall is unquestionably not a royal messenger who always travels with his eyes shut; and though he confesses to an occasional nap on the road—what else can be expected, when a man is compelled to journey for several successive days and nights?—they are wide enough open when the occasion requires; and if his pencil is not at work in steamboat and railway-carriage, he takes notes in his mind, and records them full pleasantly at his leisure. Consequently the "Queen's Messenger" is a capital book; light, agreeable, and yet instructive, manly in tone and liberal in sentiment, it has our hearty recommendation. And, by the way, we would suggest to some of our countrymen who may be meditating continental travel, to study the author's recipe for making a journey really pleasant.

Diamond Dust. By Eliza Cook. Published by F. Pitman, London.

As a writer of many agreeable lyrics, Eliza Cook has made her name familiar to the public, and it is quite possible that her collection of terse and generally truthful fragments of literature, published under the title of "Diamond Dust," will find as favourable reception as her preceding works have done. Most of these grains, more or less sparkling, have been gathered from various mines,—none of which, however, are named,—and some, we are told, are "perfectly original;" so the reader who is ignorant of their sources may give to the lady the credit of the best. They are thrown together without any arrangement or classification; particles taken up at random, as it were, yet in the aggregate forming a gem of sterling worth for the wisdom it inculcates.

Up the Elbe, and On to Norway. By Mr. Nihil. Published by Cassell & Co., London.

Whatever Mr. Nihil may be in the discharge of his duties as "Government clerk," and as "leader writer to —— and ——," both of which offices are held by him, as he tells us, he must be a very agreeable companion when out for a holiday, that is to say, if he talks as he writes; for a good talker is not always, indeed seldom is, a good writer; and the latter is often but dry and dull company on the highway of land or water, or at the table. Mr. Nihil's yachting trip is light and amusing reading, buoyant and lively as the little vessel which carried him across the German seas. Without any pretensions to be a tourist's guide-book to the places visited, there is sufficient information to be of use to future travellers, mingled with the personal experiences and adventures of the writer and the rest of the crew, not omitting the skipper of the *Nameless*.

The Lamb of God. A Sacred Poem in Twelve Books. By Samuel Hirst. Published by Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., London.

Mr. Hirst announces as his motives for publishing a religious poem of some four thousand lines, "zeal towards God, and benevolence towards men." Both objects are highly commendable; but it may well be questioned whether he could not show his desire for their attainment by some means more likely to accomplish them than this. We once heard a literary friend offer to lay a wager that not one living man in ten thousand had ever read, completely through, Milton's "Paradise Lost;" and in all probability he would have won his bet, had it been taken, and if the investigation could have been made. What chance then has Mr. Hirst of finding readers of what is, after all, but a feeble attempt to imitate Milton's "Paradise Regained," a vastly inferior production to the other? He has evidently mistaken his qualifications no less than he has the prevailing taste of the age, whether or no this may be considered good or bad; he is not a poet; there is not a description nor a line which breathes the slightest poetical feeling or idea except where he employs and paraphrases, to bring them within the required metre, scriptural texts and expressions; these, indeed, are the staple of his verse. The author is, no doubt, a zealous and well-meaning man, but has had great confidence in his own powers when he presumes to hope that in his work "the sincere searcher after Truth" will find an elucidation of many difficult and obscure passages in the Sacred Writings; and also that by it "the Sceptic will be induced to enter more seriously and more impartially on the study of the Christian Evidences."

Mehemet, the Kurd; and other Tales from Eastern Sources. By Charles Wells, Turkish Prizeman of King's College, London, and Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. Published by Bell & Daldy, London.

Mr. Wells does not tell his readers whether these stories are of ancient or modern date; but whichever they be, they have not a little of the charm that is associated with our old favourite, the "Arabian Nights;" and this is placing them in very honourable company. Some translations of Eastern poems, appended to the tales, are beautiful in thought and fanciful imagery, especially a rather long one called "The Rose and the Nightingale." The translator both of the prose and verse needed not to apologise for the manner in which he has done his work: had he endeavoured to refine it, instead of preserving as far as possible the "strange mixture of rugged simplicity and gorgeous extravagance of the originals," they would, doubtless, have been less acceptable, because showing less of the author's spirit.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. Twelfth Edition. By Benjamin Vincent, Assistant Secretary and Keeper of the Library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Published by E. Moxon & Co., London.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the late Joseph Haydn gave to the world this valuable book of reference, which has now reached its "Twelfth Edition;" ample testimony to the worth of the volume. Each succeeding edition, by careful revision and extended information, has rendered it more generally useful; and now we have what Mr. Vincent truly says, "not a mere Dictionary of Dates, but a dated Encyclopædia, a digested summary of every department of human history brought down to the very eve of publication,"—the commencement of the present year. No library, public or private, and certainly the book-shelves of no literary and professional man, can be considered properly "furnished" if this comprehensive work is absent.

Old Merry's Annual. Published by Jackson Walford & Co., London.

An "annual" which will gladden the heart of any child into whose hands it may haply fall. It contains stories that will both amuse and instruct, games, enigmas, and an abundance of pictures, though these last are rather below the average rate of merit we are now accustomed to look for, even in a book for children.

The Children's Friend. Vol. V. Published by Seeley & Co.; Partridge & Co., London.

If stories and poems of a moral or religious tendency, amusing anecdotes and histories, and well-executed engravings, are sufficient to constitute good and proper literature for children, then the "Children's Friend" ought to be in every juvenile schoolroom and in every nursery throughout the kingdom: it is a cheap "monthly," that has now passed its fifth year of existence. The numbers for the last year make up a book in which no child possessed of any intelligence could fail to be interested.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1866.

VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

IV.

POMPEII.—THE ENCHANTING SIGHTS AND DISENCHANTING SOUNDS OF NAPLES.—CAPRI.



N first visiting Pompeii, by railway, we were hurried through—hurried, though three hours there, by one of the government guides in a military undress, like that of an Austrian soldier, with a sword by his side, and the constant grinding of the most harsh wooden kind of French from his chest and tongue. More civility and patience could not be expected; nevertheless, when one halted behind him, to dream a little, and excogitate after one's own peculiar fashion, his "*Par izi mozziu*," disenchanted away the incipient fancy; and one had to hurry after him with piteous regrets that the fond expectation of years should be fulfilled by moments so hasty and disquieted. The best result for the present was a *coup d'œil;* and for this the day was even profoundly favourable; for the mountains overlooking Pompeii were all frowning darker than mere opaque blackness over this cemetery of a city, setting off the deep warm ruddy hues of its roofless vistas with the most appropriate brooding solemnity of effect. I had no notion of such magnificent mountains shadowing Pompeii. On one hand, the loftiest of the Sorrento range (*Il gran' Sant' Angiolo*) is proconsul of the landscape, with lower ridges beneath, whose darkness, scattered with pale villages, mingled its lines with those of the city. On the opposite side, Vesuvius alone scowled on its victim, as if it had by no means done with it yet; the loftiest part, whence came the eruption, round and insidiously smooth, like the breast just above Livia's, or Antonia's, fiery heart; but sharp-riven crags lurking behind it, ominous of form exceedingly, and catching a lurid light every now and then from the only one or two sunbeams that ventured out that day. A presentiment that Pompeii is destined to another visitation from the mountain furnishes perhaps the best excuse for removing away all the more precious of its relics.

I was particularly struck with the openness of its exposition, not somewhat in a hollow, as I had always pictured to myself the buried city, but out over a rising undulating country with a wonderfully confiding and unprotected air, at the foot of its dark, reserved, mischief-meaning enemy. The tiny streets themselves, thus ranging freely abroad in long low vistas, look rude and insignificant enough; for *frontages* there are none; nothing but mere dead walls, or little shops forming part even of the most elegant mansions, where the luxurious Pompeian gentleman sold the produce of his farms. But behind their shapeless masses continually peer the ornamental remains of the inner chambers; as amongst rough brambles, and rank weeds, you may chance pop upon wrens' or wild ducks' nests, not only of exquisite fabric, but with delicately-painted eggs in them. These pretty little nests of Pompeian elegance, thus quite in a kind of harem-like reserve and seclusion, are certainly the gayest and liveliest of ruins; only that the familiar representations of them lessen a good deal their novelty. The frescoes that remain, thus greeting you like old acquaintances—fairy-like paintings lurking in the solitude and silence of riven walls and crownless columns—are sadly flaked away in parts, and here and there scratched and rubbed wantonly; yet what we human beings call decay revives things into some other order of life and beauty; and here it is mingling and mellowing the gorgeous colours into nameless tones more beauteous, I verily believe, than those originally laid on. And the mosaic pavements Nature is over-weaving slowly, assiduously, with velvet-green moss, which spreads about the little white dots or points of their patterns with touching effect; these tiny squares, by-the-bye, being exceedingly like dice; as if some triumphant gambler among those dissipated Pompeians (some Nistacidius Helenus, or Calventius Quietus) had so paved his *atrium* in the fulness of his satisfaction in his successes. And why should not he, as well as idealise the objects of his larder, which, with a frank affection, are arabesqued on his gorgeous walls; culinary frescoes being there interspersed with mythological ones?

Light, indeed, very light, do these paintings declare their fancies to have been: there seems to have been very little Theology in Pompeii. The great gods seem here diminished to a kind of elves or fays; and Comus, one would imagine, to be their presiding divinity. All is in his festive and grotesque spirit—in a spirit of easy enjoyment, which assimilates, lowers high things to itself by clothing them with prettiness, and rids itself of things terrible by some sprightly and quaint metamorphosis. As if spell-bound by pleasures, lovely young personages stand, to all appearance, in a state of enchantment quite Arabian-Nightish, in the prettiest but most purposeless pavilions, all ornament, emblemings, unconsciously no doubt, beauty without utility. Buoyant nymphs, in draperies most like lunar cloud, glide through a rich-purple night, to grace sweet dreams, or pause to pet centaurs, and hippogriffs, and even stranger chimeras, convincing you that there is no harm in them. And sometimes these nymphs are tandeming the daintiest little gryphons so pleasantly that one longs (in the dream) to be with them, not fearing a reverse. Indeed, these monsters are obviously most sprightly and amiable; their very persons not unfrequently ending in mere floridity and playful flourish. The whole system of bugbears is manifestly repudiated in the sweet tranquil shades of the vine-tangled silent Vesuvius. Does it not seem so? Yet are there traces of a higher romance, memorials of a purer antique time, in those tawny heroes paying high-toned homage, in all its varieties, to beautiful heroines with great dilated black eyes, which sometimes gaze on you with startling freshness and vitality amidst the lonely decay.

Sometimes these paintings reminded me of that most brilliant Lyttonian romance, planned quite sublimely, but in many parts coarsely drawn, and wantoning into too consciously graceful flourish; pathetic frequently, and peerless in catastrophe, but recalling too much our own May Fair and Bond Street in its coxcombries, instead of these immediate "Streets of the Faun and of Mercury;" and in the orgies of Arbaces, one of our book-muslin ballets, rather than aught Parthenopean. The designs of the best of these Pompeian frescoes being so much finer than the execution, they are, in all probability, mere copies from high artistic originals, deteriorated by a long succession of house decorators. The last faint mechanical traces of great designs by Zeuxis and Polygnotus may be here,—here alone; and even in the few simple lines there is, of course, an imaginative significance, and a *style* far higher than our present Art, which has little imaginativeness, and no style at all. Raphael, no doubt, would have left Pompeii spirited with fine fancies; from our Royal Academy he would probably have gathered little but a headache, and some wondering depression of spirits. Worthy of him in spirited motive and poetical grace of conception, are the eight transcendent designs of dancing nymphs transferred to the Museum at Naples from a villa here, which was probably Cicero's, being one of the few whose site answers to his allusions. By-the-bye, the *last days* of Pompeii have out-glared, nearly into oblivion, her serenely, sunnily, illustrious days; when the most human and enlightened of the Romans himself here composed his *De Officiis*, and Seneca spent his youth in chambers commonly associated with nothing higher than Pansa and Diomed, Ione and Glaucus. We will take the liberty of imagining that those lovely personifications of dancing moonshine were after designs by Polygnotus, brought by Cicero from Athens; and that when he showed them to Octavius, his guest here, he repeated warmly that exhortation of Aristotle's, which has also been preserved for us, "Pass before the painters who represent men as thoy see them; avoid Pauson, who paints them uglier; but linger before Polygnotus, who makes them more beautiful than they are." A tribute to ideality from the great physiologist and rigid logician! In these days how many highly fashionable, opulent Pausons would he have had to warn us against!

But awful is it to turn from the more light unsuspecting art of the Pompeians to some remains of the Pompeians themselves, preserved in a little building on the spot. Four human bodies are shown, much obscured by the pale volcanic matter which has covered and eaten into them, but in liveliest attitudes of pain, despair, and coming death; a man (found in the barracks), his head thrown back, and his legs apart convulsively; a woman in a distorted attitude; and a slender youth, her son perhaps, turned away from her, lying on his face, with his arm bent under it, to exclude some horror, most manifestly. In this figure, under the shapeless cerements, an exquisite *antique* grace of form may be distinguished, no less than an image of despair arrested everlastingly. Art could not produce anything more fully, effectively expressive, more thoroughly satisfactory to the artistic judgment, than these two figures turned away from each other, *at last*, in the final awful moment; nor could there be a finer tragic theme for the sculptor than in imagination to unfold these dreadful wrappings, and give us to look upon their

fully-discovered lineaments. At first it seemed as if two more figures of Niobe's children, calcined by the volcanic fires, had been preserved in this first of museums. Amidst the sulphurous embalmings of a fourth figure (a mere Vesuvian mummy), the delicate woof of the garment may be traced, and a love-ring glistens.

It was edifying to look out over the unexcavated part and find green fields, and sober, aged, reflective trees, obviously without the least suspicion of what was beneath them. And on a second visit, on Sunday, when there were no fancy-obstructing guides, and trains-full of smart people were making a sort of Bois-de-Boulogne of the gratuitous *triclinia*, and the day was clear and sunny, it was interesting, before saying finally adieu, to linger on the wall nearest the sea, and become acquainted with the actual look-out of the Pompeians.—It was interesting, even exceedingly, to learn what it was that soothed and soda-watered them, when, mounting from their little toy-boxes of streets, and dissipated closets, with cinctures slipping more and more, they expanded on their terraces, and under their vine-shaded *pergulæ*, in the most daintily-deviced flower-boxes of roofs, fully breathing, gazed at the world around them. The sea, retiring from their walls, has given place to a level of railway-animated fields; but the lofty mountains to the east must have been pretty nearly the same as now—many-folded beautifully, if not, as now, sprinkled brightly with villages at different heights. And now, in place of that gloomily sympathetic day which mourned over Pompeii at the time of our first visit, the dear and precious sun was clearly showing all their soft little seams and recesses, curly to their depths with the grey-glistening olive. Seaward, Capri was opposite, with Ischia to the right—a terrible volcano of old, far more threatful to Baiæ and Puteoli than to *these* shores those earthly mutterings, which sometimes troubled the ear for a few moments, and then passed quietly away, scarcely disturbing the lightest dream. Nay, Sallust, yonder, heard them not for his own hiccup; and here fat Diomed, unbraced and confused in his after-dinner doze, believed them to be in his own personal depths and cavities; *that* being *his* most profound conviction, howbeit one of the sacred order of Augustals. Nævoleia attended not to them because of her love-sigh; * * * * * the epigrammatist (the name is somewhere in the Street of Tombs), because of his jest; and * * * * * the usurer (whose appellatives are obsolete), was equally regardless, being absorbed in his abstruse calculations touching some very neighbourly mortgages. All this, and a great deal more, we contemplated while plucking blackberries in the garden of the Villa of Diomed: pleasant it was to find them there. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Italy and England were united in sentiment by the blackberries; besides, there was a taste of home in them, and a welcome really grateful to us lonely strangers, and else unwelcomed wanderers.

The second day after, it was, when we cavalcaded it (on donkeys) up to the Camaldoli, for a noted view of the Baian shores. Serafino, the guide, must have a donkey too. Oh the effeminacy of these Italians! An English guide would blush thus to mount a donkey; a Swiss one carries himself, not merely, up awkward places; and here was a fellow with kid gloves and a fine shirt-pin, who would not take a mild hint to ride and tie with me up an acclivity which I was ashamed to ride up myself. Does that far-famed Italian view equal in beauty the finer prospects of our Lake District? In the primary elements, rock, verdure, and foliage, surely not. Wide plains of the vine extend beneath, with shrubby steeps around, having but a little sandy rock emergent here and there. At long intervals, a tiny cluster of bright buildings, a stone-pine, a ruin-like indication, alone varies this vast dry greyish expanse. Nevertheless, a delicate grace in its long-sweeping lines, and in the more playful, finely-adjusted forms of islets and promontories beyond, has a rare charm. A refined character (pencillable by a refined spirit only, which can abstract the *fine style* of Nature) componsates for the absence of the more easily defined loveliness; and there is pathos in a certain aspect of age, and ruin, and decline, stamped upon even natural objects; as if much had departed from them; as if they were the imperfect remains of some happier former world. They instil a feeling similar to some exquisite Etruscan vase, so broken along the rim as to make you think its loveliest ornaments must be gone. And indeed this solitary expanse was once the most favourite resort of the uppermost men of all antiquity. During that bright noon, strange wreaths of cloud hung over the extinct Ischian volcano, and over Vesuvius, extremely like volcanic streamers; and thunderings, one knew not where, now and then alarmed the still air.

Returning lanes wound deep between *tufa* cliffs, with grot-like dwellings, and ancient walls, and an aged anonymous tower now and then, which seemed to have grown out of them naturally. And above, some huge stone-pine was vigouring in the cloudless heaven, the umbrella of the *campagna* goats, and vine-dressers, and rural lovers; particularly the parasol of Polypheme, which, uprooted, he carried about when looking for Galatea, unable to keep quiet even during the heats of day; though, underneath, it looked, rather, like a great rough candelabrum, lighted with innumerable tufts of upspringing green fire; so bright were the russet-gold branches, and separate small inverted tassels of leafage, under the light sky. But, as you descend, it is indeed too *walled* a Paradise; and even when raised in your *curriculum*, you overlook the walls but seldom. Too bad is it for those villatic people all about Posilipo to engross to themselves such heavenly prospects. Were I an autocrat, this would I. Instead of more niches with Madonnas in them, I would, at the finest points, open little oriels in these walls, where the tourist might gaze—and modestly, even at the exclusive demesnes of these dog-in-the-manger counts and countesses, their bright terraces, and orange bowers with silver blossoms, shelving down to the azure serenity of the sea, which ranges like an infinite solid plain beyond them. Finally, this is very expensive loveliness, made dear deterrently, by *valets-de-place*, local *ciceroni*, and carriages and pairs. It is pre-eminently the paradise of "carriage people;" and the poorer sort must content themselves with one most hurried glimpse of but few of the things they have been hoping all their lives to see, and have come so far, at ill-spared cost, to enjoy, which only the rich can do, or such as can remain long in the country.—And mind you are not impetuously galloped past the supremest loveliness. It was inconvenient to pause there; there was no time. And when by that very absolute driver brought to a stop, it may be at some spot of mere guide-book or historical celebrity, where, whatever there may be for the scholarly memory, there is nothing to look at; and the privilege of lingering is nothing compared with the delight it would have been to dwell at that lovely turn of the road, which now leaves nothing in your memory but an elysian dissolving-view, very far advanced indeed in its melting.

Before those balmy Baian excursions, *sirocco* had so damped our spirit's fiddle-strings that their tone was humbling; so that when in a few days invited to a family concert, it was some comfort to cherish the hope of a little animating, yet soothing harmony. Alas! nothing of the kind. They were—what shall I say—vocal Vesuviuses, volcanic singers, always on the stretch of their harshly worn voices, with, it was plain from the very first, no reserve of power for fitting occasions, no piano, no middle tones. It was, just heaven! as if a painter were to paint a picture all in fierce and screaming scarlet. It was *pre-Raphaelite* singing, shouting all the "facts" of the song with a hard, unfeeling excess of emphasis. And indeed, has there not (I inquire of old-fashioned amateurs of some experience and delicacy of feeling) been, of late years, an analogous decline of the vocal art, from the beautiful to the pseudo-scientific, the pedantic, settling itself into a frigid, laboured, declamatory style, for which the over-honoured name of Garcia is much answerable? It was eminently curious. Here was a set of people who talked learnedly about music, and yet did not know the great fundamental distinction which lies between singing and mere shouting. The tenor, whilst thus upheaving a song without anything recognisably musical in it, *walked freely about*, roaring with a self-complacency which would have been amusing, had not his tones been positively painful to the aural nerve. Having no notion, not they, that the heart, or soul, of music is traceable only in delicate gradations expressive of the natural ebb and flow of thought and feeling, and that noise in opposition to these is (like the undue projection of trifles in pictures) essentially mere feebleness, or blank stupidity, they manifestly thought utterly flat the style of an English lady who sat down to their piano for a few moments, greatly to their impatience. Ah, *her* manner was gentle, but vital; a human pulsation undulating through it ever: a force, a strength, were in her delicately clear distinctions, ever to be contrasted with their perpetual weak blundering *forte*, their fiery coldness. Yet nobody listened; and a certain little fact soon put her musically out of countenance. Signor Stentorio, an old gentleman, the supreme bore of the evening, with his hoary hair *molto agitato*, was all the time walking impatiently in and out of the next room, with a ravenous eye on the pianoforte, into the seat of which he bounced the instant she left it, to continue his interminable jumble of improvisings and desultory recollections, strummed and roared so boisterously. Depend upon it, no other sounds give him half the pleasure of these; nay, it may be questioned whether other sounds are ever entertained by him with full consciousness, without some enfeebling absence of mind, some egotistical impatience. And at a public concert the same eruptive style, the same lava streams of melody abounded; of delicacy and tenderness of feeling the Neapolitan musicians seeming to take very little heed.

No; the harmonious anodyne at Naples was *visible*, certainly, when in the evening, while we watched from the balcony the gay Chiaja below, the rosy full moon rounded up from behind the very crater of Vesuvius

with a beauteous placidity—a beacon of tenderness, contrasting divinely in the mind with the awful glare of other times. Or it was in the morning, on the eminence by Virgil's tomb, above that stone-pine, an emphatic point of darkness, which heightened all beyond to an aërial bright tenderness, like some last fragment of thunder-cloud left amidst the silvery dapplings of the morning; or like a swarthy Oriental standing alone at a blonde bridal—a Duleep Singh before a long train of our Princess's marriage-maidens, if such an illustration be admissible. And the long lines of more distant buildings, thus opposed, between the blue bay and the green slopes, looked like foam breaking in sunlight, and lodging flakes playfully even high up; these being high-seated villas, palaces, and gardens, seen but faintly in universal brightness.

The difference between the outside and the inside of Naples, is as the difference between company appearances, and the ordinary looks and ways. Among the lower trading classes morality seems unimproved of late; cheating, rapacious lying, the sham performance of contracts—the paint, the whitewash, with nothing under it—being exceedingly common. And in the streets you are ever liable to be beset for your money with looks, and sounds, and gestures, more like demands than anything petitionary; the public carriage drivers being perhaps the worst nuisance. Plying about for hire, they accost you in a tone hostile rather than otherwise, and drive all about you—weave what may be called a curricular mesh about you—as if their object were to reduce you to imagining that the only way to escape being run over, is to employ them at once. In the Museum are two lean youths in bronze, with white eyes, *discoboli*, bending forward as if to pounce on you, with something absolutely fearful in their expression of aggressive activity. They always reminded me of these cabdrivers, who evade the tariff, and cheat whenever they can, rejecting double the legal fare, perhaps, with an air of fierce and haughty astonishment. Nay, when left unsatisfied, they will keep up their noise in your court, remonstrated with but mildly by landlords, and landladies, and porters, and by the police themselves; by the former, because of their power of taking strangers to rival establishments, and by the police because of their homicidal paroxysms. I was myself once stopped in my vehicle by one of these drivers, whose exorbitance I had not satisfied two days before. Rushing forward and laying hands on the horses, "You don't pay those you employ," he exclaimed. But when I raised my "Murray," as if to strike, with a look fiercely emulous of his own, he shrunk off, partly overawed, no doubt, by that symbolical, or nationally-representative volume. They are rank cowards, mostly; but even before the rush of their blood could subside, their knife might be in you. Assassinations, we were told by one well-informed, are of daily occurrence in the dorsal purlieux of the city, especially of husbands by their wives; for the attempt by the police to unravel every ensanguined scrawl left by the seething passions in the crowded back-streets of Naples, were hopeless. The women are much the more terrible of the two sexes. Thoroughly well-founded jealousy constantly drives them to desperation; and the clamorous *esprit-de-corps* of half the women in the district amazes and bewilders the officers of justice who are despatched into the thick-swarming human hive to investigate the matter.

It was a splendid morning when we set off for Capri, a morning veiled in glory, and like the first smile of some beneficent patron-friend, whose coming promises delightful and most liberal vouchsafements. The heights round the bay seemed in a heavenly retirement, aloof in their indistinctness from mortal gaze, enshrined in silver and faint grey azure—seemed something purely ethereal, and as if the hot noontide would melt them all away, rather than solidify into a clear and substantial earthly beauty. This matin glory, of a peculiar whiteness, and touching into distinctness little but the *tufa* heights about Nisida and Baiæ, gave them literally a look of being modelled in frosted silver. Soon we drew near that lofty and long precipitous Isle we specially went to visit; the exquisite calm favouring the purpose of making right for the Azure Grotto. The Nereids, in this a pristine and original sea of theirs, were indeed weaving their delicatest tremulous tissue everywhere around; and when we arrived at the grotto, which had appeared but a tiny crevice of shadow in the tremendous cliff a-head, they heaved us in as with the gentlest heaving of their bosoms. A favourite cave for the young lovers of Pompeii was this; the entrance being so low that you have to recline by your companion, and embower her, so as to prevent her fair head being bumped by the impending rock. Thus lying down (after the manner of Julius Holconius and Hypsipyle Nistacidia), we found ourselves in sudden twilight, in the fine dreamy grey of the ample cavern, a low broad dome in its tendencies, very symmetrical for a natural cavern. As for the celebrated colour, of course the first thing looked for, the water in the shadowy parts was blue somewhat grave of hue; but where the light entered with us, it was bright with a tint of the utmost purity and loveliness, and where disturbed, sparkled into wavelets of silvery azure phosphorescence, very exquisitely; like a spirit-smile, or laugh, of welcome and greeting; for neither do *these* beauties of nature, any more than certain others, like to be alone—without appreciation, thinking nothing of themselves. The cave itself, then at least, was by no means so blue as the usual intensely azure descriptions, but looked rather as if covered by a thin hoar frost, or highly antique mildew. A fine Protean effect, commonly provided for visitors, remained to be seen. An old boatman of Capri, diving into the water, came under it in a strange silvery gleam; and as he afterwards swam about, the water seemed to cover his tawny limbs with a bright silver shirt, lighting up his hoary brows beneath with azure reflections. Whenever he remained stationary, to be duly admired, strange were the distortions and wrigglings of his wavering figure, caused by the various angles of the water through which he appeared—like a frog, like a monkey, like the child pickled in the surgical museum; the disunion of form being as frightful as the colour was lovely. This cave, though rediscovered by some Englishmen but recently, having undoubtedly been used anciently as a bath, imagination may quite appropriately substitute for him the hideous lean old Emperor Tiberius, *looking extremely blue*, and upheld under the chin by his Pretorian tribune Macro. Some time earlier, when, during a cool collation, the roof of a rocky cave fell in, Sejanus saved his life by arching his huge body over him. Why, therefore, may not Macro have been equally serviceable during a grip of the cramp? I dare say (dispute it who will) that Caligula touched at this cave when cruising along the Campanian coast in his famous palace and garden of a *trireme*, advised by some parasite that he might find genuine Nereids here; which Nereids were, in fact, two Ambubaiæ, a famous Roman actress, and a female athlete, swimming very cleverly, and giggling bewitchingly.

Shooting back into the universal light, we passed some most aspiring cliffs, pale and aërial, though delicately edged with golden moss, and soaring into sunny pinnacles from the steep vineyards around the little *Marina*, the sole landing-place on this side the island. Here some of the nymphs thereof—the servants of cupidity rather than of Cupid, for which their eyes and forms seemed highly to qualify them—awaited us, and marked us for their prey, full of their privilege to land us, for the sake of such a *buonomano* as *un'galantuomo Inglese* need not shame to give. On the beach they stood, with lively *maliciose* eagerness in their fine dark eyes (*maliciosa* by no means meaning malice, but merely their bantering high spirit), and their petticoat tucked up, as if ready to seize, and actually bear us ashore. Though not unapprehensive, for something in their aspect indicated a capability of a fierce and wild practical joke, I almost felt as if I could have resigned myself to two Amazonian belles, who were also holding out a number of those pretty little shells called poetically Santa Lucia's eyes; but the boatman, in all probability, not wishing our francs to wander, bullied them rudely away.

So, landing on our own resources, and pursued by some sharply satirical glances and tones, we walked to Tiberius's Villa, at a great height, up paved lanes, honey-sweet with a thorny plant much like the clematis, and hedged with aloes, the cactus, and the blackberry, side by side. Some primitive dwellings, with flat roofs, and little rudiments of domes, beneath the lofty cliffs of Anacapri behind us, overhanging a ruined fortress, and this Oriental vegetation prickling here and there, made, altogether, such a landscape as one might expect in the skirts of Carmel or Lebanon. Nor were these eastern associations weakened by handsome women, with dark complexions, carrying copper water-vessels. There are recent instances of vagrant English gentlemen becoming enamoured of fair Capriotes, and marrying them, heedless of the world, and settling here to devote themselves to their cultivation. To an island so endowed, it is not strange that many artists flock without the power of taking themselves off for months. Hamon, that sweet and graceful, though oddly-fanciful French Idyllic painter, was then here—a plain little man, with a countenance thwarted by acute *strabismus*, and an appearance, generally, antithetical to his lovely conceptions. Having of late lowered the expectations raised by his charming graphic poem of "My Sister isn't here," Theocritan enough to be set by Poussin, and in its gracefulness of design, and refinement of manner, quite a shame to us rude English, he has of late been bent on restoring himself by a typical conception of Pompeii, studied on the spot, and imagined, we were told by one who had seen it, with a truly Pompeian play of fancy. But latterly, it seems, he has likewise been devotedly studying pigs! For what purpose? Ah! he must be going elegantly to satirise the dirtiness of these divinely-gifted Italians, by representing a lovely graceful nymph, domesticated in serene composure with the swine; all the abominable litter about them utterly disregarded. Assuredly,

fair Italia is lamentably wanting in some of the natural repugnances.

Meanwhile we rose in our walk, till there was as much blue bay beneath as blue heaven above, and of the self-same tone and aspect, and streaked with a few little isolated shadows, like the last tiny clouds of serenity, just; or like single Satanic feathers torn out by an angel of light, on some vain attempt of his dark worship to steal up again, and there scattered loosely about. It looked like an abysmal, antipodean sky, ranged high up by one long line of sunny clouds becalmed, which, on attentive, fully conscious view, brightened into all the beauty-linked Baian and Parthenopean shores; that most precious margin of the earth, rich in the loveliness of the sense, and in the graces of memory and fancy also. The universal tenderness of light on those shores, the crystalline fineness of their forms, and the ineffable delicacy of their colouring, seemed altogether of finer elements than earth: but a substance more delicate still, as if from heaven itself, was silently in communion with them. One formless cloud, soft and white as a swan's breast, lay, like a snow-slope, in the shelter of the surrounding heights, over Naples itself, motionless, and with the look of a divine mysterious brooding and incubation: mollifying, I hope and trust, the spirits of the good citizens underneath, which probably had been suffering even worse than my own; since *sirocco*, it seems, so far from improving on acquaintance, does rather the reverse.

Let us not wonder that all this softened not Tiberius; for he had not the faculty without which nature is a dead letter. Even the most enlightened Roman saw nothing in landscape higher than mere *amenity*, grateful to the senses, and soothing to the world-wearied mind; its power of moving the depths of the soul being felt by the children of the more deeply reflective north only. Since Tiberius used to please himself with the notion that worse was coming after him, we may think that it would have gratified him, could he (meditating in *his* way) have foreseen that yon smooth gentle mountain directly before him, then level at the summit, and peaceful as the Falernian ridges beyond (so famous for their wine), would, ere long, destroy the three placidly-glittering cities at its feet. I quite imagine that he gave secret orders to be *called* whenever a shipwreck was to all appearance at hand, that he might be stirred to unwonted satisfaction by the unimpeded spectacle. Extensive ruins of the chief of his twelve villas here, the Jovian, remain on the lofty eastern point of the island, in the usual grot-like arches of various brick-work and stucco overgrown with broom, and alleys with rude mosaic pavements; one of them, a curious inclined plane, where tame rabbits were flitting about. And on the *Salto*, the cliff whence his victims were hurled, a soft monk, called a hermit, watches a chapel prettily bedizened, and welcomes tourists' francs. And there the image of one degraded into a successor of Juno and Cybele may bring historical associations as cruel, and more sad and awful than those of the Villa of Tiberius itself.

The plunge of the Salto is tremendous. The aërial blue of the sea has ample space to darken into profound shadows around its pale abyss; but at its foot the water is the loveliest blue-green; no slab of verde-antique, or malachite, entombing the ashes of a Cæsarian victim, could lie over him with so tenderly serene a grace. "Listen—again—again!" cried the old woman, as the stones she threw down continued to rebound. Tiberius could have counted long and many, as his victims thus fell, and with at least this reflection, that in a world of conspirators, there was, *for the moment*, one less. Had Lord Byron come here, the reflective malignity of the third Cæsar, which grudged his victims the escape of death when he felt certain of their wretchedness, and his own imperial misery in this unapprehended Elysium, would have been the very theme to draw forth the Satanic as well as Paradisaical beauty of his darkly-impassioned muse. Eloquently, with a profound gusto for misery and desolation, might he have made him, standing self-prisoned on this cliff, prophecy Pompeii. Thus attributing to him imaginary dignity, and imagination itself, to one most indigent of that faculty, and so beggarly of the future as to feel sure of nothing before him; hence his quaking terror, and rigidity in remorselessness only. Though raised by the angry pencil of Tacitus into something darkly sublime, the ideal of a profound tyrant, he seems, in reality, to have been a mediocre personage, a pedant, and a martinet in details of business, but without comprehensive mind, temper, or greatly-fitting resources,—awkward, and actually cowardly, to a degree un-Roman; the clue to his conduct being traceable best in his portentous words that in others *He held a wolf by the ears*. Long he was a well-intentioned indefatigable ruler, and to the last emitted fitful gleams of justice, and even of nobleness; such his obscure inconsistency. But this general fearfulness, only aggravated by the baseness of universal servility, and quickening, most likely, a vein of Claudian madness, transformed him into a monster, whose family starvings to death to prevent the shedding of the sacred blood, and other dreariest atrocities, betray also the aged perpetrator's very depth of dismality. In the world there scarcely can have been a more abject wretch than this master of it, who feared as much as he was dreaded, and here hid his cutaneous unseemliness, his old stooping leanness and baldness, and unready awkwardness, from those he could not face, though he sent out murderous missives against them. Distrustful of himself, feeling his inferiority to his two predecessors, and to others near him, whose title might be held as good as his own, he was haunted by an exaggerated sense of the precariousness of his elevation, and by a smell of conspiracy in everything. When continuing to lean on the arm of Libo with an air of unusual friendliness, it was to prevent his drawing forth a dagger which he imagined to be hidden in his dress. When compassing the fall of Sejanus, he watched his telegraphic signals along yonder shores with restless anxiety; the swiftest *triremes* waiting below to speed him to his best-affected legions if he failed; and after the figurings of his success, he had not nerve to admit to his presence those who came to confirm them. Whilst our Saviour was in the orient in the flesh, Beëlzebub, "of grave *aspect* and sage," seems, after all, to have been the particular fiend who held this Emperor of all Earthly Iniquity in his grip, shaking him with noonday nightmares; for there is much reason to doubt whether he was so steeped in Belial as the love of invective and scandalous anecdote of the Roman writers has given out. After state business by regular daily post, and anxious astrology, his mental pursuits seem to have been mere dull pedantry: the most trivial and driest distinctions of grammar and mythology being his intellectual cribbage and dominos, to fix thought from wandering into tormenting darkness.

The first glance at a beautiful thing is commonly worth all the others following it; and by long entertaining what is heavenly, we often unconsciously but drag it down to our own dull level; have not even theologians now and then proved this? Nevertheless, on the heights of Capri I longed for opportunity to familiarise myself with the island, and envied those who could do so; the Englishman who married the beautiful Capriote and domesticated himself here, Hamon among his pigs, nay, even Dr. Clark, in his hydropathic villa of Quisisana down yonder, among his patients. But I looked rivetingly, lest this lovely divineness should melt from my memory; which seemed all the more likely, inasmuch as it looked like a purely ideal dream already. From the Odyssean Isles of the Syrens in the east, even to Ischian Epomeus on the verge of sunset, those curving shores, crowning the ethereal-seeming bay, seemed of some substance more delicate than belongs to earth,—a substance of crystalline lightness and purity, yet of those glowing hues which hint of tenderness, and love, and unsectarian delights. The mystical habitations, they seemed, of the shades of the sweetest and best of those beings, who, in most ancient days, dwelt there in the fulness of human life, and dwell there now in untrammelled spirituality, and cloudless peace. In a future state of existence (if, indeed, not before), I perhaps may be permitted to return and contemplate the whole with disembodied ease, exempt from duties, difficulties, and shabby circumstance. Is it too much to conceive that, between death and the final leaving of this world, the soul may be allowed, though rapidly, to see it well, and so retain through eternity a complete and vivid remembrance of the home of its childhood, and of so much of God's wondrously beauteous providence and beneficence?

Until I saw from the sea the rocks at the east end of Capri, I met with nothing distinctively *sublime* in the landscape hereabouts; but these are astonishingly so, ascending from the water in towers and spires, range above range, with deep recesses, tremendous fissures, between them. The crumbled, much disintegrated character of the rock giving them a decayed aspect, *they* also look like ruins, remains of some more ancient world, whose might and magnificence have passed away—an aspect here peculiarly stimulative to the imagination. It was difficult to induce the six lazy boatmen to row far along this succession of solemn Odyssean amphitheatres—these mysterious Tiberian brooding places, towards the three lofty towers of rock called *I Faraglioni*, which rise a bow-shot from the land. Light-houses of warning and prohibition were they, when dashed, as we saw them, by the crimson fire of sunset, ominous of blood to the drifting fancies of those borne near them; for there, in the dark water under yon huge natural arch open to the lonely horizon, the emperor's guard probably lurked, to destroy those who, seeking refuge from the waves, disturbed his privacy, and might have carried back to the world hints of its miserable weakness. I would have gone further; but the boatmen's report of the insuperable difficulties to be apprehended from a slight breeze now softly perceptible prevailing over my inexperience, too soon wafted us back again; and imagination had to conceive the rest.

W. P. Bayley.

MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. V.—JEAN FRANCOIS PORTAELS.

FOR a considerable time after the revival of Art in Belgium, now nearly forty years ago, two antagonistic schools may be said to have existed there, those of Antwerp and Brussels; the former steadfast to the ancient traditions which descended to them from the great masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the latter impregnated with the style—pseudo-classical—taught by the French painter, David, when an exile in the city. His two principal followers were Odevaere and Navez, the latter of whom alone has left behind him a name of distinction, and even this is of no very high repute. But although the rivalry of the two schools exists no longer, the influence of the past, modified as it undoubtedly has been by contact with the schools of other countries, and by a larger and wider sympathy with the age and its requirements, is yet in some degree discernible in the works of the disciples of each. The French school, but not that of David, still exercises some power over the painters of Brussels; those of Antwerp repudiate it, if not altogether, in a considerable degree at least. The artist whose works are now about to be noticed must be classed with the former, though, as he is not strictly a painter of history, he cannot be placed in the same category with those more especially alluded to in the preceding sentence.

JEAN FRANÇOIS PORTAELS was born in the pretty little town of Vilvorde, a few miles only from Brussels, and between that city and Malines; within short distances of the town lived two of the great old masters of Flemish Art, Rubens having his country house at the village of Steen, and Teniers his at Perck. The history of Vilvorde to Englishmen has, or ought to have, a special interest, for in its castle William Tynedale, the first translator of the English Bible, was incarcerated for a year and a half; and after being brought to trial on the charge of heresy, was condemned to death. The sentence was carried into execution, in 1536, by strangulation at the stake, and the burning of his lifeless body.

Among the pupils frequenting the studio of Navez, formerly Director of the Brussels Academy of Painting, was M. Portaels. The theoretical knowledge he acquired under this able instructor was followed by a more practical and enlarged course of study in the atelier of Paul Delaroche, in Paris: here he learned those principles of colour which the Belgian professor could not teach him; and he also learned how to apply them. In 1842 he gained the great prize from the Antwerp Academy, which entitled the holder to proceed to Rome for a definite period of study. To this circumstance may, in all probability, be traced the love of travel which has marked the artist's after career, and the line of subjects to which he has almost exclusively adhered; for he has passed a very considerable time in the East, three or four years in Italy, and has visited Hungary, Spain, and other countries of Europe. His most important works, however, are associated with his travels into Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, though among the pictures painted by him are 'The Crucifixion,' 'The Descent from the Cross,' 'St. Anthony of Padua,' &c.

For originality of conception and true poetical feeling, 'THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT' must be placed at the head of M. Portaels's works:* it forms one of our illustrations. Here we find a new and elegant—no other term seems applicable to it—reading of a subject which so many of the old masters placed on their canvases; but it is a purely imaginative composition, without the slightest approach to historic truth, even as regards assumed locality. The river is evidently the Nile, for the Pyramids, which rear their heads at no great distance from its banks, are faintly visible in the horizon. In the boat—one of most picturesque form—are the fugitives from Herod's murderous decree. The action of the



Drawn by W. J. Allen. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. *Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.*

Virgin Mother would be perfectly natural if the Infant Christ had really been as old as He is here represented; but when His parents went down with Him into Egypt, He was in all probability a babe in the arms of His nurse. Joseph, too, has all the appearance of a man somewhat advanced in years; painters and writers have very generally represented him thus, though there is nothing but traditional authority to support the assumption. To the prow of the boat is attached a floral chain, by which two angels draw the vessel and its precious freightage over the smooth surface of the river. In attendance on the Holy Family is a group of angels, some bearing palm-branches; the foremost one carries an olive-branch; and as they float through the mellow sunshine of an Eastern eventide, one can imagine them singing again the song of the Nativity,—"Peace on earth, good-will to all mankind." The manner in which this picture is painted is quite worthy of

* A large and very fine engraving of this picture has been published by Messrs. Goupil and Co., London and Paris. We cannot speak in too high terms of the print.

so beautiful a design; the boat stands out in dark relief against the sun-lit waters, throwing a sharp, deep shadow over the nearer surface, broken only by the water-lilies. The motion of the winged figures is light and aërial; they are not solid bodies, but have so much of corporeal nature as to separate them, for pictorial effect, from the world of spirits: they almost suggest the idea of transparent substances.

Our next engraving is from a picture, 'REBECCA,' which, in all probability, many of our readers remember to have seen, with others by this artist, in the International Exhibition of 1862. A graceful figure is the patriarch Isaac's future bride, picturesquely costumed after the fashion of the East, and surrounded by accessories which are grouped into a rich composition. "The damsel" is, as described in the sacred narrative, "very fair to look upon." She has come to the well to draw water, and unexpectedly finds herself decorated with costly golden ornaments by the servant of Abraham; but her thoughts are evidently less absorbed by these than by the singular manner of their possession. She is manifestly thinking of the circumstances attending the gifts, and of what may be the result of the meeting with the stranger. The subject has often employed the pencils of painters, but we never remember to have seen it treated with so much simplicity, novelty, and luxurious, yet chaste expression, as we find it in this version.



Drawn by W. J. Allen. REBECCA. *Engraved by J. and C. W. Nesbitt.*

The third engraving, 'DROUGHT IN JUDEA,' exhibited in Brussels in 1852, differs materially not alone from the two preceding works, but also from almost every other by M. Portaels with which we are acquainted; it is a bold attempt to realise an ideal historical scene, such as the records of Jewish annals might have described. A Hebrew family journeying in "a land where no water is," has reached a well in the desert, hoping to find there that of which they stand so much in need: but the spring is dry, and overwhelmed with dismay, each member of the family, which includes servants or slaves, gives way to a feeling of despair. The chief interest of the picture is centred in the female who, with uplifted arms, raises her pallid infant to heaven, as if she would appeal by its suffering to the Deity for the refreshing draught. The patriarch, or head of the family, holding a Hebrew scroll in his hand, stands by in silent hopelessness, unable to offer comfort or relief to those who look to him as their natural guide and protector for aid or advice in this hour of sore distress. The composition shows careful study and a knowledge of the principles on which a group of figures may, by their arrangement, be made most effectively pictorial. Exception will probably be taken, and on not altogether insufficient ground, to the action and expression of one or two of the female figures; but this by no means mars the general interest of the work, or detracts greatly from its merits. The translation of the coloured original into black and white is rendered powerfully striking by the able manner in which the painter has treated the *chiaro-scuro*; by an artistic license perfectly justifiable, though it may contravene the laws of nature, he has concentrated the light almost in the middle of the group, or, rather, has thrown it from right to left, nearly across the canvas, leaving all the rest more or less in shadow, the principal figure standing out in bold, dark relief against the background, and greatly intensifying the light.

At the triennial exhibition of the Belgian School of Art, in 1850, at Ghent, and also at the International Exhibition in Paris, in 1855, M. Portaels exhibited a picture that attracted deserved notice by the novelty of the subject no less than by the masterly and graphic way in which he presented it. The title given to it was 'Le Convoi Funèbre au Desert;' the body of an Arab chief, who has fallen in a skirmish, is being carried to its last resting-place on the back of his camel, accompanied thither by a numerous body of relatives and friends. The arrangement of the figures is most skilful, the drawing vigorous yet careful, and the heads are characterised by dignity of expression; while the arid appearance of the landscape is quite suggestive of the fervent heat of an African sun.

Photography renders us valuable assistance by enabling us to become acquainted with pictures the originals of which are out of our reach. Among the photographs in possession of the writer is a large one from a painting by this artist, the title of which he has not been able to ascertain. It represents, however, a group of wandering Arabs resting in a spot rendered inviting by the scant shade of a few pollard willows, and by a sprinkling of shrubs. One of the group, a man somewhat advanced in years, with long unkempt hair streaming over his shoulders, is playing on a violin, a young female, seated on a bank of earth by his side, accompanying him on a tamborine; three male figures seated, and one standing on the left of the picture, listen attentively to the music of the instru-

ments, while behind this last figure is a young man costumed after the Eastern fashion, though he has more than half the look of a European. Perhaps if we had ever seen M. Portaels habited in the dress which men who travel much in those countries generally wear, instead of making his acquaintance, as we did, in that of the studio, we might have recognised the artist himself in this picturesque horseman, mounted on one of those small-headed, long-maned steeds which are the pride of the Arabs of the Desert, and loved by them as if they were of their own flesh and blood. This horseman has evidently been attracted to the spot by the strains of the musicians, and has pulled up on his way to become a listener. Judging from the photograph, the picture must be painted in a bold, sketchy style; but the composition, wild and almost weird-like as it is, shows everywhere the mind of a poetic designer and the well-practised hand of a master.

M. Portaels was certainly not so well represented in our International Exhibition of 1862 as he might have been; his contributions amounted only to three in number, and these were by no means the most important of his works, two being single figures only, 'Rebecca,' the picture we have engraved, and 'A Hungarian Gipsy.' The third—in point of subject at least—was of greater pretensions, 'A Caravan in Syria surprised by the Simoom.' When it was exhibited in his own country, about the year 1848—for it is a comparatively early work—one or two of the Belgian critics handled it with greater severity than justice. An easy matter it is, though a very unwise one, for men to write of what they are ignorant: and so it often comes to pass that critics who have never set foot beyond the boundaries of their native land, presume to talk oracularly of objects, and scenery, and atmospheric effects their eyes have never seen. This seems to have been done in the case of the 'Simoom' picture, which, nevertheless, is a work of great merit, and, so far as one can judge of such a subject from what other artists have shown us, of unquestionable truth also.

Rich in poetic fancy, and characterised by extreme delicacy of treatment, and by genuine feeling, is his 'Leah and Rachel,' two exquisitely beautiful, dark-eyed figures of Jewish type; the former bearing on her shoulder a young naked boy, who stretches out his hand to pluck some fruit from the hanging branches of a



Drawn by W. J. Allen. DROUGHT IN JUDEA. [*Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.*

tree under which they are passing. Leah's left hand is placed lovingly on the shoulder of her sister, whose face has a shadow of sadness as she walks along, with the head drooping somewhat, and her hands folded before her. There are many more of his "subject-pictures" to which we could refer if our space allowed it.

Every visitor to Brussels must know the church of St. Jacques, on the Place Royale, which forms so striking an object as one ascends the steep street of the Montagne de la Cour. The pediment of this edifice is ornamented with a fresco painted by M. Portaels, the subject being allegorical of Christianity. The Virgin and Infant Saviour are placed in the centre, and on each side are figures approaching in the act of worship. They are habited in the costumes of all the countries where the Christian religion prevails:—"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." There is great depth of colour in the figures, which is materially assisted by a background of gold. The whole of the work was done by Portaels. Another fresco by him is in the Chapelle des Frères de la Doctrine Chretienne: it is executed in the water-glass medium, the artist being the first to introduce this process into Belgium. The tympanum of the portico of the Theatre Royal in Brussels has also a fresco of a dramatic subject painted by him.

As a portrait-painter he has attained great eminence. Among the distinguished personages who have sat to him may be mentioned the Empress of Mexico, the Queen of Holland, and Mehemet Ali. Many of his ideal portraits, or rather portraits of females whom he has met with in his travels, are of singular beauty, such as his 'Cervolana,' 'A Young Girl of Trieste,' 'An Eastern Girl,' 'Glycine,' 'A Story-Teller of Cairo,' &c. &c.

In the studio of M. Portaels, at Brussels, we saw several pictures in progress, mostly of eastern subjects and scenery. During three years he was Director of the Academy of Ghent, a post he relinquished to fill that of first Professor of the Academy of Brussels, of which he is a member. In 1863 he was enrolled among the "Membres Agrégrés" of the Antwerp Academy.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.*

The number and variety of illustrated books which come into our hands at the end of every year and the beginning of its successor, render it no easy matter to keep pace with the demand they make on our pages; still more difficult is it to find room for notices within a reasonable time of publication; and this oftentimes compels us to introduce to our readers works which, perhaps, they already know, but which, nevertheless, we ought not to pass over.

From a literary point of view, one of the most remarkable features of the age is this almost universal taste for book illustration; it has forced its way and pervades, more or less, nearly every kind of writing, ephemeral or enduring; books for the old and the young, the scholar and the illiterate, the man who loves Art for its own sake and because it is a real delight to him, and the man who cares nothing for it except the passing gratification of turning over a few pictorial leaves. And it is astonishing with what utter indifference this is done by some who possess both mind and education, just as if pictures had no language they could understand, and could teach them nothing. Yet one, after all, need scarcely wonder at this, if he recollects how many owners of valuable paintings there are who regard them only as so much *property*, or as possessions that add grace and beauty to his mansion, and, by implication, testify to his taste and judgment as a collector, while they minister to his vanity as exponents of his wealth and liberality of expenditure.

Less than half a century ago book illustrations were limited to two kinds, plate-engraving and wood-engraving; the latter ever did, and always must, from the readiness with which it accommodates itself to the printing-press when employed in conjunction with type, have precedence in extent of use over every other style. But lithography, both plain and coloured, block-printing in colours, and photography, now take their places within the range of arts applied to literature; thus giving variety as well as, so far as regards colour, greater attractiveness to illustration. And the demand thus created has called into existence a vast army to furnish the supply: we may now count these workers for the press by hundreds, when, within our own recollection, they could readily have been told off by tens, so vast is the change.

Among many books which have been in our hands some little time waiting a favourable opportunity when we could accompany a notice of it with some specimens of its pictorial embellishments, is the little volume whose title appears in the foot-note on this page; it is a book specially adapted to children, and certain to be welcomed by them. As a rule, children do not require the supervision of any officers of the "Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals:" they generally love animals, and the instincts of the latter almost invariably draw them, dogs especially, towards young folk. It is the object of "Josephine"—*a nom de plume*, we suspect, of a writer who has long done good service, by pen and otherwise, in the cause of humanity, as regards both man and beast—to draw still closer the bonds of amity which unite children with the living creatures around them. The author says,—"In penning the volume, the aim of the writer has been to plead with the young on behalf of poor dumb animals:" and this he does most effectually by relating anecdotes and stories that tend to show how much we all are indebted to them for what ministers to our wants and pleasures, and that we can only evidence our gratitude by treating them with invariable consideration and kindness. If this book could find its way into every house in the kingdom, as it deserves to do, what good might it not effect! what lessons of humanity would it not teach, as well to the young as to those who require such teaching even more than our boys and girls—the man who is a greater brute than the animal by whose toil he earns his daily bread!

* Our Children's Pets. By Josephine. With numerous Illustrations. Published by S. W. Partridge, London.

"Our Children's Pets" is extensively illustrated with engravings from drawings by Birket



Foster, Harrison Weir, W. Hunt, J. Gilbert, F. W. Keyl, Fitzgerald, Anelay, and others.



We give two specimens of the smaller sized woodcuts: the larger will not suit our page.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE fortieth exhibition of this Academy opened on 17th of February with a display entirely worthy the fair repute of the Scottish School of Art. The resident artists contribute in their several departments faithfully and well, while others, good and true men, self-expatriated, who won their earliest laurels under Northern skies, show their affection in no unmistakeable manner for old *Edina Alma Mater*.

Chief of these last, it is well to have to say, is Mr. J. Philip, R.A., H.R.S.A., whose portraits of the honest men and bonny lasses of the North "countrie" are as masterly as those delineations of Spanish manhood and beauty which won for him long ago the designation of the modern Velasquez. Of two male portraits the most extraordinary for vigour and breadth is unquestionably that of the accomplished Treasurer of the Academy, Mr. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., and our wonder grows on being informed that it is the result of three sittings. Possessing much simple quiet strength is that of Mr. Wilson of Banknock, with a wonderful bit of colour introduced to break the prevailing tone of truthful grey:—but for a picture painted as in the very extravagance of artistic power, take the portrait of Miss Caird (sister of the eminent Scotch Divine), than which, since Raeburn's day, we have had in Scotland no finer delineation of female form. This is a work which recalls Nelly O'Brien and The Grahame.

The worthy president of the Royal Academy, Sir F. Grant, R.A., sends the well-known portrait of Lord Hardinge at Ferozeshah. The General has a flash of sunlight on his face which may be supposed to be "the light of battle." Exquisitely, beautifully done, is the Arab that Hardinge rides, and somehow the picture suggests when you look at it, that here is a party of English gentlemen painted by a gentleman. Mr. James Archer, R.S.A., another of the Scotch Englishmen, sends three pictures, of which the finest appears to be that which he probably values least, 'The Romance.' The air of almost solemn grace with which he has invested the lady who forms the picture, her head bent upon an ancient volume that has led her thoughts far, far away over the shoreless sea of old romance—this is greatly better than any amount of shawl painting and embroidery work. It can be always said of Mr. Archer that he touches nothing which he fails to adorn. And yet sometimes he is doing tassel and fringe work when he might be writing an epic.

Mr. Ballantyne, R.S.A., sends two delightful figure pieces marked by his usual excellences of care in detail and healthy colour. The portrait of 'Mr. Thomas Faed, Painting in a Highland Cottage,' is admirably life-like, and the other, 'Thoughts of Home,' assures any one at a glance that the artist is something more than a mechanician.

Mr. William Douglas, R.S.A., in his most important picture, 'The Tapestry Worker,' gives us a piece of tapestry, clever, as anything that comes from his hand must be, but surely out of drawing. We would rather have had a monk or a ghost.

Mr. E. M. Ward's large picture, 'The Night of Rizzio's Murder,' requires no notice here, after the remarks which we made last year when the work was hung in the Royal Academy. And then comes to be specially named the only picture in the galleries of true historical Art-painting,—Baron Leys's 'Christmas Day at Antwerp during the Spanish Occupation.' With all the great painter's minuteness and truthfulness, there is less of the *woodenny* feeling about this work—which is more of a psychological structure than a mere picture and thing of paint and canvas—than we remember to have seen in any of his works hitherto exhibited in Scotland. One is taken to the spot, and made to realise the scene in the looks and grimaces of each group and individual of the surging crowd. Mollinger, rapidly painting himself into great fame on the northern side of the Tweed, contributes one picture, 'The Sheepcotes of Westerbook,' which indicates the conscious possession of masterly power; no touch at haphazard, but everything put down as one builds a family mansion to last for half a dozen generations.

Mr. Erskine Nicol's, R.S.A., 'Deputation' has already won all sorts of admiratory notices, and needs no praise of ours. Let us come to native resident men.

Horatio MacCulloch, R.S.A., has long stood at the head of Scotch landscape painters. Dealing more with the *simple* mysteries of Nature than his predecessor Thomson of Duddingston, with less subtlety and profundity of colour, less delighting among the sterner glories of Nature, his pictures have a frankness and freshness of feeling, a simplicity and heart power—as of 'The Flowers of the Forest,'—that make them not less generally acceptable, nay, more so than even 'The Minister's.' His picture this season is a view of Loch Katrine, probably not so pleasing a picture as he has painted before of the same Loch; and yet what can be done on canvas that gives us truer feeling of Highland landscape than this photographic picture of Ben Venue, green here and there with little groves of bracken, rough with riven rock and lichened boulder, or glistening with tiny runlet courses gurgling in silver spray down his old sides, his feet among the solemn pines, and muffled among the umbrage of birch and hazel that skirt the pleasant shore? One breathes the very feeling of the Highlands—when above us is the soft translucent blue, representing all we know as yet of Heaven. MacCulloch's name is associated with many of the grandest, loveliest scenes in the landscape scenery of Scotland, and it will live connected with them long after his own bright eye has ceased to sparkle. There is a niggling littleness about some of the other most ambitious endeavours to paint Scotch scenery, which even early panoramic training and feeling cannot conquer; and yet very excellent landscapes there are in this Exhibition, but not many. 'The Vale of Teith,' by Mr. Bough, in last year's Royal Academy, is able and laborious, wanting breadth in all save in canvas, a remark which by no means applies to his 'Tower of London,' the ablest picture, take it in every regard, he has yet exhibited. A figure picture by the same artist is characteristic of his good taste and feeling—an admirable family memorial.

Mr. Harvey, P.R.S.A., contributes but one picture, under the simple designation 'A Drove Road.' A few sheep are being driven by the aid of a shepherd and his dog, preceded by the (probable) master of the flock on a white pony, which we remember of old, through a dreary Scotch moor—and that is all. And yet the painter gives us a psalm-like poem. A scene this that, for aught we know, may be charged with memories of old Covenanting days. Leave the road, and strike in among the heather, and it is odds that (starting the hare from her seat and the grouse from beside the spring, while the whaup flashes, and wheels, and screams around you) at no great distance you find a crumbling memorial stone, witnessing, could you decipher its legend, to some dark incident of the "killing time." On such ground were transacted the high heroisms of Scotch story that Harvey, of all men, has so well illustrated; and though no incident is here to awaken active interest, Nature, in her seeming sorrow and despisedness, is depicted with appealing power. Broad in handling, very naturally truthful in general tone and in cloud effect—as long experience of such scenery enables us to testify—this we regard as among Mr. Harvey's best landscapes; rendering to the full, as it does, and as few other than he can, the feeling of the melancholy, eerie moor that the sunbeam seems to refuse to glorify.

Among the most conscientious and unwearied of Scotch artists certainly is Mr. Alexander Fraser, R.S.A., whose high position no one can now gainsay. It has been won only by earnest study, and it is pleasant to remark that whereas for long years nothing could be more material than his painting, more devoid of imaginative feeling, his works now have at times—as in his best picture this season, 'The Forest in June,'—a freshness and exuberance, a wealthiness and rejoicefulness of spirit, that we can scarcely deny to be genius. Than this picture there is not in the galleries any finer study of summer greenery; and it is executed with an apparent feeling of revel in the task which makes it the picture most desirable of nearly all we have seen Mr. Fraser paint. Passing others of his contributions in landscape, of which we have only space to record that they each exhibit his special merit of faithfulness to an almost photographic extent, and one study of colour, which indicates a power in that direction we scarcely believed him to possess, we must note one little interior, 'Knitting a Stocking,' for minute detail, and for the perspective light which shines out and through, like a bright eye on the wall, as a very gem.

Mr. Waller Paton, R.S.A., contributes largely and variously. Between him and Mr. Fraser there is the difference between the florist and the forester. The latter is never more at home than with a bit of woodland before him, amid which the winds have been at riot, splitting and twisting boughs and branches, bending and rending trunks and arms—as among the giants of Cadzow that he knows so well—or when deep in the forest hoar, studying the lineaments of some still vigorous patriarch, whose story he fain would learn: the other finds matter for long, loving study in the green, dark moss that cushions the old tree roots, or the tiny wild weeds which carpet and enamel the dell. There is evidence of this love of the minutely beautiful in Mr. Paton's portrait of his brother, reposing *al fresco*, in true poet-painter fashion, amid the flowers, in what seems a Highland glen, and in which the painting of natural detail is even worthy of that brother. In a fresh, clear bit of coast view in Arran, we have the same careful skilful touch, and a fine broad truth of effect superadded. 'Lamlash Bay' and 'Brodick Bay' are both too beautiful for nature; a remark which does not apply to the view from Bruntsfield Links, however, which is at once true, and of rare quality of colour. But in each of the other two landscapes, both extreme effects, Mr. Paton attains to a vigour of expression, and a clearness and truth of colour (though, by-the-bye, a lunar rainbow is an exceptional thing to paint), which designate him for one of the highest places in the future of Scottish landscape art.

The four contributions of Mr. E. T. Crawford, R.S.A., are distinguished, as usual, by great firmness of handling and clear strength of colour. We can scarcely weary of his Dutch galleons, but he does himself more justice in such a fine mellow bit as 'Skirts of the Wood—Autumn.' There is no more reliable artist of the Scottish school of to-day.

Of Mr. Perigal's, A.R.S.A., seven contributions, all bearing evidence of the unwearying zeal of the artist, we mention as best his scene on the Teviot, and 'Glenmark Castle; both delightfully fresh in colour and feeling, full of light and air, with capital perspective, and the touch is firm and masterly. Mr. Perigal has conquered the glazed and painty look which his pictures used to wear; and our only suggestion is, that the more he labours at compression—painting on moderate-sized canvases, and trusting to his own skill rather than to magnitude of scale—the more is he likely to increase his hold on the public, which deservedly appreciates his gifts, his clear eye, and his genial earnestness.

Mr. Lees, R.S.A., exhibits largely in the style, or styles, he has pretty well made his own. A skating scene is rendered with great vivacity and landscape (or icescape) truth; and of his other pieces, chiefly sea views, painted in light grey colour, and gauzy atmospheric effect, we like best 'Moonlight on the Sea,' which has poetry in it, and is very pleasing. Mr. Beattie Brown's 'Loch Linnhe' is an important and very meritorious work; a little broken up perhaps to the eye, and yet, in foreground detail and general making out, asserting the care and conscientiousness with which the artist must have laboured on the spot. Mr. Brown brings excellent judgment to all he attempts, and is at once able in his execution and sound in his principle. Mr. P. Graham, A.R.S.A., (henceforth, we believe, to reside in the metropolis) has a very noble picture, 'Culloden Moor,' which would have been a great performance even for a veteran in art. The moor is reproduced in all its natural gloominess, and with

something of the added gloom of woful memories. The sky is becoming palled in a dark rain-cloud, which, partially obscuring the strangely mottled cirrus clouds on the left, has already enveloped all the right distance in heavy mist, and the day will be soon obscured. The gleam of a distant lake alone breaks the dull, drear monotony of the brown, dead landscape—the graveyard of the hopes of a royal race; no animal life is there, and the cairn in the foreground is hardly needed to aid the tragic associations of the scene. The picture gets a little black, perhaps, here and there, but both in feeling and execution it must be pronounced of surpassing merit. Another cabinet piece, 'Evening,' is very tender in tone, and of fine mellow lustre. Mr. Graham will be an important accession to the ranks of London exhibitors.

Mr. Hill, R.S.A., exhibits two or three small pieces, but not apparently of very recent date, quite characteristic of his fine feeling for nature, and cleverly wrought with his peculiar touch.

Mr. Cassie, of Aberdeen, is very strong both in figures and landscape, and in all matters of the sea and seaside life, in beauty of colour and fine finish, he may be esteemed the E. W. Cooke of Scotland. How truly he has caught the feeling of that coast scenery amid which his days are spent, we had recently an opportunity of testing when wandering on sunny autumn days on those northern shores:—the sky line in that clear air cut so sharp and keen in the far perspective; the harsh and serried peaks of the iron coast, running far northwards, gradually trembling away like a pencil tracing, till lost where sky and ocean seem to mingle. Of Mr. Cassie's sea-pieces we greatly prefer his 'North-east Gale coming on,' which is powerful in effect and clever; and of his figure pieces 'Grandmother's Darling,' where we have an interior singularly exact and picturesque, and, saying nothing of the child, a grand old fisherwoman, a perfect specimen of that gaunt, stout race to which belong the heroes of many a battle with those fierce seas. Of three small pictures by Mr. Houston, R.S.A., commend us to 'Glasven,' which is painted without forced effect, with his usual clearness and precision. Mr. Macneil Macleay is fatally addicted to the use of purple; and this polluting colour, of which an artist's brush, once fairly steeped in it, seems rarely to get clear, destroys his works, otherwise gracefully composed. Mr. Vallance has one good sea-piece, such as he used to paint long ago, not very powerful, but true in colour, and with a good deal of the true frisk and dash of the billow at play. It compares but indifferently, however, with what we are made to feel of the sea-power in such a picture as Mr. Bough's of 'The Bass.' Mr. J. C. Wintour, A.R.S.A., retains all his early endowments, with, we are sorry to say, some of his early faults. He has a fine feeling for nature, a good eye for colour, but would rather at any time paint than draw. To our thinking, his best, though not largest picture is the scene 'Near Abbotsford,' which is very pleasing. Mr. T. Clark, in his own quiet way, has been steadily working up to a high position for years past, and we notice has at length gained Academic recognition. His 'Autumn Evening at New Abbey' is a work of high feeling, sonnet-like in condensed expression; and 'Loch Achray' will commend itself for truth to every angler, and every one familiar with that sweet lake. There seem some faults of drawing in the interior he exhibits, but it is, nevertheless, very clever and interesting. 'Loch Spynie, by Mr. Reid, is a gloaming scene—"the holy time," and truthful and tender is the sentiment which the artist conveys. Mr. McWhirter has a picture of 'Daybreak,' the wind parting the grey early clouds, waking up the sleeping sea, passing a lone graveyard on the shore, and whispering to its ancient tenants that yet they must bide awhile, for day has not come to them; and it is impossible to resist the weird sentiment with which he imbues us. And yet we confess that his success in doing this is much less than commensurate with the labour and thought bestowed. Enough remains in the amount of sheer good painting, in the fine study of cloud and sea, and in the foreground detail of mouldering stonework, about which Time's favourite plants have so long been creeping and clambering, to sustain the independent artistic merits of the work. *Ohe jam satis!* Our space wanes, and there still remain some good and true artists to notice, as Miss Stoddart, very graceful as ever; John Cairns, a faithful student, and who shows in various pictures that his Continental wanderings have improved both his eye and hand; Thomas Fairbairn, whose 'Windsor Castle' is painted in a tone of bright, healthy green, and is clear and true; John Smart, with plenty of good stuff, and yet less powerful than we expected him to be ere this; Mr. C. N. Woolnoth, whose 'Ericht' is lovely in its infinite soft detail; Mr. Oakes, by-the-bye, whose 'Coming Storm' is almost humorously violent, but whose 'Morning' has many of his best qualities; G. D. Callow, not uninspired; and yet more. Mr. James Drummond, R.S.A., almost alone sustains the *prestige* of Scottish Historical Art. It is his line, and he rarely deviates from it; and though seldom rising to anything of the sublime in history, yet is he a most trustworthy and able workman. His pictures this year are not very large, but are all of much ability. 'The Harper of Glencoe'—an old bard kneeling amid the snow, and with impassioned gesture pouring forth a wail over his slaughtered kinsmen—is almost awful in the storm of fierce grief expressed by the picture, which, with genuine merits of colour and drawing, is much less pleasing than that of 'Burns introduced to Henry Erskine.' The spirit of that scene is given delightfully, with the true flavour and gusto appropriate to an event which it was well to commemorate as of importance in the fortunes of the poet, and affording to the antiquarian painter excellent material. Mr. Drummond's third picture is an illustration of an incident which we suspect to be apocryphal, though our artist is a very great authority to the contrary. Graham of Claverhouse, it is said, on one occasion visiting Edinburgh, the castle being at that time held in the name of James VII. by the Duke of Gordon, scrambled up the lofty rock and had a conference with his Grace. (He may have got up, but even yet one may wonder how he ever got down.) The attitude of Claverhouse, the calm dignity of the Duke, and the whole composition and accessories of the scene, make an effective picture; but what strikes us most, is the expression on the face of Claverhouse; the hectic flush on the almost womanly features; the troubled and glary eyes that seem to hint of the madness by which so many of the deeds of the bad, bold cavalier were inspired.

Mr. Noel Paton, R.S.A., Limner to the Queen for Scotland, held an earlier commission as Painter in Ordinary to the Court of Fairydom, and from time to time he renews his allegiance by some illustration of the life and doings of the "good folks" of the poet's dreamland—Kilmeny's land, sacred to the gambols and harmless mischiefs, and pure endearments of a life that is the sweet mimicry of our own. 'Fact and Fancy' represents a beautiful boy with waving flaxen hair, who has by some means found his way into the fairies' haunt in the wood, and before whose bewildered eyes suddenly appears a crowd of lovely creatures and beings of fantastic shape, elfish and mirthful, dazzling in sheeny emerant and golden pink; and the glory of the sight seems to transfuse and etherialise him, for surely on fairer human mortal than this fair child did such enchanting vision never break. Minute detail is quite without our limits, and to speak of the drawing would be mere impertinence; but this we may say, that in no other work by Mr. Paton for many years has the elaboration been more charming. It is the fine product of the same genius whose first startling fruits were the illustrations of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but of that genius even refined, —and of skill mature.

Mr. Paton also exhibits sketches of some of the members of the Royal family, but they are too slight to give us any indication of what we may expect from his picture when completed.

Mr. Herdman, R.S.A., goes on year by year fulfilling the expectations which his early works excited; showing, as these did, his possession of delicate poetical feeling and power of fine, tender colour; and this love for colour seems to control any ambition he might justly have for devoting himself to great subjects. His aim seems mainly to be to produce beautiful pictures, and he succeeds. He has "no sorrow in his song, no winter in his year." A sunny melodious nature one would think this painter's, which is evident especially in his love for children, of whom in the present exhibition he has some charming portraits, as 'Cornélie,' a single figure study, sweet in colour and expression; and again and more importantly in the work entitled 'Dressing for a Charade.' It was a happy thought this to construct a family piece in which not only the youngsters should appear at their brightest and happiest, but which should also be a treasure of Art. The most lovely figure is the central little lady, beautiful exceedingly; and very charming, too, is that of the youngest boy who looks on as the others attire themselves fantastically with a look of intense enjoyment; but the other faces and figures are sweetly painted, and for truth in texture of draperies, and for careful finish, leave nothing to be desired to render more complete a delightful work. A very brilliant example of pure fine colour is the figure of the Roman girl in 'Festa Morning,' and his other pieces, chiefly portraitures, exhibit more or less strongly this his chief excellence, which, however, does not displace his merits as a draughtsman, or lead him at any time into revel without license.

Mr. J. B. Macdonald had established for himself a high reputation for powers of treatment and grasp of subject, but as so often happens, he seems to turn from the historic path in quest of the more familiar materials of "human nature's daily food." The only thing here quite worthy of his repute, as erewhile a most promising historical painter, is a portrait of an old Highlander who has been "out in the '45." He makes a grand study, like a desolate fort. The handling is broad and firm, the colour quiet and effective. Mr. McTaggart, A.R.S.A., has powers which have enabled him to do better than this year. But slight, indeed petty, as his subjects are, we can recognise in them the healthy feeling, the truthful tone, and the good touch which have distinguished his more important productions. Mr. John Michie's most ambitious work is a picture of 'Persecuted Breton Royalists celebrating the Mass at Sea.' The artist deserves credit and encouragement for adventuring on a subject specially difficult, and which he has wrought out with much ability. Garishness of colour used to be alleged against him, and in this picture he has gone to the other extreme, so that the general tone is a little black; but the drawing and composition are very clever, and the solemnity of the scene is fully impressed. Mr. Edmonston has a capital 'Highland Fair,' abounding in incidents well told—pleasant in colour, happy in grouping, and with clear good landscape. Mr. Halswelle's little picture, 'Sunny Hours,'—fisher children enjoying themselves on the shore of a calm, bright sea—is very nice in feeling and in colour. His largest exhibit is entitled 'Fisher Folk,' and represents the carrying home by fisher-women of the spoil of the boats. The artist has plainly tried hard to keep down any violence in colour, and nothing is exceptionable in that respect except, perhaps, that, making all allowance for the effects of sun and saltwater, faces and bare legs and feet have something too much of the tanned leather look. But that is no serious fault, and is, indeed, quite outweighed by the masterly drawing of particular figures, and the admirably clever and forceful expression of the whole scene. The handsome buxom wenches in the foreground, who seem almost to dance forward with their burden, are genuine specimens of the marine Amazon, among whose tribe the test of being marriageable is the ability "to keep a man"—to sell his fish and slave for him, and take care of the stocking and the household gear besides; and the sound healthy children with a certain brusqueness and oddity about them—a trifle impudent, you may think them, but it only comes of instinct fearlessness,—they are all capital studies. It has been objected that the subject wants dignity, and is unworthy the labour; to which we answer that these "fisher folk" are of the

spilth of our national manhood; that the life of many and many an one of them is a long act of heroism, and that no sadder, nobler annals were ever written than those of our fishing population, to whom danger is a born playmate, and toil an heritage. You sing and write and declaim about the "sturdy peasant," his virtues and his wants and wrongs, but must we forget "the boat that wins the bairns' bread" on midnight seas,—nor wish it "mickle speed?"

Mr. Leggett has a very clever interior, 'The Smith's Shop,' but his fault is blackness, which appears also in an otherwise excellent portrait. We may regret that Mr. C. Stanton, A.R.S.A., seems to have resigned the chisel for the pencil, but are almost consoled by such a study as his 'Autumn,' which is in delicious colour, and his female portraits have the same merit, with a certain tender grace about each of them. A young artist, Mr. E. H. Simpson, seems following very promisingly this strain of rich thoughtful colour, and may be notable some day soon. Mr. James Faed paints with much of the family genius, and one small picture, 'The Queen of the Meadow,' is almost a gem. Mr. Gourlay Steell, jun., has a very clever bit, 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' quite up to the humour of the ballad, and otherwise a brilliant, hopeful performance. Mr. R. T. Ross, A.R.S.A., in 'The Fisher's Home,' exhibits one of those cheerful scenes of humble life of which we have had so many, each excelling its predecessor. We cannot pause to describe it, to dwell on its pleasant incident, or do more than mention its careful, but not overwrought detail, which great familiarity with such scenes and subjects gives him a rare facility in managing, but for a summary criticism let him accept this,—that his picture makes us happy as we look at it. He seems gradually losing old defects of chalkiness and hardness. Mr. H. Cameron, A.R.S.A., exhibits 'The Lesson,' in which the puzzled look of the child is amusing; but the picture is slight as a composition. Better every way is 'Threading the Needle,' and yet neither of these subjects is quite worthy of one whose earlier works indicated his possession of fine poetical feeling. Mr. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., besides a sea view, exhibits a fancy portrait of a gentleman as 'An Alchemist.' The likeness is good, the handling decidedly peculiar, and yet a certain effectiveness is procured which seems to counterbalance what is queer in the method.

Mr. Gourlay Steell, R.S.A., the distinguished animal painter, has the merit of being the first artist in the North to make use of the water-glass process, and albeit not a vehicle for feeble men, it suits well his large feeling and vigorous expression. It seems worthy of notice, that however this process may have failed when applied on composition, the flexibility of the canvas is admirably adapted to it. 'A Good Day's Shooting' is in this style,—a heterogeneous mass of game piled on a rough pony,—very skilfully composed, and remarkable for the variety and truth of texture and colour, whether feathers or hide, from the glossy ebony of the black game's, and the purply brown of the grouse's, plumage to the mottle of the curlew, and the dun-grey coat of the stag. His most important picture in oils is a supposed scene of the return of the 'Prize Winners at Battersea to their Native Heath.' The drivers have just committed them to their pastures, and are relating the adventures of the journey apart. On a height, proudly surveying his principality, stands a huge red bull, with horns an ell wide, and back long and level, and shoulders and chine that might make the royal butcher shed tears of delight; and below him are youngsters of the same shaggy race in all sorts of attitudes, while a patriarch ram looks on sedately. In this picture, and two or three minor ones, Mr. Steell displays perhaps more strongly than we remember him to have ever before done, his established merits as an unerring draughtsman, a sound clear colourist, thoroughly intimate with animal life and ways and expression. And as sufficient evidence that Mr. Steell possesses the higher faculty of painting poem-pictures, in which animals have part, we might refer to his well-known work, 'A Cottage Bedside at Osborne.' But there is a picture still upon his easel far more pathetic than that. A bright-eyed gleesome girl of some five years or so—the artist's daughter—stands with her arms clasped about the neck of a large smooth deerhound; and he leans against his bonny little mistress with a look of fond devotion on his kind wise face; but with that look is blent unmistakeably something of sadness and presentiment—presentiment too soon to be fulfilled, for the bright eyes have long since closed on earth for ever.

Mr. Giles, R.S.A., has, as usual, many little pieces illustrative of life among the deer, which among the Aberdeenshire hills he has long studied. His pictures are always complete and always pleasant, but it is nearly time he contrived a greater variety of subject. Mr. John McLeod, an exclusively animal painter, is clever within his range. He shows no small ability in catching points of form and character, and generally finishes well. But we must mention briefly works in quite other spheres of the art.

Beyond question the most perfect full-length exhibited is that, by Mr. J. G. Gilbert, R.S.A., of Mr. Lawson, ex-Provost of Edinburgh. He is painted in his official robes—ermine on crimson—which afford room for the display of that power of colour, clear, rich, and deep, which Mr. Gilbert possesses in the highest measure, as if his place of study had been from youth to age on the shores of the bright Adriatic. The artist has lent an air of graceful dignity—something even of force—to the genial features and portly form of the ex-magistrate, entirely becoming. He looks like a Doge of old Venice; and the notion is sustained by the Venetian sweetness and lucidity of the colouring, and the look of thorough completeness and mastership about the whole work, as though it belonged to an earlier and a greater school altogether. Mr. Gilbert contributes also a fancy portrait of 'A Roman Girl,' a favourite subject with him for years past, but never painted more fully out than on this occasion. It may be regarded as a finished specimen of his style of colour, and one never wearies of that beautiful mournful face.

The two largest full-lengths are those of Mr. Bouch, C.E., and his lady, by Mr. Tomlinson of Huddersfield. They are painted in a style of grandeur quite extraordinary, which, however, is not supported throughout. The flesh tints contrast very ill with Mr. Gilbert's, and the backgrounds are muddled. Mr. Macnee, R.S.A., is strikingly good in two fancy pieces, 'My Little Dolly,' and 'The Ballad,' both of which are in happier feeling and more delightful colour than he shows in his portraits. A serious rival is Mr. J. M. Barclay, A.R.S.A., who has already assumed a great place. He exhibits largely, and each work is marked in more or less degree, according to the subject, by a certain manly unpretentiousness and freedom of treatment. His finest portrait, to our thinking, for quality of colour and arrangement, is that of Sheriff E. S. Gordon. It is a strong likeness, painted broadly and forcibly; while that of Dr. Boyd (A. K. H. B.) is also like and forcible. Mr. Colvin Smith's, R.S.A., sole contribution is a portrait of Lord Elphinstone; it is good in pose and almost everything save the flesh tints, which are quite sooty. Mr. Macbeth's works are ever indicative of his conscientious care in making out, and are always very pleasing in colour. His portrait of Dr. Duff is an able and characteristic performance, and there is a gleam which is almost fire in the eyes, that reminds us well of the great missionary ere years and toil transformed him into the bearded sage he looks now. Mr. G. P. Chalmers excites great expectations by his very vigorous grasp and breadth of touch, qualities strongly exhibited in his study of "Age," and in his portrait of a gentleman of Dundee. He seems, however, to reject all idea of refinement, and realises to the extent of being painfully true. But then we all know that the only true portrait is that which is idealised to the just degree, so that a man shall look that by which he shall be remembered—wear that look we instantly recall on thinking of him. It is "the light of his countenance" we recall to our inner vision then, not the minute lines and wrinkles of his face, which we never see in actual converse with him. There is just a likelihood, we fear, that Mr. Chalmers may too often exhaust his power in this literalising way. A portrait is not an anatomical preparation, but really the works of some artists are almost as ugly and unpleasant. Mr. Francis Cruikshank exhibits three portraits, each in different styles; a young lady, a Highland chief (Glengarry), and an official of Edinburgh. They are all painted with very great freedom, and we can speak for the third, which is in a low key, as a strong likeness. Every year this artist seems advancing in his profession, and in colour and drawing he has nothing to learn. Mr. Knott, in his largest picture, is feeble throughout; the others are loose in the handling. Mr. Mungo Burton paints almost always in a cold, slaty tone, but, as in his portrait of Captain Seymour, shows often excellent firmness and considerable force in treatment. Mr. Napier's portraits are, as usual with him, distinguished by fine outline and clear bright tone. His 'Edith' is, in these respects, a charming picture.

Mr. Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A., who has for many months past been at work under the direct auspices of her Majesty, still holds his own very easily as the Raeburn of his charming art. His full-length portrait of H.R.H. Prince Alfred, in Highland costume, is a *chef-d'œuvre*. He looks, indeed, every inch a Prince, and the portrait illustrates to the full the long established qualities of the artist; graceful delicacy of handling, admirable drawing, sweet soft colour. No accessories are allowed to interfere with our admiration of the single figure whose attitude of high-born ease, without a trace of superciliousness, is as perfect as could be rendered in oils on an eight feet canvas. Another masterly small portrait is that of the late Mr. Mackenzie, R.S.A., very broadly treated, and there is another of Lord George Campbell, fine in colour and expression.

Mr. G. M. Greig is the best representative of water-colour apart from portraiture, and several of his pieces (especially the late Prince Consort's room in Holyrood) are distinguished by clear rich colour, and very clever management of detail.

Mr. Brodie, R.S.A., has the best of the marble sculpture, although Mrs. D. O. Hill is very strong in plaster busts, while Mr. John Hutchison, A.R.S.A., has at least one important work in marble which fully sustains his reputation; and a young sculptor, MacCallum, puts in several very powerful claims to recognition by his busts. Mrs. Hill's bust of Livingston, the traveller, is singularly vigorous in treatment, and realises the fearless explorer perfectly; and her 'Little Howlet' is very charming in composition and expression. Mr. Brodie's best female figure it would be very difficult to name; perhaps it is the bust of Mrs. Thomson, which is exquisitely finished, and there are one or two others—especially posthumous ones—refined to that degree of *spirituel* beauty—with the immortal look—which the sculptor's art excels the painter's in imparting. Mr. Hutchison's, A.R.S.A., life-size 'Roman Dancing Girl,' her head quite naturally, but not pleasantly, bent forward, is all that can be desired in modelling of the figure, and the drapery flows very simply and softly. His 'Young Roman' is noble in feeling, with power and tenderness too. Mr. Ewing is scarcely up to the mark this year, but his subjects are not very favourable. Mr. Woolner contributes two busts; a very impressive one of Lord Ashburton, and another of Thomas Carlyle, which, of course, is a strong likeness, though any power of thought or expression in the face is almost necessarily lost in "chiselmanship." Mr. George MacCallum's bust of David Bryce, Esq., sen., the leading architect of Scotland, shows a vigour in the modelling, and a grasp of character, which speak well for his future eminence. His small statue of Miss Tennant is very beautiful in the treatment of the head, and admirably skilful in drapery. Two marble statues by Tenerani, of Rome, 'The Genius of Fishing,' and 'The Genius of the Chase,' the last best, are on the whole rather clumsy and unideal.

And so must end our notes, most necessarily imperfect as a review of nearly a thousand works of Art; and we have written of set purpose rather to extol merit than to scoff at weakness and failure.

BIRMINGHAM WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

"Forward" is the motto of the town of Birmingham, and in Art as in manufactures its denizens seem determined to lead. The Local Society of Artists connected therewith has this year essayed a spring exhibition confined to the display of water-colour drawings only. Even the brightest dreams of the projectors have been surpassed; promises of assistance came in abundance, and the large room of the society, at first intended to contain the collection, was found inadequate to accommodate the works sent; the result is, all the rooms have been thrown open and filled with contributions from 253 artists, architects, and amateurs; the united number of examples being 736. The Exhibition may be said to illustrate the history and progress of water-colour Art in this country from days of deep neutral tint, colour-wash and cool greys, down to those of the present time, when brilliancy is enhanced by water-colour glazings, and lights are put on by means of body-colour. This Exhibition appears to be a neutral ground on which the new and old water-colour societies of London, &c., have met, and in it will be found many of the best works which have been hung on their walls. Private collectors have been liberal, artists have been willing, and the result is a collection of water-colour drawings equal to that of the Manchester Art Treasures in 1857, the English department of the International Exhibition of the Fine Arts in Paris in 1855, and but little inferior to the assemblage of the same class of works in the Exhibition of 1862.

Our limited space will only admit of a brief allusion to a few of the more prominent works in the Exhibition. The chief and great picture of the collection is undoubtedly the 'Bamborough Castle' of J. M. W. Turner, with its churning and surging sea, breaking against the rock-bulwarked height on which the ancient castellated pile stands, its massive form relieved by storm cloud, and "lit" up in front with light which only a Turner could produce. Can this be the picture of which Ruskin says "he failed very signally in a large and most laboured drawing of Bamborough?" If so, such failures are very glorious, to be imitated and coveted. 'Windermere' by the same artist, shows the lake and the "pikes" of Langdale, with its other surroundings, converted into an English "Vale of Tempe" bathed in golden sunlight, such as Cuyp, if he had attempted, would have failed to accomplish. The late David Cox is well represented by numerous contributions which, while they are all illustrative of his style at various periods, it may be questioned whether all do him credit. Of these, however, are not 'Lancaster Sands,' 'The Red House, Battersea,' 'The Peat Gatherers,' 'The Edge of the Forest,' two drawings of 'Fort Rouge,' nor that very charming drawing of 'Calais Pier,' in the sea of which there is motion, and in its movements it evolves the smell of the salt sea brine. Clarkson Stanfield is represented by a 'Fort Rouge,' cool, calm, and very truthful. Vicat Cole has a 'Harvesting' very true to nature, the grain faithfully rendered, its rich brown yellow made richer by contrast with the purple heath-covered rising ground and the foliage of the noble tree which rises out of the standing wheat. A considerable amount of the effect is due to opaque body-colour, an element in which the magnificent tending to pretty 'Return of Spring,' by Warren, is chiefly dependent for its detail; with this objection, hypercritical indeed would the critic be who could find a fault with a work which contains such an amount of detail which is truth itself. It is "Spring," and we list to hear the notes of the bird which tells of coming summer. Of J. Brett we have two examples, 'November in the Isle of Wight,' too literal, and a dream-like vision of 'The Bay of Naples,' shadowy, but minute. E. H. Corbould's illustration from the 'Idylls of the King' is exceeding rich in colour, but it scarce realises the word-picture of Tennyson it is intended to illustrate. Birket Foster has two landscapes delightfully worked out, full of detail, and charming in colour. G. Cattermole is well represented by subjects in his own particular walk: he, however, contributes a sketch 'After the Wreck,' with true sea-waves, showing his ability to deal with another element than that which he introduces in his ordinary works. Lewis Haghe is represented by the 'Interior of his Studio,' and a gloomy, but grand 'Interior of St. Anne, Bruges.' The artist who painted 'The Presentation in the Temple,' would do well in future to retain in his portfolio for purposes of reference only his 'Autumn Afternoon,' 'Downs,' and 'Sea Mists.' Old William Hunt is represented by a characteristic group of 'Wayfarers,' 'A Cottage Girl,' 'Fruit,' and a 'Hedge Bank with Primroses,' the last two very truthful, rivalling nature; the others bold and true.

T. S. Cooper has some 'Cattle Pieces,' and a 'Group of Sheep,' which maintain his reputation; it is, however, perilled by the excellent, faithful representation of the last-named animals introduced in 'A Hampshire Lane Scene,' by G. Shalders. The sketches of 'Horses' and 'Cattle,' by Frederick Tayler, are more truthful, because less conventional, than his finished pictures of 'Deer Stalkers,' and 'Waiting for the Duke.' J. Nash sends illustrative Interiors of Old English Mansions, painfully literal and true, much beholden to the drawing-pen, square, and opaque white for their making out. Collingwood Smith contributes liberally marine-subjects. G. Fripp sends a few quiet river scenes, cleverly manipulated. J. D. Harding is but imperfectly represented. For "the light of other days," as regards water-colour, there is a solitary example of Paul Sandby; the bright colour has fled, the neutral tint alone remains. Further examples of the past in water-colours are—'Boats on the Beach,' by W. Havell, and the solemnly grand and powerful drawings, 'Corn-field and Reapers,' and 'A River Scene,' by De Wint: while the breadth, force, and legitimate use of water-colour is nowhere better exemplified than in 'Boats on the River,' and 'Vessels at Anchor,' by Prout. We notice, too, works by Absolon, Chalon, Haag, J. L. Pettit, Manning, Penley, Redgrave, Richardson, Woolnoth, Gastineau, Callow, Cooke, Waterhouse Hawkins, Mrs. W. Oliver, &c., are also contributors. The local artists and amateurs have come out in great force; among many other works contributed by an amateur, R. S. Chattock, a 'Winter Afternoon,' is a work which would do credit to an artist of very high standing. The mantle of David Cox would seem to have descended on Mr. William Roberts (also an amateur), nor has the return of eighty springs rendered tremulous his hand, nor dimmed his eye, to either artistic beauty or freedom of execution. F. H. Henshaw sends numerous works, broader in touch than his "oils," but somewhat lacking the transparency of water-colour works. C. W. Ratcliff, J. Steeple, E. Everitt, and A. E. Everitt, C. R. Aston, H. and H. S. Baker, Sebastian Evans, Valter, P. and A. Deakin, are contributors. A galaxy of lady exhibitors also appears, led on by Miss Steeple, who, by the way, paints so promisingly, that we feel inclined to hint a greater attention to breadth of effect would be to her advantage, and the attempt to rival photographic minuteness of detail will result in failure; to indicate rather than express should be her aim. Mrs. Ashford, the Misses Osborne, Martin, Rofe, Stamps, Vernon, send works of greater and less degrees of merit, chiefly flower pieces.

'Architectural contributions are sent by Street, Johnson, Thomason, Holmes, Donaldson, Nisbet, Bateman, &c. Something more than a mere word of commendation is due to Mr. A. E. Everitt, the Honorary Secretary; while the "hangers" have done their work well.

In conclusion, we may say that rarely indeed in the provinces, and occasionally only in London, have we seen any exhibition so completely illustrative of the water-colour Art of this country, its rise, progress, and present position, than that opened in Birmingham, which we have visited with pleasure.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE T. E. PLINT, ESQ., LEEDS.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., Painter.
R. Graves, A.R.A., Engraver.

DANTE'S "Inferno" has suggested the subject of this picture. "Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, a lady of great beauty and elegance, became the wife of Lancelot, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, a man of merit, but deformed in person. The accomplishments of Paolo, a relative of her husband, were unhappily placed in too striking contrast with the defects of the latter. Francesca became an unfaithful wife, and being surprised in the company of her paramour by the injured Lancelot, they were both slain on the spot with a single blow."* In the fifth canto of the poem, Dante and his companion Virgil encounter the unhappy pair in the infernal regions; the former inquires of Francesca the cause of her being with her lover in the place of the doomed. She replies—

> "No keener pang hath hell,
> Than to recall, amid some deep distress,
> Our happier time. . . . . .
> 'Twas on a day when we for pastime read
> Of Lancelot,† how love snared him to ruin:
> We were alone, nor knew suspicious dread.
> Oft in that reading paused our eyes, renewing
> Their glance, and from our cheeks the colour started,"
> &c. &c.
>
> DAYMAN'S *Translation.*

These lines are the key to Mr. Paton's very beautiful composition, one that shows not only the artist's skill as a painter, but his poetic imagination also; it is, so to speak, a reminiscence of Italian life in the middle ages. Francesca herself partially describes it:—

> "The land where I was born sits by the main,
> Where Po, declining to the broad sea-brink,
> Yearneth for peace with all his urgent train."

Seated on a raised slab of marble in a kind of wild luxuriant garden, the lovers —she with her arm resting on his shoulder —are reading together, out of a ponderous volume, on a lovely summer's evening, the tale that lured them to their ruin.

> "The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
> Sunset divides the sky with her,"

and brings out in strong relief the distant range of hills and the tall cypress-trees. Exquisitely soft and lovely is the face of Francesca, radiant with the subdued brilliancy of the sun low down in the horizon; innocent, too, is it, as if no unhallowed thought could find entrance into so fair and pure an exterior. Noble and manly is the form of Paolo; a statuesque picture clothed in ample folds of drapery, graceful as if modelled by some sculptor of old Greece. His head-dress is, no doubt, true to the costume of the period, and is certainly picturesque, but it looks heavy, and, consequently, gives undue weight to the upper part of the figure; we should have preferred the head uncovered. This, to our mind, is the only objectionable passage in a picture worthy of the immortal poem that gave birth to it; and which is so full of subject-matter for painters who have the discernment to discover it, and the genius to represent it worthily. Doré's illustrations of the "Inferno" are great works, but we look with more pleasure on such "readings" as Mr. Paton's.

* Note to Dayman's Translation of the *Inferno*.

† Lancelot du Lac, perhaps the most distinguished of the Round Table Knights, was the lover of Ginevra, Arthur's queen. Their adventures formed the subject of many romances by the poets of the chivalric age.—*Idem.*



ANCIENT BROOCHES AND DRESS FASTENINGS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

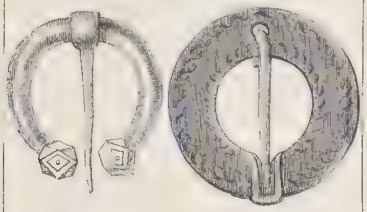
BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART II.—IRISH, SCOTTISH, AND ANGLO-SAXON BROOCHES.

A VERY distinct character pervades the ornamental works of the ancient nations who once inhabited the islands now forming our united kingdom. I give precedence to Ireland, because the arts of civilisation seem to have reached a perfection there at an earlier era than in Scotland, and certainly long before England enjoyed them. The great reputation their clergy had for learning, in time converted the country into a sort of university to which young men were sent to study. The monks, and even the higher clergy, took relaxation in following the goldsmith's art, and wrought many beautiful works. Others illuminated books with ornaments so elaborate in design, and so tedious to execute, that no money could pay for the labour; it was simply one of love to the monastery they inhabited.

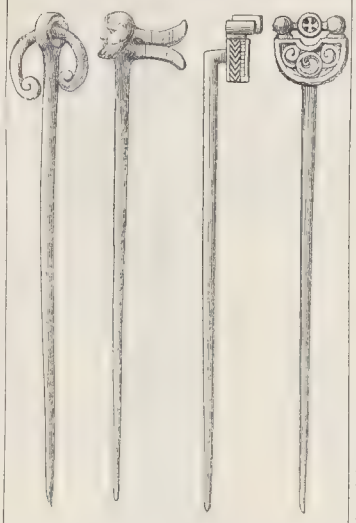
Whence the origin of this fine early Art? Many antiquaries point to Denmark and the Northmen: but Irish antiquaries contend for it as native. The truth may be that northern influences may have originated it, but it certainly became distinctly



characteristic at last, so that Danish works, seemingly similar, are, on strict examination, found to be very different. Its character is excessive elaboration; interlaced patterns of the most intricate design, in which dragons and monsters entwine themselves, are its prevailing features.

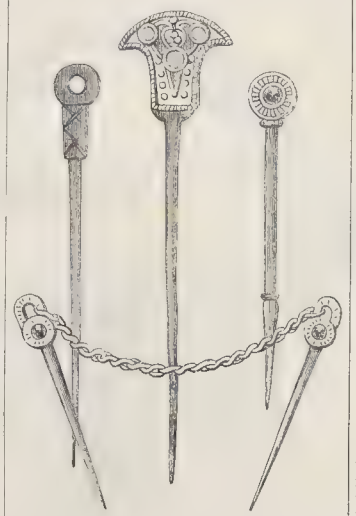
The ancient Irish brooch was unlike others worn in Scotland or England. It had a long central pin, with an open ring at its summit, allowing free motion to the bar which passed through it, and formed a half-circle, supporting a lunette-shaped pendant, covered with elaborate decoration and jewellery. They varied in size and decoration according to the rank of the wearer. The highest price of a silver one for a king, according to Vallancey, was thirty heifers, when made of refined silver; the lowest value attached to them being three heifers. This author has engraved a very large specimen, of the intrinsic value of three pounds. The pin is 9½ inches long, and the circular brooch 5 inches in diameter. Larger specimens have been found, and mistaken for poniards. They were made thus large and strong to pass easily through the thick woollen garments necessary to the cold, wet climate.

This old style of design in ornament continued in use in Ireland until the twelfth or thirteenth century—in fact, until the inhabitants had destroyed its civilisation by internecine war. Many works, like the bell of St. Patrick at Belfast, might, at the first glance, be attributed to the same era as the famous "Durham book," or book of St. Cuthbert, now one of the chief treasures of the British Museum library, and



which is believed to have been executed as early as the seventh century, by Eadfrith, afterwards of Lindisfarne, who died in 721. We are, however, certain as to the date of the bell, for an inscription is upon it, stating that it was made to the order of Donnell O'Lochlain, one of the old Irish kings, who came to the throne in 1083, and died in 1121.

The first brooch discovered in Ireland is in the possession of Mr. Waterhouse, the goldsmith, of Dublin. It is represented at the bottom of the next page. It is engraved the full size of the original, but the length of the long plain pin has been curtailed. It was found accidentally by a peasant near Drogheda. It is of bronze,



decorated with gems and ornament in enamel, and may probably be of no earlier date than the bell just alluded to.

A simpler kind of ornamental pin was worn by the lower classes, of which I give two specimens in the upper group in the centre of this page. They are engraved about half the size of the originals. The first is a plain pin, with a small ring hanging from its head. The second is unique in its character, having an old man's head at its summit: it is of bronze, gilt. As we descend in the scale of rank, these pins become plainer, the poorer classes using



them of bone, roughly fashioned by themselves.

The common kind of Scottish pins was of very similar character, as the example placed beside those last described will show. The head of the pin projects some distance in advance of it, as seen in the side view. A small cross is in the centre of the upper part; the other ornament is convoluted, and is brought into relief by chasing.

The ordinary form of the later Scottish brooch is that of a broad open circle, decorated with intricate knot-work, or floral designs. Dr. Wilson, in his "Archæology and Pre-historic Annals of Scotland," has engraved one very similar, and says, "The interlaced knot-work appears to have been a favourite device of Celtic Art. It occurs on the sculptures, the jewellery, the manuscripts, and the decorated shrines and book-cases of early Irish Christian Art, and has been perpetuated almost to our own day on the weapons and personal ornaments of the Scottish Highlanders."

"The brooch has always been a favourite Celtic ornament, and is, indeed, almost indispensable to the Highland costume. It is worn universally by the Scottish Highlanders, both male and female; and in



many Highland families of various ranks, favourite brooches have been preserved through many generations as heirlooms, which no pecuniary inducement would tempt their humblest owner to part with."

A curious discovery of a fibula, which might at first sight be pronounced Scottish,

was made at Stamford, Lincolnshire. It is the topmost cut in the third column of the preceding page. It was found in the process of enlarging a stone-pit in the parish of Castle Bytham. It is described by Mr. Akerman, in his "Pagan Saxondom," as a ring fibula, of white metal, gilt, in very excellent preservation, and set with four gems, closely resembling carbuncles. An irregular interlacing pattern is worked over the whole front surface, but it is perfectly plain behind." This author is inclined to think that it has a Scandinavian character, and favours the supposition that its owner was a Danish lady.

This supposition seems borne out by the researches of Dr. Davis, in his interesting ethnographical sketch of the various ancient populations who have invaded and inhabited Anglia in pre-historic times, prefixed to that very valuable work, the "Crania Britannica." He is of opinion

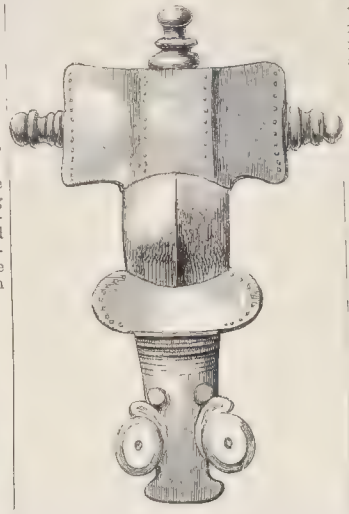


that about the time of Cæsar, the population of our island throughout the northern and midland counties was derived from the tribes of Jutland and North Germany, and that the southern portions of the island were exclusively filled by the Saxon immigrants.

A fibula of a very peculiar form is found in these northern counties in great abundance. We give an example on the present page, the central upper figure. It is of bronze, and was found at Driffield, Yorkshire, in the grave of a female. Sometimes these fibulæ are richly ornamented with interlaced patterns, and heads of strange birds and animals. They are then generally gilt, and have been found of enormous size, eight inches in length by six in breadth. I imagine these very large brooches fastened the heavy outer cloak, the smaller being used for lighter portions of the dress.

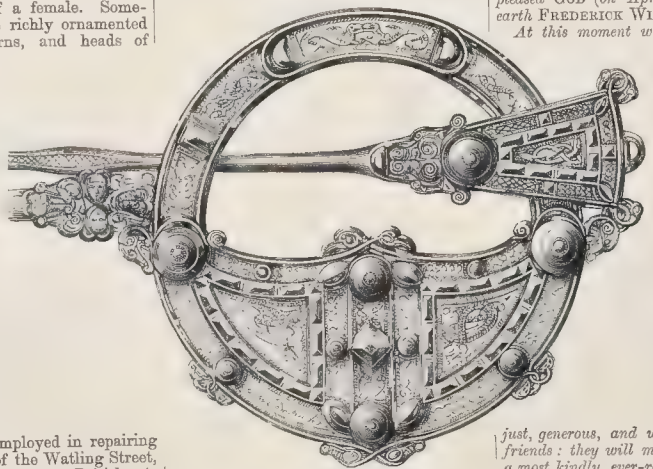
The ordinary form of brooch worn by the humbler classes is shown in the two specimens at the commencement of this chapter; both are of bronze, with very slight attempt at ornament, and were found by labourers employed in repairing the road on the line of the Watling Street, about a mile from the Romano-British settlement at Cesterover, between Bensford Bridge and the road leading from Rugby to Lutterworth.

Two specimens of the circular fibulæ of the southern Anglo-Saxons are given on each side of this page. They were both found in Kent, where the wealthiest and most refined Saxons were located. It is



curious to note how completely in design and execution they resemble such as are found in South Germany. In the Augsburg Museum are some identical in design and execution with Kentish specimens in the Mayer Museum at Liverpool. They appear as if made by the same workmen.

These fibulæ were generally much enriched on the upper surface. A soft enamel, or slices of pearl (which have generally perished), probably filled the outer rim in our first specimen; the centre is here raised, and is formed of pearl, in the centre of which is a garnet, and slices of garnet are cut to fit the triangular ornaments; to give them greater brilliancy, they are laid on a thin piece of gold foil. The second speci-



men is of more elaborate design; the use of garnet is again apparent, but the spaces between the jewellery are filled with a double row of incurvated ornaments, made of fine threads of gold; sometimes these threads of gold are reeded, or plaited, of two or three finer gold threads. I have been assured by practical goldsmiths that more delicate work could not be done in the present day. All these small ornaments are made singly, and then fastened in their places. They excite astonishment at the great refinement that must have characterised the Anglo-Saxons, and which is carried out in other articles found in their tumuli.

I shall conclude by a description of the Anglo-Saxon pins; a group found in Kent is the lowermost cut on page 141. The first specimen is of the simplest design, with no attempt at ornament, except the double cross roughly incised in the bronze. The middle pin, on the contrary, is one of the finest kind; the head is ornamented with jewellery and goldsmith's work, the stem is of bronze. The pin beside it is of silver



gilt, the centre decorated with a raised garnet. I have placed in front of them a very remarkable specimen of a double pin, connected by a chain, exactly similar to such as were universally fashionable a few years ago. Though fashion may be "ever changing," it is not "ever new."

[*This is the last contribution we can receive from an author to whose aid we have been indebted—nearly month after month—during a period of more than twenty-five years. It pleased* God (*on April 3*) *to remove from earth* Frederick William Fairholt.

At this moment we find it impossible to write the memoir that must appear in these pages, and postpone the duty for a month.

His death deprives us not only of a valuable auxiliary in the conduct of this Journal, but of a beloved friend; one who was in all ways estimable. Few writers of our time have done more than he did—with the pencil and the pen—to convey information; sometimes on abstruse subjects, but always in an attractive and popular form; while Death has taken no man into another sphere whose life on earth was more entirely just, generous, and upright. He had many friends: they will mourn his loss as that of a most kindly, ever-ready, and always useful aid in their labours, for his information was most extensive; and he was always at hand to direct inquirers to authorities.—Ed. *A.-J.*]

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC LENSES.

BY THOMAS SUTTON, B.A.
EDITOR OF "PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES."

PHOTOGRAPHY is so closely allied to the Fine Arts, that a sketch of the history of the improvements which have been made from time to time in photographic lenses, including a description of the latest and greatest improvement of all, viz., Mr. Ross's new DOUBLET lens, may not be unacceptable to readers of the *Art-Journal*.

There is this difference between photographic lenses, and those used in the microscope, telescope, and most other optical instruments, viz., that they are required to embrace a much wider field of view. For instance, in the microscope, or telescope, an angle of only a very few degrees is included at most, and sometimes even less than one degree; while it generally happens that a photographic lens is required to include from twenty to eighty degrees, or even more. Hence, on the discovery of the new art of photography, in the year 1839, a want was immediately felt for suitable lenses with which to project the optical image of the object to be copied upon the chemically prepared tablet that had been rendered sensitive to light.

A little consideration will show that there are two distinct problems to be solved by the optician who manufactures photographic lenses. The first problem will be to construct a lens for portraiture, which shall give a very brilliant image, not necessarily including a wider field of view than twenty or thirty degrees; and the second problem will be to construct a lens for views, which shall give an undistorted image, including a wide field of view, with *equality* of illumination rather than extreme brilliancy, and with good definition to the extreme edges and corners of the picture. In the portrait lens the aperture must be large in proportion to the focal length, in order to reduce as much as possible the time of *pose*, and secure a pleasing expression in the face of the sitter; and in this case the problem is, to correct spherical aberration in a large contral pencil. In the view lens, on the contrary, a long exposure is of less consequence, and therefore the problem becomes, to secure great width of field, equality of illumination, and freedom from distortion; spherical aberration being sufficiently reduced by means of a small diaphram. In both cases it is also desirable that the lens be achromatic, or "actinic," as it is now called, in order to ensure the coincidence of a large number of chemical rays in the same focus as that of the luminous rays, by which the image is rendered visible upon the focusing screen.

The new problems to be solved by opticians, on the discovery of the art of photography twenty-six years ago, were therefore by no means simple ones, and it is not surprising that they should have received a rather tardy solution. The remark, however, applies chiefly to the lens used in landscape photography; for, curiously enough, the form of portrait lens originally devised by Professor Petzval, of Vienna, still holds its ground. It may be seen at any optician's; and as no history is connected with it beyond what has just been said, it is unnecessary to describe it here. It is an inferior instrument for taking views, because, even with a very small diaphram, the field has too much curvature to suit an included angle of more than about thirty-five degrees. It is, however, frequently used for taking instantaneous views which do not include a wide angle. As soon as the photographic chemist shall discover the means of greatly increasing the sensitiveness of a photographic plate, the old Petzval portrait lens will be laid upon the shelf.

The history of the improvements which have been made from time to time, but more particularly within the last seven years, in photographic view lenses, is, however, much more interesting and instructive. It is curious to observe, from our present point of view, how contented photographers appear to have been for many years with little bits of a picture, possessing rarely any artistic merit as regards composition; and how little they troubled themselves about the light and the definition falling off rapidly towards the margin, and about the distortion of the marginal lines. So little, in fact, did they trouble themselves at first about these defects, that they almost came to be considered inherent in the photographic process itself, and altogether unavoidable; while even to this day the artistic element in photography, and the artistic education of its votaries, are things more neglected than they ought to be.

The earliest form of view lens was an achromatic meniscus, having a stop placed in front, as shown in Fig. 1.

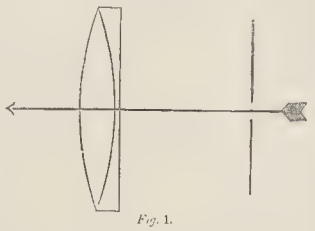


Fig. 1.

The front surface of this lens was for a number of years, and until quite lately, made nearly flat, instead of deeply hollow, as it ought to have been. The deep meniscus was suggested, about two years ago, by myself, and the theory of it was clearly established in some articles of mine on the subject which appeared in *Photographic Notes*, of February 15 and March 1, 1864, and February 1, 1865.* The effect of the deep front hollow in flattening the field and reducing distortion is something marvellous; for a deep meniscus is found to include a field of view half as wide again as a plano-convex lens. Since my articles were published, Mr. Dallmeyer, of London, has patented a deep meniscus lens, having the same outward form as that which I suggested, but composed of three cemented lenses instead of two. After carefully testing this arrangement, I am satisfied that it is not so good as the other; and Mr. Ross is of the same opinion.

Another form of meniscus, which has been known to opticians for fifty years, was patented by Mr. Grubb, of Dublin, in 1858. He called it the APLANATIC lens—for no good reason that I could ever discover. It has the same outward form as the original meniscus, being nearly flat in front; but it is achromatised differently. The central pencil is rather better corrected than in the old form of meniscus, but the oblique pencils are not so good; the marginal definition is therefore worse, and the distortion is no better. On the whole, this lens is a worse instrument than that which it was intended to supersede, and no one has cared to dispute the validity of the patent. It is shown in Fig. 2; my deep meniscus in Fig. 3. The latter lens covers

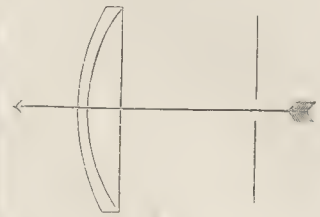


Fig. 2.

a field half as wide again as the aplanatic, and with much less distortion.

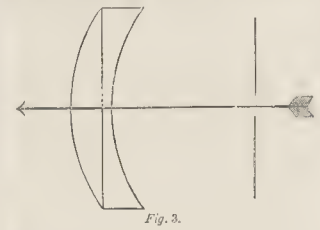


Fig. 3.

The ORTHOSCOPIC, or orthographic lens, next claims attention. It was found that the ordinary single view lens gave excessive barrel-shaped distortion of lines near the margin of the picture, and the orthoscopic lens was intended to remedy that evil, as well as to flatten the field. The merits of this new invention are discussed in an original paper published by the late Mr. Andrew Ross, in *Photographic Notes* for August 1, 1858. The image formed by this lens is not, however, quite free from distortion, as its name would seem to imply, for the marginal lines, instead of being barrel-shaped, as before, are bent in the opposite direction, like the sides of a pincushion. The form of this combination is shown in Fig. 4. Its history is rather

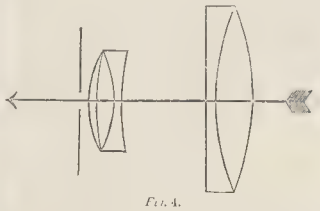


Fig. 4.

amusing. About the year 1840, Professor Petzval devised two forms of portrait lens, one of which was adopted, and the other rejected. The rejected form lay upon the shelf for seventeen years, when it was discovered, by *accident*, that by putting a diaphram against the back lens, it made an excellent combination for views.

About the time of the introduction of the orthoscopic view lens, photographers began to call out loudly for an instrument which should give a strictly correct and undistorted image of the object. Mr. Rothwell, who kept a small chandler's shop at Manchester, was the first to suggest a solution of this problem; and he proposed to employ a pair of equal achromatic plano-convex lenses, placed at a suitable distance apart, with their flat sides inwards, and a small diaphram midway between them. This combination certainly cured distortion, but

* Published by Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, London.

it gave such excessive curvature of the image, and such bad marginal definition, as to be useless. Had that gentleman suggested a pair of equal deep menisci, instead of plano-convex lenses, the solution would have been complete. But that final improvement was reserved for Mr. Thomas Ross to make, some years afterwards.

In order to remedy the evils existing in Mr. Rothwell's combination, I suggested to opticians to place a small concave lens within the aperture of the diaphram. This had the desired effect of greatly flattening the field, and improving the marginal definition. To this compound I gave the name SYMMETRICAL TRIPLET; and a paper which I wrote concerning it was read at the meeting of the British Association in 1859. About a year before that time, I had suggested to the late Mr. Andrew Ross, that an *un*-symmetrical triplet might be made on the same principles, provided the stop was so placed between the lenses as to divide the space between them in the ratio of their focal lengths. Mr. Dallmeyer, the son-in-law of Mr. Ross, adopted that suggestion of mine a year or two afterwards, and at the International Exhibition of 1862 obtained a medal for the "invention" of a triplet constructed on that principle. One of the jurors on that occasion, Dr. Diamond, was the editor of the Journal of the Photographic Society; and in order to establish my own claim to the invention, I sent him for insertion in his journal a photo-lithographic copy of my letter to Mr. Dallmeyer's father-in-law; but he refused to insert it except as an advertisement, in which form it actually appeared!

Still, however, the craving for a wide angle of view remained unsatisfied, until, by a singular chance, I got an idea, which ended in my inventing and patenting, in the year 1859, an entirely new lens, previously unknown to optical science, which would include more than double the angle of view that any other lens would, and that with perfect freedom from distortion, and with as good definition at the extreme edges as at the centre of the enormous field covered. This strange instrument is nothing more than a thick spherical shell of glass, having its interior filled with water, and fitted with a central diaphram of a new and curious form, in order to equalise the illumination of the image. It is shown in Fig. 5. A description of it was read, and

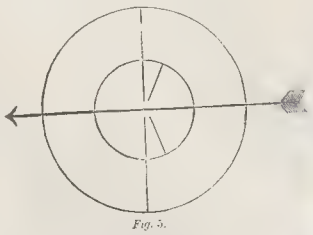


Fig. 5.

the lens itself exhibited, as well as some pictures taken by it, at the meeting of the British Association in 1860. The pictures, however, which this lens takes, must be either upon a cylindrical surface, or the interior of a spherical bowl, and not upon flat plates. It is perfectly achromatic, and has a focal length of about three times its radius. I was led to this invention by observing one evening, in my study, the images of two candles at the opposite sides of the room, formed simultaneously by a glass globe filled with water. The mode of achromatising such a vessel symmetrically soon occurred to me, and then followed, but not so readily, the invention of the equalising diaphram. The best panoramic views that I have yet seen taken with this lens, are some of Cintra, by Mr. Munro, of Lisbon. They are very perfect, and measure about 20 by 9 inches, and include about ninety degrees of angle on the base line. I have not myself found the slightest difficulty in working with this lens, either upon glass cylinders or bowls, and the definition cannot be surpassed; it will bear microscopic examination up to the extreme edges of the field.

In order to obviate the use of water in the interior or my spherical lens, Mr. Harrison, optician, of New York, after procuring one of my panoramic lenses from me, set to work to try to improve upon it. His experiments ended in the production of a lens, spherical in its exterior form, and having a central diaphram, but formed by two very deep achromatic menisci. This instrument, to the surprise of most people who heard or it, gave an extremely wide *flat* field. It was called the GLOBE lens, and is to this day extensively used in America, though not in Europe. I had the pleasure of trying one of these instruments as soon as the invention was published, and was much pleased with its performance. It is shown in Fig. 6.

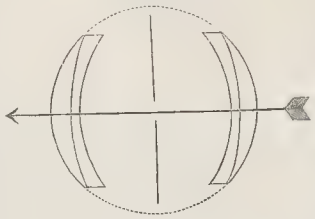


Fig. 6.

A little consideration convinced me that the marvellous flattening of the field by the globe lens was due, not to its spherical form, but to the action of a hollow surface upon a pencil of rays incident upon it obliquely; and I set to work, as soon as a convenient opportunity offered, to investigate the theory of this very curious effect—one with which opticians were not previously familiar. The whole investigation will be found in my *Photographic Notes* for February 1, 1865, p. 30.

The next and most recent invention in view-lenses for flat plates is due to Mr. Thomas Ross. It is called the DOUBLET, and consists of two achromatic deep menisci (see Fig. 7). In this instrument, which is

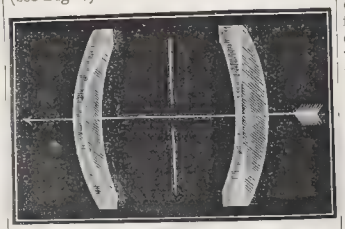


Fig. 7.

not quite symmetrical, the corrections are better carried out than in the globe lens, and it is, in *every* respect, a superior instrument to that—in fact, the best view-lens now in existence. It covers a field including eighty degrees, with splendid definition up to the edges and corners, with equality of illumination and entire freedom from distortion. A magnificent series of views, taken by Mr. Frith last summer in Switzerland, and which have been exhibited at meetings of all the leading photographic societies, are convincing proofs of the wonders that this new lens can accomplish in the hands of a clever artist. The series consists of about two hundred subjects, bound in three volumes, quarto size, the views being about 10 by 8 inches, and the equivalent focal length of the lens about 7 inches, so that the included angle is over seventy degrees. They can be seen by any one who will call on Mr. Ross, at his lens manufactory, in Featherstone Buildings. Every landscape painter should make a point of examining for himself this very splendid set of photographs, for they are the finest things that have yet been produced by the art of photography in delineating natural scenery. I may also add that the doublet lens answers equally well for copying purposes; and I have now before me two elaborate maps of France, as well as some copies of engravings, made by this lens, which are as perfect in every respect as if pulled from the engraved plate in the printing press.

A lens has been lately introduced by Herr Steinheil, of Munich, called the "Periskop." It is nothing more than a cheap substitute for Ross's doublet, being composed of a pair of single deep menisci, made of crown glass. It is not, therefore, corrected either for chromatic or spherical aberration, and good definition can only be obtained by means of a very small stop. The Periskop lens has lately been patented in this country; but it is quite an old story, for so long ago as 1842, Mr. Thomas Ross used one of his own make for taking Daguerreotype pictures; and I had that very instrument in my hands six years ago; so that the validity of Herr Steinheil's patent for this country rests on a rather insecure foundation. It is not improbable that the Periskop lens may become popular with such photographic amateurs as do not care to treat themselves to the better and more expensive doublet.

The purchaser of any double combination must be careful to see that it is properly mounted; for unless the edges of the lenses are screened from the light by a blackened annulus of metal, there will be a round spot of diffused light in the centre of the picture. The lenses of the two best English makers, Ross and Dallmeyer, are free from this defect.

Such is a brief history of the improvements that have from time to time been made in photographic view-lenses. The defects observed in the early photographs of natural scenery, viz., narrowness of the field of view, distortion, and bad marginal definition, need exist no longer, since photographers have now the Ross doublet for flat plates, and my own panoramic lens (also made by Ross, who has purchased the patent) for more comprehensive views, upon cylinders or bowls. The old forms of meniscus ought to be totally condemned, and the orthoscopic and triplet lenses to be banished with them. As for the deep meniscus, the doublet includes that, because its front lens is actually the best possible of that form, and it may be unscrewed and used separately. The shallow meniscus, the aplanatic, the orthoscopic, the triplet, and the globe, may now be considered things of the past. The doublet lens for flat plates, and the panoramic lens for curved ones, are all that a photographic artist requires, either for landscape or for copying purposes.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

FORTY-THIRD EXHIBITION.

This "Suffolk Street Exhibition" is passed over in silence by some of our contemporaries as incorrigible. They can only see upon these walls, year after year, the same melancholy array of ambitious, meretricious, and slovenly works. They imagine that this Society now exists not for the sake of Art, as Art, but in the interests of members who elsewhere might fail to obtain for vast and vacant canvases a place, a public, or a purchaser. We, however, for several reasons, shall continue to take a different course. We shall persist in bestowing upon this gallery a fair share of criticism, partly because we have always desired to make our pages a record of Art-transactions; also because we do not see that the silent contempt which some writers maintain is the course most likely to lead to desired reformation. Outspoken criticism has, before now, proved itself to be a wholesome castigation for various kinds of offenders, and we are not yet prepared to say that the Suffolk Street Society has entered on a dotage beyond the reach of recovery. Furthermore, it were indeed hard if the thousand works here assembled did not contain a certain per-centage of pictures which either deserve encomium, or call for encouragement. Therefore, though the task of criticism is here more than usually painful, we do not think it right to shrink from the duty. Of some works, however, which disfigure these walls, we shall not attempt to speak. Such crying enormities may indeed be left to an avenging Nemesis.

It is a misfortune that large rooms sometimes are taken as a justification for vast pictures, and if size could constitute success, the honourable members of Suffolk Street were certainly entitled to pre-eminent position. This Gallery is great in shipwrecks, speaking metaphorically as well as literally; it is illustrious also in history; it is brilliant likewise in panoramic display of landscapes. Let us commence with the figure pieces. Mr. Hurlstone, the President, used to be the acknowledged Murillo of "Pall Mall East," but of late he has been wearing the mantle of Byron. And so, instead of dirty children lying in the streets of Seville, we are favoured, on a canvas of noble proportions, with two Byronic characters, 'Gulnare,' a lady who, "when soft, could feel, and when incensed, could dare;" and cruel 'Seyd,' carrying "rage in his eye, and threats in his adieu." We are sorry that Mr. Hurlstone should sacrifice himself in paying tribute to his subject. A painter less conscientious might scarcely have felt himself bound to interpret the poet's text by fustian and melodrama. The picture is thrown off with a rough and ready brush, a mode of execution which Mr. Hurlstone requests us to accept as symbolic of the true Byronic manner. Why does not this painter disport his genius on some other poet? The murder of Desdemona would suit him precisely. The visitor will probably pass by the works of W. Gill, S. Hayes, P. Levin, J. Noble, W. Salter, W. Shayer, and J. C. Ward. These gentlemen, as time-honoured members of the Society, occupy a distinguished position upon the walls, as well as in the catalogue.

About the merits of one picture at least there can be little question. 'Passion and Patience,' by E. C. Barnes, is intended to excite sensation. The subject arises out of a domestic incident which, with advantage, involves enigma and mystery. The story seems to be this: an impulsive young lady, personating "passion," has just thrown her love letters, torn in a thousand pieces, upon the ground. An old crone, who stands behind the chair, awaits the *dénouement* unmoved. The postillion, as "patience," the best character in the piece, suggested possibly by certain grotesque figures of Mr. Marks, yawns away in the background the weary hours. The story has been told with point, and the picture is polished into pleasant smoothness, and suffused with agreeable harmony of colour. It requires, however, in many of its passages, closer study and more thorough working out. For example, the drapery which falls over the lady's lap is neither well painted nor well cast. Mr. Barnes exhibits another clever work, 'The Balcony.' This artist's success is in his own hands; still closer study will secure for his talents triumph.

Many a reputation has been lost in Suffolk Street, yet, on the other hand, there seems no reason why, in these handsome rooms, distinction should not be won. Several artists, indeed, may be mentioned, who are in a fair way for honour. We meet for the first time a young painter, F. Holl, jun., who, if we mistake not, is marked by coming fame. His two pictures have the advantage—rare in this gallery at least—of being small, but they are brimfull of the character which comes of thought and intent. The one, 'A Boulogne Fish-Girl,' is of a subdued and suggestive quietism; the colours are broken and tertiary, as in the Faed and the Scottish school. The other bearing the title 'Is it a Purse or a Coffin?' though in execution scarcely so complete, is of intent more express. A live coal flies out of the fire at the feet of a starved and ragged outcast. "A purse or a coffin" has indeed come for this child of misfortune to be a desperate alternative. The picture has character, simplicity, and pathos. Young Weekes wants a new idea; his clever little pictures are repeated, with but little change, from exhibition to exhibition. We shall wait to see what he will do for the Academy; we trust that he has been holding his powers in reserve for a master effort. C. S. Lidderdale extends, as we hoped, the *répertoire* of his subjects. He has exchanged England for Spain, and though scarcely as yet at home in the new country, he gains fresh ideas and further opportunity of proving his powers. Mr. Lidderdale's two Spanish heads are painted with his usual care and precision, though the quality of the work is not quite so good as that which we have been accustomed to extol in the artist's home studies. J. Hayllar is another of our rising artists who has worked rather hard a few favourite ideas. He had presumed rather too long upon success, and wanted change and the wider range which comes of travel. Apparently he has taken a tour in Italy, and here we have one or two of the minor spoils. 'A Venetian Well,' with a girl beside it decked in the impudent little hat worn by water-carriers, affords the painter opportunity for display of the piquant manner and dexterous touch wherein he delights. 'La Saltarella,' a subject no less felicitous than hacknied, has the rapid movement that gives life to the dance; the lines of composition are skilful. But the artist must have had much confidence in the merits of his work, to venture to call to so sketchy a canvas public scrutiny. Mrs. Margaret Robbinson seeks applause for a picture of power and colour, 'Straw-rope making in the Highlands;' the work tells more by its general effect than by its individual truth and detailed study. The background certainly is too heavy, and crowds upon the figures.

In the list of praiseworthy pictures to which these spacious rooms give fair opportunity of gaining appreciation, must not be forgotten the 'Portrait of a Lady,' by G. Earl. This equestrian figure is almost the only example in the gallery of a high and courtly style of portraiture. Were it not for lamentable poverty in colour, and a certain chalkiness and opacity of surface, this picture would take a first rank. There is a canvas crowded with 'The French Army of 1812,' painted by a Pole, J. Sucholowski by name, that really deserves more attention than it ever will receive. The figures, which may be counted by thousands, seem carefully studied. But the treatment is hard and dry, and the subject repulsive. We trust the artist can afford to wait for posthumous fame.

It has long been the privilege of Suffolk Street to offer a retreat to the expiring Muse of History, both sacred and profane. 'Job in his Prosperity,' by C. J. Staniland, 'Job in his Adversity,' by A. A. Hunt, and 'A Patriarchal Court of Justice,' by F. Oakes, are characteristic examples of an Art which has long been moribund. Such efforts, though well meant, are melancholy on many accounts. Disappointment—and the heart aches of hope deferred—must, we fear, in the end break down the not altogether ignoble aspirations for fame which fire such students in the outset. The greatest kindness, however, may sometimes come in the form of early discouragement. It is not often that pictures of just this quality can be seen. Such works, of course, could never gain the light in the Royal Academy, and it is only through such an exhibition as Suffolk Street that we can learn what noble deeds the great unknown in the world of Art have in contemplation. We trust, ere it be too late, all such artists will take warning by the neglect under which they languish. It is time to distrust genius when it fails of recognition. Let all such painters reconsider their ways, and take diligently to nature while yet there is time. Study and hard work may yet save them. In a simple subject they possibly will have success; Job and the prophets will keep, and can afford to wait.

Suffolk Street is given to show. When not gloomy, this retreat of the Muses is absolutely gaudy, and though for the most part poverty-stricken, here and there richest colours decorate the walls even to excess. A. J. Woolmer has a phrensied eye for poetic pigments; he is the Watteau and Boccaccio of these purlieus. His figures are stricken with fever just as the landscapes of Pyne are consumed by fire. The danger which proverbially besets a mind colour-mad was never more terribly patent than in the pictures of this artist. They become year by year more and more dreamy, unsubstantial, and unreal, so that at length form and positive nature are lost in sensuous rapture. It is perhaps fortunate that a small canvas contents this artist. Yet we willingly acknowledge that a marked, though morbid, idiosyncracy for beauty is always patent in Mr. Woolmer's pictures. J. J. Hill and E. J. Cobbett are well-known champions in this arena, painters endowed with a physical force absolutely resistless, glorying in a knock-down genius which makes short work with nature. 'The Gleaner,' by J. J. Hill, has all the showy cleverness of the school. Such works are choice favourites with Art-Union prize-holders. Yet painters who cultivate this rough and ready man-

ner may dash off in the exuberance of a full and free flowing brush, works which, after their kind, are triumphs. Such a picture is 'The Return of the Gleaners,' by E. J. Cobbett. Very clever and effective are the grouping and the perspective range of the women and children wending their way homewards across the heather moorland laden with harvest spoil, gathered in the long summer day now closing into twilight. The picture is sunny and sensational, just what the artist wished it to be. Its success so far must be pronounced complete. There are two pictures by Mr. Walter Anderson and one by Mrs. Anderson, which bear the closest family likeness. Clever they are; but simplicity and nature's truth cannot be counted among their charms. M. Girardot's 'Thinking it Over,' would, in fact, be better for a little more thinking. Brilliant, but superficial, are this artist's ideas and methods. 'Enid,' by A. Ludovici, is certainly free from the florid faults of Suffolk Street, but Tennyson cannot be held responsible for the monotony of weakness. Neither can the poet be found guilty of the repulsive melodrama which C. Calthrop has enacted over the dead body of the murdered earl. The Laureate's lines upon "The Sisters" leave the suggested horrors vague in mystery; and it is lawful for words to indicate what colours cannot dare to realise. Mr. Calthrop, however, is in the exercise of undoubted power, as evident in his second picture, 'The Condemnation of Madame Roland,' but he requires yet to learn how to express thoughts through the language of colour, shade, and subtle form. Miss Horncastle's careful study of a young lady and an old cabinet puzzles us. We have already seen two repetitions of the same subject this season; one, for example, in the Dudley Gallery, under the name of Miss Martin. We presume that female artists in general have a common property in this composition, including the cabinet and the model, thus forming a perfect sisterhood of Art, under which plagiarism ceases to be robbery. A short summary will dispose of the remaining figure pictures. Mr. Pasmore's compositions show readiness. It is a great pity he will not submit to a course of close study. Mr. Bromley's 'Village Frolic' consists in riding a pig. It is a feeble affair, meant to be funny. Various interiors after the Dutch fashion by Haynes King are carefully painted, but want a little more firmness in touch, and vigour in character. 'Grace before Meat,' by J. Kennedy, though scattered and the background obtrusive, is another clever work of the Wilkie school. Of artists bearing the name of Roberts, including ladies and gentlemen, appear within these walls no fewer than seven, represented by an aggregate of twenty pictures. Out of the full score the notice of one will suffice,—a piece answering to the title of 'The Awkward Suitor,' by T. Roberts. The dilemma is overdone, and the milliner monopolises more than is fair. The faces, in fact, are of less worth than the robes. The picture, however, has merit. 'My Little Pet' is a praiseworthy study by George Holmes, and 'Hush!' gives voice to a domestic scene in the clever pointed manner habitual to W. Hemsley. 'A Fish Girl,' by J. Collinson, shows precision in drawing and execution seldom seen in Suffolk Street. It is a pity the colour has been kept cold and crude. We reserve a word of recognition for 'Master Horace Mann,' one of C. Baxter's ivory, honey, waxy, and silken little pets. Many artists can give us flesh and blood; Mr. Baxter does not deal in elements so common; he embodies an ethereal essence!

The landscapes in Suffolk Street are, of course, as showy as the figures. Close study of detail is not supposed to be needed for the display of nature's pageantry. Cole, Pyne, Clint, Syer, Percy, Niemann, Pettitt, and Gilbert, might alone form a school of florid decoration. G. Cole's 'Windmill' is scenic and extravagant. On this canvas the flourish of the brush stands in the stead of study and knowledge. In 'La Strada Ferrata Venezia,' by J. B. Pyne, the Sea Cybele crowned with rainbow appears through an atmosphere of Byronic rhapsody, and 'Porto del Cala, Palermo,' by the same painter, shines of course in poetic vision *à la* Turner. Alfred Clint contributes several pictures, more or less intense in sunset fire. 'Pembroke Castle' is painted with poverty: the water, however, is liquid and brilliant. 'After rough Weather' is poetic in solitude of sea and solemnity of sunset. Mr. Clint has some good ideas, but he works them rather hard, and stands in need of variety. James Danby exhibits a picture after the manner wherewith his name is identified. E. J. Niemann's 'Mill near Dolgelly' is also in that artist's usual style—broad and effective through contrast. A. Gilbert's well-known treatment may also be recognised from afar. 'A bright Winter's Night in the North' has spectral grandeur and gloom; the snow encompasses the mountains as death's white windingsheet, the foreground lies in shadow, and the sky stretches in blue canopy overhead. The scene is grand, but a little overdrawn. J. Tennant exhibits a painstaking picture. The horses 'Resting at Plough on the Downs' are really well executed: they scarcely seem by the same hand as the landscape. The works of J. Syer are always dashing and free. Nature under his hand is bold, and of countenance healthful and honest. 'The Mountain Rill' has been made into a rude medley of rock and woody undergrowth, mixed cleverly on canvas after the artist's habitual manner. Mr. Syer's pictures this year are more than usually sketchy. The subject which shows closest study is 'Pandy Oak.' Miss Blunden's 'Fairy Glen' is dotty but careful. W. Luker's 'Spring-time' cannot be called of a style pleasant or popular, but the work has in it much sound and truthful painting, executed apparently out of doors. 'Glencoe,' "where the blue hills bound the scene," by T. Whittle, is an effective transcript of mountain distance blazoned in sunlight, but the foreground and the middle passage of the scene mar the final success. 'A Lane in Summer-time,' by C. L. Coppard, and 'A View on the Erme,' by W. Pitt, deserve commendation as close conscientious work; so does also a small canvas content with truth unadorned, 'Carrying Sea Sand, Bossiney Cove, Tintagel,' a sketch evidently made in the open air by W. H. Hopkins. 'Foss Mill,' by H. Moore, contains truthful passages, which, however, hold incoherently together. A picture has no right to be nature's commonplace book of dismembered jottings. J. Peel's 'Cwm Druniag' is faithful, but flinty hard. His 'Dolwyddelan Valley,' apparently one of the most minutely elaborated pictures in the exhibition, has, by an act of injustice, been hung where its details are thrown away. What infinite disgust must Mr. Peel have felt when he saw his labour thrust from the line by 'A Recollection of Guy Fawkes,' the production of W. Gill! In the face of such experience, what confidence can be placed in the hanging or the administration, what encouragement is there for outsiders to contribute works which might redeem the character of the Exhibition?

Suffolk Street, as we have said, is celebrated for shipwrecks in more senses than one. 'Lost and Saved,' for example, by J. Webb, is about the most appalling catastrophe ever witnessed either in nature or on canvas. There seems every reason to hope, however, that the artist himself was not present at the scene. An eye-witness would certainly have brought away with him some trait, individual and definite. For like reasons we cannot but think J. P. Pettitt must have been far away from Torbay on the night of the 11th of January last. At any rate the gale at 'Brixham' evidently made the holding of sketchbook or pencil out of the question. Fortunately the imagination of Mr. Pettitt has been able to supply what eye-sight could not easily witness. Yet invention, when unrestrained by knowledge or guided by the experience of the senses, may be subject to extravagance. Let us by way of escape from such terrible disasters turn to the sea pieces painted by J. J. Wilson, an artist who really knows the ways of ocean, who traces with delicate pencil the sportive wave in its curve, its motion, and its dance. Mr. Wilson, too, is true in colour, the evanescent greys, greens, and blues of the transparent sea he paints with delicacy. It is a pity that when he comes to shore his feet fail of a firm footing. Lands and tenements on his canvases are unstable and tottering.

The Water-Colour Room alone contains about as many drawings as are usually exhibited in either of the Galleries in Pall Mall. We may mention as worthy of note the productions of Gosling, Adelaide Claxton, Wolfe, Weekes, Curnock, and Louise Rayner. It is difficult for water-colour drawings to be as offensive as oil pictures, and it were fortunate could the members of Suffolk Street put their thoughts within a few square inches of paper, instead of over an extent of canvas acres square.

Immortal Suffolk Street has suffered at the hand of death. R. Physick, a painter of animals, and H. J. Boddington, whose landscapes have for years adorned London exhibitions, have departed this life. Dogs seated among 'British Artists' for the last time, show R. Physick to have been a faithful portrait painter of the brute creation. And landscapes by H. J. Boddington (alias Williams) prove that a man though not a "pre-Raphaelite" can approach nature. Of late years Boddington may have indulged in mannerism and been reduced to repetition, but a certain largeness of treatment never forsook his works. He gloried in extent of vision; mountains were for him a mighty presence, a mystery of solitude and silence, and the lake strewn with pebbles and fringed with feathery reeds, sparkled in the sun, and as a mirror reflected sylvan shades. It is to be regretted that this capital receipt for picture-making suffered in public estimation, through the endless reproductions which bore the varying *alias* of a numerous and hard-working family. Could the supply have been stinted, less satiety had been felt. One such picture exhibited in a twelvemonth would have wrought an impression which twenty clever and varied *replicas* did but dissipate. Suffolk Street, however, can ill afford the loss of Boddington. Concerning this member, at least, of the Society of British Artists, no one had yet said, "Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground?"

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF 1867.

The preparations for the next year's Universal Exhibition that are now in the act of being carried on in Paris, are exactly such as give the best and most conclusive promise of a complete success for the Exhibition itself. Both artists and manufacturers are at work in earnest upon the production of objects to be exhibited; and this example of the capital is duly accepted and followed throughout the empire. The idea of the Exhibition is popular in the highest degree, and the national feeling sympathises with it most heartily. In Paris itself this sympathetic feeling is peculiarly strong, and it pervades all classes of society. The Parisians believe that the Exhibition will prove to be a very grand thing, and they also expect to derive from it both very distinguished honour and very important practical advantages.

Meanwhile the preparation of the Exhibition building makes such steady progress, that the certainty of its completion before the period in which it will be required to receive its future multifarious contents is already beyond all question; and such is the energy with which the operations at and about the site of the Exhibition building are being conducted, that each day leaves palpable evidence of important advance. The actual edifice will occupy the centre of the fine open park-like ground, well known as the Champ de Mars, immediately adjoining the Seine on its southern side, and it will be one mile and 200 yards due south of the Arc de Triomphe at the extremity of the avenue of the Champs Elysées, the direct approach being by the Pont de Jena. The form, plan, and arrangements of the building are perfectly novel, and, at the same time, admirably adapted to the purposes which they are designed to accomplish. The ground-plan of the main structure will be a vast oval, its extreme length 1,600 feet, and its extreme width 1,240 feet; and the whole will be divided into a series of eight concentric (if we may be allowed to apply that epithet to an oval) galleries, or zones, the innermost of them opening into an arcaded piazza, which, in its turn, will open into and encompass a central oval garden, in length 460 feet, and in breadth 160 feet. Attached to each of the eight galleries will be its own corridor of communication, beneath which are the shafts and appliances for ventilation. Two grand corridors, to intersect each other at right angles, will divide the whole structure into four quadrants; and in each of these quadrants will be three other avenues radiating outwards, in straight lines, from the central garden to the exterior of the building, where they will open upon a covered colonnade, 16 feet in width, which will encircle the edifice on its exterior face, and form a ninth zone.

The eight galleries, or zones, within the building will vary in size and proportions, in order the better to adapt them to their several uses; the smallest of them (the third from the central garden) being 20 feet, and the largest (the second from the exterior) being 111 feet in width, with proportionate heights. The eighth, or innermost zone but one, is to form the Fine Arts gallery; and within this, intervening between it and the central garden and its encircling arcade, will be the zone of the Retrospective Museum—collections to illustrate human skill, and energy, and toil, in past ages. The Fine Arts gallery, 50 feet in width, by 35 feet in height, without its roof vaulting, will be constructed of solid fire-proof materials, and lighted from above; like the other galleries, in form it will be oval, its greatest measurements being severally 650 and 360 feet. The other zones, commencing from the exterior of the building, will be allotted as follows:—1st. Articles of food, including every variety of establishment for the sale of refreshments to visitors; 2nd. (the great gallery), Machinery, instruments, and processes, including machinery in action and processes in the act of being exemplified; 3rd. Raw materials, whether in their natural and rough state, or partly prepared for subsequent processes of manufacture; 4th. Objects of personal use and ornament, including clothing of every kind and variety; 5th. Furniture, and all productions and objects for domestic use; 6th. Educational museum, with all classes of objects of a scientific nature, and which may be said to represent, or to be produced by, the liberal Arts; 7th. The Fine Arts gallery.

This arrangement of the Palace of the Universal Exhibition in zones will be found to lead to results of pre-eminent importance. The zones themselves, with their intersecting and radiating avenues, will provide, in the best possible manner, for the convenience of visitors; and, at the same time, this particular system of arrangement and *agroupment* will imply the most perfect means for that classification and comparison which constitute the grand object, as they produce the most signal advantages arising from International Exhibitions. Thus the exhibitors of each nation will be enabled to keep all their works and objects together in a single national group, while they also will place each class of their works and objects in the same zone with those that are of the same nature and character, the contributions of other countries. Visitors, accordingly, may readily examine all that the Exhibition will contain, the contributions of all countries, in any one class, by traversing the entire circuit of the one particular zone that will claim their special attention.

The whole area of the Champ de Mars (about 3,300 feet by 1,400 feet) will be devoted to what may be designated "accessories" to the Exhibition itself. Here, in a great garden, will the various manufactures of France be exemplified in model establishments, with model farms, photographic studios, models of every variety of edifice, hot-houses of all kinds, lighthouses, an international theatre, concert room, lecture theatre, and club, &c. &c. The works in connection with the Exhibition also extend beyond the Champ de Mars, and include the hilly grounds of the Trocadero which already have been levelled to form a splendid esplanade, slightly inclined, and extending as far as the Pont de Jena and the Avenue du Roi de Rome, the new open space thus added to "promenade-able" Paris being of larger extent than the Place de la Concorde—that is, about 525 yards in length by 260 yards in width. To accomplish this, no less than 650,000 cubic yards of earth have been removed, and applied to form the embankment for the new Exhibition Railway and to fill in the hollows that had to be raised to a higher level.

Such is a slight sketch of the present state of the preparations for this magnificent Exhibition—a sketch, that we propose to work out more fully, from time to time, as these preparations become completed, and as the time for the opening of the Exhibition itself draws near.

LECTURES ON PAINTING
DELIVERED AT
THE ROYAL ACADEMY
BY HENRY O'NEIL, A.R.A.

We published last month digests of Mr. O'Neil's first and second lectures: we now proceed to give a like epitome of the remaining two lectures of the course. The subject of the third address, which, for elevation of thought and eloquence of diction, might be termed an oration, was the function of the imagination in the treatment of themes not directly falling within the sphere of the senses. Such are the creations of the poet and scenes recorded in the Holy Scriptures. Imagination fashions images from the storehouse of the senses; memory is its feeder, and the passions are its fire. The artist, however, must always make direct reference to nature, and humanity itself has prototypes of perfection, through which the painter may realise his aspirations. The art of painting, it must be confessed, in the illustration of dramatic poetry, labours under disadvantage; Leslie was, in fact, almost the only artist who, in dramatic subjects, was satisfactory. Again, in the attempts to realise beings pertaining to the world of spirits, the painter will also do well to keep as near as may be to nature. Even spirits must have a certain glow of life, yet at the same time possess in form and shadow an ethereal essence. Some painters have clothed the angelic host in symbolic colours, as if colour were a type of virtue and purity. But in Art mere faith is inadmissible, and unless the spectator have a key to the symbol assumed, it says nothing. The mind feels no real sympathy for the wings of a bird or the head of a beast; the human face is endowed with power to convey all the expression which rightly belongs to man. Neither is allegory more admissible than symbolism; allegory belonged to degenerate periods in Art, and pandered, for the most part, to the supposed virtues of royal patrons.

The worship of the beautiful is the spirit of Greek Art. The Greek paintings, however, which have come down to us bear to the perfect works of Phidias no higher relation than the pictures of Mengs to the works of Raphael. The Greeks endowed each spring and grove with divine attributes; a belief which at least indicates earnestness, and gives to Art a power and spell. Great was the inferiority of later days; Poussin showed himself cold and mediocre, Mengs pedantic. The lecturer, turning to Scripture subjects, said that if the perfection attained was higher than in classic, the decline had been more complete. Christianity, indeed, had called forth the noblest faculties of the painter, until a narrow Puritanism brought prejudice. In later manifestations of Christian Art, the technical qualities displayed were wonderful, but the divine spirit was gone. At first painters had worked for the glory of religion; in a later day bigotry became supreme, and overcame human reason. And we invariably find that accordant with the motives which animated the artist, so were his works admirable or worthless. The lecturer, however, held the opinion that the early artists have been overrated. Certainly early works have more of conventionality, whether in the representations of humanity or divinity. In these creations the divine has too much of the mortal for divinity, and, on the other hand, the mortal has too much of the divine to be human. Hence, in these early epochs, we cannot accept either the heavenly or the earthly. The lecturer maintained that the highest manifestation of Art belonged to the intermediate period, between very early and very late. It is wholly repugnant to reason and judgment to assert that Raphael and Titian were inferior to men of a prior epoch. If so, why not go back at once to the Byzantine period? The men, however, who followed after the great epoch, such as Guido, had no divinity; and still later, Italian painters laboured under utter darkness of soul. The pictures which now crowd the churches of Italy excite only feelings of disgust. In Spain Murillo's bouquets of children are not cherubs, and Rubens in Flanders fails even in

his 'Crucifixion' to excite reverence. The lecturer then defended the ideal as opposed to the realistic treatment of sacred subjects. The anachronism involved by the introduction of contemporary portraits had often been ridiculed, but it was to be remembered that the presence of such personages was not meant to be real but ideal. We must bear in mind that beings appearing in the dream of sleep or the vision of thought assume the same appearance as in life. Later artists have attempted to impart to sacred subjects an additional interest by seizing on local truths, and accordingly, instead of Venetians, they have painted Jews. Yet may it be affirmed that whatever is gained in truth has been lost in beauty. The divine head of Christ in Titian's 'Tribute Money' was painted from a Venetian, and not a Jew. And it has been rightly said that the artist who cannot draw a Madonna from an Englishwoman, would fail were he to ransack the whole world for a model. Thus may it be laid down as an axiom, that in the treatment of Scripture subjects strict attention to local truth is immaterial. The lecturer threw out the thought that in Art there is a mysterious feeling akin to awe, and that one art is seen through another art. Thus in words there is colour; in sculpture tone and painting may be likened to lovely music, wherein melody and harmony combine. Then followed warm eulogies on the works of Tintoret, Velasquez, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. In Tintoret we recognise the lightning touch of genius; into darkest chaos he darts supernatural light. The highest achievements of Art are found in the expression of the noblest qualities; poetry is often too vague, and painting too material. Yet there are pictures by Raphael, such as the Madonna de San Sisto, creations of Michael Angelo, such as those of Isaiah and Jeremiah in the ceiling of the Sistine, figures by Titian, such as the majestic Madonna in Venice, which kindle in the mind feelings akin to those aroused by music—that lost language of the soul, the memory of a former and purer existence.

These triumphs, however, should not fetter the free spirit of the artist. The circumstances which pertain to our own times can alone awaken our genius. It is fatal to any work that it should want individuality, and recall only a former creation. Were a second Titian to arise, he would not repeat the Titian of a past age, but find abundant materials around him for the manifestation of his powers. Diverse gifts have been imparted to each individual soul, and the school for the artist is living nature, not dead art. Vast is the field to be sown, and the fruits are so rich that we need not strip the dead. Nature has given talents for our use, and what is reaped in her field must be returned a hundred fold.

Mr. O'Neil, in his fourth and last lecture, told the students that to attain success four things were wanted—1st. Love of nature; 2nd. Faith in the dignity of Art; 3rd. Determination to succeed; 4th. Perseverance. Under the first head the lecturer remarked that if a pencil be put into a child's hand, with the injunction to copy nature implicitly, that child will become a man; but if the student be told to copy the works not of nature, but of his fellow-artists, he will remain a mere child to the end of his days. Yet may the study of the beauties, and even the defects, of renowned painters, teach what is really great in nature. At any rate, it is wiser to master the means by which excellence has been attained, rather than to copy the excellence itself. The student need not in his onward course fear the charge of inconsistency. A man may change daily, and yet be true if, in the midst of change, he preserve humility and be directed by wisdom. Nevertheless avoid eccentricity: Shakspere, Beethoven, and Raphael were avowedly men of genius, yet Macbeth, the Symphonies, and the Cartoons, are not eccentric.

It is the duty of the artist to uphold the dignity of Art, and advance her true interests. Excuse may be found for mercenary motives, and it has been said that a man can paint for money and yet recall fame. Yet speaking generally, the pecuniary value of a work will be measured by its artistic worth. The state of Art in any country will materially depend on the artist himself. It is his duty not to pander to low taste; it is his office to maintain a healthy public opinion; and it should be his aim to create admiration for the highest excellence rather than avail himself of public sympathy found ready-made to hand. Beauty, which is the object of the artist's desire, may be lofty or comparatively low; it may be in dignity and purity as different as love is from lust, as diverse as food for the senses is from sustenance for the soul.

No quality is more essential to success than indomitable determination. Confidence is a sign of health and strength, and without it no great work will ever be accomplished. We are too apt to trust to the gifts of nature rather than to resolute labour. Success is not, indeed, always commensurate with loftiness of aim. An artist's reputation depends, in our day, not a little upon that science of criticism which serves as a guide to minds powerless or too idle to think. The painter, however, should steadily pursue his course irrespective of the cries uttered around him. Yet he may rightly defer to the professional judgment of men actually tried by experience.

Mr. O'Neil had, in the first lecture, told the student to paint what he felt rather than what he saw: to this direction the lecturer would now add that an artist cannot paint what he feels until he has learnt how to paint what he sees. As a means to an end, a student must copy literally even the defects of a model, because as yet he lacks experience to rectify such blemishes. After long acquaintance with nature, an artist will know how to pass over faults in the model. But it is evident that a man must master words before he can speak; and it is the want of this mastery which disables many artists from giving expression to the eloquence of their feelings. The deficiency in technical knowledge conspicuous in our English artists, some critics have assigned to shortcomings in the Academy schools. The evil, however, should rather be imputed to an inordinate ambition in students to paint pictures, and furthermore to the tendency in certain critics to exalt thought at the expense of mechanical power. Above all, let the student beware of a slovenly manner, which is the sign of a want of true mastery; the pretence of audacity, not the mark of genius.

An artist's studio is the world. In daily life, in society, in the public streets, an artist must perpetually be intent on study. Memory will be his storehouse. Turner's sketch-books often contain more words than lines. Lastly, let the hours not occupied in professional labours be devoted to kindred arts and sciences. One art aids another, because all arts have much in common.

The works of modern continental schools may assist the student. The merits and defects of foreign masters can with advantage be compared with our English manner. French and Belgian schools may be held up as an example; the school of Munich, on the contrary, as a warning. In French pictures we mark indefinite outline, a sobriety, and sometimes an impurity of colour, a style of execution approaching slovenliness, and a want of interest in the subject chosen. But yet the French school, being founded on nature, will live; and it may at least teach us how to remedy that abuse of white paint which is the bane of our English Art.

Fellow-students, independence is a noble birthright: thereby truth shall obtain eloquent utterance for the good and enlightenment of mankind. You contain within you seeds sown by nature, and if you will but listen to the voice of nature, she will be to you a willing mistress and even an obedient slave. To Art it is given to create works which shall awaken in the mind a lovely dream—pictures conceived in the spirit of that beauty which is destined to make man wiser and better. Finally, in your restless desire to attain success, remember the noble maxim of Pliny, that reward should follow after, and not be the aim of your labours.

J. B. A.

[We must reserve to a future opportunity the notice of Professor Westmacott's lectures with which we have been supplied.—Ed. *A.-J.*]

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE MAY-POLE.

Joseph Nash, Painter. C. Cousen, Engraver.

Hone, speaking a quarter of a century ago of May-day in his "Every-day Book," says,—"We think we remember something about milk-maids and their garlands in our boyish days; but even this lingering piece of professional rejoicing is gone, and instead of intellectual pleasures at courts, manly games among the gentry, the vernal appearance everywhere of bough and flowers, and the harmonious accompaniment of ladies' looks, all the idea a Londoner now has of May-day is the dreary gambols and tinsel-fluttering squalidness of the poor chimney-sweepers. What a personification of the times,—paper-gilded dirt, slavery, and melancholy, bustling for another penny!" Had Hone lived till now the latter part of his lament might have been spared, for even the sweepers have almost, if not quite, disappeared from the scene. Our engraving appears opportunely, to show what May-day was in olden time.

The raising the May-pole was an event of no little ceremony in the olden time. At the earliest dawn of day, the villagers were accustomed to assemble on the green, from which they soon started forth, the young men, girls, and children to gather flowers in the woods and meadows, the elder men to select the tallest and straightest pole they could find in the woods, which, after being felled and trimmed, was drawn to the place where it was to be set up by oxen adorned with garlands; ten or twelve, and even more of these animals, being sometimes yoked together for the purpose. "This Maie poole," writes an old chronicler, Stubbes, "is covered all over with flowrs and hearbes, bounde rounde aboute with stringes, from the toppe to the bottome, and sometyme painted with veritable colours, with twoo or three hundred men, women, and children followying it with great devotion. And thus beyng reared up, with handkerchiefes and flagges streamyng on the toppe, they strawe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes about it, sette up Summer haules, Bowers, and Arbours hard by it. And then fall they to banquet and feaste, to leape and dance about it, as the Heathen people did at the dedication of their Idolles, whereof this is a perfect patterne, or rather the thyng itself."

Good master Stubbes, it is quite evident, had little sympathy with May-day pastime, but his description agrees in most points with Mr. Nash's pleasant and cheerful picture of a scene too simple in character, and too allied with the pure charms of nature, to suit the artificial tastes in which the peasantry of our time have been nurtured and brought up. Round the floral-decked pole a group of merry-makers, dressed in the costume of the Elizabethan period, is dancing merrily; on their right is the owner of the old baronial mansion, with his dame, sundry members of his family, and their attendants. In the background, in front of the booths, other old English sports are being carried on; a round-about, a sham tournament, and sundry mummeries. The scene is full of life and merriment, composed in a genial spirit, and represented with a knowledge of the customs of the time.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

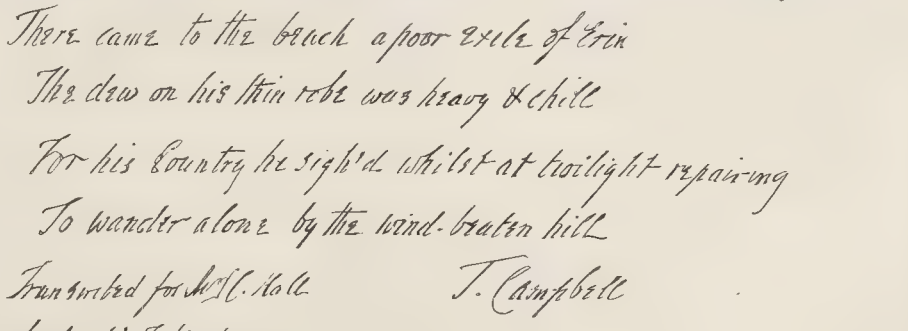
THOMAS CAMPBELL.



IN the year 1830, I had the honour to be associated with the poet, Thomas Campbell, in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the entire conduct of which I was subsequently his successor. Although in the prime of life, or very little past it, a heavy sorrow was over him. He had not long previously (in 1828) lost his wife, and his son (his then only child) was confined in "a private asylum." Unhappily he sought relief where it is the friend of but a brief and treacherous moment, and a habit was contracted which I have reason to believe never left him. Fortunately for mankind, his grand "Odes" and "Lyrics" had been given to the world previously; for afterwards his works were, by comparison, nothings!

Campbell was rather under than above the middle size; his voice was low almost to weakness, and inharmonious; the expression of his countenance indicated the sensitiveness of his mind; his lips were thin; his nose finely and delicately chiselled; his eyes large and of a deep blue; and his manners, though without frankness and lacking dignity, were bland and insinuating. One of his fair friends described the poet as "a little rosy man in a bob wig." "His wig was always nicely adjusted and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair." He was accustomed to blacken his whiskers with burnt cork, or some kind of powder, to make them correspond with his wig. He was cheerful in general society, agreeable and communicative in the social circle, and his conversation abounded in pointed humour; it was, however, sometimes so irreverent as to make the listener ask if he were really the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and his anecdotes were not always kept "within the limits of becoming mirth." He seemed, and was, averse to exertion, mental or corporal; and was deficient in that energy which is *character*. He laboured much at what he wrote, poetry or prose, and I have known him produce but a single page of prose, as the result of a day. I remember once expressing my surprise at this; and his telling me he always considered a verse as the ample fruitage of a week; for although the rough hewing of a block might be the work of an hour, the fashioning and polishing were born of the toil that brought reward; while the *fore* thought as compared with the *after* thought, was as the mile to the inch.

I was not long his sub-editor, and my appointment to that office was, I believe, against his will; for certainly he had no desire to lose the associateship of his old and valuable ally, Cyrus Redding. Although I had not only nothing to complain of in his treatment of me, but the opposite, there may have been that lack of cordiality which prevented me from cherishing towards him the fervid homage I have felt for so many great men. At least, after this long lapse of time, I cannot say otherwise than that my intimacy with the Poet was a dream dispelled. I soon found that the less trouble I gave him in reference to the Magazine, the better I should please him; no doubt my predecessor had acted on that principle; but very soon after my accession, Campbell was tempted into a speculation that caused him much anxiety and eventual loss. He resigned the editorship of the *New Monthly*, and became one of the proprietors, as well as the nominal editor, of the *Metropolitan*, and expended fruitlessly two or three years of wearisome labour. That publication was, in due course, abandoned, and Campbell afterwards



led a listless, if not a positively idle, life until his death.

Dr. Beattie thinks his resignation of the *New Monthly* was the result of a "vexatious incident." There crept into the Magazine "a vile and shocking paper," which attacked the memory of his dear friend, Dr. Glennie, of Dulwich; it referred to Lord Byron's foot, and was written by a quack. That it grievously annoyed Mr. Campbell, I know. I was anxious not to be held responsible for the act; and in one of the few letters I have preserved of his, he fully acquits me of all blame. It is, however, clear from some of his letters in 1829, that he was then longing to be "away from the thraldom" to which he was subjected.

His partners in the *Metropolitan* were Captain Chamier and the publisher Cochrane: he was induced to become "a proprietor," in consequence of finding himself "enormously" in Mr. Colburn's debt. Rogers lent him the money to embark

in that undertaking—a disastrous one; although the poet "got out of it" with comparatively little loss, Captain Chamier behaving with nice honour and generous consideration. Subsequently the journal became the property of Captain Marryat; and had but a short and unprosperous life.

Campbell had commenced his duties as editor of the *New Monthly* on the 1st of January, 1821. It was with many misgivings the poet undertook the task, for which he was singularly disqualified; "he was accustomed to make mountains of mole-hills:" he had no organ of order; contributions were rarely acknowledged, and not often read: of the capabilities of contemporary writers he was entirely ignorant. He could seldom make up his mind either to accept or reject an article, and fancied he must be held responsible not only for the sentiments, but for the language of every contributor; especially he was disqualified for his task by his extreme sensitiveness. He could not bear reproach or blame; complaint more than exasperated; he took as a personal insult any protest against his editorial fiat. They were "pestilent fellows" who hurried him for the return of the manuscripts he did not know where to find.*

Indecision was the prevailing vice of his character. Scott pictured him, in 1817, as "afraid of the shadow his own fame cast before him;" and Talfourd, summing up his faults as an editor, described him as "stopping the press for a week to determine the value of a comma, and balancing contending epithets for a fortnight." His magazine he himself called "an Olla Podrida that sickens and enslaves me."†

His £600 per annum was therefore earned not only by double the amount of needful labour, but by a sacrifice of peace of mind. In a word, a worse editor could not have been selected; yet the enterprise of the publisher Colburn, and his liberal scale of remuneration, attracted many important and valuable aids, and the Magazine, though published at 3*s.* 6*d.* monthly, was a great success.

Fortunately, however, Campbell had associated with him as sub-editor a practical and painstaking gentleman, Mr. Cyrus Redding; always considerate and courteous; who kept contributors in good humour and did the "business" part of the Magazine thoroughly well. It was this gentleman I was called upon to succeed (I do not know, and I believe I never knew, the grounds of the change). In the year 1830, Campbell was then either weary of, or indifferent to, his editorial duties; at least, he left to me the whole business of selecting articles. My own experience certainly bears out the picture drawn by Talfourd of Campbell as an editor. "It was," writes that genial and indulgent critic, "an office for which he was the most unfit person who could be found in the wide world of letters, who regarded a magazine as if it were a long affidavit, or a short answer in chancery, in which the absolute truth of every sentiment, and the propriety of every jest, were verified by the editor's oath or solemn affirmation; who stopped the press for a week at a comma; balanced contending epithets for a fortnight, and at last grew rash in despair, and tossed the nearest, and often the worst, article 'unwhipped of justice' to the printer."

Consequently, Campbell lost rather than gained in reputation as the presiding power over an important public organ; and, acting "like the poor cat i' the adage," gave no character to the work.*

His life has been written by one of the best and kindliest of men—good Dr. William Beattie, his friend and physician; who was guided by strong affection and profound reverence; who had watched him in sickness, solitude, and depression; and who, if he has judged him more in mercy than in justice, will be esteemed and loved for the mind and heart he has given to his labour of love.†

Thomas Campbell, the eighth son and eleventh child of his parents, was born in the High Street of Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1777.‡ His father was a Scottish gentleman, though "a decayed merchant," and was of the proud blood of Argyll.§ He began to write verses early; and when a mere youth gave the promise of after greatness. At sixteen years old, he produced poems so good that it need have startled no one, when at the age of twenty-one years and eleven months he produced "The Pleasures of Hope."

That famous poem, one of the classics of our language, was written at intervals (his vocation being then to teach pupils) during the years 1797-8, and was published at Edinburgh in 1799. It took at once the place it has kept and will keep as long as our language endures. It was composed in "a dusky lodging," in Rose Street, Edinburgh. The copyright he sold to an Edinburgh publisher. Campbell tells us it "was sold out and out for sixty pounds in money and books;" he adds that "for two or three years the publishers gave him fifty pounds on every new edition." *

Professor Pillans, in the course of an address, at the Festival to inaugurate the statue of James Hogg, beside "lone St. Mary's silent lake," related this interesting anecdote of Campbell:—

"I knew him—he was a student of Glasgow, I of Edinburgh, and we met about the year 1797, some considerable time before the publication of his immortal poem,



CAMPBELL'S RESIDENCE AT SYDENHAM.

'The Pleasures of Hope.' He was of so poetical a temperament that it happened at the time I made his acquaintance, and he had been at my father's house, he was in the lowest state of depression and dejection of spirits—so much so, that my father taunted me with bringing to his house a man of whom he would not be surprised to hear that he had put an end to his life before morning. That was a part of his poetical temperament. He was, as Dryden describes fortune, always in extremes, and hence it was that the next time I saw him he was in the highest spirits, because by that time the book which he held in contempt, as you may guess from his having suffered such dejection, was received with such universal encomiums and applause, that it raised him to the third heaven of exultation. And it was not long after that I met him in London, when the book had gone through several editions, and the last of them contained a passage which had not appeared in the first edition of the poem†—

* "Whatever article came to him, he would put by, as intended for future inspection, and think of it no more. . . . . I often found a letter or an article placed over his books on the shelves unopened—sometimes slipped down behind them."—*Cyrus Redding.*

† Dr. Beattie in his own gracious and generous manner puts the point thus: "His flow of thought was not rapid: and the extreme fastidiousness of his taste was a constant embarrassment to his progress. In writing, he was often like an artist setting figures in mosaic—cautiously marking the weight, shape, and effect of each particular piece before dropping it into its place."

* Of his extreme carelessness I have a remarkable proof in one of the few of his letters I have preserved. Twice in that letter he spells the name of his literary colleague "Reading," instead of "Redding."

† Campbell, on appointing by his will Dr. Beattie one of his literary executors, terms him his "staunch and inestimable friend," and on a long prior occasion thus greets him:—

"Friend of my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song."

‡ William Howitt gives a curious account of his search for the house in which the poet was born. "It stood," he says, "at the east end of George Street, but has been cleared away." Inquiries on the subject, of neighbours, led to nothing: some thought the inquirer "fou" for occupying himself so idly. They had *heurd* of the poet certainly; but that was all; of any good he had ever done they were entirely ignorant. Macnee, the Scottish painter, tells a story that he and some friends were conversing in the presence of an old farmer-lady, who seemed to listen with rapt attention. At length she said, in audible tones, to one who sat next her, "I canna mak it oot: they are a' talking, talking, aboot painting and potry, joost as if they were of as much importance as sheep!" Something akin to this was the expedition of William Howitt to Glasgow in search of guidance concerning Thomas Campbell.

§ He was naturally proud of being a clansman of the Clan-Campbells: Lady Charlotte Campbell (sister of the Duke-chief) wrote—

"Bard of my country, clansman of my race,
How proudly do I call thee one of mine."

* The original MS.—the first draft—of "The Pleasures of Hope," has been recently purchased by the curators of the British Museum.

† The fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, contains no less than 154 lines—perhaps the finest in the poem—which are not in the first edition.

a passage which was to me so delightful, and so striking, that I complimented him on it, and he said, 'I am glad to receive that compliment, for that passage has cost me more labour and more thought than any equal number of lines in the whole poem."

The passage referred to commences—

"Oh lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance!"*

At a late period of life, he published an illustrated edition of his poems; they had become his property, I presume, in consequence of the term of twenty-eight years from their original publication having expired; consequently the copyright reverted to him. The edition was illustrated by engravings, from drawings by Turner; for these drawings he paid £25 each—£350 for the whole. When Campbell sought to sell them, he did so in vain, offering them for £300, but finding no purchaser; until Turner himself bought them back for £200, —"bits of painted pasteboard," Campbell called them, and an adviser when he "showed him Turner's money" told him "they had been re-purchased at twice their intrinsic value." They would now probably bring £5,000 if offered for sale.*

In 1800, he visited Germany; his fame had gone before him, making his journey a triumph. He saw from the rampart of the Scotch convent at Ratisbon the horrors of war as exhibited at the storming of Ingolstadt—saw the dying and the dead, and heard the veritable cannon roar. Out of this visit grew some of the noblest of his poems, among them "Hohenlinden."

Campbell had his early struggles. After settling in London, in 1803, he obtained a situation on the *Star* newspaper, and gained a precarious livelihood as a writer for the press, writing anonymously on any subject, "even agriculture," for daily bread. But, he says, "the wolf was at the door." Among his other troubles he had to pay £40 a year



CAMPBELL'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

usurious interest on a sum of £200 borrowed to furnish his dwelling.

That dwelling was at Sydenham, then a retired village, not easily reached from London. The house, in which he resided seventeen years, is still standing, and I have pictured it. It had a good garden, but little else to recommend it; yet here the poet received his brother wits; and much concerning "evenings" there, may be found in the Memoirs of Moore, Hook, Hunt, the brothers Smith, and others.

Here undoubtedly the happiest of his days were spent; in genial and congenial society; not alone of men and women who had his own tastes; but of others, who, fully appreciating his genius, gave him not only honour but affection.

"The narrow lane, lined with hedgerows, and passing through a little dell watered by a rivulet," "the extensive prospect of undulating hills, park-like enclosures," the "shady walks," where the poet was "safe from all intrusion but that of the Muses," as he himself describes them—

"—— spring green lanes,
With all the dazzling field flowers in their prime
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills, and gushing ecstasies of song."

All these are gone. Sydenham is now thoroughly spoiled as a suburban retreat, where the recluse of letters might "retire, his thoughts call home." "An endless pile of brick" is the sole view now obtained from the dwelling-place of the bard, if we except the most wonderful creation of our time—the Crystal Palace.

Just when fate seemed most unpropitious, when his restless mind was seeking repose in laudanum, and health was sinking fast, when his days were "oppressed and feverish" and his nights "sleepless," he was rescued from evils worse than death by a Government pension of £200 a year.* It was, as his good physician says, and as he himself thought, "a defence between him and premature dissolution." Who shall say from what utter misery the poet was thus preserved? For how many of his glorious works are we indebted to that wise and just, yet generous aid? He never knew to whose influence he owed the merciful boon—he knows it now! A "certainty" was thus secured to him; afterwards he inherited more than one legacy; one, amounting to nearly £5,000, was bequeathed to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope;" the old man who left it saying that "little Tommy the poet ought to have a legacy because he had been so kind as to give his mother £60 yearly out of his pension." How oft is the pot of honey as well as the poisoned chalice returned to our lips! It made him, as he said, "feel as blythe as if the devil were dead." Happier would it have been for himself and for mankind, if his gratitude had been felt and expressed to the Giver of all good.

Yet he was never rich; indeed, he was generally poor; had seldom any means for luxuries, seeming to have been "in straits" all his life. A very short time before his death, he writes from Boulogne to Dr. Beattie thus:—"If I had money to spare, I should remove to a warmer spot—but I am in a cleft stick, for I have neither money to meet the expense, nor courage to face the toil and trouble, of removal."†

In 1803 he "fell in love with and married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair." Redding tells us she had no literary tastes; but she had travelled, and had "learned to make the best cup of Mocha in the world." To the poet, however, she was "beautiful, lively, and lady-like;" they wedded with very little "gear," but were certainly happy in each other. I knew her long before my more intimate acquaintance with Campbell, when they were living in Upper Seymour Place, West, in 1823, and I have more than once partaken of that famous "Mocha." She was an exceedingly pleasant, "chatty" lady, of agreeable and conciliating manners, and certainly one whom a poet with a very hopeful fancy might have dearly loved. Mrs. Grant described her as "frugal, simple, and sweet-tempered." She died in 1828. They had but one son, Thomas Telford,‡ who was, at the time of which I write, "under restraint:" his name, con-

* Several instances are recorded of Campbell's readily acknowledging the source whence some of his thoughts were obtained. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* (I believe Peter Cunningham) relates this anecdote:—

"I remember remarking to Campbell that there was a couplet in his 'Pleasures of Hope' which I felt an indescribable pleasure in repeating aloud, and in filling my ears with the music which it made:—

'And waft across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I'll tell you where I got it. I found it in a poem called "The Sentimental Sailor," published about the time of Sterne's Sentimental Journey.'"

The poem called "The Sentimental Sailor" is noticed, and extracts from it are given, in the *Scots Magazine* for March, 1773. The style and versification are not unlike those of Campbell's "Pleasures":—

"The distant Alps in horrid grandeur piled,
The screaming eagle's shriek that echoes wild,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord joined,—
These suit the tone of my desponding mind."

* Mr. Carruthers informs me that Campbell used to relate this story:—"Turner, I was told that your drawings were as good as bank notes; but as I cannot dispose of them, *I mean to have a raffle* to get them off my hands. That touched the pride of the painter, who bought them back, but at a low price compared with his charge to me."

* A letter from Campbell to Sir Walter Scott, dated October 2, 1805, has this emphatic postscript—"P.S. His Majesty has been pleased to confer a pension of £200 a year on me. *God save the King!*"

† Campbell's course was that of most men of letters. "I was by no means without literary employments; but the rock on which I split was *over*-calculating the gains I could make from them."

‡ Two sons were born to him; the younger, Alison, a child of great promise, died at Sydenham. Thomas Telford, the elder, was godson to the great civil engineer of that name, who bequeathed a thousand pounds to the poet.

sequently, is seldom heard of in association with that of his illustrious father; they did not often meet; but it is certain that he was always "left in good hands." "My poor boy" was neither neglected nor forgotten. He still lives in comfortable retirement; and although, it is said, of eccentric habits, is not more heavily afflicted by the blight that had fallen on the youth of his life.

When Campbell undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly*, he left Sydenham, to which he often reverted as

"The greenest spot in Memory's waste,"

and took up his permanent abode in London.

In 1829 he formed the "Literary Union Club,"* the first meeting being held at his house, 10, Seymour Street, Connaught Square, on the 4th July of that year; the second meeting taking place at the house of the artist Pickersgill, in Soho Square. I was, if I remember rightly, the seventh member elected. It was formed (to consist of 400 members) "for the purpose of promoting frequent intercourse among the Professors of Art, Science, and Literature," on a principle of economy. Somehow or other there soon arose sundry bickerings: there was about as much household harmony as there might have been among 400 spiders agreeing to spin a single web. Some idea of this may be formed from the following minute, entered on its books on the 15th of March, 1830:—

"It having been reported to the Committee that a member of the club had proposed, in the book of candidates for election, the name of one Gortz (described as an esquire), tailor and breeches maker, in the Quadrant, as an individual duly fit and qualified to become a member of this society—adding thereto, that this same proposed person 'would have much pleasure in taking measure of all the members,'—the committee regret," &c., &c. The first elections passed tranquilly enough; but when the ballot came, out of ten candidates nine were blackballed—the tenth being in no way connected with Art, science, or literature. One of its minutes condemns the practice of taking away newspapers from the reading-room; one orders the return of sixpence to Mr. Hobhouse, being an overcharge in his bill; and another of a like sum, being an overcharge to a gallant captain for gin and water. There was a smattering of magnates in Art, science, and letters; but the structure was composed mainly of small fry. Gradually the best withdrew, and after an existence, I think, of about three years, it fell to pieces.

Campbell's efforts to promote the cause of unhappy Poland were not so inauspicious: at least, if we may judge from the fact that the "Literary Association of the Friends of Poland," of which he was the founder and the first president (in 1831), still exists, and still occupies the apartments it originally held—No. 10, Duke Street, St. James's. Campbell lived for some time in one of the attics of that house: it is a poor and small room, with a view of house-tops; the last place in the world, one would think, a poet could have chosen for a dwelling. But it would seem as if Campbell preferred to abide where nature was quite shut out. It was so in Scotland Yard, in Victoria Square, Pimlico, and in other places where he dwelt—to think, see, feel, and write.

The miserable attic in Duke Street is, however—though consisting now of bare and dilapidated walls, reached by a narrow and somewhat dangerous stairway—a place to which those who love the bard and honour the memory of one who has done so much for mankind, may well make pilgrimage. Over the fireplace in that poor chamber is a small marble slab, which contains the following inscription:—

In this attic,

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

Hope's Bard and Mourning Freedom's Hope,
lived and thought,

A.D. MDCCCXXXII.,

While at the head of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland.

Divinæ virtutis pietati amicitia.

1847.

A. B. COL.

It was placed there by a German named Adolphus Bach, who was his successor in the lodging, and who had jointly with him founded the Polish Association.

Neither must it be forgotten that he was chiefly instrumental in founding and establishing the London University.

As one of the foremost men of the age and country, Campbell was honoured during his time, and will receive the homage of the generations for which he wrought. Thrice he was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow—the place of his birth: he was elected, it was said, "by a show of hearts;" it was "a sunburst of popular favour," and he valued it highly, as he had the right to do. For once, at least, a prophet received honour in his own country.

To Campbell's personal appearance I have made some reference:—his large eyes, quivering lips, and delicate nostrils,—and also to his character, in so far as I was able to estimate it: both, however, have been treated by several of his contemporaries. The portrait by Lawrence, painted when the poet was in his prime, was his favourite. It ever gave him great delight. "When I look at it," he said, "I seem to be viewing myself in the looking-glass of heaven." Lockhart thus describes him:—"Thomas Campbell has a poor skull upwards compared with what one might have looked for in him; but the lower part of the forehead is exquisite, and the features are extremely good, though tiny." He is thus pictured by Leigh Hunt:—"His face and person were rather on a small scale, his features regular, his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it." Leigh Hunt also speaks of his "high and somewhat strained voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings."

The following is from the pen of Mr. Carruthers, of Inverness, the accomplished editor of "Pope," &c.:—

"He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair. His appearance was interesting and handsome. Though rather below the middle height, he did not seem little, and his large dark eye and countenance bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin quivering lip and delicate nostril were highly expressive."

Redding says that Byron's description of Campbell, in 1813, is correct, regarding the poet down as late as 1835 or 1836; *i.e.*, "Campbell looks well—seems pleased, and dresses sprucely. A blue coat becomes him; so does his new wig. He really looks as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." Leigh Hunt describes him as "a merry companion overflowing with humour and anecdote;" and so, indeed, he was reported by many of his familiar friends; but it is certain that his "merry" moods were only common after dinner, and, as one poetical associate said, "very unlike a Puritan he talked." Montgomery, who heard him lecture at the Royal Institution in 1812, thus speaks of him:—"He read from a paper before him, but in such an energetic manner, and with such visible effect, as I should hardly have supposed possible. His statements were clear, his style elegant, and his reasoning conclusive." Haydon describes him as "bilious and shivering," and Redding records that "his natural character was the reverse of equality—the being of impulse in all." He grew bald when a mere youth, and a wig was adopted at the early age of twenty-five.

Leigh Hunt relates that "Hook in one of his 'recitatives' alluded to a 'piece of village scandal,' of which Campbell was the subject. Campbell took it in good part, but having that evening drunk a little more wine than usual, he suddenly took off his wig, and darted it at Hook, exclaiming, 'You dog, I'll throw my laurels at you.'"

As an instance of his absence of mind, it is stated that posting off to Brighton to visit Horace Smith, and to spend a few days with the family he dearly loved, he suddenly discovered he had left all his money on his table at his lodgings, and posted back to town to get it.

When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, "dimples played about his mouth, which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it, as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed and left a stamp on his face—such as we see in the female Scotch face rather than the male."

Dr. Beattie touches very lightly on "his infirmity,"—"a habit which he condemned in others, but could not conquer in himself." It is understood, indeed, that he had to struggle against that unhappy tendency from the time he was twenty years old. A very little was for him too much; "hence," it is said, "what would have been only moderation in other men was little else than excess in him."

At the memorable dinner of the Literary Fund, at which the good Prince Albert presided (on the 11th May, 1842) the two poets, Campbell and Moore, had to make speeches. The author of "The Pleasures of Hope," heedless of the duty that devolved upon him, had "confused his brain." Moore came in the evening of that day to our house; and I well remember the terms of true sorrow in which he spoke of the lamentable impression that one of the great authors of the age must have left on the mind of the royal chairman, then new among us.*

In 1842, when he was barely sixty-four, Time was not dealing gently with him. He conversed less freely; his spirits came in jerks, so to speak; and in company he was often silent and thoughtful; he walked feebly; while "his countenance was strongly marked with an expression of languor and anxiety." His memory grew treacherous,

* Originally it was intended to be named "The Campbell Club," and to be associated with a club under that name some time previously established at Glasgow.

* Mr. Carruthers, who was present, informs me that Campbell was not tipsy, but he had an excited manner; the audience was impatient; and when the poet, after some preliminary words, began, "As Dugald Stewart says," they coughed him down. He got confused, made two or three attempts to continue his speech, "As Dugald Stewart says," but failed utterly. Mr. Carruthers adds, "I dined with him next day; he said he had not intended to speak long, not to touch on politics (which some of the company accused us he afterwards did), but that two or three blackguards could spoil a large meeting."

and he had the characteristics of premature old age.*

To the wonder of his friends, for the event was unaccountable (and it was certainly in opposition to the advice of his friend and physician), he went to reside at Boulogne, removing his books from his then residence in Victoria Square (No. 8), Pimlico. Infirmities increased upon him; he avoided all intercourse with fellow men, and sought a comfortless and diseased solitude, having none of that consolation which religion gives at all times, but especially when the mind's eye sees the open grave. He was, in short, to borrow a line of his own,—

"A lonely hermit in the vale of years."

In June, 1844, his ever dear and constant friend, Dr. Beattie, was at his bedside; but the hand of death was on him. The good doctor writes,—"The most that can be done is to palliate one or two urgent symptoms—to treat with the inexorable besieger, and obtain a surrender on as easy terms as we may."

On the 15th of that month, his mortal put on immortality. He had been attended by a clergyman, and had joined in prayer. "We shall see ———to-morrow!" naming a long-departed friend, he said, and left earth.

Dr. Beattie, who stood beside him, adds, "The last sound he uttered was a short faint shriek, such as a person utters at the sudden appearance of a friend—expressive of pleasure and surprise. This may seem fanciful," he adds, "but I know of nothing else that it might be said to resemble."

The picture he presented in death—the features in cold placid relief,—"was that of a wearied pilgrim resting from his labours; a deep untroubled repose." The good doctor writes thus: "seldom has death assumed an aspect so attractive, and often as it has been my lot to contemplate, under various circumstances, the features of the dead, I have rarely, if ever, beheld anything like the air of sublimity that now invests the face of the deceased."

And thus he describes the dwelling of the poet after the spirit had left it:—"There lay the breathless form of him who had impressed all sensitive hearts with the magic influence of his genius, the hallowed glow of his poetry, the steady warmth of his patriotism, the unwearied labours of his philanthropy; the man whom I had seen under many varieties of circumstances; in public the observed of all observers; in private the delight of his circle; the pride of his country, the friend of humanity; now followed with acclamations, now visited with sorrows; struggling with difficulties or soured with disappointments; then striving to seek repose in exile, and here finding it in death."

An interesting incident is recorded by the same liberal hand. The old nurse was a French soldier's widow. She twined a chaplet of laurel, with which, as a mark of homage, she asked leave to encircle the Poet's brow. The day was the 18th of June, the anniversary of Waterloo. With that chaplet on his head, he was laid in his coffin. Its leaves are now with his honoured dust in Westminster Abbey. For in Westminster Abbey, on the 15th July, he was buried. His pall was borne by the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Brougham, Lord Leigh, Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Campbell, Lord Morpeth, Viscount Strangford, and Sir Robert Peel; and the grave that received his remains was surrounded by a throng of poets and men of letters—his contemporaries.

Well do I remember that day and that august assemblage—in the Jerusalem chamber famous for centuries—memories inscribed on every dark oak panel of that solemn room, for the mind's eye to read! There they waited the coming of the dead!—illustrious mourners many of them, whose own resting-places were foreshadowed there, under the fretted roof of England's proudest mausoleum of her heroes of pen and sword. It was a dark and gloomy day,—

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare."

There was solemn and impressive silence; every footfall had a sound; as we followed the poet Milman, who read the touching burial service for the dead. And in Poet's Corner they placed Thomas Campbell. A lengthened pause preceded the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" there advanced from the throng a Polish officer, one of the many of his unhappy nation there assembled. He dropped upon the coffin-lid some earth gathered for the purpose from the grave of Kosciusko. The effect was startling; but it became a thrill—the hearts of all there present beating audibly—when immediately afterwards, as the venerable Dean uttered the words, "I heard a voice from heaven," a thunderclap shook the old abbey—aisles, pillars, and roof. He paused; the pause continued full a minute, and as the awful sound subsided, the assembly heard the sentence finished—"they rest from their labours!"*

OBITUARY.

GODFREY SYKES.

To everyone acquainted with the works that have, during the last few years, been carried on at the South Kensington Museum, the name of Mr. Godfrey Sykes must be quite familiar. His death, which occurred on the 28th of February, will prove a heavy loss to that establishment.

He was born in Sheffield about the year 1825, and having passed through the various grades of student and pupil-teacher in the Government School of Art in that town, was appointed to the post of head-master. From Sheffield Mr. Sykes was invited to London to assist in carrying out the late Prince Consort's plans for the building in the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, and he undertook the decoration of the late Captain Fowke's arcades in the gardens. The work gave an impetus to the revival of terra-cotta for ornamental purposes, and this material has subsequently been employed to a considerable extent in the large hotels at Charing Cross, Richmond, and elsewhere. But Mr. Sykes's most important work is a series of columns now being erected in front of the new Lecture Hall in the South Kensington Museum. Just before his death, he had nearly matured the designs for the decoration in Majolica of the new refreshment rooms at the Museum. Besides being a sculptor and a modeller, with a fine sense of proportion in architecture, he was also a skilful painter. As a decorative artist he made the great Italian masters, Michel Angelo, Raffaelle, and their predecessors, his models, yet without any servile imitation of them, for he was a man of independent thought, well able to originate ideas.

In realising the loss to decorative art which his death occasions, it is satisfactory to know that he has instilled his principles into the minds of many of his pupils, who are well able to work out the numerous designs he has left for the completion of the ornamental details at South Kensington. He has also left behind him a design for a terra-cotta monument to be erected over the grave of Mulready, in Kensal Green Cemetery.

Mr. Sykes was buried in the cemetery at Brompton; almost the whole of the principal officials of the Kensington Museum, with a large number of students and others, testified their esteem for him by attending the funeral.

JOHN THOMPSON.

Scarcely had the grave closed over the remains of the late William Harvey, when the papers announced the death, on the 20th of February, of Mr. John Thompson, whose name has been as long and as prominently associated with that of book-illustrations as was Harvey's. Contemporaneous during almost half-a-century in their labours—though these were different in their nature, the latter being chiefly a designer on wood, and the former a wood-engraver—they have almost simultaneously ceased from their life-works, and gone to their rest full of years and honours.

John Thompson was born May 25th, 1785. He was the son of a London merchant, but evincing at an early age a greater taste for Art than for the duties of the counting-house, his father placed him with the elder Branston to learn the art of wood-engraving, whose style, however, he did not follow, but formed one for himself, as every young artist of genius desires and endeavours to do. It is the bane, and almost the ruin, of many a tyro in Art, that he falls down and worships some idol which another has set up, instead of creating one for himself, which shall possess a distinctive character and beauty of its own. Thompson wisely chose the latter course, and found his reward in it; in the early part of his career both drawing and engraving numerous illustrations for juvenile and other books. Among the friends and fellow-labourers of this period of his life was John Thurston, the designer, mentioned by Mr. Fairholt in the notice of William Harvey, which appeared in our March number. Thompson held Thurston in great esteem, and always attributed the proficiency he attained in his profession to the encouragement, sound instruction, and unvarying kindness he received from him. Some idea of the "business" relations existing between the two may be formed from the fact that Thompson engraved, with his own hand, more than *nine hundred* of Thurston's designs for books printed at the Chiswick Press, at that time an establishment in great repute. Included in these were "The London Theatre," with five hundred illustrations, commenced in 1814, and completed in 1818; Fairfax's "Tasso," published in 1817—the whole of the blocks for this latter work were afterwards destroyed in the fire that occurred

* Mr. Carruthers sends me this preboding passage from one of Campbell's letters to him, dated April 18, 1843:—"Two days ago, I returned from Edinburgh, after attending the funeral of my sister. The journey has shaken me more than journey ever did."

* This startling incident is thus referred to in a poem of surpassing beauty, "The Interment of Thomas Campbell," written by Theodore Martin:—

"Louder yet and yet more loudly let the organ's thunders rise,
Hark, a louder thunder answers, deepening inwards to the skies,—
Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing as from east to west,
Never grander music anthem'd Poet to his home of rest."

The gloom of that memorable day also is thus alluded to:—

"There is sadness in the heavens, and a veil against the sun;
Who shall mourn so well as Nature when a Poet's course is run?"

at Bensley's printing-office—and "Puckle's Club," of which only some of the blocks were executed by Thompson.

In 1818 he engraved a series of woodcuts for an edition of Butler's "Hudibras," after drawings by Thurston; and also the diploma of the Royal Highland Society, from a design by Benjamin West, the then President of the Royal Academy.

From 1819 to 1821 Mr. Thompson was occupied at the Bank of England. In consequence of the numerous forgeries of the old one-pound bank-notes, he, in conjunction with the late Professor Cowper, of King's College, and Mr. Applegath, was engaged in producing a note which a forger would find it difficult to imitate; but as the Bank finally decided to return to cash payments, these notes were never issued.

We next find Thompson employed, in 1826, in engraving the designs, by Stothard, Corbould, and W. Harvey, for Singer's edition of Shakspere, published at the Chiswick Press; and about the same time a series of subjects, for Michaud, of Paris, illustrative of the works of Delille. It may here be mentioned that Thompson's engravings were held in such repute in France, that for many years he was extensively employed by the publishing houses of Paris, upon designs by Paul Delaroche, Tony Johannot, Déveria, Jules David, Grandville, Ary Scheffer, and Horace Vernet. Vernet, we have heard, found at first some difficulty in drawing upon wood; but, determined to obtain the mastery over the material, he shut himself up in his studio for several days, and at length succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, and eventually acquired great facility with his lead-pencil. And while speaking of Mr. Thompson's foreign reputation, we may add that some years ago the Prussian Government was very solicitous that he should settle in that country, an offer which was declined. At the Paris International Exposition of 1855 he was awarded the Grand Medal of Honour for wood-engraving—the only one given to this branch of Art.

Many of the designs of that inimitable humorist, George Cruikshank, received ample justice from Thompson's graver; as, for example, 'The Gentleman in Black,' 'More Mornings in Bow Street,' 'John Gilpin,' &c. Among the more prominent of his later productions—and he worked laboriously till within two years of his death—may be instanced Shakspere's Seven Ages, from designs by Mulready, Callcott, Collins, Wilkie, and others, published by Van Voorst; Rogers's "Italy and other Poems," from designs by Stothard and Sir E. Landseer, published by Moxon; Berger's "Leonore," from designs by Maclise; T. Campbell's Poems, from designs by W. Harvey; "Sir Roger de Coverley," from designs by F. Tayler, published by Longman; "The Vicar of Wakefield," from Mulready's designs, published by Van Voorst; engravings for Longman's edition of Thomson's "Seasons;" for Cadell's edition of the "Waverley Novels;" for Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," published by J. Murray; for Goldsmith's Poems, published by Longman; for Tennyson's Poems, published by Moxon, with many others, on the whole of which were employed the pencils of some of the most distinguished artists of our day, including Stothard, Wilkie, Mulready, Callcott, Chalon, Leslie, Maclise, Cope, Redgrave, J. C. Horsley, Frost, Creswick, Millais, Holman Hunt, R. S. Lauder, W. Harvey, &c. &c.

Out of the range of pictorial art, and also out of the ordinary practice of the wood-engraver, Mr. Thompson engraved, on brass, the design, by Mulready, for the old penny-postage envelope, and the figure of Britannia, on steel, which appears at the present time on the circulation notes of the Bank of England.

The bare enumeration of the works we have mentioned shows how diligently through his long protracted life Thompson pursued his favourite employment; and an examination of any of his woodcuts will testify to his artistic skill and feeling. His last engraving—executed within two years of his death, and in the seventy-ninth year of his age—was 'The Death of Dundee in the Pass of Killiecrankie,' from one of a series of drawings by Noel Paton, R.S.A., illustrating Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." Any one who takes the trouble to refer to the *Art-Journal* for 1864 (p. 19), will see this vigorous yet delicate example of engraving.

Mr. Thompson was one who made it his business through life to study the works of others, especially those of Albert Durer, Callot, Bartolozzi, Goltzius, Waterloo, Rembrandt, Weirotter, and others: these, with a book on anatomy, were his constant companions in the studio. He was a great reader, his mind was well stored with historical and biographical knowledge, and his recollection of great men and great events during the last sixty years was most surprising and entertaining; his memory and all his faculties never deserted him, even at his advanced age. In 1853, when approaching his seventieth year, he delivered a course of lectures on the History and Practice of Wood-engraving at the Department of Science and Art.

Mr. Thompson married early in life—at the age of twenty-one—Harriott, daughter of Anthony Eaton, Esq., of Snitterton Hall, Derbyshire, by whom he had eight children, of whom five survive him. One of his sons is Mr. C. Thurston Thompson—named after the father's old friend, Thurston the designer—official photographer to the Science and Art Department, South Kensington; another son is Mr. Richard A. Thompson, also well known as an officer of the Science and Art Department, and for his connection with the great International Exhibitions that have taken place.

ALFRED NEWMAN.

The death of this artist, one of our most skilful delineators of architecture on stone, occurred on the 13th of March, after a short illness, and at the comparatively early age of thirty-nine. Mr. Newman was a pupil of the late Mr. George Hawkins, whose lithographic works, especially those of ecclesiastical architecture, have always been favourably recognised for their truth, beauty, and delicacy of treatment; his pupil was a worthy follower of the master, and by his industry and taste has left works behind him that testify of both.

Though practically expert in all the styles of architecture, he particularly delighted in the boundless variety which the Gothic offers to the artist; among the works his graceful pencil left behind as illustrative of this style, we may mention 'Beverley Minster,' Johnson's "Relics of Ancient English Architecture," W. E. Nesfield's "Mediæval Architecture," and several subjects in Shaw's "Continental Sketches," with others. These would be no unimportant result of an ordinary lifetime, but when they remain as the memorial of a term that seemed but half spent, we cannot but lament what appears so untimely an end.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—The Industrial Exhibition in this city, organised by the Working Men's Club, was closed on the 31st of March after a prosperous existence of four months. All the details of arrangement were carried out by working men, who, however, in the Scientific and Fine Art departments received the aid of Mr. Heath Wilson and other gentlemen in the hanging of the paintings and the classification of the geological, zoological, and other collections. The strictly industrial contributions to the Exhibition were arranged on the ground floor, and consisted mostly of models of steam-engines, all in motion, and miniature steam ships, a number of which daily navigated an artificial pond placed in the centre of the hall. The three galleries surmounting the ground floor were filled respectively with natural history specimens, with illustrations of the curious in art, including ancient coins, weapons, dress, &c., and with paintings and sculpture by professionals and amateurs. The attendance of visitors since the opening of the Exhibition far exceeded expectation, no fewer than 200,000 people having been admitted, 25,000 of them during the New Year holidays. Besides these, 10,000 school-children were admitted at a reduced rate, and the inmates of nearly every charitable institution in the city visited the rooms free of charge. After clearing all expenses the committee find themselves in possession of about £1,200. Of this sum £100 will be expended in prizes to exhibitors, and the remainder lies meanwhile in the coffers of the Working Men's Club.

BRIGHTON.—The new picture-galleries in the Pavilion in connection with the Museum being now completed, the town council has resolved that the paintings which belong to the corporation shall be removed to the new galleries.

PLYMPTON.—The project for placing a memorial window of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the church of this place appears not to meet with the success it deserves: the amount actually subscribed has not as yet reached £12. In the event of ultimate failure,—which ought not to be,—the trustees of the "Reynolds" fund will, in all probability, ask the donors' permission to carry the contributions to the "Church Restoration" fund; in the event of non-compliance they would, of course, be returned to the subscribers.

READING.—In our report, last month, of the School of Art in this town, it was erroneously stated that the establishment was under the direction of Mr. Macdonald. We have been informed that the head-master is, and has been since its foundation, Mr. C. R. Havell.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

ROME.—The *Builder* reported a short time since that,—"The Via Appia has been anew excavated at a spot known by the name of Santa Maria Nouva, at the expense of Count Tyszkiewicz; the researches have led to the discovery of a draped statue of considerable merit. In laying bare a tomb, remarkable for its peculiar interior disposal, the explorers found a mosaic pavement representing a rather uncommon subject, viz., a skeleton reposing on a couch, with the inscription in Greek letters which Socrates had observed on the Temple of Apollo, at Delphi, 'Know thyself.' Near the spot were also found colossal fragments of architectural ornaments, supposed to have formed part of a splendid tomb of the Antonine period."

BERLIN.—An International Fine Art Exhibition is to take place in Berlin during the month of September; to include the works of painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and lithographers.

NATAL.—The editor of the *Times of Natal* writes us word that a vein of the purest white marble has recently been discovered on the banks of the river Umzimculu, which runs be-

tween Natal and the newly-annexed territory now called Alfred County. The discoverer, Dr. Sutherland, Surveyor General, reports that the vein extends over an area of thirty miles, and that it runs down to the river in cliffs of great height. It is situated about six miles from the sea, the Umzimculu being navigable for small craft up to the point. This matter may ultimately prove to be one of considerable importance to sculptors, and others engaged on Art-works.

Canada.—Mr. Lockwood, a painter in crayons, died in the Marine Hospital, in Quebec, the "Ancient Capital," on the 5th of February. His pictures, which were chiefly portraits, are noted for their artistic merits, and their truthfulness to nature. He visited England a few years ago, and while there attracted considerable notice.—The Fine Art Association of Montreal is about to establish a school of Design. The Annual Exhibition of pictures and works of Art, in connection with the association, promises to be more than usually attractive this year. Mr. Otto R. Jacobi, a German artist, for many years resident in Montreal, has been commissioned to paint a water-colour picture of the bluff at Ottawa City, which is crowned by the Parliament buildings. A chromo lithograph of the picture is to be executed in the best style of Art, in London; and each subscriber to the association is to receive a copy of it.—Mr. Napoleon Bourassa, a Montreal artist, is at present engaged in painting a picture, which will contain portraits of all the leading men of America, from the time of Columbus down. Rumour says we may expect to see it in the picture-gallery of the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa.

A GOLDSMITH'S STUDIO AND WORKSHOP.

During a recent visit to Birmingham our attention was directed to one of the establishments there—that of Messrs. W. and J. Randel—as supplying evidence of the good that may be, in many ways, effected by judicious care of the workman on the part of the master. No doubt there are similar cases; for in most of our manufacturing towns the old principle has been abrogated—which taught the employer that it was sound policy to "get as much as he could" out of the employed; and men have learned the wisdom as well as the justice of consideration and benevolence. As, however, it has been our fortunate chance to visit Messrs. Randels' establishment, we limit our observations to them, and have much satisfaction in describing what we have seen.

The Works are new; the building has therefore all the advantage that can be derived from knowledge based on experience. The architect, while he has given due thought to elegance—for the building is exteriorly one of much architectural beauty—has successfully laboured so to distribute the several offices and workrooms, as to provide for the comfort and convenience of the large number of persons employed; avoiding all over-crowding, and especially caring for ample ventilation. Notwithstanding the heat requisite for their operations, and the necessity of preventing side-draughts, the roof of the principal workshop is so constructed as to secure a free circulation of air; and there can be no doubt that the artisans who here labour do so under far more auspicious circumstances than if they were working in their own rooms.

The greater workshop, at which about one hundred and fifty men and women are engaged, is overlooked from the principal offices, where the masters and the clerks do their work; the one being separated from the other by a huge "curtain" of plate-glass. "The master's eye" is therefore continually over the workers; to the benefit as well as the encouragement of both.

The novel and valuable feature in this establishment, however, is that which has brought it under our notice—a "studio" on the premises, in which the workmen are provided with facilities for improving their minds, in Art, by examining and copying good models supplied to them for the purpose. Twice in every week those of the workmen who please—and many of them do please—may study and draw here, in a large and well-lit and well-ventilated room, on the desks and along the walls of which are placed a variety of lithograph engravings and photographs, having especial reference to the calling in which they are engaged. It was very pleasant to see evidence of the good thus accomplished; that those whose hands were busy in the workshop, producing "things of beauty" that were to be scattered over the world, are, evening after evening, striving, and successfully, to comprehend the meaning, the purpose, and the history of the forms they are adopting and adapting.

There are many things besides "Mercy" that are "twice blessed." There can be no doubt that the manufacturer who cares for the mental as well as the moral culture of the persons he employs will "find his account in it." If it be advantageous to them it will be profitable to him: the workman is sure to do his work better when he knows what he is about; not only because he ceases to be a mere machine at labour, but because he ascertains, by examining what others have done, that which he may do, and how near he can approach the models in which he sees—to appreciate—excellence.

This common-place truth applies to every branch of manufacture, but has especial force in reference to that of the goldsmith. The artisan who works on the precious metals and with rare gems, has peculiar need of an intelligence beyond that of the ordinary labourer. We may assume that this conviction has influenced a large number of the master goldsmiths of Birmingham; for it is beyond question that a marvellous improvement—scarcely to be credited except by those who can compare its issues of to-day with those of twenty, or even ten, years ago—characterises all the productions of that busy and prosperous town; from the jewel valued at hundreds of pounds to the pin or brooch that costs in the making and material but a penny.*

Those who are not old can remember when a Birmingham "jewel" was a subject of scorn; it was "Brummagem," and that was enough. The reproach has been entirely removed. Birmingham now competes with London, and undoubtedly two-thirds of the stock of every jeweller in Great Britain has passed through such an establishment as that we are describing—in Birmingham.

At present we withhold, or rather postpone, details concerning the productions of Messrs. Randel. We shall ere long refer to them in an article we are preparing to compare the Art-issues of Birmingham in 1866 with those of an early date—yet a date no earlier than 1844, when we first made acquaintance with them. The plan we have long pursued in the *Art-Journal*—of associating the arts of manufacture with the Fine Arts—was commenced in Birmingham about the period to which we refer; to us, therefore, the improvements we have lately witnessed are especially gratifying; and it will be a pleasant duty to describe them, in the several departments—and they are numerous—for which the great town is famous all the world over.

In reference to the interesting establishment of Messrs. Randel, it is only requisite now to add that their productions are of great excellence; that they study the appliances placed at their service by the "authorities" of all ages and countries, and that they have adopted, or are striving to adopt, every available means of placing their works among the foremost in Great Britain. They have the aid and superintendence of an accomplished practical artist, Mr. J. J. Allen; and, as we have shown, their supremacy is derived also from care to educate their workmen.

* On the occasion of inaugurating the studio of Messrs. Randel, Mr. J. S. Wright, in reference to the enormous increase of the trade of Birmingham in jewellers' work, said that in 1830, it did not furnish occupation for more than one thousand persons; at the present time there were more than twenty thousand persons actually engaged in or dependent upon it for a livelihood.

THE CASTELLANI COLLECTIONS OF WORKS OF ANCIENT AND MEDIÆVAL ART.

In accordance with the intention, which we announced in our general notice of these remarkable collections in the *Art Journal* for last month, we now place before our readers a more particular description of certain of the works of both ancient and mediæval Art, which attracted our special attention on the occasion of a visit to Signor Castellani at Paris.

It will be remembered that Signor Castellani had brought with him to Paris large collections of ancient vases, bronzes and terra-cottas, chiefly the results of his own excavations in Magna Grecia and Etruria, and in part the discoveries of his friends; a very curious group of Cypriote statuettes, and a few miscellaneous relics of the artists of antiquity; also a second series of collections, all of them productions of the artists of the middle ages and of the Italian Renaissance, and comprising sculptures in terra-cotta, in marble, in ivory and wood; bronzes; Gobelins tapestries; and examples of the fictile faïences of Urbino, Gubbio, Castelli, &c., with various characteristic specimens of the best early glass of Venice. All these collections were exhibited both privately and publicly at Paris, and subsequently sold there by public auction in the course of the first week of the last month. The great interest that was excited in these collections by the high reputation enjoyed by Signor Castellani, was enhanced by the singular excellence of the catalogue, which was prepared with the utmost care by the distinguished Parisian antiquary and savant, the Baron J. de Witte, Member of the Institute of France.

Foremost in Baron de Witte's catalogue, in the place of honour pre-eminently its own, appears the Florentine statuette in terra-cotta, 'La Chantreuse,' a work of the second half of the fifteenth century, which perhaps may be assigned rather to a painter than to a sculptor of that era. The figure, a little more than 20 inches in height, stands in an attitude of simple and easy gracefulness, and the youthful singer holds in her hands the piece of music that she is in the act of executing with the deepest and purest feeling. Never was a portrait-statuette more perfect as a work of Art, more happily truthful in conveying its own purpose, and at the same time richer in varied suggestiveness. The artist, whoever he was, must have known that "singing girl" intimately and thoroughly, and he must have admired and loved her, for his portrait is an inspiration, not an effort—it is a most tender life-like rendering of a familiar and cherished image, and not even the most successful expression of thoughtful study. This delightful work is in admirable preservation; the colour of the terra-cotta is delicately beautiful; and all the details and accessories are made out with elaborate minuteness, while duly subordinated to that breadth and freedom of treatment which declare the touch of a master's hand.

Amongst the finest of the other mediæval works in these collections are, a beautiful Italian statuette in terra-cotta of Ceres, about A.D. 1575; another statuette in the same material, being a reduced copy of the well-known statue of St. George by Donatello, at Florence; and two other noble and spirited models, executed in terra-cotta with singular artistic feeling and power, from great works by John of Bologna, the one his famous fountain at Bologna, and the other his equally celebrated group representing the visit of Ferdinand to Pisa after the plague had decimated that city; the figure of the prince in the latter work, in a complete suit of the richest armour, but bare-headed, is truly magnificent.

One work in marble demands particular notice. It is a 'Descent from the Cross,' sculptured in the form of a panel nearly 3 feet square, the figures in high relief, by Giovanni Omodei, of Pavia; and it came from the Convent of La Chartreuse at Pavia. This very remarkable work is rich in lessons of the utmost value to students of Art; and the same may be

said of two elaborately carved panels in wood, executed by Giovanni da Nola.

Amongst the mediæval bronzes may be mentioned fine statuettes of the sixteenth century, by Italian artists, from the Venus di Medicis, and the equestrian statue at the Capitol of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius; also two heraldic lions, very spirited productions of the same era and country, with shields of arms of the Dukes of Este and Ferrara.

The collections of ancient Greek and Etruscan vases are remarkable for their numbers, their variety and comprehensiveness, their singular excellence, and their extraordinary freshness and preservation. These relics of arts that flourished between two and three thousand years ago are now almost exactly what they were when they left the artists' hands, the sole difference being here and there a few faint traces of the lapse of ages. They are absolutely safe, however, from all restoration, and from all that destruction which under the name of restoration so often and so unhappily accomplishes more irreparable mischief in a few hours than time would have wrought in thirty centuries. Too high commendation cannot be awarded to Signor Castellani for the excellent example that he has set forth in this matter, with all the weight of his authority, in these days of ruinous restorations.

Of the gem of all these vases we have already spoken—the splendid Nolan Hydria of Triptolemus and the Deities of Eleusis, discovered in 1829, and justly held to be one of the finest and most perfect examples of Greek ceramic art known to be in existence. The form of this exquisite work is absolutely faultless; the groups of figures which encircle the vase are admirably drawn and arranged with masterly skill; the colours are rich and effective, and the varnish of lustrous brilliancy. Second only to this magnificent work are several other Amphoras and Hydrias, most of them found in the same apparently inexhaustible region, which exemplify in the most characteristic manner the best period of Greek Art. There are also numerous other equally characteristic examples both of the archaic period and of the period of the decadence; of these last several are of the peculiar form known as the *Rhyton*, and amongst them is one example, the most remarkable that has yet been discovered of its singular class. This Rhyton is in the form of the head of a horse, black, with its adornments and accessories in red, heightened with white, yellow and a violet-tint. The modelling of this curious vase (which was sold for £120) is very grand, and the *tout ensemble* of the figure closely resembles the famous bronze head in the Museum at Naples and also the horse's head impressed upon the coins of Campania.

While inferior to no known example of works of the same order, Signor Castellani's Nolan Hydria admits the existence of a few Greek vases of equal excellence with itself: but, even this concession cannot be made by the grand Etruscan sarcophagus, the most important of the ancient terra-cottas in the Castellani collections. This extraordinary work knows no rival—unless some rival, still buried in some undiscovered sepulchral chamber, is awaiting the future researches of yet more fortunate explorers. Of large dimensions, this sarcophagus is enriched with groups of figures in the highest relief and of the first excellence as works of the sculptor's Art; and on its cover there rests a semi-recumbent effigy of most dignified aspect and expression, executed in a style which raises the claims of Etruscan Art to the most exalted standard. It sold for £400. We must be content in concise general terms to record the distinguished artistic merits of many others of the ancient works in terra-cotta; together with the ancient bronzes, which in their own beautiful department of Art are as fine and in many instances as curious as any of the most precious treasures of the bronze-rooms of the most celebrated European Museums. The fine bronze statuette of Pomona, we are happy to add, has found a permanent home in our own British Museum.

Many of the works here spoken of realised very high prices at the sale.

MONUMENT TO MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. ROBERT BRUCE.

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

Rarely do we meet with Mr. Foley in the character of a monumental sculptor. His classic ideal works and his noble portrait figures have been seen and admired by thousands. They are among the glories of the English school of sculpture. But the church and the graveyard witness to his genius, as well as the palace of an empire's representatives, the mansion of the noble, and the public highway. The author of 'Ino and Bacchus,' of 'The Mother,' of 'Egeria,' Lord Hardinge, John Hampden, Goldsmith, and others—typical of the living—enters upon no sphere of action unsuited to him when called on to memorialise the dead in some quiet spot little frequented, and, therefore, where works of this kind are seen but by few. One such example of his sculptures, 'The Tomb Revisited,' was engraved in the *Art-Journal* four or five years ago; another is introduced here.

It represents the upper portion of a monument to the memory of the late Hon. Robert Bruce, a descendant of the Scottish hero of the same name, and second son of Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, a nobleman well known in connection with Art, for to him the country is indebted for the famed Elgin Marbles, so named after him, in the British Museum. General Bruce held the responsible post of Governor to the Prince of Wales; and it was while travelling with his Royal Highness through the Holy Land that he was attacked by fever, of which on returning to England he died, at St. James's Palace, on the 27th of June, 1862, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

The recumbent figure, with its companion, surmounts, as just said, the tomb. On the latter, three *relievos* appear. These very appropriately have reference to the Eastern journey undertaken by the Prince and his companion. The subjects are well chosen, and are treated with much poetical feeling. The first represents his Royal Highness setting forth on the expedition attended by his Governor and suite, habited as pilgrims. The second shows them standing on the Mount of Olives, in the sight of Jerusalem, the General pointing out to his youthful fellow-traveller the various objects of historic interest spread out before them. In the third, the two principal figures are seen as having exchanged positions. The younger traveller appears gently and affectionately ministering to his fever-stricken friend and guide—a touching incident, serving as the key-note to the monument itself.

The group we have engraved commends itself, altogether irrespective of its execution,—and there is nothing which comes out of the studio of this most conscientious sculptor, but is perfect in this respect,—by the simplicity and elegance of the composition. In the act of taking a final embrace of the dead is his bereaved wife, veiled, and costumed in garments which, by their comparatively thin texture, and the graceful attitude given to her by the sculptor, display the delicate feminine form of the mourner. The refined taste which has dictated the entire work is too obvious to require comment.

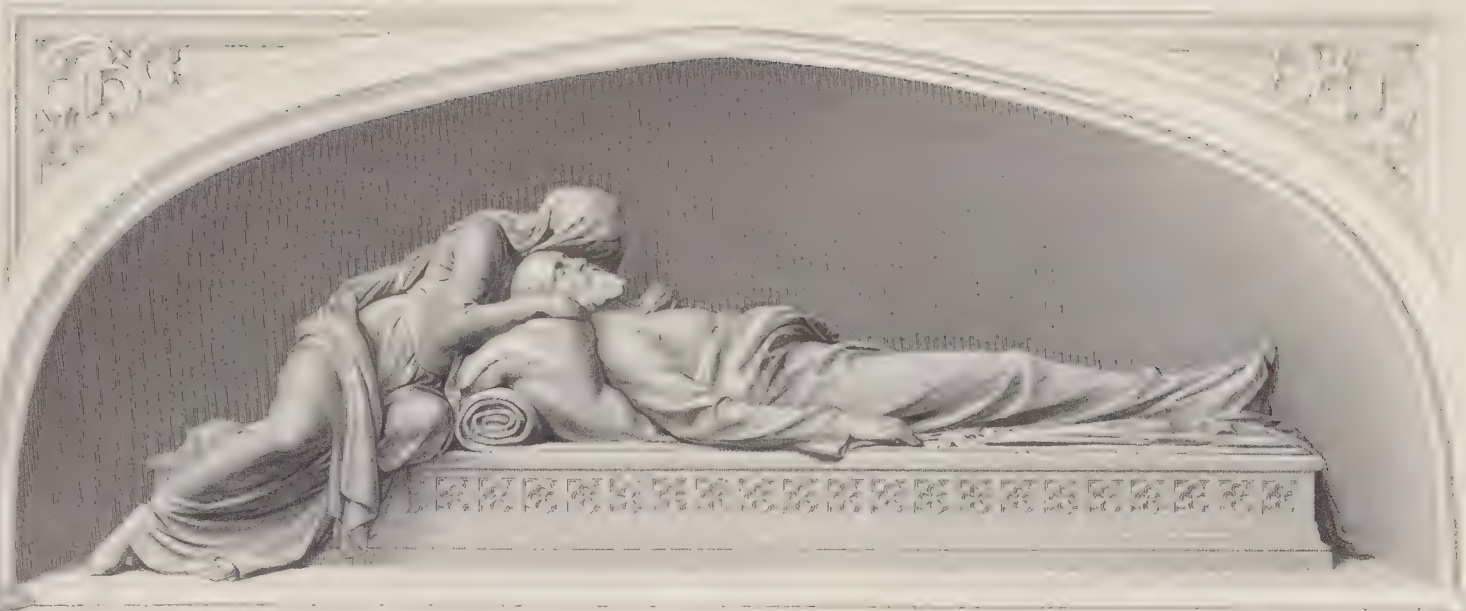
The monument, a commission from the widow of Major-General Bruce, is to be placed in Dunfermline Abbey, the burial-place of the kings of Scotland, subsequent to that of the celebrated Iona, and where King Robert Bruce was interred.

PICTURE SALES.

With the months of spring comes the revival of business in the rooms in King Street, St. James's, in Pall Mall, and elsewhere, especially devoted to the sale of works of Art. This year the season began somewhat early, and promises to be productive; but, judging from the announcements already made, not so much so as in other periods within our recollection. There is, however, in all probability, much more to follow the sales already advertised.

On the 14th of March Messrs. Foster sold, at their gallery in Pall Mall, a valuable collection of oil-paintings and water-colour pictures, including a few of the latter belonging to the late Rev. W. W. Soames, Vicar of Greenwich. The more prominent examples of the drawings were:—'The Woodcutter's Mealtime,' Birket Foster, very small, 86 gs. (Vokins); 'Rustic Cottage, with Children,' another 'Rustic Cottage,' and 'View near Winchester—Sunset,' three little drawings by the same artist, 250 gs. (Paterson); 'A Brittany Interior,' Walter Goodall, 96 gs. (Lloyd). Mr. Soames's collection, though small, was of a high class; it contained:—'Cross in the Market-place, Rouen,' S. Prout, 100 gs. (Vokins); 'St. Pierre, Caen, Normandy,' S. Prout, a noble drawing of large size, 365 gs. (Agnew); 'West Cliff, Brighton,' Copley Fielding, 65 gs. (Agnew); 'Views of Seaford and the Cliffs from near Newhaven, Sussex,' Copley Fielding, 225 gs. (Vokins); 'Grapes and Bird's Nest,' W. Hunt, 150 gs. (Vokins). These works were all purhased by their late owner from the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Among the oil-pictures sold at the same time were:—'Island of Galtinara,' G. E. Hering, 87 gs. (Hooper); 'Pet Doves,' W. Gale, 78 gs. (Agnew); 'The River Duddon in the Valley of the Seathwaite, Cumberland,' T. Creswick, R.A., 95 gs, (Miller); 'Sheep on the Downs; Kentish Coast,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 240 gs. (Hooper); 'A Neapolitan Beauty,' C. Baxter, 90 gs. (Lefebvre); 'Scottish Lovers,' D. Maclise, R.A., 400 gs. (Smith); 'The Rescued,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 275 gs. (McNaghten); 'The Leaping Horse,' J. Constable, R.A., formerly in the collection of Mr. Pemberton, 440 gs. (Simpson); 'The Signal in the Horizon,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 520 gs. (Lefebvre); 'Hesperus, or the Happy Lovers,' J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., 500 gs. (Lefebvre); 'Summer Evening in Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 250 gs. (Cox); 'Edinburgh, from the Castle Hill,' D. Roberts, R.A., 285 gs. (Quentin); 'The Relenting Creditor,' T. Brooks, 150 gs. (Simpson); 'Landscape, with Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 225 gs. (Richardson); 'The Conscript,' T. Goodall, R.A., small, 110 gs. (Lefebvre); 'Early Morning, Milking Time,' W. Linnell, 240 gs. (Marks); 'A Showery Day in Canterbury Meadows, with Sheep and Cattle,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 250 gs. (Revell). The amount realised by the entire sale somewhat exceeded £5,750.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., sold at the rooms in King Street, St. James's, on the 16th and 17th of March, a large number of pictures, the principal of which were the following:—'Soldiers after the Battle,' P. H. Calderon, A.R.A., 315 gs. (Worrell); 'Evening,' A. Gilbert, 105 gs. (Stewart); 'Cavaliers at the Gate of a Convent,' J. R. Herbert, R.A., 140 gs. (Lloyd); 'Repose,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 115 gs. (Anthony); 'The Trump Card,' W. H. Knight, 120 gs. (Lloyd); 'Minding the Cradle,' G. Smith, 120 gs. (Evans); 'Dordrecht on the Maas,' and 'Huy on the Meuse,' G. C. Stanfield, 150 gs. (Clarkson); 'A Mountain Scene,' and its companion, 'A River Scene,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 290 gs. (Worrell); 'Landscape, with Alderney Cattle,' J. F. Herring, 115 gs. (Catling); 'The Meet,' and its companion picture, 'Breaking Cover,' J. F. Herring, 200 gs. (Catling); 'Distinguished Members of the Temperance Society,' a duplicate of the picture in the Vernon Gallery, engraved in the *Art-Journal*; and 'The Frugal Meal,' painted as its companion, J. F. Herring, 210 gs. (Catling); 'Landscape, with Sheep, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 140 gs. (McLean); 'Cottage Doorway,' E. Frère, 115 gs. (Fletcher);



ENGRAVED BY R A ARTLETT, FROM THE SCULPTURE BY J H FOLEY

'Lady and Pet Dog,' C. Baxter, 120 gs. (Price); 'Landscape, with Cows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 190 gs. (Catling); 'Landscape, with a Windmill,' T. Creswick, R.A., 195 gs. (Cox); 'Rebecca,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., 150 gs. (Evans); 'Interior of a Church at Rouen,' D. Roberts, R.A., 160 gs. (McLean); 'View near the Coast of North Wales, with Peasants on the Road,' T. Creswick, R.A., 105 gs. (Fletcher); 'Catherine Seyton and Roland Græme,' J. Faed, R.S.A., 640 gs. (Addison); 'Lago d'Aosta,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 200 gs. (Graves); 'A Scene from *Cymbeline*,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 220 gs. (Graves); 'Cows in a Landscape,' and its companion, 'Sheep in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 200 gs. (Fletcher); 'Interior, with a Mother and Child,' E. Frère, 115 gs. (Evans); 'The Origin of the Combing-machine,' A. Elmore, R.A., a small finished *replica* of the larger picture, 120 gs. (Flood); 'Flight of the Pagan Deities on the Dawn of Christianity,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 325 gs. (Wallis); 'Cordelia,' and 'Regan,' a pair by J. R. Herbert, R.A., 150 gs. (Milner); 'A Summer's Day,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 215 gs. (Fletcher); 'Mount St. Michel, Normandy,' D. Roberts, R.A., 315 gs. (Swaith); 'Billingsgate Market,' G. E. Hicks, 305 gs. (Cox). The total proceeds of the sale were £10,775.

A collection of paintings, the property of Mr. Flatow, the well-known picture-dealer, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co., on the 24th of March. Among them were:—'Ophelia,' A. L. Egg, R.A., £98 (Turner); 'Launce's Substitute for Proteus's Dog,' A. L. Egg, R.A., 700 gs. (Holmes); 'The Lady of Shalott,' T. Faed, R.A., £257 (Mackenzie); 'The Rustic Toilet,' T. Faed, R.A., 300 gs. (Payne); 'Reapers Going Out,' including copyright, T. Faed, R.A., 1,040 gs. (Halliday); 'The Conscript,' A. Solomon, £140 (Justerini and Brooks); 'Sheep and Cattle,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £122 (Addison); 'March,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £143 (Halliday); 'Sunshine and Shade,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £376 (Agnew); 'On the Kentish Coast, Folkstone,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £246 (Lewis); 'Inquiring the way to the Ferry,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £300 (Holmes); 'The Gravel Pits,' W. F. Witherington, R.A., £87 (Graves); 'Reapers,' W. F. Witherington, R.A., £136 (Graves); 'The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' Marcus Stone, £157 (Broadhead); 'Bayswater, in 1812,' J. Linnell, £157 (Vokins); 'No Escape,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., £131 (Lewis); study for the shepherd in the picture of 'The Highland Drovers,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., £102 (Halliday); 'How the Little Lady sat to Velasquez,' J. Archer, R.S.A., £131 (Agnew); 'The Puritan Suitor,' J. Archer, R.S.A., £262 (Addington); 'Maggie, you're Cheating,' J. Archer, R.S.A., £199 (Fraser); 'Sicrdam,' C. Stanfield, R.A., £435 (Fry); 'Wreck off Dunbar Castle,' 840 gs. (Mackenzie); 'A River Scene,' W. Mulready, R.A., £340 (Braithwaite); 'Waiting for the Stage-Coach,' T. Creswick, R.A., £111 (McLean); 'Across the Common,' T. Creswick, R.A., 140 gs. (Broadhead); 'An Interior,' E. Frère, £204 (Crawford); 'Rustic Affection,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., (Halliday); 'From the Crusades,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., £152 (Philpot); 'Viola and Olivia,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 300 gs. (Holmes); 'A View in Sussex,' P. Nasmyth, 350 gs. (Agnew); 'Bristol, from Brandon Hill,' P. Nasmyth, £760 (Alexander); 'The Silver Pool,' F. R. Lee, R.A., £430 (Brooks); 'Highland Stream, near Loch Tay,' F. R. Lee, R.A., £260 (Evans); 'The Soldier's Return,' T. Webster, R.A., £109 (Stone); 'Juliet,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., £211 (Agnew); 'A Sumptuous Dessert,' T. Gröenland, £140 (Halliday); 'Spring Flowers,' J. Faed, R.S.A., £159 (Addington); 'The Wise Virgins, W. Etty, R.A., £199 (Stevens); 'The Fleur-de-Lis,' W. Etty, 440 gs. (Holmes); 'Try dese Pair,' F. D. Hardy, £411 (Holmes); 'The Convent Gate,' J. Archer, R.S.A., £192 (Stewart); 'Under the Mistletoe,' J. C. Horsley, £180 (Wardell); 'Margate,' G. Chambers, £325 (Vokins); 'Raising the Maypole,' F. Goodall, R.A., 700 gs. (Folkstone); 'Riva degli Schiavoni,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 440 gs. (Holmes); 'Jerusalem,' D. Roberts, R.A., 300 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Prayer in the Desert,' W. Müller, 360 gs. (Agnew); 'On the Welch Coast,' W. Müller, £257 (Halliday); 'Port Hoogan, North Wales,' W. Müller, £325 (Agnew); 'The Rugged Path,' P. F. Poole, R.A., £246 (Wheeler); 'The Rejected Tenant,' E. Nicol, £309 (Fraser); 'The Troubadour,' A. Elmore, R.A., 240 gs. (Patterson); 'The Cornfield,' W. Linnell, £283 (Stevenson); 'The Return to Port,' with the engraved Plate,—Isabey, £157 (McLean); 'Christ and the Rich Young Man,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., £178 (Graves); 'Coming of Age,' W. P. Frith, R.A., £1,464 (Agnew); 'View in Cumberland,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 980 gs. (Fraser); 'The Magic Deal,' D. Maclise, R.A., 140 gs. (Lewes).

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

This most interesting and instructive exhibition, illustrative of the history of our country, can receive at present but a brief review. It arose, as our readers are already aware, out of suggestions made a year ago by the Earl of Derby. The collection has the twofold object of elucidating English history, and the progress or decadence of English Art. It therefore contains works of widely different descriptions: firstly, portraits of illustrious characters, painted, it may be, by unillustrious artists; and, secondly, portraits of undistinguished people, executed, however, by most distinguished painters. Speaking generally, the collection is stronger under the first than the second of these categories. Scarcely, in fact, can be overrated the value which attaches to this vast array of England's kings, queens, statesmen, patriots, philosophers, and poets. The great men who have established our political constitution, framed our laws, guarded our liberties, and enriched our language and literature, here stand before us in the best guise which the portrait painter of the day was able to give. Of the art itself, its varying styles, and its alternations of rise and fall, this exhibition contains not a few master-works. The general public may perhaps feel some disappointment on first entering these corridors. The eye has been vitiated by florid pigments and the *éclat* attendant on strong lights; it has been accustomed in the Academy to smooth and clean canvases, and even in the National Gallery, dedicated to the old masters, it has met only with the choicest of portraits. From an exclusively Art point of view, then, the collection at Kensington, now happily brought together under the direction of the Department of Science and Art, must claim some indulgence. Many of these pictures have been now for the first time rescued from oblivion; some were discovered stowed away in garrets and cellars; they are darkened with accumulated dirt, panels and canvases are rent, and the work survives only in its ruins. Yet how unspeakably precious are these relics; the dead, even in their ashes, kindle with wonted fire; and assuredly the student who walks these courts reverently shall gather wisdom. Time and labour, however, can alone bring reward. Our first visit extended to three hours, and we had barely time to count the heads of the assembled multitude. We will venture to say that no one will do his duty until, by successive visits, he shall master the chronology of the gallery, connect the leading portraits with biographic and historic events, and withal make an intelligent history of the portrait-art. In the prosecution of these studies the careful catalogue prepared by Mr. Soden Smith and the Rev. James Beck will afford valuable aid.

Following the division already indicated, we will first sketch the historic outline shadowed forth by these portraits. The present instalment, to which we may expect a sequel next year, commences with the reigns of the Plantagenets in the middle of the twelfth century, includes the Commonwealth, and extends down to the reign of James II. The period covered then is no less than five hundred years. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the earlier half of these five centuries belongs to almost a pre-portrait epoch. For example, the heads here shown of Fair Rosamond, with whom the collection opens, and of Sir William Wallace, are more or less apocryphal. The figure, indeed, of Richard II., holding in one hand the globe, and in the other the sceptre, painted on a gold background, reaches more to the ideal type of majesty and regal dominion than to the features of any one man. As early, however, as number forty in the catalogue, we have reached the commencement of the sixteenth century, and page ten brings us to the era whereof Hans Holbein was the trustworthy chronicler. Downward from that period the materials placed at the disposal of Mr. S. Redgrave and Mr. Sketchley, to whose zeal we are so greatly indebted, have been absolutely overwhelming. Of Henry VIII. we are favoured with no fewer than fourteen portraits, yet, strange to say, antiquaries declare there ought to be more. The series, however, scarcely falls short of the multitudinous *replicas* found in European museums of the bust of Caligula, and that surely is high praise. Of Queen Mary there is a remarkably fine miniature by Sir Antonio More, firm in drawing and minute in detail. Of Lady Jane Grey none of the portraits are satisfactory. Of Elizabeth and the brilliant Elizabethan age there is happily little lack of reliable record. Of the queen herself we have an exquisite portrait when young, and an execrable daub when old and miserable. This last, with Death's skeleton in the background, we are glad to know, is without voucher, save such as a contemporary picture seldom wants. The illustrious reign of Elizabeth is represented by Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Essex, Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney, the fifth Earl of Derby, Ben Jonson, William Shakspere, of whom there are five portraits, Edmund Spenser, and Sir Francis Drake. The rival court of Scotland receives less than its due. The various renderings of Mary Queen of Scots, with one exception, fall short of a beauty which perhaps, after all, may have been fabulously exalted by loving sympathy with suffering. Rizzio and Darnley are anonymous portraits, and John Knox must have been painted by his enemy.

The reign of James I. in the art of portrait painting intervenes as an interregnum. Holbein had departed, and Vandyck was not yet upon the scene. Thus a large proportion of the heads of this time come down to us without declaration of the limner's name. Here, however, is shown the portrait of James painted by Cornelius Jansen; yet Sir Edward Coke, Lord Bacon, William Camden, and the dramatists Beaumont and Fletcher, have, in the world of portraiture at least, doubtful parentage. Charles I., as testified on these walls by well-known canvases, had the privilege of sitting to Vandyck. Subsequently, under the Restoration, royal heads and court favourites, also fortunate in their generation, received congenial treatment from the meretricious pencil of Lely. The intervening Commonwealth we all learnt a year ago was strong in miniatures; but the noble heads which grouped round the Protector received from the painter in oils comparatively scanty honour. The John Milton here exhibited could scarcely have penned "Paradise Lost" or "Areopagitica," and the portrait of Cromwell, had it not the advantage of an undoubted pedigree, we should scarcely have accredited to Cooper. Still it must be admitted that this phalanx of Commonwealth men, some drawn not unworthily by Walker, stand forth in a power most impressive. The heads of Hampden, Brereton, Pym, Ireton, Eliot, and Falkland, evidently belong to stirring times. Of the opposing camp, Prince Rupert shows himself a fine fellow. We must not forget to rejoice that the Cromwell family is here present in the persons of the Protector himself, his father, mother, uncle, his son Henry, his oldest daughter Bridget, and his second and favourite daughter Elizabeth. Among the curiosities of the collection the eye is arrested by toothless old Parr, the sexton of Peterborough, who interred "two queens and the town's householders twice over," and by

portraits of sundry dwarfs, including Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who was served up in a pie and presented by the Duke of Buckingham to Queen Henrietta Maria.

We must reserve for a future month a more critical account of the history of portrait painting as an art. We shall then speak of Holbein and his great picture, 'The Family of Sir Thomas More;' of Vandyck and his portraits, both careful and careless; of Rubens, as seen gloriously in the armour-clad figure of Arundel; of voluptuous Lely and Nell Gwyn; of more severe Kneller and the head of Dryden. In conclusion, the fact is the reverse of consoling, that the chief portrait painters of England have been foreigners.

DRAWINGS BY THE LATE JOHN LEECH.

At the residence of the Misses Leech, in Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, there was held, at the beginning of April, a private exhibition of sketches by the late John Leech, accompanied by tracings of the most popular and memorable of his contributions to *Punch*. This was a gathering entirely apart from that of the larger coloured drawings already exhibited; and to artists, and those who may have profited by such an opportunity of estimating the earliest essays, and tracing the development of such a genius as that of Leech, it must have proved deeply interesting.

We found in this collection ambitious sketches, made at the early age of six years, so full of spirit and truth that we ask ourselves, on seeing such things, where a child of tender years can have picked up his knowledge. There was the sketch, or a touched tracing, of Mr. Leech's first contribution to *Punch*, entitled 'Foreign Affairs,' which appeared, we think, in 1841 or '42, composed of a group of foreigners, distinguished by eccentricity of costume; and from this epoch the drawings of successive years became more facile, pointed, and characteristic. It might have been supposed that Hogarth, Rowlandson, George Cruikshank, H. B., Seymour, Doyle, and others, had in the fields of didactic and political caricature left nothing for a successor; but John Leech opened up new ground for himself, cultivated it with unexampled success, and showed that coarseness and vulgar extravagance are not a necessary element of Art-stricture on the follies and affectation of every-day life. Some of the sketches are pen outline, filled in with colour; among these is 'Harley as the Strange Gentleman,' an admirable reminiscence of the popular actor, with many others similar in manner, but wanting the pungent allusion which distinguishes the more recent *Punch* designs. Here were exhibited tracings of the cuts illustrative of the "Rising Generation," the once famous 'Brook Green Volunteer,' 'The Children of the Mobility,' 'Pin Money and Needle Money,' 'The Merry Month of May,' 'Jack the Giant Killer,' 'The Training School for Ladies about to appear at Court,' 'The Chinese Ambassador,' 'Whig Measures,' 'Illustrations of Humbug,' 'Paris Fashions for 1848,' with a long catalogue of others at which we laugh again as heartily as on their first appearance. With respect to the peculiar vein of humour pervading the pictures of the "Rising Generation," nothing has ever been deduced from these materials having such a strength of reflection on children of more mature growth.

The value of John Leech's drawings is manifold; but they are especially precious as teaching that coarse narrative or allusion is not an essential of pictorial satire aimed at the manners and habits of the day. The subjects which he has treated come home to us with the peculiar force of familiar instances, set forth, not so much in a new, as their true light; and it is no disparagement to others to say that Leech alone has held up the mirror to our nature in a feeling so kindly, that those who thus see themselves as others see them cannot be averse from profiting by the lesson.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy has decided to elect, on the 8th of May (after the opening of the Exhibition furnishes evidence of merit), six associates to fill the vacancies that now exist in that department of the body; to which there has been no addition since the year 1864. Soon afterwards, three members will be elected from the associates, and it is probable that the three vacancies thus created will be filled up before the end of the year. The Academy has determined not to increase the mysterious number of "forty." It remains to be proved whether Parliament will be satisfied with a sacrifice to public opinion, the requirements of the profession, and the wants of the association, which is in reality no sacrifice at all. It is by no means probable that Government and "the House" will be content to treat with liberality those who ask much but will give nothing. It is, however, only right to suspend judgment until the case is fully before us.

The Frescoes for "the Houses."—If there be grounds for a prevalent rumour, an act of gross injustice is to be perpetrated with regard to the artists who have been for many years past employed to decorate "the new palace at Westminster." Messrs. Ward and Cope were distinctly promised a grant in addition to the poor sums they have received for much—and, under the best circumstances, unprofitable—labour; it is intimated that the promise will not be kept. The case is, however, far worse as regards Mr. Maclise. He has made three elaborate drawings, designs for "future" frescoes; for which, if said rumour be correct, he is to be paid nothing; while Mr. Herbert, more fortunate in defying than Maclise has been in obeying, the commissioners, has, it is said, received £1,500 for three comparatively slight drawings. Into this subject Parliament will no doubt inquire, and justice will be done. It will surprise no one if Mr. Maclise declines any further work "for the country." His pictures are confessedly among the great productions of the age; his remuneration has been scandalously insufficient. It is an old complaint—that which describes the brawling of mediocrity as successful while retiring genius is set aside.

Line Engraving.—There have been some remarks in the *Times* as to the decadence of this art in England; showing that the mezzotints and "mixed" styles, and more especially photography, have almost extinguished the profession of the *line* engraver. That is true; there are not, we believe, half-a-dozen productions of the class now "in progress;" and the grand work by Mr. Doo after Sebastian Del Piombo (the Raising of Lazarus, reviewed at length in the *Art-Journal*) may perhaps be regarded as "the last of the line." Of *size*, that is to say, for the writer of the article in the *Times* ignores the fact that year after year no fewer than twenty-four line engravings have been yearly published in the *Art-Journal*. That is not fair. In the leading journal of Europe, we have a right to expect the credit that is undoubtedly our due, and we respectfully ask the *Times* to accord it to us. The engravers who produce these twenty-four plates are in number twenty-four, or thereabouts; for a large portion of twelve months must be employed in producing a single plate; and it is not too much to say that with the exception of Mr. Doo, and it may be two or three others (who do not engrave on steel), every engraver of ability in England is occupied in engraving plates for the *Art-Journal*. A glance at the list will show who they are: Messrs. Graves, Goodall, Stocks, Sharpe, Greatbach, Bacon, Cozen, Bourne, Vernon, Lightfoot, Wallis, &c. &c. We have no desire to risk the danger of self-praise; but we feel assured that if the writer of the article in question will give further consideration to the subject, he will feel it his duty to do justice to this work.

National Gallery Competition.—A few evenings before Parliament adjourned for the Easter recess, Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., President of the Institute of British Architects, presented, on behalf of the Society, the following petition to the House of Commons:—"That your petitioners have understood that it is in contemplation to rebuild the National Gallery, and that it is the intention of the Government to select the architect out of a very limited list of competitors. That your petitioners earnestly press upon your honourable House the desirability of the competition being enlarged, and that a greater number of architects be invited to compete, both in order to secure the best design by the wider opportunity thus afforded to able men to submit their respective ideas, and to afford to the architectural world the opportunity of that honourable distinction and generous rivalry which a sufficient competition can alone afford." The subject was discussed after the re-assembling of Parliament, when the First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Cowper, explained the intentions of Government with reference to the competition. Ten architects are to be invited to send designs, which should have in view, first, the retention of the present building as part of a larger one; and, secondly, the construction of an entirely new edifice. Each of these gentlemen will receive £200 for his labour in preparing designs. Mr. Cowper said that his own opinion was in favour of pulling down the existing gallery; but the Government had not come to an opinion on that point. The designs sent in competition would be exhibited to the public. Five years hence would be the earliest time when it would be necessary to deal with the existing building. Provision would be made for the National Portrait Gallery. The Royal Academy was prepared to vacate the portion it now occupies of the National Gallery as soon as it could find fitting quarters elsewhere.

New Law Courts.—The following gentlemen have, it is understood, accepted the invitation to prepare designs for this important edifice:—Messrs. G. E. Street, A. Waterhouse, B. Brandon, J. N. Deane, H. B. Garling, and J. Gibson. Messrs. G. G. Scott, R.A., and E. M. Barry, A.R.A., declined the invitation. The judges of the designs are the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Alexander J. E. Cockburn, Sir Roundell Palmer, M.P., and Mr. Walter Stirling, M.P.

The Pictures at the Kensington Museum.—Various distressing rumours are afloat concerning the state of the national pictures, now in the Kensington Museum; and Mr. Cole has written to the *Times* to relieve public anxiety on the subject. He has been answered by Mr. William Cox, of "the British Gallery, 58, Pall Mall," who, it appears, was "invited by the Lords of the Council on Education to give practical information on the preservation of works of Art"—whatever that may mean. He writes thus:—

"Admitting that one or two of the pictures may have been cracked at the time of their admission into the building (which proper attention would have remedied), there are an

immense number that were in good condition, and that are now in a dangerous state, and even those of which I make an exception have since become considerably more injured. This I attribute solely to—1. The want of a properly and substantially walled building, thick enough to keep out too great heat or too great cold. 2. To the hot-water pipes, placed immediately under the pictures; to the gas, which is notoriously impure in London; and, lastly, to the entire absence of proper ventilation. And I do not hesitate to assert that unless immediate means are taken to remedy these defects, at the end of half a century the works of the English school, beginning from the Hogarths to the glorious works of Etty, will become lost to the nation."

This view is indeed alarming, but we trust that Mr. Cole may be right and Mr. Cox wrong. At all events, the inquiry now pending will be conclusive one way or other.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—Lord Houghton has accepted the Presidentship of this Association, rendered vacant by the death of Lord Monteagle. The interest which Lord Houghton is known to take in all matters concerning Art and literature, eminently qualifies him for the post he has consented to occupy. The Society has reason to congratulate itself in having so influential a chief presiding over its councils.

THE NELSON COLUMN.—*One* of Sir E. Landseer's famous bronze lions is, it is said, at length completed, and has been inspected by the Queen at the studio of Baron Marochetti. We trust her Majesty may speedily hear that the three other animals may soon be in a condition to receive a visit from royalty, unless the fire that unfortunately took place recently in the Baron's studio, but which is stated not to have been very destructive, should create further delay—certainly quite unnecessary in this long-protracted matter.

MR. HENRY FARRER, F.S.A., the well-known picture-collector and expert, died on the 9th of last month. His knowledge of the works of the old painters, especially, was great, and his opinion was always considered an authority on such matters. This he was constantly called upon to give, both as regards pictures purchased for the nation, and works in the hands of private individuals. He bore the character of an upright and eminently fair-dealing man in his profession.

UNIVERSAL FINE-ART CATALOGUE.—We understand that the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have resolved on producing a Universal Catalogue of all books, from the invention of printing down to the present time, relating to, or calculated to aid, the study of the Fine Arts. The co-operation of a number of gentlemen has been invited to act as a Committee of advice, and Mr. J. H. Pollen is named as secretary. The special object of such a catalogue appears to be to make it of general accessibility in the Art-library of the South Kensington Museum. The new catalogue will be a universal record of printed Art-books known to exist up to the period of its completion, wherever they may happen to be at the time. A reader would thus find a clue, not only to the works he was looking for in the actual collections of the library, but to other works bearing on his course of studies which had not been obtained, but which had been ascertained to form part of other libraries, whether public or not, either in our own or in any foreign country. All names of rare books would have a reference given to the libraries in which they are to be found. By this means also the deficiencies of the Art-library would be demonstrated, and provision made for its ultimate completion. It must be obvious enough that there will be considerable difficulty in making such a work thoroughly practical and useful; but the task cannot prove insurmountable, if undertaken by those competent in all respects to the work. If satisfactorily completed, we can conceive no more valuable addition to the Art-literature of our time.

UNDER the auspices of a society called "The International Society of Fine Arts" (Limited), an exhibition of modern pictures and drawings, chiefly by artists of the Belgian and Dutch schools, was opened last month at No. 48, Pall Mall. The collection is small, but it contains some favourable examples of works by Gallait, A. Stevens, F. Willems, De Groux, Clays, Hanedoes, Verboeckhoven, Verschuur, and others, which are worth a visit to the gallery.

THE TENANTRY OF LORD JOHN SCOTT have subscribed for a statue to his memory; and, having left the selection of an artist to his brother, the Duke of Buccleuch, his Grace, estimating the excellence of the statues in the Royal Horticultural Gardens, by Mr. Joseph Durham, has confided the work to that accomplished sculptor. The statue will be erected in the market-place of Dunchurch, Warwickshire.

MR. GEO. CRUIKSHANK.—Many friends and admirers of this most worthy man and popular artist have associated themselves for the purpose of procuring subscriptions to present him with a testimonial in recognition of services which, for more than half a century, his pencil and personal influence have rendered in the cause of moral instruction. Mr. John Ruskin has consented to act as president of the committee, and Sir W. Trelawney as vice-president. The testimonial will, we believe, be in the form of a sum of money, and we sincerely hope it will prove so substantial as to be not only worthy the acceptance of the recipient, but that it will mark in a high degree the public sense of the obligations due to one whom Thackeray justly called the "friend and benefactor" of his country—one, who even at the age of seventy-three, still works "laboriously, fruitfully, honourably, and well."

MR. PETER HOLLINS has been commissioned to execute a bust of the late Recorder, Mr. M. D. Hill, to be placed in the Art-gallery of Birmingham; and the sculptor is also engaged in producing a full-length statue of Sir Rowland Hill, the Recorder's renowned brother. We rejoice to record these commissions, as creditable less to the artist than to the town of his birth, and in which he has resided all his life. Mr. Hollins takes rank among the foremost of our British sculptors. There are not many who are his equals, and very few by whom he is surpassed. Had circumstances fixed him in London, he would have risen to the highest eminence in which the profession could have placed him. He has preferred to make his home, where, if there be less of worldly prosperity, there is, no doubt, more of honour; for Birmingham may be proud—we believe is proud—to count among its citizens an artist who would receive homage in any city of the world.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN BIRMINGHAM.—One of the best—it would scarcely be too much to say the best—photographer whose works we have examined practises in Birmingham. Mr. N. Sarony is a Canadian by birth, of Italian descent, and he is an artist of much ability. He has deeply studied the peculiarities of the art he professes, and has issued some examples that are of the rarest possible excellence, combining accuracy and force in outline with tone and harmony such as we have seldom seen; insomuch that his copies from life seem at first sight to be transcripts of paintings. A series of portraits of the actress, Menkin, in many attitudes, supply the best evidences of his power. Mr. Sarony uses the "rest," invented by his brother of Scarborough—a very useful and ingenious invention to which not long ago we directed attention. In his atelier we saw it practically applied; it is of immense value to the photographist; giving ease and "rest" to the sitter, without involving the smallest constraint; it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of this "improvement;" which we believe every professional worker would adopt if he could see it in operation.

FLOWERS FROM INDIA.—There has been exhibited at the *soirée* of the Royal Society, and elsewhere, a collection of drawings of surpassing merit, made from the flowers and flowering shrubs of Western India, the large and almost inaccessible mountains and the pathless prairies through which passage is seldom possible. They are of singular beauty; many of them are utterly unknown in England, and indeed in India, except in the immediate localities where they grow; for death has in most cases followed attempts to introduce them to other habitats. The collection—which includes one hundred drawings—consists of copies from nature by Mrs. Read Brown, the lady of General Read Brown, who long resided in that part of India where alone these flowers are found. Only a powerful enthusiasm could have brought so many treasures together; she has, it is understood, frequently ridden fifty miles to procure a single specimen. Regarded as mere works of Art they are of great merit; admirably drawn and coloured; so minutely indeed are they finished that a vast amount of time must have been expended in transferring them to paper. Their variety is not the least of their attractions; many of them hang in graceful festoons; others are of gigantic blossoms; and all are of the size of nature. We trust they may be published, and so reward the accomplished lady for her indefatigable energy in making the collection.

MESSRS. BASSANO AND DAVIS are extensively engaged in producing and publishing photographs for pictures by modern artists; of which they have an interesting exhibition at their rooms in Regent Street. The collection even now numbers one hundred and seventy specimens; among them being examples by E. M. Ward and Mrs. Ward, Sant, Leighton, Ansdell, Wyburd, Johnson, Oakley, Warren, Jeanes, and some fifty or sixty other British artists. They are in all cases admirably copied. The most attractive subjects of the series are those of Mr. E. M. Ward, which represent authors in their libraries; being portraits from the life; of Macaulay, Hallam, Lord Stanhope, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Dickens, and Tom Taylor. It will be well for artists to see this collection; it may induce them to do that which they ought to do—photograph every important picture they produce; not only as a means of registering progress and obtaining a useful "refresher" hereafter; but with a view to gratify and instruct the public on easy terms. To multiply a work thus infers no sacrifice; while the advantages are many and sufficiently obvious.

REVIEWS.

LIVES OF BOULTON AND WATT. Principally from the original Soho MSS. Comprising also a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Steam-Engine. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of "Industrial Biography," &c. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

In the picturesque church of Handsworth, near Birmingham, lie the remains of three men, two of whom, Matthew Boulton and James Watt, did more, perhaps, than any other men who have lived, to revolutionise, by acts of peace, the entire social fabric of the world; while the third, William Murdoch, proved himself an active aider and abettor in the labours of the others. To the two more prominent names should be added a third, that of George Stephenson; but his body rests elsewhere.

Mr. Smiles has richly earned for himself the epithet of "Biographer of our Civil Engineers." In his three large volumes entitled "Lives of the Engineers;" in the abridged records of Brindley and Stephenson, taken from the more bulky histories; and in his smaller book, "Industrial Biography," he has narrated the lives and actions of many of our great railway-makers, mechanicians, and scientific metal-workers, in a manner as truthful and pleasant as skill, industry, love of the subject, and a most attractive method of treating it, could bring to bear upon it. And now we have, in what the author speaks of as the concluding volume of the "Lives of the Engineers," the stories of Boulton and Watt, prefaced by an account of the earliest steam-engines and their inventors. The task, so far as the preparation of materials was concerned, Mr. Smiles commenced many years ago; but finding that Mr. Muirhead, Watt's literary executor, was engaged on a similar publication, which has since made its appearance, Mr. Smiles laid his work aside. Having, however, as he tells us, recently had access to the extensive collection of Soho documents, in the possession of Mr. M. P. Boulton—papers consisting of an enormous mass of letters that passed between Watt and Boulton, and between these and their intimate friends and business correspondents—besides a multitude of books having reference to the transactions of the firm at Soho, it appeared to him that, notwithstanding the valuable publications of Mr. Muirhead, the story of the life of Watt was one deserving of being repeated, especially in connection with the life and labours of Boulton; for "the two men were so intimately related during the most important period of their lives, and their biographies so closely intermingle, that it is almost impossible to separate them. They are, therefore, treated conjointly in the present volume, under the title of 'Boulton and Watt,' the name of the old Soho firm, which had so long enjoyed a world-wide reputation."

All who have read Mr. Smiles's preceding volumes, will not fail to discover in this also the same amount of conscientious labour and pleasant narration. The field in which he has worked is fertile in interesting story, and the harvest reaped by the author for the benefit of his readers is rich and abundant. The book, like its predecessors from the same pen, is well printed, and contains numerous engravings, especially an admirable portrait of the venerable Watt, delicately yet forcibly engraved by W. Holl.

There is a statement made by Mr. Smiles for which we are tempted to find room, because it bears directly upon Art, and because it refers to a matter of which, so far as Watt is concerned, we must confess to have been in ignorance. It appears that among the numerous ideas floating in his prolific brain was that of constructing a machine for copying sculpture. "He proceeded," writes his biographer, towards the end of his narrative, 'with the completion of his sculpture-copying machine until nearly the close of his life. When the weather was suitable, he would go up-stairs to his garret, don his woollen surtout and leather apron, and proceed with his work. He was as fastidious as ever, and was constantly introducing new improvements. It was a hobby and a pursuit, and served him as well as any other. To M. Berthollet he wrote—'Whatever may be its success, it has at least had the good effect of making me avoid many hours of ennui, by employing my hands, and given me some exercise when I could not go out.' It also pleased him to see the invention growing under his hands as of old, though it is possible that during his later years he added but little to the machine. Indeed, it seems to have been as nearly as possible complete by the year 1817, if we may judge by the numerous exquisitely-finished specimens of reduced sculpture—busts, medallions, and statuary—laid away in the drawers of the garret at Heathfield. He took pleasure in presenting copies to his more intimate friends, jocularly describing them as 'the productions of a young artist just entering on his eighty-third year.' Shortly after the hand of the cunning workman was stopped by death. The machine remained unfinished according to its author's intentions; and it is a singular testimony to the skill and perseverance of a man who had accomplished so much, that it is almost his only unfinished work."

As already intimated, this is the first information we have received, unless our memory fails us—which is scarcely probable in a matter so connected with Art—respecting Watt's machine for producing sculpture. Whatever the inventor did with it, it is quite clear the machine has never been available for any work of the kind, unless the principles it involved have been applied to the machinery which has been of late years partially in use for carvings in wood and stone. Certainly our sculptors have not had recourse to any mechanical process of the kind.

In any other country than England the government would have found some means of recognising the genius and worth of such men as Boulton, Watt, Stephenson, Smeaton, Brindley, and others. Titles and decorations could add nothing to their fame—would not have raised them one step in the estimation of their fellows; yet have distinctive honours often been conferred on individuals whose claims must not be named in the same breath with those to whose scientific labours England—and, indeed, the world—owes so much; for where have not their discoveries and inventions penetrated? Yet no star glittered on the breast of the Greenock mechanician; no royal sword was laid on the broad shoulders of the Newcastle pitman. "He," says Sir David Brewster, referring to Watt especially, "who buckled on the weak arm of man a power of gigantic energy, who taught his species to triumph over the *inertiæ* of matter, and to withstand the fury of the elements; who multiplied the resources of the state, and poured into the treasury the springtide of its wealth, was neither acknowledged by his sovereign, nor honoured by ministers of state, nor embalmed among the heroes and sages of his country." When living,

"England's too poor to do them reverence;"

but when the fire of their intellect has gone down for ever, and the grave enshrouds the once restless brain and busy hand, then she has raised statues, and built monuments, and offered ovations to the memory of the dead.

SONGS OF SHAKESPEARE. Illuminated by H. C. HOSKYNS ABRAHALL. Printed and Published by DAY AND SON, London.

The last few years have witnessed the revival of two arts, one of which, at least, had fallen into desuetude almost from the period of the mediæval ages. Both of these arts, illumination and embroidery, were then chiefly employed for ecclesiastical purposes; monks in their convent cells passed many a silent hour in adorning the pages of breviary and missal, while ladies of "degree" occupied themselves in the enrichment of vestments and altar-cloths for the service of the Church. The examples of each art, that have come down to us from these times, show to what perfection both were carried, and they serve as models for what the present age is producing. But the clergy of our day are as a rule, too actively engaged in the responsible duties of their sacred vocation, to find opportunity, even had they the inclination, to turn missal-painters or ornamentalists; so that the living illuminators are either those who engage in it as a means of subsistence, or ladies whose taste and leisure lead them to practise the art as an amusement, but one requiring a cultivated mind, a knowledge of design, and a graceful and well-practised pencil. The revival of ritualism in the Church has called forth the labour of many a fair hand whose embroidery work manifests both her zeal in the cause she may have espoused, and her ingenuity and power in the use of the needle.

Though there is no indication on the title-page that the elegant illuminated designs which surround these "Songs of Shakspere"—we adopt our own mode of writing the poet's name—are the work of a lady, and an amateur, we believe we are right in so ascribing them; and right worthy of the gems, twelve in number, is the setting that enshrines them. Each of the songs is encircled by a broad border, into which are introduced appropriate emblems, foliated, floriated, &c., with birds, insects, shells, &c., suggested by the allusions in the words of the song. Every page shows the artist to possess all the qualities necessary for the perfect practice of the art—taste and skill in design, a good eye for harmonious colour, and a true and delicate pencil. Throughout the series we find nothing overdone, either in ornament or colour. For choice, we would point out "Tell me where is fancy bred," "Yon spotted snakes," "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," "Blow, blow, thou winter wind,"—most elegant,—and "When daisies pied and violets blue." But the whole constitute a book suited to the table of drawing-room or boudoir, where, no doubt, it will often be found.

EPHEMERA. By LADY PAGE-WOOD and MRS. STEELE (Helen and Gabrielle Carr). With illustrations by LADY PAGE-WOOD. Published by MOXON & Co., London.

Under this modest title, we have here a most beautiful collection of poems. They have reached a second edition. It was not our good fortune to see the first; but though late in our notice, it is none the less cordial. There are in this unassuming volume compositions that may take place among the best in our language, such as few of our modern poets have surpassed. They treat of varied subjects—some are serious and some are gay; but in all there is a high and holy feeling expressed in pure verse that will bear the test of the sternest criticism. The authors, we presume, are sisters; and the name of one of them is well known and deservedly honoured. There is no guide to explain "which is which;" but they evidently think and feel alike, with minds and souls in harmony; and, no doubt, one has been a valuable help to the other. They are true poets, whose poems will delight and teach all who read them. The Art portion appertains to Lady Page-Wood. The illustrations are small wood-engravings, gracefully designed and drawn, and add much to the interest and worth of the volume.

THE ANATOMY OF FOLIAGE. Published by T. HATTON, Brighton.

This work—of which three parts only have reached us, though four have been published, as the last in our possession informs us—contains large photographed examples of forest trees, each taken from the same point of view in summer and winter. Thus we have in the one case the tree clothed in its richest and fullest "livery of green," and in the other, standing in all its naked tracery of limbs, boughs, and branches, without so much as a leaflet to remind us of its summer covering. The three parts before us contain respectively specimens of an oak, a sycamore, and a horse-chesnut, all of magnificent growth, and constituting excellent studies for the landscape-painter. The photographs, by Mr. E. Fox, are as clear and definite as the art, when applied to such subjects, is capable of producing, and are in themselves pictures of much interest.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1866.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

INTRODUCTION.

NOT within living memory has the Academy opened at so grave a crisis in its history. All possible considerations seem to add import to the present exhibition. A new President has just succeeded to a post of peril and of honour, held with singular discretion by his predecessor. A reformed constitution has been accepted by the Government as a preliminary to still further changes. Furthermore, the Academy must quit its present home, and be driven to seek elsewhere a local habitation. This National Institution, in short, is placed upon its trial. It cannot longer rest in its present estate; it cannot resist reform in this age of progress; it cannot, unless its boundaries be widened, calculate on keeping even its ancient prestige in the face of competing associations. In short, the time has come when the Royal Academy will no longer be permitted to stop the way; the pressure of conspiring circumstances compels it at last to move onwards. The present exhibition, then, opens, as we have said, at a momentous crisis. All eyes will be turned to see what are the claims of the Academy to Royal sanction and national subsidy. The past acts of the governing forty will be arrayed for critical, possibly for hostile, judgment. Even the wisdom which gave to the Academy its new President may be called in question. Certainly the judgment and the honesty which decide recent and pending elections will be narrowly weighed before increased powers and privileges receive the sanction of the Imperial Parliament. Surely, too, the aspect which these walls present, in their array of pictures, will not pass without note or hostile comment. Of many works it will be said, why year by year cumber they the narrow ground? why when a man's talents are gone can he not take a *quietus*, and leave room for those who will adorn the space too long dishonoured? Other pictures thrust out of sight, or it may be turned absolutely out of doors, rise in witness to the charge that the Academy has been a *clique*—a private society intent on the promotion of individual interests, not a public institution earnest in the performance of national duties. Each picture then, prominent in merit, or position, will be scanned either as a programme of promise, or as a count in a hostile indictment. Foes there may be who will scoff, enemies who will exclaim, "Is this all you can show after the reign of a century? is this the condition into which your Academy schools have brought the Art of the country? For history the exhibition gives costume, for High Art naturalistic *genre*." Such are the cries which will be heard, but for our part we shall lend more willing ear to friendly counsels. We believe that the Academy, notwithstanding the defects and shortcomings at which we have pointed, has done a good work, and deserves well of the country. Even the present exhibition is a proof that the interests committed to its charge have not been neglected wholly. The talent which these walls proclaim must shortly be recognised, the area of the Academy extended, the patronage of the State made something better than a name. And then we feel persuaded that England's Academy of Arts, thus reformed and invigorated, will secure to us in future years a continuance of noble exhibitions, whereof the works which we now proceed to pass in review may be accepted as the promise and the pledge.

I. HISTORY, SACRED AND SECULAR.

The divisions we adopt are somewhat arbitrary. It is not always easy to say, for example, where High Art begins, or in what it may consist. Yet that some basis of classification should be laid down, so that the vast mass of miscellaneous materials crowded into an exhibition of eight hundred pictures may be disposed in analytic order, is obviously a method attended with convenience. The disposition we have made, however, must be regarded only as an imperfect means to a desirable end. With this apology, we will proceed to the principles it were well to remember when we approach historic works, either sacred or secular. These necessarily relate to time, subject, and style. History, of course, concerns itself with times past, as distinguished from times present, and the consequence of this simple truth would seem to be, that a historic picture should carry the mind back from the immediate foreground of present and passing events into the midst of transactions which in some degree, at least, have become the property of imagination. From this it follows that the treatment should be removed, as far as may be, from the ways, manners, and appliances of our common every-day life. Costume will of itself go far to do this; and yet beyond and even above mere forms of dress, there is a certain dignity and importance befitting characters which take their stand in the historic past. Therefore it is fortunate when, in addition to robes of state, there can be given to humanity regal bearing,—when the men who have long ago been removed to another scene can be made to act as in the presence of eternity. Having suggested thus much as to time, by implication we have said almost all that is needed on the subject-matter and the Art-style befitting historic works. The nobler the thought the better, for High Art is nothing else than the pictorial expression given to lofty truth. Therefore let no mean thoughts, no unworthy motives, find place on the canvas dedicated to history. Of the Art-style best comporting with such themes, the foregoing premises lead to inevitable conclusions. Stateliness, sobriety, and even severity, have marked all true-minded historic schools. Furthermore, a certain abstract and even ideal manner has been deemed not unsuited to forms and thoughts which in the lapse of centuries survive only in the courts of memory. The masters of the middle ages thus treated history, which was indeed deemed by them a theme congenial to the poet even more than a problem to be solved by the archæologist. Yet it is but fair to add that the opposing school of the realists has in our day gained strength, as a glance round the walls of the Academy will at once make manifest. Divers dangers it will be easily understood beset either of the two schools, at least in its extremes. The idealistic method, as represented by the picture of Mr. Leighton, may possibly want actuality and individuality; and the realistic style, as seen in every room, may in turn lack state and dignity, and be shorn of the spell which attends imagination;—so true is it, that Art is a compromise and surrender, and that a perfect style is just the happy mean, the little more or less, which proverbially it is so difficult to maintain. The following works will, as a matter of necessity, somewhat deviate from this middle line, and that probably just in proportion as the artist may have spoken himself out boldly and manfully.

'Here Nelson Fell,' inscription on the quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Victory* (47), by D. MACLISE, R.A. Such is the moving incident which one of the greatest of historic painters has made the centre of a composition remarkable for vigour, action, and verisimilitude. The battle of Trafalgar is concentrated on the spot which witnessed its chief tragedy. As Nelson on board the *Victory* approached the enemy, murderous was the fire that flew through the rigging and swept the decks. The admiral's secretary, Scott, had been just struck down, and eight marines were killed by a double-headed shot. "This is too warm work," said Nelson to Captain Hardy, "to last long." The *Victory* then came, as seen in the picture, into closest quarters with her antagonist, the *Redoutable*; and the hooks and boom-irons getting intermixed or catching in the leash of the sails, the two ships were held together firmly. Then the *Victory* opened a deadly fire, and everything went on well till about half-past one o'clock. The rigging of the *Redoutable* was filled with riflemen. Nelson walked on the larboard-side of the quarter-deck with Captain Hardy, and having, before going into action, put on his state uniform, embroidered with the Order of the Bath, he afforded an excellent mark. A musket ball fired from the mizen-top of the *Redoutable*, at not more than fifteen yards distance, struck Nelson through the forepart of the epaulette. The admiral fell. Hardy stooped and asked if he were dangerously wounded. Nelson replied, "They have done for me at last, Hardy—my back bone is shot through." This is the moment Maclise has chosen. Soon after, the hero of Trafalgar was carried down into the cockpit, where in three hours he died. The scene of the picture, then, as the title implies, is on the quarter-deck where Nelson fell. Each circumstance we have recounted has been indicated in the painter's literal chronicle. The picture is, in fact, a panorama extending along the deck of the *Victory*. The painter, for perspicuity, has marshalled his materials into three groups. The central composition encircles the dying Nelson; on either side the narrative is continued through connecting passages, each incident adding fulness and emphasis to the tremendous drama. The realistic rendering of accessories, such as cannon, shot, cordage, and a glass of grog, gives to the battle-scene the persuasion of reality. The spectator, indeed, believes himself present in the action, so forcibly does circumstantial detail pro-

claim the terrible truth. The dead strew the deck, and two pools of blood tell of the carnage. It was a happy thought, that opening in the clear blue sky above the head of the dying hero. The blanket of thick smoke is rolled away, the gates of the future, into which so many spirits are flying from their mortal tenements, are thrown open, and light brightens, as with hope, in the face of the victor of Trafalgar. "England expects every man to do his duty" was the signal of that day. Nelson lived to hear the news, "Victory is ours." In dying, the last words he uttered were, "Thank God I have done my duty." Our readers are already aware that the picture now exhibited is the oil study for the large mural painting, forty feet long, executed by Mr. Maclise in the Houses of Parliament. The Academy picture, though of unusual size for an easel work, is small in comparison to the monumental composition at Westminster. Yet the scale of the figures is not felt to be diminutive. In fact, the largeness of manner which was imperative in an architectonic work has found its way, perhaps unconsciously, into this compressed *replica*. Mr. Maclise has been of late an absentee from the Academy. We are glad that the cause of this absence —the onerous undertaking at Westminster —has this year been the means of giving to the public this masterly composition.

Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., has, in his poetic and deeply impressive picture, 'Hagar and Ishmael' (6), more than maintained the position which the works of recent years have won. To fill a wide canvas with two figures, the presence whereof shall be felt in the surrounding solitude, is, indeed, no easy task. Less thought is often involved in crowded compositions, where any defect in the component parts may find compensation in the aggregate. But where figures are few they must be faultless. The subject chosen by Mr. Goodall is perhaps as grand as any which Scripture history suggests. Sarah said unto Abraham "Cast out this bondwoman and her son," "and she departed and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba." Here then, in the desert country which extends on the eastern side of the Red Sea, are Hagar and her son Ishmael, just as Abraham sent them away. They cannot long have entered on this waste and wide wilderness, for the water borne in the bottle on the shoulder is not yet spent, and the kindled wrath of the woman has not cooled. There is, indeed, nobility and assurance in Hagar's aspect, for she knows that God will make of her son a great nation. Yet the picture tells us, by unmistakable signs, that she is to be an outcast and a wanderer. She seems, however, to threaten just as much as she suffers. Her spirit is proud and not easily quelled. All this, too, the picture proclaims. Sympathy, indeed, we believe, has generally been enlisted on the poor outcast's side. The Art-qualities of the work may be thus analysed: solitude and solemnity in the desert scene, extent in the sweep of horizon, deep shade in the lowering sky, dark response in the purple shadow thrown across the plain. A vulture hovers in the sky, scenting blood; the earth is strewn with skeletons. The only forms of life that walk the earth are the outcast and her son. The figure of Hagar is enhanced to the uttermost, both by nobility of form and deep lustre of colour. Her robe is of blue, passing into emerald; the headdress has the force and brilliancy of the complementary colour, orange. Hagar, we are told, was an Egyptian; a sphinx-like type of face, massive, finely formed, and firmly modelled, pronounces the head in strength. Finally, specially worthy of note is the power maintained in quietism. The effect has been kept down; we feel there is a reserve of force.

Mr. Edward Armitage has suffered injustice. The hangers ought certainly to have made room on the line for one at least of his two pictures. A way might easily have been found had there been the will, and let us add, had clanship consented to forego its apparently prior claims. The pictures, however, of Mr. Armitage have a strength which it is not easy to demolish. The artist has chosen for his smaller composition an incident immediately preceding the moment seized by Mr. Holman Hunt in a well-known picture, and by Mr. Dobson in a work exhibited in the present Academy. Mr. Hunt depicted the 'Finding of the Child Jesus;' Mr. Armitage has represented the previous act of seeking. Joseph and Mary, we are told, had turned back again to Jerusalem, and the spectator comes upon them in the midst of their three days' search. The anxious mother, in earnest appeal to the frequenters of a wayside well in the Holy City, inquires, "Have you not seen my son?" Joseph, at the corner where the street branches off into an open place, stands with searching look. A group of boys is seen in the distance at play; perchance the child Jesus is in their company. Nay, he is not, for we now know what at the moment was unknown, that Jesus is not sporting with playmates, but seated in the Temple in serious dispute with the doctors. Suspense and anxious forebodings, which are the prevailing sentiments of the picture, move to sympathy. A touching, tender sorrow, which as yet has found no solace, gives to the work solemnity and pathos. The treatment adopted is something between the Academic and the naturalistic. The Madonna is clothed in the prescriptive blue and white; her dress falls in studied forms symmetrically; while St. Joseph wears a costume which in no material degree departs from the present Eastern vogue. Raphael would of course have thrown over the shoulders a Roman *toga*. The realism of our present school of sacred Art, a literal rendering in which Horace Vernet and other French artists led the way, is also seen in the truthful transcript given to the accessories. It is a question, indeed, whether under the prevailing temper of the English mind an ideal or purely imaginative treatment would be tolerated. As for the composition, it has been carefully calculated. At first sight the figures seem to stand just where their own convenience prompted, yet on further consideration it at once becomes apparent that there are pictorial reasons why they should not place themselves otherwise. The centre or turning point of the composition is the black head of a little urchin, a *gamin* of the streets of Jerusalem. In the Art of the middle ages, such a figure, which sometimes served in like manner as a keynote to the piece, was made to sound a lyre. In the more mundane Art of the present day, this little fellow is simply in the act of pulling on his sandals. The colour, like the composition, is simple. The work cannot be called a colour-picture, yet are the harmonies thoughtfully balanced. We cannot but feel that this picture ought to have secured the election of Mr. Armitage as Associate.

'The Remorse of Judas,' the other work by Mr. Armitage, belongs expressly to the so-called school of High Art. The scale is considerably above life-size, the subject has the import of tragedy, the style makes grandeur its chief aim. Yet the theme in itself is repugnant to human sympathy. It has been said that the time might come when an attempt would be made to whitewash Judas. He certainly has not undergone the operation in this picture. It has been averred that when Leonardo came to the head of Judas, he paused, and broke off from his labour; for, said he, "I cannot picture to myself the man who would betray his Lord." Such a conception is here before us. The scene of this appalling act is laid near the entrance to the Temple. Judas, having repented himself, "brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood." The elders and priests, of imperious bearing, pass onwards to the Temple, deigning only the curt response, "What is that to us? see thou to that." Judas clutches the bag in his hand remorsefully; the next moment he goes out and hangs himself. The picture of necessity is of repellent power.

Three painters, already known to the world and this Academy in the sphere of sacred Art, Signol, Legros, and Dobson, again challenge criticism. 'The Child Jesus in the Temple' (273), by W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., the same subject as 'The Finding in the Temple,' by Mr. Holman Hunt, may be viewed as a sequel to the first-described picture of Mr. Armitage. The one is the finding, and the other the seeking. It is almost unfair to Mr. Dobson to suggest comparison with these works. His picture is pleasing, quiet, and right-minded. The figure of the Virgin may not be quite satisfactory, yet we see that the artist has striven in the countenance to mingle joy with sorrow. The composition, as usual with Mr. Dobson, is nicely balanced, and the drapery has been cast with care. The costume may be accepted as a judicious compromise between forms traditional and naturalistic; something, in fact, between the Bible of Raphael and the Bedouin garb of the Desert. The cleverest figure is that of a black-haired little child, carefully modelled and painted.—A. Legros, in his composition, 'The Martyrdom of St. Stephen' (254), shows himself a disciple in the opposite school of naturalism. Possibly it was his aim to paint a picture of repellent power; if so he has succeeded to his heart's content. The work being one which can scarcely be injured by distance, the hangers have naturally given it a position over the door. The reading of the subject is new; the point of view chosen must be pronounced a little forced; perhaps the painter lays claim to originality, and wishes in no degree to place himself under obligation to Raphael. His treatment certainly is not what is commonly deemed sacred; it rather inclines to the picturesque, if not, indeed, absolutely to the grotesque. It is a pity that Mr. Legros has found his apotheosis at the ceiling.—Yet another contrast awaits the spectator in 'The Holy Family' (295), by the well-known French painter, E. Signol. A transit from Caravaggio to Sassoferato could scarcely be more violent than the change of scene and sentiment in the passage from the canvas of Legros to the composition of Signol. The style of each artist, however, has this in common, that it is more continental than English. Mr. Signol is the painter of the oft-engraved picture, 'The Woman taken in Adultery;' last year he was present in the directly Academic composition, 'The Deposition from the Cross;' in the present exhibition he is seen to advantage in 'The Holy Family,'

treated after the approved sacred style. The picture of last year might have been painted in the studio of Vandyck; the work before us is such a resuscitation of the manner of Carlo Dolce and Sassoferato as might be within the reach of Hess in Munich. The forms are refined, the Madonna is of spotless purity, and the whole picture has been chastened into an ideal beauty, remote, indeed, from nature. The colour, in keeping with refined debility, is weak as the texture. Balanced composition has been sought, yet not wholly with success; even the apportionment of the space upon the canvas seems to have presented insuperable difficulties to the artist. Nevertheless, the work is commendable, and, as we said a year ago, such examples of continental schools are of service to our Academy. It is only to be regretted that a space too restricted, even for our English painters, precludes the Academy from showing to foreigners the courtesy they claim, and would gladly reciprocate. The presence of such pictures as this Holy Family by Signol, enables our artists to measure their relative position in the ranks of contemporary and even of historic Art. Thus our native school may learn how best to correct errors and supply shortcomings.

The Academy suffers loss in the absence of Elmore, Herbert, Millais, and Webster, three of whom have been accustomed to swell the ranks of historic Art. Thanks are all the more due to Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., for consenting to appear before the public in a minor work. 'Amy Robsart and Leicester at Cumnor Hall' (64) is a picture *de luxe*. Never were silk stockings, satin and velvet robes, jewels, and dazzling orders, rendered in greater truth or lustre. The subject, which has received illustration from other of our English painters, is suggested by a passage from Scott's "Kenilworth." "Wilt thou share my state with me?" said Leicester.—"Not so," replied Amy Robsart; "I will sit on this footstool at thy feet, that I may spell over thy splendour, and learn for the first time how princes are attired." The composition is injured by the mass of red curtain which overhangs the couch. Assuredly no work in the exhibition can vie with this picture in the brilliant and truthful rendering of richest robes and jewellery.—'Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Ambassadors after the news of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew' (314), by W. F. Yeames, A.R.A., is a well-chosen episode to a momentous history. Five hundred nobles, and ten thousand persons of inferior rank, had been butchered, to exterminate the Protestant faith; and the King of France, dreading righteous vengeance on the villainy, sent orders to the ambassador in England to crave an audience with Elizabeth, in order to appease her displeasure. The court was at the time assembled in Warwick, and the picture introduces us to a hall in that city, at the upper end or dais whereof the queen is seated, surrounded by Walsingham, Burleigh, Leicester, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries. To the dismay of the embassy the English Court is in mourning for the murdered Protestants. The black robes throw up as a foil the brilliant dress of the ambassador and his suite. The portraits of these dignitaries being lost, certain of our Pre-Raphaelite painters have consented to supply in person the historic gap. Mr. Yeames has managed his subject with no ordinary skill. He would appear to be indifferent to the applause which may be won by high finish and dexterous execution. The effect he seeks is best secured by thought and intent. Striking contrast has been gained by opposition between the mourning which palls the English court and the glittering robes that adorn the ambassadors. The manner in which the black, that necessarily preponderates, is modulated and mitigated is worthy of all praise. Again, perspective distance has been skilfully obtained by the management of a long gallery and other lines, which the architectural interior supplies. Then, too, should be observed the fitting solemnity which clothes the serious aspect of affairs. It is easy to see that something disastrous has happened, although history tells us Elizabeth managed to suppress all visible signs of indignation. The picture, in all essential points, is a marked success, though greater brilliancy or sparkle in execution would give to the intent additional value. It has rightly gained for Mr. Yeames the honour of Associate.

Mr. Wynfield's meritorious picture, 'Anne Boleyn and Percy' (547), may here find mention as allied to the same school as the work of Mr. Yeames. The maids of honour in the court of Henry are dining together in a fashion which, for its rudeness, veritably belongs to the middle ages. And Lord Percy, seated at the table, is caught by fat and bluff King Hal in the act of making love to Anne Boleyn. The painter tells the story in a simple and truthful manner, unmarred by affectation. It is to be regretted, however, that the handling is not a little more finished. The king, for example, has been put upon canvas in a slovenly manner. Near Mr. Wynfield's picture hangs a very different work, 'Lady Jane Grey' (562), by Mr. F. Wyburd. There is a prettiness about the rendering of this student of royal blood, a smoothness in the painting, a pearly surface on the flesh, which scarcely comports with the dignity and sobriety of historic treatment. The whole thing has been so overdone that success is pushed to the verge of failure.—A picture by Mr. A. Johnston, 'Mary of Scotland at the Priory of Inschemachame' (473), is a puzzle. How any man could throw so much good work into so bad a picture passes our comprehension. The figures individually are well painted, but the composition is in direst anarchy of confusion. Neither colour nor balance of lines and forms is in the least understood.—There is a picture by Mr. W. Douglas which shows better generalship. 'Waiting for a Last Interview—a page from the history of the Civil Wars' (386) is painted firmly, and managed on broad, intelligible principles. There is spirit in the touch, and every detail has a purpose.

II. COMPOSITIONS, IMAGINATIVE AND POETIC.

Historic pictures are built up of facts; poetic compositions are interwoven with fiction. History is within the province of the intellect; the creation of the beautiful is the function of the imagination. "Beauty," writes the late President of the Academy, "in all its highest forms is calculated to impress on human beings the belief in a perfection greater than this world contains." Such is the fitting motto impressed on the catalogue of the year. This beauty is the very soul of "compositions imaginative and poetic." And the question for us now to determine is, what are the features which should signalise a picture of such poetic birth. Primarily, then, such a work must come as the offspring of the imagination—that faculty which, of all others, is creative and beauty-loving. The Art-treatment consonant with poetic thought is varied. The liberty proverbially the privilege of the poet is naturally claimed by the creative artist also. This, however, may be pronounced with certainty, that as the conception is of the imagination, so must be the colour, form, and detail. But though imagination be the very life, yet every technical appliance, even the clever tricks of manipulation, the opposition of opaque to transparent colour, the rude vigour which is got by rough texture, may enhance reality and even ideality. The imagination, in short, can be reached only through the senses. Such are the governing laws by which the poetic works of the Academy must be judged.

Mr. Frederick Leighton, A.R.A., has not exhibited so large or pretentious a work since the advent of 'The Cimabue Procession,' in 1855. The present picture, suggested by a passage in Theocritus, 'The Syracusan bride leading wild beasts in procession to the Temple of Diana' (292), will naturally suggest comparison with the former work. Figures moving in procession form alike the subject of each; and a long frieze is in both works the character which the composition takes. In size the Cimabue Madonna was the longer of the two by three feet; on the other hand, the figures in the Syracusan ceremony are higher by one head. Mr. Leighton, in the parish church of Lyndhurst, has recently completed a mural picture, 'The Parable of the Ten Virgins,' which might offer further points of interesting comparison. Suffice it, however, to say that this artist has shown decided inclination towards subjects which assume a frieze-like form, which admit of a treatment consonant with classic pictures and bas-reliefs, and which consequently approach to the style known under the terms monumental, mural, or architectonic. The manner which is consequently involved will be at once apparent, if the reader takes the trouble of passing from Leighton's composition to 'The Death of Nelson,' by Maclise. The figures of the former stand in almost statuesque isolation from the sky, the picture is put together on the principle of symmetric balance, and the treatment may be said to approach that of the Marriage Aldobrandini, in the Vatican, and other Roman paintings in the museum of Naples. Let us turn to the composition of Mr. Maclise for precisely opposite characteristics. In that picture the grouping is comparatively picturesque, the figures are massed and intermingled, and the forms are directly naturalistic. Each work, then, from difference in subject as well as in style, requires to be judged of by distinct standards. Wide, indeed, is the range of our English school, and the public have an interest in maintaining the manner of each master in its variety of resource. It is now time that we give a concise description of the Syracusan procession. A bride, leading a lioness, approaches the temple of the Virgin goddess, accompanied by maidens, and wild beasts, tamed as by Una's spell. A statue of Diana stands before the temple; males seldom entered within the door, and here maidens alone come to perform the mystic rites. The laurel which was sacred to Diana, in common with her brother Apollo, is woven into crowns and garlands. The fanes of the goddess were usually near to rivers and lakes, and glimpses of the sea that washes the shores of Syracuse are caught between the orange and fir-tree groves encircling the temple. Diana, indeed, was in some sort the representative of the powers of nature, which here triumph round about her altar. The procession is wrought

with every circumstance which can enhance its poetry and beauty. Of the more directly Art-treatment it may be necessary to add a word. A white marble platform gives continuity to figures otherwise scattered, and at the same time supplies a horizontal line essential to the composition. Outward motion, also indispensable to a procession, is likewise thereby prevented from subsiding into stagnation. This horizontal line is again repeated by the white clouds above. In the arrangement of the chiar-oscuro, the figures tell as shadows, the clouds carry the highest lights. Variety is gained by the mountains in the distance, and by the group of citizens, a cynic among the number, who stand in the foreground as spectators of the pageant. The drapery, which is directly classic, with here and there a Grecian border used as decoration, has been studiously cast, an Art seldom carried so far save by the German school. The colour, though rich and approaching the decorative, is yet broken into tertiary hues, according to the practice more in vogue in continental than English Art. But above all, this picture is dedicated to beauty—in thought, in form, and in colour. Accordingly the treatment is ideal rather than literal and individual. Indeed the figures are generalised even to a fault,—one chief failing in fact, which militates against success, is the obvious repetition of the same type without the variety and accident that would give to the scene more of nature's truth and reality. A modification in texture also, according to the varied surface of materials, such as stone, drapery, and flesh, would add to vigour and actuality.

Mr. W. E. Frost, A.R.A., once more indulges in the semi-nude. Nature, when least adorned, has a right to expect that the artist will take no advantage of her unprotected state. Mr. Frost, as well as Sir Edwin Landseer, have sinned grievously—not against morals exactly, but certainly against good taste. Female charms should be painted delicately; and when they are ostentatiously shown as an excuse for a poor picture, public decency is outraged. The nude must be painted well or not at all. Neither Mr. Frost nor Sir Edwin Landseer have any such justification for the works they have this year inflicted on the Academy under the respective titles of 'The Tempest' (306), and 'Lady Godiva's Prayer' (109). The former work may be best designated by the well-known lines—

> "Come unto these yellow sands,
> And then take hands:
> Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
> The wild waves whist,
> Foot it featly here and there;
> And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear."

We need scarcely say that the poetry suggests a beauty which the picture fails to embody. It is true that the public have in years past looked with favouring eye on the fancy and fairy creations of Mr. Frost, upon whom it was thought the mantle of Etty had descended in bleached and faded hue. It is a pity that the silver tones of Mr. Frost have tended to chalk, that his shadows gain strength in blackness, and that his forms lose the action and the easy grace of life. The painter has, moreover, repeated himself too often. Nature rings varied changes; Mr. Frost should do so too.—A small sketch by Mr. Watts, 'Thetis' (23) rising from the sea, indicates a treatment of the nude which its Art-merit justifies. The forms tend to ideal beauty, and the colour has poetic warmth.—Mr. P. F. Poole, R.A., is another of our artists whose past achievements incline us to be all the less content with present performances. Mr. Poole, like Mr. Frost, makes sure of a poetic subject. He takes his text from the pages of Shakspere. Imogen and the 'Cave of Belarius' (82) might certainly have given the painter occasion for the better deploy of long recognised powers and resources. The composition is one-sided; the figures repeat themselves a little too obviously; and Imogen is not only a disguise, but a parody. We presume that Mr. Poole has intentionally set at nought minor details of execution and delicacies of handling; his colour, too, is not of that rich and resplendent harmony we are accustomed to extol in rapturous visions, such as the Troubadours of former years. We trust that Mr. Poole may some other year be again up to his own high level. Indeed, two minor works in this exhibition serve to recall his best manner. In his special line, we all admit, he has never been surpassed.—Mr. Noel Paton has seen a vision and paints a full-fledged angel. 'Mors Janua Vitæ' (299), for such is the title which his picture bears, is intended to be more than usually impressive, and people who happen not to like the Art may, at any rate, profit by the moral. A knight, wounded and weary, encounters a "shadow." "The shadow made a pause, and turning round, laid upon him a hand, at whose touch his blood became as ice, and his heart within him stood still with terrors that might not be uttered." It is no wonder then that things unutterable have proved hard to paint. "The shadow" we are told "was clothed upon with light as with a garment of rejoicing;" hence the aspect which the artist has given to the resplendent being who speaks to the knight, shaking with mingled fear and joy within his brightly burnished armour. It must be confessed that the sentiment of the picture is refined, and the execution as painstaking as if the work were a miniature. Perhaps, after all, such a conception transcends the sphere of criticism. Otherwise we might venture to regret the want of earthly elements, especially pigments rich in harmonies, which a terrestrial artist would have laid upon his pallet. Mr. Noel Paton has another picture, 'I wonder who lived in there?' (523), which, for detail, and especially in the execution of the armour, shows the artist's accustomed realistic hand.—Mr. A. Moore last year, even by his eccentricities, excited curiosity, and raised expectations not wholly unfavourable. 'Elijah's Sacrifice,' however, scarcely prepared us to expect anything quite so exceptional and abnormal as the artist's latest manifesto, 'The Shulamite' (354). We frankly admit that we do not know what the hangers could do, save what they have done—place this picture out of the way over the door. The work has no beauty or charm to recommend its singularity. The heads are without variety; the drapery repeats itself; and there is not the slightest approach to composition or concentration, either in the forms, colours, light, or shade. Mr. Moore contributes two minor pieces, bearing the fancy titles, 'Apricots' (190), and 'Pomegranates' (194), which, as they are at any rate innocuous, have obtained good places. Perhaps such attempts to rehabilitate the antique should not receive discouragement. There is, at the present moment, room in our English school for such a line of subject. The French have several painters who with success reanimate classic life and manners. 'Apricots' and 'Pomegranates,' then, may be accepted, because of an intent which points to the antique. The motive, however, is merely decorative; certainly the forms have little of the exactness and severity which are supposed to comport with classic times. Yet the Greeks and Romans were themselves many-sided in all things. But no young artist should indulge in an art uncertain in aim. Mr. A. Moore, if we mistake not, possesses powers which he should not squander.—We may here welcome another young painter, who makes his *début* by a picture of promise. 'Across the Bridge' (112), by F. W. W. Topham, Jun., is a work which should open to its author a career. It has a little too much ambition—an infirmity common to novitiates—and if brought down to the level of the eye, perhaps we should discover that cleverness in conception was scarcely borne out by thorough execution or knowledge. Indeed it is scarcely likely that the difficulties of foreshortening here challenged can be, in the comparatively early stages of study, entirely overcome. Mr. Topham, Jun. will do well next year to select a simpler subject, which, both in composition and in treatment, may admit of being brought together more easily and completely.

It has been said that the strength of the Exhibition is found in the ranks of young and rising men. This, with some modification, is true. In the nature of things, in the mere ordinary succession of the generations of men, in the fact that even great artists will grow old, and that young painters enter on the ever renewed battle of life with vigour and enterprise, each recurring Academy must necessarily owe much to the younger aspirants for honour. We have paid due tribute to Mr. Yeames, whose talents the Academy has just recognised by conferring on him the degree of Associate. Let us now bear witness to the pictorial powers of Calderon, Archer, and Pettie. Last year 'The Drumhead Court Martial,' by Mr. Pettie, raised expectations which 'The Arrest for Witchcraft' (179) now more than fulfils. The subject is novel, and every way fortunate. A veritable old witch, who looks as if she herself at least had faith in her sorceries, is led hand-bound between two relentless sergeants. The clamour of the townfolks, rushing down a narrow-gabled street into the open market-place, reaches a climax in the passionate denunciation of an old bewitched hag, who looks no better than she should be. The situation is most critical; each figure in its action, every head in its strongly-pronounced character, enhances the reality. An air of truth possesses the whole scene. The execution seems intentionally left unadorned; the artist is lost in his subject, and does not presume to intrude himself. His art, indeed, speaks by its apparent artlessness. The colour, too, is left dun, and so there is no forced seeking for effect anywhere. This picture certainly was enough to secure for its author the dignity just conferred of Associate.—Mr. Hodgson has chosen a subject cognate with the one painted by Mr. Pettie. 'The Jew's Daughter accused of Witchcraft in the Middle Ages' (574), is the best work Mr. Hodgson has yet exhibited. The accused girl may be over spasmodic, and there is still something wooden in the figures generally. But yet we gladly acknowledge that the artist has advanced considerably even within the last year.—Mr. John Archer is another of our young artists who is making sure progress. His picture of last year, 'You are cheating, Maggie,' placed him in a foremost position among our rising men; its sequel in the present exhibition, 'Hearts are Trumps'

(191), is of the same solid and sterling quality. The subject is the game of whist with dummy. Three ladies, meditating mutual cheating, are seated at a table, cards in hand. The ladies are acquaintances we formed in Mr. Archer's previous picture; the motive also of the two works is similar. We think, however, the present picture has been carried out, especially in the accessories, more thoroughly. The rich brocade silks, the elaborately-carved chairs and tables, the background tapestry, the varied textures and broken tissues, are indeed capitally rendered. The picture throughout is marked by even balance and quiet blending in colour as in execution. Mr. Archer's second work, 'Buying an indulgence for sins committed and to be committed' (580), is, as the title suggests, of the nature of a satire consequently it has, perhaps properly, little beauty and much grotesque character.—Mr. CALDERON, who has already won the badge of Associate, puts forth his greatest work. The picture he now exhibits was not in time for last year's exhibition; it therefore is the product of two years, and has the advantage of corresponding maturity. 'Her most high, noble, and puissant Grace' (24) will indeed be accepted as a pledge of no ordinary power. There is about the works of Mr. Calderon that *savoire faire* which is more striking in French and continental than in English schools, that quality best designated by the word "cleverness," that pictorial adroitness which knows how to throw fact into Art form. Mr. Calderon has barbed his weapons with the keen point of satire. The picture, indeed, is painted at the expense of "her most puissant Grace;" it is a kind of *reductio ad absurdum* of the divine right of monarchs. Here is a little lady—a child empress—walking in state, attended by a long array of courtiers, who preserve mock solemnity. This little dot of a queen, who recalls the dolls of the royal house of Spain painted by Velasquez, has been decked with diadem, and her train, double her own length, is upborne with due obeisance The infant-queen reaches the corner where a body of burly trumpeters proclaim her approach. The mockery at this point reaches its climax. So much for the story; let us add a few words of criticism. The essence of the satire is the insignificant stature of "Her Grace," therefore it became a paramount aim to dwarf the figure by all possible expedients. This end, it will be observed, is consulted by giving size to the other figures, high and wide dimensions to the architecture; and even the tapestry, not unlike that at Hampton Court, by its huge elephants bearing monstrous winged creatures, tends to the same result. This tapestry also, together with the carpet on the floor and the procession itself, all enhance the perspective distance and the far reach of the corridor. We need scarcely remark that such a picture is of pronounced character, that the heads have determined individuality and expression. The colour, as befits even a parody on state pageantry, is sumptuous. The rich and varied costumes of the fifteenth century impart to the scene splendour and picturesque piquancy. The picture, in its prominent position in the large room, tells with power and tempered lustre. Mr. Calderon exhibits two other works: one, 'Washerwomen on the Banks of a River near Poitiers' (369), the other, 'A Peasant Girl in the Pyrenees.' Neither of these pictures call for comment. It may be interesting, however, to see the varied styles the painter can assume.

There are, at least, two Royal Academicians who have reached a point from which progress seems impracticable. Mr. HART exhibits several pictures which in no material degree deviate from many others he has been accustomed to produce or late years.—Mr. F. R. PICKERSGILL, in a very respectable composition called 'The Lovers' (12), serves up once more a meritorious modicum of merit. This artist's romance is strictly academic in propriety.—We may here as well pass on to two well-known Associates, the quality of whose works, though diverse, may generally be safely prognosticated. Mr. THORBURN paints 'The Orphan' (279), truly a piteous object to behold, whether in nature or in Art.—We must apologise for bringing any picture by dainty and dexterous Mr. SANT into such poverty-stricken company. Yet do we despair of finding in this pre-eminently popular painter any decided Art development. 'A Scene from Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*' (173) Mr. Sant flavours with palatable sentiment. This painter, though at length become hackneyed, is never insipid. Over his figures he throws surprise of light and opposition in colour, which impart, with the aid of master execution, a pleasing and popular effect. This art has a witchery which is wholly independent of thought or profundity. Mr. Sant's portraits will obtain the notice they deserve under the special class to which they belong.

Mr. SIMEON SOLOMON has been seen to greater advantage. This year, in 'Damon and Aglae' (555), he is certainly a little too indifferent to the accepted conventionalities of grace and the amenities of execution.—Mr. POYNTER has not followed his picture of last year, 'Faithful unto Death,' by a work of equal merit; yet it may be admitted that his small contribution, 'Offerings to Isis' (458), is novel and peculiar.—Mr. T. J. BARKER'S reading of the character of 'Margaret in the Cathedral' (430) is forced and spasmodic. Goethe's heroine clasps her hands and turns her face direct on the spectator in ostentation of woe. Yet is the picture carried out with greater care than we are accustomed to look for in this artist.—Mr. E. KENNEDY'S 'Viola and Olivia' (563) is scarcely redeemed from ordinary routine treatment.—Mr. HILLINGFORD'S 'Petruchio' (147) is clever.—Signor MUSSINI'S 'Garden of the Medici' (554) has, of course, interest, though not novelty: the artist is praiseworthy for the care bestowed, though it must be admitted that the Art-merits of his ambitious composition are of the slenderest.—A picture by P. R. MORRIS, 'The Riven Shield' (527), merits a better place than it has received. The work is poetic, even studious; the colour has richness; the drapery is disposed with deliberate intent.—Mr. HUGHES does not exhibit any work so memorable as 'The Mower' of last Academy. The three pictures, however, he this year contributes are not unfavourable examples of the artist's chromatic wrought harmonies. 'The-Guarded Bower' of a lady and her lover,

> "Over my head his arm he flung
> Against the world,"

is a work which wins upon the heart by the beauty, sentiment, and colour we have learnt to expect from Mr. Hughes; and the composition involving no difficulties of drawing, is free from the infirmities which have often beset previous works. Yet the forms fail of the force which a strong draughtsman is accustomed to get even unconsciously. There is lack of decision in the lines, of contrast in colour, of opposition in light or shade. And thus the elements which conduce to power are wanting. For like reasons little relief or roundness has been obtained for the figures. The lady and her lover stand absolutely flat on the canvas, and at no one point are they in relief from the dense sylvan background. The picture, as we have already said, will be esteemed expressly for its sentiment and colour. We cannot but think however that a blunder has been committed in the hue chosen for the lady's sleeve. The play of a brighter colour and the sparkle of a higher light would certainly do great service. 'Good Night' (359), by the same painter, has the lovely tone of a missal, and just as much of robust nature. Mr. Hughes applies like principles and practices pleasantly to portraiture in the figure of Mrs. Thomas Woolner.

'The Last Moments of Raphael' (165), by Mr. H. O'NEIL, A.R.A., is a work concerning which the public is divided. It has been questioned, not without reason, whether the head of Raphael has been happily or even faithfully rendered. There are, in fact, no very certain data by which we can tell what Raphael was like at the time of his death. The artist was only eighteen or nineteen years of age when he painted the portrait now in the Uffizii, Florence. Mr. O'Neil's picture is taken nearly twenty years later, and of this more advanced period no record remains. There seems reason, however, for believing that Raphael had brown eyes, was of sallow complexion, of slight form, and about five feet eight inches in height. That he died of a Roman malignant fever, which proved fatal after running a course of fourteen days, at the age of thirty-seven, there is no doubt. Judged by these facts, we can scarcely accept Mr. O'Neil's figure as satisfactory. With this single, but yet rather serious exception, the picture deserves all praise. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a scene more impressive. Raphael is on his death-couch, before an open window,—a corner of the Vatican, and the apex of the well-known Obelisk which stands in the Piazza of St. Peter's, are within view, and the summit of Monte Mario rises in the distance. It is Good Friday, the day alike of the painter's birth and death, which, in the year 1520, fell on the 8th of April, a time when the primroses, held in the hand and scattered on the floor, made the spring cheerful. Death entered a little before five in the afternoon, and already the evening light, which catches the summit of Monte Mario, gives sign that the last hour approaches. The lamp of life flickers once again, before it expires for ever. The friends of Raphael are around his bed; Giulio Romano holds his arm, Peruzzi is on the spectator's left, Giovanni da Udine against the wall, and Mark Antonio stands in the centre. At the foot of the bed are ecclesiastics, among whom is Cardinal Bibiana, the uncle of the girl to whom Raphael had been engaged. The chalice, candle, and monstrance show that the last offices of religion have been administered. Death is indeed come; but the spirit, as ofttimes happens, ere it leaves the mortal tenement, for a moment kindles with more than earthly lustre. The painter's last great work, 'The Transfiguration,' is in the act of being unveiled before him. The ruling passion proves strong in death; Raphael raises himself on his couch, utters a few words of regret over the work—alas! to remain for ever unfinished—and expires. Such is the truly impressive and beauteous picture of O'Neil, 'The Last Moments of

Raphael.' The well-known composition of Stothard, engraved in Rogers's "Italy," gives the sequel. The lines of the poet are touched with the same pathos which Mr. O'Neil has thrown over the preceding scene. One moment more, and those here assembled shall behold

"Him, where he lay, how changed from yesterday,
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work; when entering in, they looked
Now on the dead, then on that master-piece,
Now on his face, lifeless and colourless,
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
And would live on for ages,—all were moved:
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations."

Mr. O'Neil has done better in making no ostentation of woe. These last moments are hushed in peace; not a word breaks the silence save the voice of Raphael. The composition has been arranged on the principle of the circle, of which the dying man is the centre. The highest light catches the pillow and night-dress. The colour is quiet, the execution careful, and the sentiment of deep solemnity. The picture will engrave well, and we are glad to hear that arrangements are already made which will bring a work which cannot be too widely known into houses where the memory of Raphael is dear. An early composition not wholly dissimilar, by the same artist, 'The Death of Mozart,' has been, in like manner, extensively diffused.

III. SUBJECTS MISCELLANEOUS, ESPECIALLY SCENES DOMESTIC AND INCIDENTS BIOGRAPHIC.

We have passed in review pictures historic and poetic; we now enter on a more humble and literal range of subject. Yet poetry too there is in the simple sphere which Crabbe and Wordsworth naturalised in our country. And painting, which follows in the wake of a nation's literature, numbers Wilkie of a past generation, and Webster, Faed, Nicol, Hardy, Hemsley, and others, of the present day, who have given expression to like realistic beauty and truth. It is a little curious how this Art has found a habitat in the north of Europe. It had its birth in Holland in the days of Teniers and Ostade; it now has taken root in Scandinavia under Tidemand and others of his school, and it flourished of yore, as we have seen, in the parallel latitude of Scotland. Home is indeed specially dear to the people of these northern climes; where the frost bites, and the wind cuts, the shelter of a roof and the warmth of a fireside are peculiarly welcome. Hence perhaps some explanation of the undoubted fact that domestic scenes have in the "great-coat" weather of England found special favour. Such homeish themes are in every way suited to the adorning of our houses. They are cheerful as the domestic hearth, and varied as life itself. In fact, no apology can be called for in extenuation of the known predilection of our people for small cabinet pictures of this humble and essentially naturalistic class. A word, however, may be added as to the treatment we expect to find in such works. Truth, simplicity, tenderness, humour, fun, sparkling satire, these are the qualities and harmless sensations which fittingly find a place. To speak more generally, such subjects are either serious or comic. This last element, however, is found more sparingly, and when present, it serves for the most part as minor by-play, as a pinch of salt or of pepper to give flavour and pungency. Great however is the value, as seen in Wilkie's pictures, which even one touch of humour gives to serious passages. The point of wit is as a sparkling light, that makes the shadows deep and yet transparent. Truth, simplicity, and tenderness are, after all, the very soul of this sympathetic Art. Therefore, in all possible ways let these qualities obtain intensity. The incidents should be chosen with this end: the composition may throng with circumstance, and the interest indeed should never flag, and yet repose must not be unduly broken, otherwise the whole spell may be dissipated. Character and detail also are essential to this school. The faces should be individual; they should each tell a story, contain lines of history, and marks of joy and sorrow. The details, too,—the furniture, for example, in a room,—must have a meaning and even point a moral. Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' was written upon walls and floors; every object had its tongue and spoke of folly. As for the execution, the more real the better; detail gives verisimilitude to the narrative, and local truth enables the mind to realise the situation. The handling, indeed, as the glib telling of an anecdote, is in itself a prime element in success. Cleverness, dexterity, neatness, sparkle, and a keen edge, should mark every touch. An English academy is never wanting in numerous examples of such felicitous work.

Since classification of some sort is necessary to avoid confusion, we will here throw together various works which, though miscellaneous, may, from an Art-point of view, have much in common. There is a numerous class of pictures, semi-historic, half biographic, somewhat literary, and perhaps approaching the domestic, which, for convenience, may be considered as one group. Mr. Frith's 'Widow Wadman,' Mr. Marcus Stone's 'Stealing the Keys,' Mr. Marks's 'Lady's Page in Disgrace,' Mr. G. D. Leslie's 'Clarissa,' Mrs. E. M. Ward's 'Palissy the Potter,' and Mr. E. Crowe's 'First Sketch by Reynolds,' may be quoted as more or less favourable examples, falling under this division. Mr. Marcus Stone has at last given incontestable proof of the ability for which he has long taken credit. 'Stealing the Keys' (246) is certainly one of the smartest hits of the year. The effective situation seized is thus explained:—Troopers, otherwise "brutal Roundhead soldiery," are discovered asleep after their orgies. "My sister out of her daughterlye love and pious dutye" seizes on a means of releasing "our poor father, who is a prisoner in his own house." The keys are left upon a stool in the room where the ruffians are still drowsy in their cups. Mr. Stone has chosen the moment when the dutiful daughter enters softly to steal the keys which will bring her father release. The scene is real; every incident adds point and enhances the intensity of danger and the anxiety of suspense. The composition has the freedom of accident, and yet it is kept together by design. The accessories, such as the viands left from the night's feast, are painted with sufficient realism; the colour, whether that of the blue silk on the stool, which holding the keys is the centre of the composition, or of the wall-tapestry in the background, has been judiciously managed. As for the action, the character of the agents, and the conduct of the plot, little can be desired that is not attained. Perhaps the red lamplight in the left corner cannot be quite reconciled with the full dawn of morning in the rest of the apartment. The picture, however, as already said, is an undoubted success. It is a pity Mr. Stone did not put down his name as candidate for one of the vacant posts of Associate; certainly this work would have proved an irresistible argument in his favour.—The picture by G. E. Hicks, 'Before the Magistrate' (447), is no advance; everybody expects from this artist point in incident and brilliancy of hand. 'The Post Office' and 'Dividend Day' of former Academies displayed these qualities to better advantage than the present medley.—It is well for W. H. Fisk that a rousing theme of revolution has given some small approach to manly vigour. 'Waiting for the *Moniteur* newspaper detailing the Arrest of Robespierre' (396), is more hopeful than some other pictures we have seen by this artist.—E. Crowe's meritorious efforts scarcely realise the promise indicated by works exhibited some years back. If the pupils in 'Competitive Examination' (603) were not more successful than the picture in which they here appear, they must, indeed, have come to a bad end. Mr. Crowe's other composition, 'Reynolds's First Sketch' (394), is better; the arched and columned corridor is well painted.

Near to the last picture hangs a work which obtained in our April number the detailed notice it well deserved. It is cause of regret that Mrs. E. M. Ward's moving incident in the life of 'Palissy the Potter' (385) suffers severely from the colours brought in contact with it on the walls of the Academy. A work intentionally low in tone and sober in hue cannot but sustain damage by juxtaposition with a canvas dazzling with intensest pigments. Still 'Palissy the Potter,' which is avowedly the best picture Mrs. Ward has yet painted, remains strong by its essential merits, and the public confess to the deep interest of the scene, by thronging to the quarter where poor Palissy is found stricken in grief. The moment chosen involves a disaster that enables the painter to throw into the composition intensity of dramatic action and expression. The persistent potter, who bears the mien of a wild enthusiast, after a succession of failures which had plunged himself and family in misery, is overtaken by a calamity threatening final ruin. The trial that was to work his deliverance proves his overthrow. The pots and the pans which, when perfected, were to satisfy creditors and bring food to the children, are marred in the furnace. Palissy himself writes, "I had no longer any means to feed my family, and my neighbours gave me maledictions in place of consolation." Mrs. Ward seizes the moment when things had come to this desperate dilemma. The father is distracted; the children, half-starved and stricken with disease, lie down ready to die; and creditors crowding round the door are clamorous for pay. It is a scene of pathos and despair. The painter, however, knowing that a picture is bound to please, has sought to mitigate the pain at least to the spectator. Forms of beauty and touches of tenderness bring to the eye delight, and warm the heart to sympathy. A lovely daughter serves as a pictorial set-off to a careworn father, and two no less charming children placed in the centre of the composition alleviate the horrors which, in the outer circumference of the canvas, abound. The skill wherewith the composition has been thus arranged, both for pictorial balance and dramatic effect, shows thought and knowledge. The more technical qualities of the work are in no way unworthy of the conception. The colour is of that broken and tertiary tone which comports best with the sombre sentiment. The handling is broad and vigorous, and yet has sufficient detail to give reality. The broken pieces of Palissy ware complete the story, and bring verisimilitude to the fore-

ground. The whole work, indeed, is truthful and picturesque, earnest and heartfelt.

H. S. MARKS stands as the originator of the serio-comic style which for some years has become identified with his name. If in his pictures grotesque humour be less broad than of yore, the satire has gained in depth; the rapier of the painter's wit, if not so keen, has more of home thrust. 'My Lady's Page in Disgrace' (393) is indeed ineffably comical. And yet, while the spectator laughs aloud, the actors are grave as judges. Mediæval solemnity, and stiff, serious propriety, contrast broadly with the delinquency of the dainty little page, who is discovered in disgrace in the stocks. The pantomime indeed speaks. The execution is steady, solid, and even. Like qualities give value to Mr. Marks's other work, 'The Notary' (565).—W. P. FRITH, R.A., is this year represented by a picture which, if minor in size, is at any rate sufficiently piquant in its purpose. Mr. Leslie's love of humour found congenial topic in a well-known composition, which seized on a telling incident in the career of Sterne's persistent widow. Mr. Frith chooses an incident scarcely less telling, in the moment when 'Widow Wadman lays siege to my Uncle Toby' (73). There is always a sparkle and polish in this artist's neatly turned satire.—G. D. LESLIE exhibits his best work, 'Clarissa' (410), a lady lost in meditation as she saunters by the river-moat of a stately mansion. The story is suggested by the scene. A quiet harmony of colour and a poetic feeling reign over the precincts of this country mansion; Clarissa herself is somewhat too "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and greater vigour infused into the work generally would give more persuasion of reality.—Near to the picture of Mr. Leslie hangs another fancy composition, which deserves welcome as the promising venture of an aspirant who, if true to himself, may achieve some position. 'The Ordeal' (421), by F. HOLL, jun., takes the old subject of a tyro submitting his picture and dependent fortunes to the scrutiny of a patron. Yet, as were likely, the picture bears indications of an inexperience which years may of course remedy.—Concerning the neighbouring pictures by W. MCTAGGART (422) and T. ARMSTRONG (432), it may also be said that knowledge is scarcely as yet proportioned to the effect gained.—The same judgment, too, must be passed on the works of W. J. GRANT generally. But we gladly confess that 'The Lady and the Wasp' (423) is about the most diligent work we have yet noted by this artist, who has hitherto presumed too confidently on his talents. If Mr. Grant will but submit to serious study, he may still be delivered from besetting sins. He is one of the many artists, less numerous, however, in the Academy than in other exhibitions ruled by lower standards, who never seem to give the public credit for discrimination between mere show and intrinsic merit.—J. BOSTOCK has placed himself under like censure by a work of pretentious display, 'Arming for Conquest' (480). Why will painters squander such powers as they possess on the empty frivolities of ladies' toilets?—What a different course has been taken by J. D. WATSON in that picture of study and sober execution, 'The Poisoned Cup' (500). However little a man may paint, be it a single figure, or a cabinet, or only a stone or a tree, let that little be the best of its kind, turned out by conscientious and honest workmanship. Many of our artists are ruined simply because they believe themselves too clever to learn.

Rustic subjects, rude in nature, rough in surface, and robust in execution, make effective and popular pictures, which constitute almost a class of themselves. The works of T. FAED, R.A., E. NICOL, A.R.A., and John Phillip, R.A., are characteristic examples of this plain and out-spoken Art. Mr. THOMAS FAED exhibits 'Ere Care Begins' (11), a diploma work, and 'Potluck' (235), pictures which, though not important in size or subject, serve to bring out the artist's accustomed qualities,—breadth, vigorous but ragged execution, broken colour, and truth to the incidents and motives of humble peasant life. It is some drawback that this range of thought proves restricted in area and resource, though the rude materials ready for picture-making can never come to an end.—E. NICOL is an artist of the same school. He manages to bring more dirt and rags into the Academy than any one else. It is the glory of his heroes that they are unwashed. They belong, in fact, to the class to whom the new Reform Bill transfers the government of the country. They probably, however, will long remain of more value to the pictorial than to the exclusively political world, and for the sake of Mr. Nicol, we can only hope that their condition in life will never be materially ameliorated. This artist paints our English lazzeroni; he is the Sam Slick, the Artemus Ward, of the Royal Academy. Yet to disparage such a picture as that of 'Paying the Rent' (335) were certainly ill-judged. The subject is, of course, as old as the hills, or as rent itself. Jerrold's drama and Wilkie's picture make a further attempt in the same direction perilous. Yet it must be conceded that the version given by Mr. Nicol of a most momentous and oft-recurring event is new and original. It is possible we have made prior acquaintance in Mr. Nicol's previous pictures with that honest downright yeoman who is here painted in the process of drawing rent from his breeches pocket. But like a favourite actor who brings down the laughter of the galleries, such a personage can scarcely come upon the stage or within a picture once too often. Racy character, too, has been equally stamped on the landlord's agents round the table, seated at the receipt of custom in the midst of parchments and books. These skin-flint taskmasters are verily keen, shrewd, and lawyer-like. Perhaps the whole thing is a little overdone. The picture has the flavour of a burlesque of the Colleen Bawn sort, with Boucicault for hero. Its astuteness, however, has gained for Mr. Nicol, perhaps not unworthily, the rank of Associate in the Academy.—We may here mention another clever burlesque, 'Not Sold Yet' (206), by J. T. LUCAS.—'A Neapolitan Fountain' (186), by R. HANNAH, may be commended as a vigorous study.—Mr. JOHN PHILLIP is still faithful to the country which has furnished him with so many capital subjects. 'A Chat round the Brasero' (132), if somewhat ignoble in theme, is manly in its material art. A sly old monk, a fair butt for satire, raises a laugh among a circle of buxom lasses, seated, as the custom is in Spain, round a brazier. The picture glories in the artist's accustomed character, colour, texture, and power.—J. B. BURGESS, allied by subject and style to J. Phillip, made last year a great hit at a bull-fight; this season he has not gained so good a prize in 'The Selling of Fans at a Spanish Fair' (350). The execution certainly continues as brilliant as ever, but the topic is trivial, the whole action is episode, and the composition scattered and incoherent. Yet the heads show no lack of work, and they are not wanting in character. It is, therefore, all the more to be regretted that the picture, when finished, should turn out a failure. This artist before he again commits himself to months of labour should bring his intellect to bear vigorously on some idea worthy of his industry and dexterity. Art is, after all, something mental, and the man who can muster most brains gains the day.

Pictures of domestic life are garrulous as gossip itself. When an old woman begins a tale, who can tell when she may end? and the number of old women even within the rooms of the Academy we fear are on the increase. We do not refer to any painter in particular; rather we point to the general artistic habit of saying a great deal over very small subjects. As a rule, in fact, the more trivial the topic the greater the number and volubility of talkers and painters. Yet so long as there are listeners, or in other words, while there remain purchasers, why should not both words and pictures abound? We mean no offence to any one. On the contrary, we shall proceed at once to dispense general commendation. 'The Sick Boy' (210), by H. H. EMMERSON, certainly deserves praise. A favourable verdict too may be passed on the merits of 'Summer' (221) and 'Winter' (223), by J. WIGHTON. 'Kissing the Padre's hand in the Sabine Hills' (222), by M. G. BRENNAN, is a capital study of character well painted. 'The Country Lass' (225), by Miss S. FAED, also merits a passing word of recognition. 'Reading a Chapter' (233), by S. S. MORRISH, is also a commendable act. 'The Lacemaker' (247), by H. KING, should likewise be noted as a conscientious study of an old woman. Another old woman has likewise been done full justice to by J. T. LUCAS, under the title 'La Mère Grichene' (285). 'In the Golden Year' (358), by E. HAVELL, we are presented with more beauty than either the artist or the spectator knows well what to do with. On the other hand, 'Sunday Morning—a Word with the Young' (478), by R. MCINNES, suffers from poverty; the artist must be content with the approval which may be due to care and good intentions. Like faint praise awaits the works of J. BALLANTYNE. The best picture exhibited by this artist derives considerable interest from its subject: 'Daniel Maclise, R.A., at work on his Fresco (the Death of Nelson) in the Palace of Westminster' (414). This is one of the series of "Artists' Studios" which Mr. Ballantyne placed on view some months since in the hope of obtaining subscribers to a contemplated work consisting of plates and letterpress.

The Dutch school of Teniers and Ostade, and the cognate Scotch school of Wilkie, have many adherents and successful imitators. Hardy, Clark, Hunt, Lucas, Provis, and Smith, are names which have been, for some years past, identified with small cottage interiors, peopled by peasants, pots, pails, and pans. There are two artists rejoicing in the name of Hardy: the one, F. D. HARDY, remembered as the painter of 'The Sweep' and 'The Leaky Roof,' in former exhibitions. The last idea, 'The Leaky Roof,' is followed up in the present season by 'The Threatened Deluge' (79). It is unfortunate that the girl who brings this deluge in a pail is too large to have entered by the door. The style of the work claims some consanguinity with that of Webster.—G. HARDY, the second artist of the name, is represented by one of the best examples of our English revival of the small Dutch school. The composition has

the skilful distribution of Ostade; the details are circumstantial, the execution is certain and minute, and the colour has a rich harmony. These are just the qualities we look for in such small interiors, where manner has to make amends for lack of weighty argument.—W. FYFE exhibits 'A Scotch Kitchen' (269), with nothing in it—nothing even to cook, save it be a little Scotch broth on the fire. The fire constitutes, indeed, the subject; it shines with liquid heat. The picture is well painted.—A. PROVIS does not appear at his best in 'The Interior of a Breton Farmhouse' (286), neither is G. SMITH seen to advantage in the innocent satire on 'The First Fancy Dress' (524). Yet it is impossible for either of these artists to paint absolutely a poor picture.—'The Labourer's Reward' (114), by J. CLARK, though it falls short of first-rate merit, is not a bad example of the Dutch school. The return of the father to his home at eventide is an incident happily chosen, but there is lack of character, detail, and resolute touch in the figures and accessories.—As an example of these rare qualities, a most highly elaborated little canvas may be pointed out, 'How to do a tour' (234), by W. O. HARLING. The forehead and the beard of the old gentleman who sleeps oblivious to the beauties of the route have been dotted and polished like a Denner miniature.—G. W. BROWNLOW's 'Findon Fisherman's Fire-side' (137) is careful, but sadly wanting in composition.—C. HUNT, who two years ago painted a comic parody, 'The Banquet Scene in Macbeth,' now exhibits a burlesque on 'Trial by Judge and Jury' (115). A set of wicked little children have made an entry into a police court, and, appropriating the lawyers' wigs and gowns, and the policemen's hats, they play judge and jury with mock wisdom and majesty. The prisoner at the bar finds a dock in an empty beer-cask. The picture just escapes farce and ridiculous grimace. Mr. Hunt has fortunately known how to keep within permitted pictorial limits. His execution is as decisive as his satire is keen.

Domestic scenes and subjects directly *genre* in character sometimes dilate to dimension far beyond the magnitude of the idea. It is fortunate when a small subject can make itself content with a canvas moderate in size. Foreign artists, for the most part, find more difficulty in compressing their thoughts than English. 'Chi va piano va sano' (151), by C. E. PERUGINI, is full large for the amount of Art-merit comprised within the frame.—'La Lavandaja—Washing at Terracina' (400), by R. LEHMANN, is recommended by a certain poetic haze and beauty which belong to the artist, but the canvas is rather large for purchase by the square inch, or for a place on the walls of a moderate-sized house.—MADAME JERICHAU has the advantage of being R.A. in the Academy of Copenhagen; we therefore think it is almost more than we have a right to expect that she should find time to favour this country with a succession of pictures numerous as well as large. In the French Gallery she is represented by six works; in the English Academy by four. 'The Danish Fisherman' (202), and a female companion, 'The Danish Fisherwoman drying her Nets' (215), have been placed by the hangers so close to the ceiling, that their merits are beyond appreciation. The portrait of a 'Miss Bateman' (102), which also has received precisely the same favour from the learned and impartial council of our Academy, would seem, as far as may be judged without the assistance of a glass, Madame Jerichau's best work. There is in this head a certain silvery purity of colour which we have not been accustomed to count among the chief merits of this well-known Danish artist.—Two works by T. BROOKS, 'The Ebb' (429) and 'The Flow of the Tide' (446) are refined, but feeble.

T. F. MARSHALL'S 'Home Revisited' (490) has not been carried out with too much care or refinement.—Sundry miscellaneous pictures may here receive the cursory notice they demand. 'Le voila' (59), by A. LUDOVICI, is nicely put together, and in intention well meant, but the subject scarcely obtains the advantage of thorough execution. 'The Remedy worse than the Disease' (21), is by A. FARMER, an artist who is always painstaking; her works, however, are smooth in surface, and poverty stricken in colour. Miss KATE SWIFT has a small picture (300), with six lines of poetry for its title, evincing care and corresponding promise. 'Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord' (91), by A. DEVER, is a composition not without merit, which seeks to recommend itself by the piety of its title and the surprise of its candlelight. Like most such attempts, it is black in shadow and hot under artificial rays. 'Home—the Return' (469), by W. M. EGLEY, approaches rather nearer to nature than some of the artist's recent works. 'Gran's Treasures' (146), by G. B. O'NEILL, is a minor work, of some refinement in sentiment and execution. Another 'Domestic Scene' (106), by A. W. COOPER, may claim casual commendation. Also, with more or less praise, we enumerate 'An Interior, Capri' (313) by M. G. BRENNAN. 'Preparing for Dinner' (289) by S. S. MORRISH. 'The Tomb of Grace Darling' (175) by C. W. NICHOLLS; and 'Setting to Work' (464), by A. GUNDY.

Other pictures require more deliberate notice, or merit warmer encomium. There are one or two Academicians who must not be forgotten. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. is represented by four works, which, perhaps, are the nearest approach to the style of Leslie to be now found in the exhibition. Mr. Horsley goes a little out of his accustomed beat in a scene, 'The Orange Flower' (540), laid on the terrace walks of an Italian villa. The dress is resplendent, the sentiment romantic, and the execution for this painter more than commonly brilliant.—J. F. LEWIS, R.A., has but one work, and that not in his best manner. 'The Door of a Café in Cairo' (113) is unnecessarily black and opaque in the shadow. The drapery, on which a cat is making herself comfortable, is the best bit of painting the canvas contains.—W. S. ORCHARDSON again displays pictorial strategy, after his somewhat novel and eccentric wont. 'The Story of a Life' (262) is a pathetic narrative by which a nun excites the sympathy of a company of pensionnaires or novices in a convent. The picture is without colour, and the execution is ragged and even slovenly. We shall expect of Mr. Orchardson a work more worthy of his talent.—A sparkling picture by J. HAYLLAR may serve to show how wide asunder are Orchardson, Pettie, Yeames, Wynfield, and Hodgson from the men who affect the brilliant execution and surface show of the school represented by Mr. Frith and his pupil, Mr. Hicks. 'Miss Lilly's Carriage stops the Way' (334) shows that Mr. Hayllar, who is accustomed to repeat himself in various London exhibitions, has at last got a new idea, which he certainly turns to good account.

There is a numerous class of works which, with more or less success, combine figures with landscapes and other background accessories. These may, for convenience, be disposed of in one paragraph. 'The Bird's Nest' (183), by H. LE JEUNE, A.R.A., pretty, smooth, rosy, and tender, is a favourable example of its kind.—'Boys and Boat' (207), by G. H. THOMAS, is also one of the most successful compositions of figure and landscape the exhibition presents. The play of the rippled sea, the perspective line of cliff, the character thrown into the heads, the accuracy of the drawing, together with the harmonious blending of the figures with the surrounding elements, are qualities which make this little picture delightful to look at.—'Wayside Devotion, Brittany' (107), by G. H. BOUGHTON, low in tone, dusky in colour, and apparently negligent in execution, is a capital example of a manner which obtains more favour in France than in England.—'Mother and Child' (208), by F. SMALLFIELD, is a picture hard and raw; the artist has not gained command over his materials.—'Happy Idleness" (238), by Mrs. M. ROBBINSON, is showy beyond its intrinsic merits; the figures hid beneath the load of rich drapery are not accounted for.—Miss M. E. EDWARDS shows to advantage by contrast. It is true that in 'Evening' (493) she repeats somewhat her success of last season; but her figures are always refined, delicate, and careful in study.—C. S. LIDDERDALE, in 'The Gipsy Beggar' (513), unites to accustomed truth a higher quality of colour. This artist may venture safely on a more ambitious line of subject. F. WEEKES is another of our artists who errs on the right side in not attempting more than he can do well. 'Free Companions' (22) is a composition which indicates maturing powers.—W. GALE does not gather strength. 'The Offering for the Firstborn' (522) may be commended as a feeble, painstaking performance.—E. OPIE errs in a very different way. 'Errand Boys' (607) do not realise the promise of a former work, or enhance the interest created by the appearance in the Academy of an honoured name. It will be too bad if this young artist should squander the powers with which nature has manifestly endowed him.—In the present paragraph it is unpleasant to find that the bigger the work set down for criticism the stronger is the condemnation it provokes.—'Brigade Field-day, Wormwood Scrubs' (542), by A. CORBOULD, displays bold equestrian action, but the situation involves difficulties beyond the artist's power to surmount.—Why should F. B. BARWELL give to a very common-place event, the enigmatic title of 'Flitting'? (404). The word, when read in the catalogue, leads to scrutiny, which the picture can ill afford to bear.—In like manner, it is cause for complaint that between the title A. RANKLEY has chosen, ''Tis Home where the Heart is' (477), and the picture he paints, a painful discrepancy occurs. The spectator at any rate will scarcely feel his heart drawn towards this red face and not over-refined figure of gipsy descent.—Finally, it is our misfortune that we cannot escape mention of two pictures which, in rooms notoriously too small for the admission of works avowedly entitled to exhibition, usurp a space far in excess of merit. 'La Festa di Lido' (339), by V. C. PRINSEP, has size, colour, show; but the forms are ugly, the attitudes ungainly, and the execution and treatment not pre-eminently artistic.—JOHN FAED'S faithful chronicle of 'A Wappenshaw' (339) has sins less flagrant. Indeed, the faults chargeable against this large canvas are more of omission than commission. It

must be conceded that there is scarcely a figure that does not invite, and that will not bear, minutest scrutiny; and yet it is not too much to say that the picture, notwithstanding, as a whole, ends in failure. The sky and the shadows are black and inky, the colour is opaque and discordant, and the composition wants harmony and balance. Yet the interest of the subject may, at least in the eyes of Scotchmen, make some amends for the lack of Art merits.

IV. PORTRAITS.

Divers circumstances conspire to give to the art of portraiture at this moment special interest. Portrait-painting has once more asserted its prescriptive claim to the Presidentship of the Academy. And the art which, in our country, has never starved for lack of patronage, draws to itself at this moment special attention, through the historic collection now on view at Kensington. Students can scarcely fail to institute comparisons between our present practice and the array of historic precedents there congregated. The goodly number of portraits in this year's Academy—and the complaint is seldom heard that they are too few—sink into insignificance before the thousand heads which stand in the vista of five hundred years. Again, the simultaneous exhibition at Kensington and in Trafalgar Square, of ancient and modern masterpieces, will naturally suggest instructive comparison between the different schools of portrait painting which, through successive centuries, have obtained public and royal favour. Such a comparison will naturally tell many ways, inculcate diverse lessons, and tend to make us at once satisfied and yet discontented with the portraiture which now prevails. The art might, it is true, be in better estate, but then it is at least some consolation that it might also be worse. The collection at Kensington shows that divers principles or aims have regulated the professors of the ancient mystery. Holbein sought for truth of likeness, and allowed the picture, as a picture, to take care of itself; which, in the hands of such a master, it was generally able to do. The art of Holbein, it is to be feared, has few followers in the present day. Then came Vandyke, who could paint a gentleman, which is more than can be said of some of our limners. He looked to attitude, elegant deportment, graceful inclination of head and hand, all which accomplishments are transmitted, perhaps in somewhat degenerate form, even to our times. The mongrel manner of Lely and Kneller, too, has survived, and so our English school, like the glorious British constitution, is compounded of varied, and sometimes conflicting, elements. Rubens scarcely approached our shores, but the studies of Reynolds in Venice brought to us a purer Art than that of the garish Fleming. Colour, in fact, a century ago, obtained sway to the prejudice of form, and so for many years our portraits remained in execution slight, and in modelling unsubstantial. We shall have occasion, however, to point out, by examples drawn from the present exhibition, that a more severe and literal manner may yet be superinduced on the former method.

A finer portrait-picture has not been seen within our recollection in London, or any capital of Europe, than that of 'The Volunteers at a Firing-point' (374), painted by H. T. Wells, A.R.A. It is scarcely less forcible than the best Van Helst in Holland, and its colour, though attempered with greys, has the veritable blush of Venetian hues. Whether, indeed, this picture be regarded for its composition, its individual truth, its light, or its colour, little exception can be taken. As to composition, there is a freedom, an accident, and a look of nature, the very reverse of artificial arrangement. Yet are the figures distributed according to the laws of pictorial balance. Then as to truth, the painter seems to have been intent to record facts and forms simply as he found them. The making of a presentable picture was apparently a secondary consideration. A word, too, must be said as to light. It is understood that Mr. Wells took the trouble to construct a glass shed or studio, in order that he might get upon his sitters an outdoor effect. In this he certainly has succeeded; daylight floods his canvas, and the grey cloudy sky overhead is literally the atmosphere or aërial curtain which best befits our English weather. Lastly, as to colour, Mr. Wells, who is sometimes addicted to florid pigments, has used wise reticence in restricting himself to a sober key. It is fortunate that the grey and picturesque costume of our English volunteers enables the painter to mitigate the blaze of red which generally afflicts military pictures. We have further to add, that the spirit given to the scene, and the manly bearing of the heroes, are altogether patriotic and English. Taken for all in all, the picture is noble; and we were not surprised to learn that its merits won for Mr. Wells the honour of Associate.

Sir F. Grant, P.R.A., exhibits several pictures in his accustomed style. His forte is not in the painting of men. His women, however, have a lady-like grace and bearing, which few artists since the time of Reynolds have approached. 'Mrs. Brassey' (131) is, in herself, and the pictorial surroundings of horse, dogs, and landscape, a fair summary of the President's powers. The flesh is silvery, touched with a pleasing blush of pink. The bearing, of course, bespeaks the lady. The horse has been drawn with sufficient care to pass muster, and the dog is cleverly thrown in to complete the picture. The painting is slight and even sketchy, yet everything absolutely essential has been at least suggested. A small and still more sketchy equestrian portrait, 'The Lady Sophia Pelham' (508), has the mastery of Velasquez.

Some portraits may be excused for the sake of a certain style, birth, and bearing; others may attract attention by elaborated detail, and others, again, by colour may obtain applause. The Academy is adorned with a goodly array of canvases which illustrate these several manners or modes of treatment. Let us, however, before we proceed further, dispose of the works which own to the names of accredited Academicians. 'Doctor Quain' (90), by D. Maclise, R.A., is of course powerful, if only by the force of the shadows. The objects, however, most worthy of remark within this frame are the doctor's inkstand and microscope, which, as feats of realistic painting, are absolutely marvellous. There is no such illusive execution in the rooms.—'The Right Hon. Duncan M'Neill' (93), by J. Phillip, R.A., is another work masterly for power. The shadows, however, are a little black, or, what comes to the same thing, half tones are wanting. Of the various portraits by J. P. Knight, R.A., all, more or less, pertaining to this same established Academic style, that of 'His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge' (46) will, by its position and importance, attract most consideration. Mr. Knight's portraits have a breadth which secures vigour.—The full-length figure of 'William Marsden, M.D.' (110), by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., has no such characteristics; and the less that is said of 'A Family' (317), painted by R. Thorburn, A.R.A., the better. As for the portrait of 'Mrs. Peto' (74), by W. Boxall, R.A., the figure goes off into grey, so that no colour is seen, and passes into a vapour, which leaves little form. Mr. Boxall's head of 'Mr. John Carrick Moore' (54), though sketchy, is good in motive and quiet in style. This work, indeed, may be quoted as a fair specimen of a refined English painter. Mr. Cope and Mr. Frith complete a list of seven Academicians who appear on these walls as the limners of faces. 'The Posthumous Portrait of W. Dyce, R.A.' (501), by Mr. Cope, will be viewed with deep interest. 'Portrait of a Lady and her Children' (143), by the same artist, has received a treatment which transmutes a portrait into a picture. 'Mrs. Mounsey' (318), by W. P. Frith, R.A., is another like example of pictorial treatment. No artist knows better the value of white, or the charm of a clear complexion, than Mr. Frith. The general making up of the figure and its accessories has freedom and effect. Every one knows how white muslin, silk, or satin, tells in a portrait; and to what good pictorial account the opposite of black velvet can be turned, is proved by the jet-clad figure of Mr. Arthur Lewis, painted by Mr. H. O'Neil, A.R.A. The artist has wisely abstained from show or contrast. The background is kept quiet.

The remaining portraits which call for notice will enforce the distinctions already made. J. Sant, A.R.A., is essentially a showy painter. He has an effective way of throwing his sitters into attitude, placing them in inviting landscapes, casting upon daintily cut and coloured dresses fitful lights and shadows, and illuminating the face by sunshine and rosy hue. Such powers are sure to crown their possessor the prince of popular portrait-painters. The exhibition furnishes several examples of this artist's style, which ceases to be simple by becoming meretricious. It is no use, however, to gainsay the fact that 'Claude, younger son of Mr. Nathaniel Montefiore' (129), makes a charming picture. There is something in such treatment that seems to recall Master Lambton, as painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Mr. Eddis emulates the manner of Mr. Sant.—For an example of what portrait painters used to term "style," let us turn to Mr. Leighton's full-length of 'Mrs. James Guthrie' (7). The management is most artistic.—There are two portraits of venerable age, 'The Right Hon. Edward Ellice' (57) and 'Sir Charles Forbes' (100), by D. Macnee, which are all but perfect after their kind. Quiet manner, persuasion of truth, and the relative keeping of the several parts, or objects, are qualities seldom seen united in like degree of excellence.—Also worthy of commendation are the portraits of 'The Queen and the Prince Consort at Aldershot' (212), by G. H. Thomas.—The works of W. M. Tweedie may likewise in this place find approval. There is a portrait by this painter of the late 'Rev. Dr. Woolly' (263), which has now a double value.—In the list of fashion-seeking painters we ought to have mentioned R. Buckner and H. Weigall. The latter seems to have settled down into a more solid and sober manner than heretofore; he has yet, however, to acquire the secret of harmonious colour. As to R. Buckner's full-length of 'The Hon. Mrs. Bassett' (307), what is it but a portrait of lace and satin—in short, of millinery?

The effect is scattered and the form fluffy. The second, and indeed the better portrait by this artist, that of 'The Countess of Caledon' (245), is also unsurpassed as a work of millinery. The key here chosen is black, and every one must admit that the varied tone, light, and shade cast upon the jet silk has been managed with a master hand.—'A Mandarin of the Yellow Jacket' (440), in the hands of Mr. PRINCEP, could not fail of colour: Art is another matter: the canvas is valuable as a curiosity, and among surrounding works it is serviceable for contrast.—From Edinburgh there comes a capital portrait thrown into a picture of colour. If Mr. HERDMAN could clear away the mists and murkiness which afflict the Scottish school, his picture of 'Mr. Wentworth sighting a Deer' (43) had been indeed a marked success.—What shall we say of that apparently amateur work, the portrait of 'Mrs. Holford' (293), by C. LINDSAY? Here is colour without knowledge; and various other good intentions are present without ability to carry any one purpose out. The girl's face, however, is nicely painted.

V. LANDSCAPES, SEA-PIECES, AND ANIMAL PAINTINGS.

The old school of landscape-painting, for better or for worse, is fairly extinct. The halo and honour which, even within living memory, attended Gaspar Poussin and Salvator Rosa, have been transferred to Turner and other leaders of the modern school. Wilson, and even Constable, are left without appreciable influence; the styles, in short, which our landscape-painters now affect have little in common with the methods sanctioned by the wisdom of their ancestors. That which is beyond remedy should be without regret, and therefore it may be wise to accept things as they are, and make the best of them. And with the present aspect of landscape-painting there seems little reason indeed to be discontent. The appeal is now made direct to nature, and we need not recoil from such an issue. Nature, however, is rather a vast domain, and boastful must be the artist who presumes to compass her entire territories. After all, any painter may think himself fortunate if there be but a small paddock he can call his freehold. It must be conceded, however, that our artists are veritable students, and if they do not remove mountains, they at least gather pebbles on the shore. And assuredly there is virtue in such a landscape art and philosophy. But our school has avowedly been in a state of transition. Our exhibitions have for years, under so-called Pre-Raphaelite predilections, been beset by works which imply little more than observation of the eye and drudgery of the hand. The time, however, has now come when we have a right to expect that reason and the powers of generalisation shall be called in aid. Let our landscape-painters, by all means, continue to give literal transcripts of facts: the more truth we get the better. But then let the intellect, let the laws of pictorial composition, impose sequence, subordination, intent, and unity. To the dry bones, sinews, and anatomy of nature, let there be added life and expression. We gladly acknowledge that the Academy has become singularly exempt from what was obnoxious in Pre-Raphaelite practice; the best landscapes, indeed, in the exhibition manifest the happy result of a compromise between hostile schools.

Creswick, Redgrave, and Lee continue to supply what may be termed Academy landscape. 'A Breezy Day on the English Coast' (128) is of the quiet sentiment, grey atmosphere, and unadorned truth we are accustomed to expect from Mr. CRESWICK.—Of several landscapes contributed by Mr. REDGRAVE, a small water-colour drawing, 'Down Hill' (696), in Surrey, has most light and colour.—'Solitude' (118), by Mr. LEE, is a reminiscence of the artist's better days; on the contrary, 'Stromboli' (606) in eruption, is as hard as if cut out of card. And the eruption is more like the fire of a penny squib than any thing it has been our privilege to witness.—The three Linnells, father and two sons, make their annual pyrotechnic display in the heavens. 'The Flight into Egypt' (545), by J. T. LINNELL, might have served for the burning of Sodom. Another of the sons of the venerable Rubens of landscape art sustains the reputation of the family by a noble work. Golden and grand indeed is the landscape of W. LINNELL, 'As a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats' (203).—It is with pleasure, too, that we can record the success of G. SANT, in a masterly work, 'The Black Park' (217). This artist has long had ambition; and he seems now to have gained knowledge.—Mr. ANTHONY also throws his accustomed force upon canvas, though in 'The Peace of the Valley' (380) tranquillity is broken by discords and violence.—'Through the Wood' (89), by G. CHESTER, is a landscape of truth and rude vigour.—In a different, and indeed *petite* style, does H. JUTSUM paint 'The Woods at Buckhurst' (237).—The brothers Danby display scarcely their usual delicacy and poetry, and certainly their pictures have received little favour from the hanging committee.—A lovely scene by G. E. HERING, 'Among the Mountains' (591), has exceptional merit in colour, atmosphere, and the drawing of snow summits.—J. W. OAKES has taken a new lease, otherwise he has changed his sketching ground. His English landscapes had gone to chaff, hay, and stubble. Certainly in 'Lago Maggiore' (515) the artist shows signs of recovery from scattered chaos.—G. HARVEY, in the northern latitude of 'Glen Dhu' (526), is hard, cold, and literal; we can well imagine that this really well painted picture is true to the 'Isle of Arran.'—W. ASCROFT may also be commended 'In Fairlight Glen' (448), faithful and sunny, and in the mingling of greens and golden yellows harmonious.

The landscape school of the future boasts of distinguished representatives. Close study of nature in breadth of effect, as well as in atomic detail, has found its issue in works which, by their truth and beauty, have silenced hostile criticism. Among younger men who have passed through diligent apprenticeship may be enumerated Mawley, Lewis, W. H. Paton, Field, Brett, Walton, C. Knight, and H. Moore. And of mature artists who have already entered on their reward, the names of Vicat Cole and Leader are conspicuous. 'On the Thames' (13), by G. W. MAWLEY, is a fair example of the detailed, truthful, and quiet style which is now fortunately the vogue.—Several landscapes by C. J. LEWIS, grey, green, and liquid, are also after a manner that now obtains favour.—'Ripe for the Harvest' (80), by J. DAKIN, is another conscientious and highly-elaborated study in the school formerly miscalled Pre-Raphaelite.—'Hope on the Horizon' (81), by J. B. GRAHAME, is to be commended for its clear open daylight. The figure and the landscape, however, appear to have had more study than on examination proves to be the case. Our young landscape painters used to squander their time on childish manipulation. They now wisely seek to gain results with as little outlay of time as practicable.—H. MOORE was seen to advantage in the Dudley Gallery. 'Brading Down' (395), is clever, but the shadows are black, and the picture is without subject.—As to G. MASON, who has been favoured in years past with much laudation, his canvases (for by courtesy only can they be called pictures) bear marks of indolence little short of impudence.—Mr. RAVEN'S 'Midsummer Moonlight' (95) is a vision—an unsubstantial dream. The effect is novel and poetic.—'Under the Equator' (367), by L. R. MIGNOT: we are thankful we have never seen nature in such fever heat.—'Stonehenge' (169), by G. F. TENISWOOD, a small canvas, has a nice harmony of effect.—'Solitude' (65), by A. HAYWARD, has sentiment and solemnity, over which the immemorial heron presides in statuesque gravity.—Studies by W. S. ROSE (116), by A. H. CHURCH (283), by G. M. ROBB (153), by J. L. THOMAS (272), by C. P. KNIGHT (312), by J. KNIGHT (72), and by F. WALTON (594), merit commendation.—Other works claim an additional word. A little study called 'Rest' (136), by F. W. HULME, is highly satisfactory. The details got by observation blend with the composition which intellect enjoins.—'An Empty Cart' (249), by W. FIELD, gains agreeable effect through contrast and harmony.—J. BRETT has overdone 'Capri' (479). The greens, blues, reds, and oranges, need mitigation.—The most successful example of what used to be called Pre-Raphaelite study is to be found in 'A Dell without a Name' (498), by W. H. PATON. The ferns are lovely, and the artist has in the management of the greens avoided crudity.—'The Grand Canal, Venice' (510), by W. HENRY, is as admirable for truth as a transcript by Canaletto.—A large powerful passage from nature, in storm and tumult, 'A Spate in the Highlands' (373), by P. GRAHAM, an artist comparatively unknown, has been greeted by deserved applause. The picture is not free from violence, and there are masses of opaque grey and black which require clearance. But the ray of light which bursts through the storm, and the mountain torrent that dashes its wild waters onward, evince a bold hand and an eye vigilant to mark nature's grand phenomena.—The landscapes, however, which show special training, and rightly adjusted balance between detail and general effect, between suggestion and realisation, individual truth and relative composition, are, as usual, contributed by VICAT COLE and B. W. LEADER. We had expected that one, at least, of these painters would have been made an Associate. The gap left by Witherington is yet vacant, and it is felt, not without reason, that landscape painting—an Art in which the English school is notoriously supreme—receives niggard reward in the Academy.

The brute creation has been accustomed to usurp a large space within these walls, and the great master of field-sports still claims for his popular productions a considerable number of square feet. The Academy might certainly have been saved the hanging of that vast crayon sketch of a shadowy stag. Of Sir Edwin Landseer's Lady Godiva, chalky, black, and not over modest, we have already spoken in reprobation. The artist is more at home among the inmates of the stable and the kennel. Two pictures which portray horses, dogs, and the spoils of the gun, serve to recall Sir Edwin Landseer's best manner.—T. LANDSEER has made a comedy of 'The Goat without a beard' (260); the subject

does not receive additional attraction from artistic handling.—G. W. Horlor, 'Among the Heather' (154), paints dogs of that smooth coat we were once accustomed to admire in the animals of Sir Edwin.—'Watering the Team' (291), by J. F. Herring, is a good example of the artist's well-known style.—'The Poacher's Nurse' (14), by B. Riviere, is most capitally painted.—W. H. Hopkins has a clever picture (525) in his usual manner; the action of the horses, however, is overdone.—The same fault detracts from the merits of another and more ostentatious picture of 'Ploughing' (415), by H. W. B. Davis, an artist who achieved a vast success last year. The career of this painter is worthy of remark; his case is that of many others in the so-called Pre-Raphaelite school. Some seasons since he might be observed on the walls of the Academy still serving an industrious apprenticeship. The time, however, came when he threw up his indentures, and became a master and a man. His present picture may indicate some voluntary servitude to Rosa Bonheur; the action of the horses, too, is taken a little too much from the circus, otherwise 'Spring Ploughing—Artois' were invulnerable to the shafts of criticism.—It is almost too late in the day to speak a novel thought of T. S. Cooper, A.R.A. We may venture, however, on the remark that 'The Shepherd's Sabbath' (498) is a little crude, cold, and wooden.—In the same way it were superfluous to enlarge on the known merits or defects of Richard Ansdell, A.R.A. Suffice it to say that in the present Academy he is represented by four pictures of accustomed size and vigour.—A picture (5) by J. W. Bottomley may rest content with faint praise; and a team (582) by R. Beavis, though clever in action, must be censured for show not sustained by study.

The Academy, by the mastery of its sea-pieces, fortifies the patriotic notion that Britain rules the waves. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., we rejoice to say, is still among us, and his son, G. C. Stanfield, is not unfavourably seen by two pictures in his usual style. Stormy ocean seems, for the present, to be ruled by the sceptre of E. W. Cooke, R.A., here represented by five works after the artist's truth-seeking manner. The largest picture, 'A Barque on the Goodwin' (139), has a personal interest. The life-boat, "Van Kook," that rescues the crew, owes its name as well as its existence to the artist himself. The supreme merits of Mr. Cooke's pictures suffer drawback in a certain crudeness and harshness of colour.—'The Destruction of H.M.S. *Bombay*' (34), by R. B. Beechey, has received praise from its subject which its Art merits do not corroborate.—Miss Blunden exhibits her best work. 'Marsden Rocks' (579), is a picture quiet in manner; the detail is brought into unity, and the atmosphere has daylight and serenity.—Within the last few years there have come into notice several artists who evidently strive to compass ocean in her vastness, power, and variety. W. F. Vallance has made a conscientious effort (536) in this direction, but he evidently, for the present at least, finds ocean too much for him.—Then there is E. Gill, who, in a 'Storm on the Coast' (250), has given to tempest waves their swell and fury. The shore, however, painted with feeble hand, lacks resistent power.—We cannot but think that 'Drifting on the Rocks' (237), by W. Melby, justifies its conspicuous place on the line more by show than intrinsic merit; yet it certainly has good intention in the dash of the waves, the play of the spray, and the effective contrast between the greys, greens, and whites.—C. E. Johnson, who has of late deservedly obtained notice, threatens to settle down into clever mannerism. Brown sails, a grey sky, and a ground swell, are, happily, not the only resources offered by sea and shipping.—We have heard it said that J. C. Hook, R.A., is also in danger of serving up mere repetitions of figures and effects, which in years past have gained renown. This hostile criticism is scarcely justified by facts. The picture, 'Washerwomen in Brittany' (148), has, at least, one new and pretty incident in the child sent afloat in the washing-tub. Harmony of colour, truth of character, and vigour of handling, give value to whatever subject Mr. Hook may choose.

In fruits and flowers the Academy does not abound. We are glad, however, to pay tribute once more to the brilliant floral compositions of the Misses Mutrie. As for the 'Italian Fruit Harvest' (171), by H. Grönland, its merits fortunately find mitigation on the line of the ceiling.

VI. SCULPTURE.

The sculpture-room is generally looked upon as the least satisfactory part of the Academy, partly because the room itself is but a cellar, and partly because the works exhibited do not adequately represent the resources of our English school. That school, too, has its avowed shortcomings. Our public monuments confess to the melancholy fact that British sculptors have not been equal to the opportunities afforded them. Whether the present collection offers satisfactory explanation of the past, or remedy for the future, is not made quite so clear as might be desired. Our English school of sculpture, unfortunately, halts half-way between two or more opinions. It has not the certitude to be severe; it therefore would gladly create to itself an interest by a manner pictorial, sentimental, or picturesque. And thus many a work is ruined by weak-mindedness and fatal vacillation. The strength which comes of resolve, the severity which belongs to monumental styles, can scarcely be hoped for under the present want of deliberate and wisely-directed study. In the meantime we may, with certain politicians, "rest and be thankful" that matters are not worse.

We commence by simply announcing that the present collection is about the worst ever seen. Our English school has certainly the power to execute better works than those which are here exhibited. The place of honour is assigned to an oft-repeated subject, 'The Parting of Hector and Andromache' (843), a work which, if not vigorous, has at any rate been executed with the care habitual to Mr. Spence. But for the most part, gods, goddesses, and classic characters generally, are at a discount, and the premium now is for figures, not from the Greek, but from the English classics. Mr. Theed's 'Musidora' (868) is an ordinary example of this style, wherein soft sentiment and vague generalisation stand instead of knowledge and the decisive articulation and intent that close study can alone secure. 'La Luna' (847), by H. Weekes, R.A., may be disposed of under the same category; the conception and execution are alike powerless. Miss Durant, deserves some praise for a group taken from the "Canterbury Tales."

J. Edwards once more gives us poetic fancy. 'The Star-Crowned Spirit of Love and Truth floating in Light' (928), modelled as a bas-relief, gains much of the fascination which belongs to pictorial treatment. Mr. J. Woolner's 'Puck' (932) is a clever personation of the little mischief-maker. Grotesque character marks action and form. Mr. Wilke's conception of 'Tragedy' (922) gains intensity and passion through decisive form and consequent shadow. Mr. Rœmacker's brother and sister are supposed to be interesting because they utter the refrain, 'What are the wild waves saying?' (849). The demonstrative attitudes transgress the limits assigned to the plastic arts. 'Cupid in Love' (851), by Mr. T. Sharp, may be disposed of in few words. It is enough to observe that the work is as bad as it can be. No picture which sank to this lowest level could find a place in any London Exhibition. How comes it to pass, then, that the Council of the Royal Academy do not find themselves in a position to reject examples of sculpture of such debased quality? Again, what excuse can be offered for Mr. Earle's 'Miranda' (900), which, as a work of Art, is absolutely poverty-stricken? The cast of the drapery is commonplace, and no poetry comes to take the figure out of the sphere of mere every-day life. Next, turning to another department, the Biblical subjects exhibited will serve to show that religious sculpture, like a certain class of poetry, excuses impotence by good intentions. Verily, such works as 'The Foot of the Cross' (1006), by Mr. J. Bell, have little but lachrymose sentiment to recommend them. Why does not Mr. Bell throw into his sculpturesque religion some of the naturalism which made 'The Eagle Slayer' manly and true? "Muscular Christianity," indeed, may be almost more in place in a studio than a church. 'The Three Shining Ones meeting Christian at the Cross" (929), by Mr. Thrupp, will still further justify our criticism. Finish does but aggravate the weakness of design. 'The Last Supper—for a reredos' (858), by Mr. Forsyth, will also show how little Art has yet been brought to bear upon the school of Christian sculpture which has risen out of the revival of Gothic architecture. 'Lot's Wife' (1026), by Mr. Leifchild, like other works whereby this artist has made himself known, is bold in idea, suggestive as a sketch, but wholly wanting in the detail needful to express the thought in its totality.

Sensation works, contributed by two foreigners, serve to redeem the collection from routine. 'Charlotte Corday before the Death of Marat' (841), by Signor Miglioretti, has much of the realism to which 'The Reading Girl' owed popularity. Miglioretti belongs, like Magni and Monti, to Milan, which has long been known as the centre of a school given up to the carving in stone of minute, and even trivial, detail. The last representative of this Pre-Raphaeliteism in marble is now before us in the melodramatic statue of Charlotte Corday. The work, after its kind, must be pronounced a perfect marvel. Of course, the treatment is wholly wanting in severity and repose; moreover, the sentiment is spasmodic, and the execution realistic even to the literal rendering of the rush bottom to the chair, and the planks and nails in the flooring. As for the drapery, though somewhat of the Roubilliac fashion, it includes passages which evince study and delicate execution. In short, the statue of Charlotte Corday is a clever example of a vicious school. The second phenomenon which has come to us from across the seas is 'La Gorgone' (869), a bronze bust executed by the Duchess of Castiglione Colonna. This, indeed, is a work admirable for spirit, power, and firm execution. The type is that of a demigod, and the serpents interwoven with dragons crown the brow grandly.

It is to be regretted that a coarsely voluptuous bust taints this noble conception with vulgarity.

A few works remain which, like those already noticed, may be quoted as representatives of the schools into which our English sculpture is now divided. Mr. INGRAM's 'Water Nymph' (857) is one of the most favourable examples of the romantic style. The form is beautiful, the lines are graceful, and the figure generally is nicely composed and carefully balanced. The limbs, perhaps, tend to the heavy and voluptuous. Of expressly sensuous Art, 'A Bacchante' (861), by M. D'EPINAY, and 'Andromeda' (856), by E. DAVIS, are among the most egregious displays. Of works which aspire to ideal beauty may be commended 'Comus' (1052), by L. HALE, and 'Elaine' (973), by J. ADAMS. To this last sculptor we are also indebted for some busts, careful in modelling and unpretending in manner. As an example of pretty picturesque action, drapery, and composition, we may refer to a work of some merit, 'The First Pocket' (899), by E. LANDSHEER. From the religious works, which, as we have said, are for the most part execrable, some exception may be made in favour of the figure of 'St. Stephen' (1007), by J. D. CRITTENDEN. It is true the expression is marred by the affectation which was the condemnation of Carlo Dolci—a weakness which was, indeed, more pardonable in painting than in sculpture. In Mr. Crittenden's statue the martyr resigns his soul as a sentimentalist. But yet in the modelling of the limbs there is proof of praiseworthy study. As an example of the meanest of naturalism, wholly unworthy of the noble art of sculpture, we point out for reprobation 'Peace and Wrath in Low Life' (979), by G. TINWORTH. Such a production deserves to be held up as a warning. Before passing to portraits, we must pause before a group of animals which visitors who knew no better have mistaken for the intended inmates of some noble Noah's ark. At any rate, impartial judgment must pronounce Sir EDWIN LANDSEER's 'Stag at Bay' (942) the work of a painter rather than of a sculptor. One of the dogs has been adroitly modulated in surface, and the action and intention throughout are in keeping with the artist's pictures of the year. The forms certainly have been indicated with facile hand. The work, in fact, is a sketch and not a study. And such, we presume, will prove the lions in the Square whensoever they may see the light.

The busts and portrait-statues, speaking generally, are more to be commended as truthful transcripts than for direct Art qualities. There are verily in the room some sad proofs of what our public monuments have been and are likely to continue. It may be an honour to have died a patriot, but surely it becomes little short of a dishonour to live again in marble or in bronze. Poor Cobden, in many a town, we fear, is about to suffer apotheosis in comparison whereof martyrdom were mercy. Witness the work (992) to be erected in Camden Town by Messrs. W. and T. WILLS.—'The Statue of Edward I.' (908), by Mr. EARLE, certainly were better if not quite so wooden. Mr. STEPHENS, who has fallen under animadversion in Parliament, touching his monument of "the Duke" in St. Paul's, furnishes a specimen of the class of work we may expect from his hand. The drapery in the statue of John Dinham (852) is a mere sketch, without signs of the study which alone would secure detail. Mr. MACDOWELL, R.A., has chosen a pretty incident—the playing with a dove—for 'The Children of Mr. John Pinder,' but the figures and the drapery are left generalised and vague. Mr. J. ADAMS has also turned the portrait of little Miss Reade (840) into a fancy figure, nice in manner, and for finished execution, exquisite. The bust of Gibson, by the same artist, is simply treated after the unadorned classic style which the venerable Academician himself approved and practised. A. MUNRO has a charming little head, 'Master Walter Ingram' (1030); the motive and movement are worthy of an artist known for the playful fancy he has thrown into children's portraits. J. DURHAM, A.R.A., is another artist who seeks to redeem mere portraiture from monotony. 'Waiting his Innings; Basil Edwin Laurence' (853) is a picturesque figure treated broadly. The busts of W. BRODIE are well kept together; he gets expression without forcing the features beyond habitual repose, as witness the head of 'Lady Gibson Maitland' (860). In like manner, T. BUTLER, as seen in the bust of 'Hugh Falconer' (881), may be commended for fidelity, and the art of massing detail into breadth. Other bust-makers are more ostentatious of detail, or become more emphatic in the marking of expression. The head of W. Mulready (896), by H. WEEKES, R.A., though intended to be a speaking likeness, is wholly out of character with the spare frame and retiring manner of the venerable Academician. 'James Healds' (897), by Mr. NOBLE, is marked by purpose. But the artist who knocks off a likeness with still greater breadth and boldness—a cleverness which sometimes is scarcely to be distinguished from clumsiness—is Baron MAROCHETTI. Surely the head of 'Viscount Combermere' (864) suffers under a stroke of Art which inflicts injury on nature. Certain of our sculptors affect a naturalism still more rude, as seen, for example, in the works of J. E. BOEHM and J. FORSYTH. The small terra-cottas and bronzes of the former are effective, but when Mr. Boehm attempts a life-size bust (1047) he evidently lacks knowledge and judgment. J. Forsyth's picturesque, we had almost said grotesque, bust of 'Professor Huxley' (1018) is surely too much of a good thing. The Professor has been supposed not to entertain over much faith in the divine creation of man; hence, perhaps, his patronage of an Art which goes back to the conjectured physiological origin of the species. C. F. FULLER exhibits several carefully executed busts; it is a pity he should have sent a certain gentleman in *alto relievo*, which is evidently a branch of Art whereof he yet requires to learn the elements. The painstaking, and highly elaborated medallions, also in *alto relievo*, by Miss DURANT, we cannot approve. The artist has evidently worked conscientiously, and it is all the more to be regretted that good intention has not been guided by correct principles.

The remark has come to us from many sides that the Academy is poor. We cannot exactly echo so disparaging a judgment. The Exhibition, at all events, contains some few large and remarkable works by which it will be remembered in future years. Furthermore, it is conspicuous for the steady advance made by young and rising men. Also, there is cause for satisfaction that certain phenomena, which under the Pre-Raphaelite furor were blots upon the walls, are seen, if at all, in mitigated and innocuous form. In fine the Academy, taken as a whole, shows the English school in health and vitality.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN RHODES, ESQ., POTTERNEWTON HOUSE, LEEDS.

ISABELLE OF CROYE.

A. Elmore, R.A., Painter. J. Stanciffe, Engraver.

OFTEN has Mr. Elmore ventured upon historic—or, in this particular instance, we should perhaps say, semi-historic—ground; for incidents assumed to be facts arising out of the obscure annals of the past, and woven by the novelist and romance-writer into the truth of history, cannot be considered as a veritable portion of the latter. To the artist in search of a good subject this is of little moment; he states his authority, and that is all he has to do with the question, which he leaves others to settle how they best may, if it be one worth arguing upon at all. He illustrates the story as told by the writer; and, with the exception of Shakspere, there is no author to whom the English painter is more indebted than Walter Scott, though the popular novelists of the last few years have almost driven him from the circulating library.

The Countess Isabelle of Croye is the heroine of the story of "Quentin Durward;" the scene represented is that where she appears before Louis of France and Charles, Duke of Burgundy, to answer the question put by the latter: "What think you of the fair work you have made between two great princes, and two mighty countries, that have been like to go to war for your baby face?" She is accompanied to the presence by the Countess of Crèvecœur and the Abbess of the Ursuline convent in which she had taken refuge, and having been sternly interrogated by the duke as to the cause of her leaving his dominions, and attempting to place herself under the protection of France, her replies are so unsatisfactory, that Charles, at whose feet she had flung herself, and who desired to force the young and wealthy Flemish princess into an alliance distasteful to her, broke out with the angry exclamation: "'St. George of Burgundy! is our will to be thwarted, and our commands disputed at every turn? Up, I say, minion, and withdraw for the present! when we have time to think of thee, we will so order matters that, *Testo-Saint-Gris!* you shall either obey us or do worse!' Notwithstanding this stern answer, the Countess Isabelle remained at his feet," till the Countess of Crèvecœur, who better knew Charles's humour, interfered to raise her young friend, and to conduct her from the hall.

A reference to Scott's description of the whole scene will show that the artist has not adhered very closely to the narrative, especially in the setting out of the *dramatis personæ*, with the exception of the female group. This affects the picture as a truthful representation, but not as an ideal work of Art founded on the narrative. There is no court-like pageantry brought on the stage, nothing to indicate that the two male figures are powerful rulers: Charles appears as the rough and not too scrupulous personage whom historians describe him to have been, and Isabelle as a timid suppliant at his feet, alarmed at the angry attitude and manner of her liege sovereign. There is much spirit in the composition, while the disposition of light and shade in the picture admirably suits it for engraving.

We regret to find Mr. Elmore exhibits nothing at the Academy this year, for his absence is always a loss to the annual "gathering."



THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

SIXTY-SECOND EXHIBITION.

The present exhibition has never been surpassed in quality, though in quantity and dimensions it may not be conspicuous. The work here, with comparatively unimportant exceptions, is truthful and diligent; and, indeed, a position upon these walls is almost in itself a guarantee that the drawings exhibited make faithful and honest approaches to nature. This elder society, indeed, is nothing else than a select body of painters, banded together for the good of themselves and the advance of their chosen art. No aspirant can be admitted within its narrow circle who does not show himself a diligent worker, or bids fair to advance in the good way in which he has begun. Friendly rivalry and *esprit de corps* act as stimulants in such an association, and hence progress becomes the law of its existence. The present exhibition is evidence of this vitality. The works here put on view are not an indiscriminate mob and medley such as knocks at the door of the Dudley Gallery; not an assemblage of experimental efforts such as might create an interest in a newly-established exhibition; but a choice collection, which individually and in the aggregate shows the utmost point to which the art of water-colour painting has reached—a perfection, indeed, beyond which it were difficult to go. We will now proceed to mention *seriatim* the works which justify this encomium.

The accustomed supremacy in figure subjects is upheld by the works of Topham, Smallfield, Alfred Fripp, Lundgren, Haag, Gilbert, Burton, and Johnson; and the department of landscape continues to be represented as of yore by Richardson, George Fripp, Palmer, Glennie, Hunt, and Whittaker. We shall pass in review these works after their several kinds.—Gilbert is generally a good name to start with, though this year he cannot serve for a tower of strength. The drawing which commands the central post of honour in the room, 'Agincourt,' is conspicuous for the artist's faults. It reminds us of one of Kean's revivals. We have here a confused crowd of common and somewhat coarse materials, intensified by a strong hand and the liberal use of a brown black colour. It has seldom been our misfortune to see a battle-field where so much has been made of the horrors; there is, indeed, quite an ostentation of the dying. The attitudes displayed are stereotyped; pain finds bane and antidote in time-honoured pictorial recipes. It is almost, however, needless to add that a work by this artist can never fail of power and cleverness. For a better example of the master we gladly turn to a neighbouring drawing, 'The Venetian Council.' The infamous and august "Ten" here sit in conclave. Colour, character, contrast, texture, proclaim the long-proved mastery of the artist. The golden arras on the chamber wall is the brilliant field on which Mr. Gilbert, not for the first time, deploys his forces.—Mr. Topham crowns the success won by 'The Fern Gatherer' in the Winter Exhibition by a figure not dissimilar in Art-pretension, called 'The Gipsies' Toilet.' Here is the same seeking after a line of beauty in symmetric curve of composition. The colour is vaporose, the light and shade agreeably melting, so that the figure blends in pleasing harmony with the surrounding landscape. It were perhaps too much to say that the treatment is pre-eminently refined or academic; but at least a broad, popular effect has been gained, and the artist does well to vary his simply rustic manner by the superinduced beauty here brought to his aid.—Mr. Frederick Tayler of course shows his accustomed spirit and prowess in field sports. The drawing which comes nearest to his wonted standard is a 'Highland Drove,' capital in composition, wherein the artist has been long inimitable, but a little ragged in the texture of the animals' coats.—Mr. Jenkins shows his habitual refinement, which does not forsake him even when on 'The Beach Market' he encounters a Welsh Billingsgate. A landscape, 'On the Thames,' is an improvement upon the style which this artist for the first time essayed in the exhibition of last season. The drawing, however, that gives happiest expression to the artist's pictorial intuitions is entitled 'Which is the Favourite?' The rivals for a lady's love are a bevy of lapdogs. The picture is graceful, pretty, and playful. Mr. Jenkins has always a balanced eye for composition.—Mr. Walter Goodall's 'History of the Cross' is a work smooth and nice; the children are cleanly washed and neatly clad.—Miss Margaret Gillies has not for long been seen to such advantage. 'Sorrow and Consolation,' and 'Priez pour les pauvres Prisonniers,' have deep feeling, and for study of drapery the first of these drawings is specially commendable.—Two artists whom we would gladly pass by may as well be disposed of at once: the one is Mr. Oakley, who deserves to be king of the gipsies; the other Mr. Riviere, who must already rank as a fervent propagandist of religion. Mr. Oakley's 'Affair of the Heart' is, in more senses than one, a sorry affair indeed; 'Village Maidens' are scarcely more refined. Why does this artist persist in the opinion that to be truthful he must stick to commonest nature, and that such nature were spoilt by any but the coarsest treatment. Mr. Oakley never lacks strength; why cannot he give to his powers a higher aim? The case of Mr. Riviere is, if possible, more serious still. This artist has been favourably known by the humour and character he could imprint upon broad Irish incidents. Mr. Riviere, however, not unnaturally desired to widen his sphere, and so, perhaps in an unhappy moment, he crossed the Irish Channel, and with ample supplies of paper and colours, made direct for Italy. With zest he forthwith threw himself into the character, passion, and, shall we add, the religious devotion of the Italian peasantry. But unfortunately Paddy is still before his eyes, and so northern lands, given to potato and porridge, taint, with flavour savory but rank, the pictorial vintage of Italy. Alas! for 'The Campagna—Rome in the distance,' and 'The Brigand's Secret.' Poor Italy would gladly disown the illegitimate children which those who love her not wisely nor too well father on her charms! To pay fitting tribute to the pictorial and religious fervour of Mr. Riviere, as manifest in 'Holy Thoughts,' where a water-pail is forsaken for the cross, we regret that space fails us. There is, we believe, a market for this kind of commodity, and the painter may have heard political economists remark that demand should always be met by adequate supply.

It is a pleasant change to turn to works which justify encomium. Mr. Burton, who is always deliberate, measured, and thoughtful, sends 'A Study,' which, though small, is of choicest quality. A girl in white head-dress, that comes as a foil to the warm hue of the Italian features, rests at a well under the cool green shade. The treatment is simple and broad, and the drawing firm of purpose.—The contributions of Mr. Watson, though not conspicuous for size or number, evince knowledge and deliberation. This artist is not afraid to commit his fate to single figures, which in itself may be taken as a good sign. Such drawings as 'Something Wrong,' and 'Book-lore,' where the attention is limited to just one person, necessitate concentration on some telling point, and a thorough mastery in the conduct of thought and detail. In this way only can the small incident tuning a violin obtain the import befitting a picture. Mr. Watson is evidently too cautious a painter to fall often into a mistake, yet one error at least he has committed this year, in the naming and painting of the picture called 'Good Friday.' It is singular how an artist is apt to make the piety of a title stand in the stead of meritorious deeds, just as the workers in precious metals, such as silver and gold, have been indifferent to excellence in Art design. 'Good Friday,' here set apart for an act of prayer, seems to dispense with any merit in the mere mundane matter of drapery. The robe is destitute of study and consequent detail.—Two honoured members of the society, Mr. Alfred Fripp and Mr. Carl Haag, are seen in considerable force. Of Mr. Fripp's four drawings, 'The Commissariat Party for the Quarries' manifests most markedly the artist's distinguishing merits. It is flooded with out-door light, air, and colour. The incident has been happily chosen. Three children, laden with provender, have just gained the topmost reach of the hill; beyond and beneath stretches the sea, liquid in atmosphere and far-sweeping into space. The whole picture is of rare quality, texture, and execution.—Mr. Carl Haag adopts the politic course of making a concentrated effort in favour of one master work. He has sent several drawings comparatively small, though not slight in study; but his full force is reserved for a grand subject of archæological no less than pictorial interest, 'The Entrance to the Subterranean Chambers beneath the Temple of Jerusalem.' At the time when we visited the Holy City these precincts were closed to the approach of Christians. It has been the privilege of Mr. Haag to open to public view this as well as other of the sacred places. The masonry is almost as massive as that of the Jews' Place of Wailing. The arches, which are simple segments of a circle, are bold in moulding: they bear no marks of any very ancient date. We need scarcely add that the Art-merits of the work are great. No painter preserves more skilfully the correct relation between warm lights and cool shadows, so that each in turn possesses its respective position, quality, and power. The texture and surface of the masonry, too, are rendered with literal truth. As for the figures, they almost attain to historic and ancestral grandeur; these bearded patriarchal forms look every inch made of prophet flesh and blood.—Mr. James Holland has had a vision of 'A High-born Maiden,'—

"In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower."

The scene of this rhapsody is laid in a balcony which overlooks the Rialto. Mr. Holland's colour fuses the passion of romance with the pleasing effect of florid decoration.

Fortune is for most men at some happy moment in its flood. And this good luck has befallen Mr. Smallfield in the present season. He exhibits six works, of which, at least, three claim special consideration. 'Hans Andersen's Mermaid' is a charming little conceit, sparkling with light and colour. The form is delicately moulded, and the pearl of the flesh tells deliciously upon the emerald sea. 'The Blind Goatherd' proves that in colour Mr. Smallfield can intone more than one key. The artist is at present free from mannerism which betrays into monotony. The goatherd is thickly draped in the most inveterate blue, as if to bring irresistible weight against the fallacy which Gainsborough painted down in his celebrated 'Blue Boy.' Mr. Smallfield manages lapis-lazuli, or its substitute, as did Titian, and so his triumph, though almost pushed too far, is secure. But the artist assumes yet another mood in a picture painted on a scale of colour approaching modest grey. 'The Girl with Raspberries' is rare in beauty and remarkable for delicacy. The softly diffused light and dappled hues thrown especially on the background, bring grateful repose to the eye. Needful force and contrast are obtained through sparing but well-timed use of black and purple. Here and there some accidental blemish on leaf and flower gives emphasis. The execution, though detailed, is kept broad and free. This picture in strongest contrast hangs as a pendant to Mr. Walker's work to which we shall next refer.

Mr. Walker on his first entrance into the society, two years ago, obtained, by the 'Church Pew' and the 'Girl caught in the Brambles,' well-merited applause. The pictures of the last and of the present season have, to say the least, not added to the reputation then won. 'The Bouquet' now exhibited speaks of powers misapplied. The forms, especially the back, trousers, and boots of the gardener, are awkward, and even ugly. The execution is heavy and encumbered with the weight and density of opaque pigments. The colour, too, is certainly a little bold in the use of fiery red. These defects, which might with due forethought have been

avoided, go far to nullify the merits of the work. The power gained, however, is something tremendous, and the spectator, if he will but give the drawing distance, may find the surface-flaws at any rate less obtrusive.

The younger members who have come comparatively of recent date to swell the forces of the gallery make satisfactory show. Mr. LUNDGREN, who has passed his novitiate, justifies the honours thrust upon him. The fancy head, 'In Memoriam,' shows, for example, a determination to give to his hitherto mannered drapery intelligent form. The head of "a child," cherub-like, is pretty. It is, however, as a deep, lustrous colourist that Mr. Lundgren especially shines. 'Dominican Friars in the Library of Sienna' is exquisite for its sense of subtle harmonies. The famed choir-volumes and no less illustrious frescoes of this Art-sanctuary are wrought into a composition glowing and glorious as a missal. This drawing is among the brightest gems of the water-colour Art.—Mr. SHIELDS, elected a year ago, proves that he has not only an eye for humble nature, but a heart which can be touched with sympathy for suffering humanity. Expressly would we point to that pathetic work bearing the suggestive title, 'One of our Bread Watchers.' Among the snow sits a starved child in a straw shed. The eye and the mouth, pathetic, yet patient in suffering, make strong appeal. The execution is as earnest and honest as the sentiment.—Mr. LAMONT, one of the most recent of Associates, belongs to a different school. His works are of a sentiment somewhat sickly. 'Echos du temps passé' are like many other echoes heard in distance, indefinite and unpronounced. Into the light and shade, colour and execution of this artist's drawings, more positive decision requires to be thrown. Even an abrupt discord would be of service. Yet Mr. Lamont shows refinement and care, and his figures carry a certain Addisonian manner which is rather agreeable than otherwise.—Mr. JOHNSON, who obtained election with Mr. Lamont, occasionally falls under the sway of Meissonnier, he likewise shows a pleasant predilection for the times and manners of the *Spectator*. Perhaps there is no period more congenial to water-colour Art than the elegant trifling and surface-smooth moralising which obtained favour with the Addisonian clique.—But those who seek for an antidote, behold what the good gods have provided for you in the works of Mr. BURNE JONES! Gracious heavens! what profundity of thought, what noble teaching, what mystery of loveliness are here brought forth for the delight and edification of the elect! 'Zephyrus bearing Psyche asleep to the Palace of Love' is nothing less than a pictorial miracle, which will be received with favour according to the measure of the spectator's faith. In a sphere so expressly non-natural, the articulations of anatomy, together with the laws of gravity, are of course suspended. But for the worshippers of the supernatural, food still more sustaining to the soul is provided in that marvellous and mysterious conception, 'Le Chant d'Amour.' What a blessing that Cupid is blind; for with the exception of the armour-clad and Giorgione-intoned knight, what is there here to delight his beauty-loving eye? This mythology in the midst of mediævalism would take the jolly little god by surprise! Sentiment may be something very fine, yet common sense, even in the world of Art, is a useful commodity not wholly to be despised. But it is simply hopeless to try to touch such performances by criticism. A habeas corpus cannot enter a madhouse. There is no means whereby a work absolutely insane can be brought into the courts of reason. The more is the pity, because madness is often but genius in disguise.

Summary proceedings may dispose of a multitude of drawings which recapitulate well-known merits, or are the persistent expression, under more or less aggravated form, of oft-repeated misdemeanours. Mr. JOSEPH NASH is not at his best. Mr. DAVIDSON has become a little woolly, except when in 'Early Spring' he makes once more an inimitable study of the trunk and branches of a leafless tree. Mr. DUNCAN is discordant in his tones. 'Stratford Church' recalls the manner of the late Mr. Finch. 'Sands at Oystermouth' is, however, a drawing which approaches the artist's best manner. Mr. EDWARD GOODALL contributes several cheerful little scenes sparkling with light and liquid colour. And Mr. JACKSON, especially in the view of 'Tintagel,' shows, by the drawing of rocky headland and in the varied tones cast upon the expanse of sea, a watchful study of nature. This is indeed Mr. Jackson's *chef-d'œuvre*. JOHN CALLOW and WILLIAM CALLOW are in their several departments of sea and land a little inky in the shadows; yet the brother, Mr. William, in a fortunate moment at 'Bellagio' attains an unwonted brilliancy, which recalls the romantic glow of Richardson. SAMUEL EVANS—not of Eton—has a bright, cheerful drawing, 'Giltar Head, Tenby.' DAVID COX the younger, on a large scale, 'In the Pass of Llanberis,' becomes rather ragged, scattered, and incoherent. The traditions of a father may in a succeeding generation grow time-worn. Mr. BRITTON WILLIS repeats admired successes not with accession of resource. In the drawing of 'Iona' poetic feeling is dominant, and the cattle serve faithfully as beasts of burden to carry colour on their patient backs. Mr. BRANWHITE is rich in russet browns, and dark in evening gloom. Mr. GASTINEAU contributes no fewer than sixteen works, all in a style which, sad to say, will become absolutely obsolete when this honoured artist shall be gathered to his fathers. Mr. COLLINGWOOD SMITH is still more fertile; his versatile pencil has indited just one dozen and a half of nature's pages. *Punch* used to account for the prolific productions of Mr. James, the novelist, on the assumption that four amanuenses were kept, one in each corner of the study, whose duty was constantly to drive the pen. Some of our painters must surely have hit upon like happy expedients. It is, however, impossible to gainsay the brilliancy of Mr. COLLINGWOOD SMITH, which is, it will be readily supposed, not hid under a bushel. Out of the 'Mountains of the Oberland,' those "palaces of Nature," the artist has constructed a noble picture. Possibly the workmanship is not as conscientious as might be desired. Yet the subject in its scale and grandeur has been got upon the paper by a cleverness which, perhaps, can dispense with careful study. The relative heights and distances of these congregated mountain-peaks, the angles at which the snowy chains meet and strike off afresh, and the general display of magnitude and space, are qualities which but few artists could attain with just the same assurance.—But after all, the most daring attempt in the room has been made by Mr. ANDREWS. Let us be thankful that this 'Wreck of an East Indiaman' happened eighty years ago. It is some consolation that so awful an affair did not take place in our times, and at any rate we are glad to think that poor Mr. Andrews himself has been spared from witnessing a scene so painful. We will hope that the picture is made up of impossibilities.

What can have befallen Mr. BIRKET FOSTER is beyond our power to conjecture. He is not at all himself this year. That 'River Scene' might have been "a hayfield," so little surface or transparency is there in the water. In the dramatised sunset sky, there is a grand array of clouds; but surely atmosphere and light would more abound if opaque colour were not quite so obtrusive.—Mr. NEWTON'S spectral shadows haunt the gallery year by year with the same portentous presence. The solemnity becomes startling, notwithstanding its monotony. In 'The Return from the Kirk' he gets usual breadth and secures corresponding repose in sentiment. Perhaps, however, Mr. Newton is most himself in moonlight, as in 'The Coliseum,' where little save sentiment and shadow can be seen or felt.—Mr. NAFTEL is another artist who has gained a confirmed manner into which little variety can creep, though in pictures that are scattered and chaotic, episodes are all the more likely to enter, even were it only under the doctrine of chances. It becomes a little suspicious when an artist gives us the same colouring in the 'Isle of Skye' which he brought with him from Calabria. In more senses than one Mr. Naftel is most at home in Guernsey, the grass-grown lanes whereof he paints with dainty touch.

Three colourists may be thrown into one paragraph. Richardson, Read, and Palmer may live in hemispheres wide asunder, yet the temples of Art wherever built are clothed by such artists in glowing tapestries which never fade. Mr. RICHARDSON, to change the metaphor, may be said to cast over the shoulders of a Scotch mountain Joseph's coat of many colours; and the mantle once on, the cold rock is never again touched by frost, or haunted with mist. Mr. Richardson has long ago exhausted all the variety that can be got out of one inveterate system. After this triumphant fashion we all acknowledge his charms, and if any one should be tired of successive repetitions, the eye may at worst find change in some less meretricious master.—Mr. READ has, in the grand interior of 'St. Stephen's, Vienna,' trodden close upon a well-known achievement of Mr. Roberts. Indeed, this interior has certain merits which were wholly foreign to the worthy Academician's Art. The management required to keep together a subject of this magnitude, crowded with distracting details and dazzling in colour, will scarcely be credited now that the difficulties are overcome. The artist has attained unity by keeping the centre of his picture in quiet repose, and so conflicting side lights cease to be destructive.—Mr. PALMER is another artist from whom it is always safe to expect a sensation. Mr. Ruskin in past years pronounced this artist as the coming man. Accordingly Mr. Palmer now realises the prediction in dazzling splendours of 'A Day-Dream at Salerno,'—

> "More pleasing than the fitful gleam,
> With storm behind and gathering nigh,
> Still to frequent the temperate shade,
> Look far and see the prospect bright."

We are glad to say that Mr. Palmer's picture is much more intelligible than his poetry. This artist sees visions, and paints Nature in gorgeous robes, which it must be confessed surprise the eye with unwonted effulgence. Yet are the fire and fury of intensest colours so attempered as to reconcile the mind even to excess. Mr. Palmer may rush into chromatic regions where other artists fear even to breathe. But still in the midst of madness there is a method which reconciles the spectator to the result.

Colour in the drawings just passed in review threatens to become a tyranny. In other works a change passes over the spirit of the dream. The curtain again rises, and behold Nature clothed in another garb. The priests who burn incense at the altars which glow with flame scarcely less intense, are Messrs. Hunt, Glennie, and Boyce. Such artists find sermons in stones, and good in everything. Fire ofttimes they throw into the face of Nature, yet light and colour do they attemper by shade. The drawings of ALFRED HUNT, indeed, seem to try, and sometimes to solve, the most recondite of chromatic experiments. Nature is to this painter a kaleidoscope, and earth seems woven as a tapestry and illumined as a rainbow. 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came' is a nightmare, which recalls the phantoms of Doré's Wandering Jew. The reds are fiery, the greys chalky, and the imagination feverish. But this artist's aspirations seem to obtain consummate expression in that most exquisite drawing 'Harlech.' Colour is indeed here a perfect symphony for harmony. The play of yellows into reds, and the relations between green and its complimentary colours, show a sensitive eye and a delicacy of hand which can only come of intuition aided by study.—Also worthy of all praise is ARTHUR GLENNIE'S 'View of the Amphitheatre and Town of Pola.' Need he tell us it is "done on the spot?" He has here reconciled breadth, brilliancy, and detail. All this artist's drawings proclaim the student of Nature.—Mr. BOYCE only a few seasons ago entered this gallery as an anomaly. He was a surprise, and to many a stumbling-block. But so surely has he won his way and gained the public eye, that imitators now spring up in more than one of our London exhibitions. Mr. Boyce is singular in the choice of his subjects, inasmuch as he loves to plant his sketching stool just where

there is no subject. Yet does he manage to make out of the most unpromising of materials a picture which for the most part is clever and satisfactory. At one time we supposed this artist would be shadowed under a thick sombre veil of monotony. The more, however, we see of his productions, the less likely does it seem that he will repeat himself *ad nauseam*. In the Winter Exhibition were faithful transcripts of architecture; in the present gallery is a literal study of a head; and in the artist's special department of landscape we have two drawings pitched in directly opposite keys: 'Pangbourne' is grey, green, silver, and black; and 'Wotton House' is glowing as cloth of gold. The style of Mr. Boyce will be eccentric in variety so long as it remains unmannered.

Let us reserve a closing paragraph for pictures essentially English. The drawings of Mr. George Fripp are after his choicest manner, transparent in colour, light as the day, simple as nature herself. Specially would we point out 'The View of Streatley' as a pastoral clothed in true English garb. There is here no effort to attract the eye by garish colour or surprise of light; but the whole scene is preserved in repose, and maintained in a truth unostentatious as nature. The skill, too, by which a subject somewhat distracted and out of balance has been brought into unity of composition, proves readiness of resource directed by judgment.—We cannot close without giving a word of commendation to Mr. Whittaker, a young artist, who, by adherence to the old practice of transparent colour, and the choice of a simple sylvan subject, closely allies himself to the school of Mr. Fripp. The largest drawing Mr. Whittaker has yet exhibited, 'Llyn Idwal,' is beyond the artist's compass. The materials want bringing together, and the execution is ragged and scattered. No such defects, however, attach to his smaller landscapes. 'The Upper Valley of the Conway' is indeed lovely; hill and wood here mingle into delicious harmonies, as the weft and woof of a blended tapestry.

By way of conclusion we may add a word on the present state of the art of water-colour painting, as displayed in the present exhibition. In the first place we are glad to observe a reaction from the immoderate use of opaque colour which some time since threatened to corrupt the purity of the practice of former years. There cannot be a doubt that Mr. Birket Foster's drawings suffer in colour, quality, and tone from the too liberal employment of body colours. On the other hand, as we have seen, the landscapes of George Fripp, Whittaker, and Glennie, by loyalty to what may be termed legitimate principles, gain in transparency, atmosphere, and colour, and lose little even in detail. Again, another good sign is the growing habit of painting out of doors; hence the open daylight, the sunshine, and even the breeze now brought within a picture. Perhaps this conscientious study has tended to reduce the size of works sent for exhibition. Large panoramas are not very portable, and scenic show, extending over several square feet, it is not always easy to reconcile with the truthfulness which seeks to put into each square inch as many simple facts as practicable. Anatomy, too, begins to find a place within these walls. Figure subjects are now carried to a completeness not known in the outset of water-colour painting. Faces and limbs are not merely indicated; they are drawn and modelled: drapery, too, is cast into definite form. Again, the demand which illustrated literature makes upon artists of the present day also exerts an influence on the productions especially of our younger men. Pictorial incidents are now put down with perspicuity and polish; and details are interwoven into a compact and well-told story. For the most part, indeed, the practice which obtains favour is thorough. No young man has, of late, gained entrance into this gallery by mere dash and cleverness; even genius must make her approach through industry and humility. Labour is the price the gods have set on all things excellent; and it is the large amount of work, honest and truth-seeking, which gives to the present exhibition its value.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THIRTY-SECOND EXHIBITION.

This is an average exhibition, marked by the traits we are accustomed to expect in the more juvenile of the two Water-Colour Societies. Some of these drawings, sharing the vicissitude which belongs to all mortal things, show a falling away, but others, in compensation, indicate advance, and so a fair average merit in the entire collection of three hundred and twenty-nine works is preserved. This society, which has attained to its thirty-second year, must have come nearly to the end of the first generation that watched over its infancy. Its present strength and future progress consequently are now mainly to be measured by the vitality of the new blood infused into the parent stock. And a survey of these walls will speedily tell that recent elections have been wise, and that through the lately chosen associates the institution will gather renewed youth and vigour. Among the valuable accessions of former years were Warren the younger and Carl Werner; then came Mr. Jopling, and more recently must be added the names of Luson Thomas, G. G. Kilburne, Mogford, and Guido Bach. When, too, are recalled some well-known names among the older members, we shall have mustered a collective force capable of bringing into the field a formidable array of work. We now proceed to pass the rank and file of these pictorial troops under review.

This gallery has always been notorious for pseudo high Art. Poetry of common place, decked in gaudy array, year by year finds congenial retreat within these walls. We do not deny that the drawings here displayed are good after their kind. Moreover, there are purchasers who delight in this grandiose style, and desire to possess specimens of such ideal and non-natural productions. For such patrons this society is kind enough to manufacture the required supply. Among clever works flaunting seductive charms Mr. Corbould's 'Entry of Jehu into Jerusalem' shines illustrious. The subject was in itself sufficiently repulsive, and the treatment it has received seems designed to heighten an inherent deformity. Behold Jezebel, with painted face, looking down from a window, and the eunuchs at hand ready to throw her out at the behest of Jehu. The steeds of fiery mettle yoked to the chariot must have been trained at Astley's. The picture has all the merit of an extravaganza. 'Undine,' by the same artist, painted at the command of the Crown Princess of Prussia, is a composition, or rather a series of compositions, which, in contrast with the last work, wins by refinement and pretty fancy. Nine subjects, treated as vignettes, are thrown into sequel within one frame, and the intervening paper margins are decorated, for by-play, with shadowy sketches of sky, moon, fountains, fairies, and water-lilies. Fröhlich, the Dane, has done this kind of thing with exquisite fancy. Mr. Corbould's attempt in the same direction is not without merit. Mr. Henry Warren ranks in the same school, and shares like honours. The venerable president of this society, indeed, here exhibits one of his most portentous efforts. High Art has long been his aspiration, and 'Deborah sitting in Judgment,' if not a work of legitimate ambition, may yet be received without serious protest. The composition, it must be confessed, has considerable grandeur in conception. The prophetess, of noble Sibylline bearing, sits enthroned as on a Druid altar, "the palm-tree of Deborah" rising as a crown, or canopy, above her head. The mountains of Ephraim rise in the far distance, and certain of the children of Israel gather on the foreground to await the judgment of the prophetess. A murder has been committed, the falsely accused slave is released, and the real murderer denounced. It will thus be seen that the dramatic situation, with its culminating plot, has been devised with an eye to striking pictorial effect. The composition, in fact, would engrave well. So far good. The carrying out of the idea, however, is not equally commendable. The foreground figures gesticulate with over-much stage rant, and the action and drawing of the nude must be pronounced dubious. It could scarcely be expected, indeed, that a subject which would have taxed the resources of Raphael and Michael Angelo, can be grappled with by a water-colour painter of the present day. That Mr. Warren has not utterly failed may be accepted as in itself some success. Mr. John Absolon has followed the example of Sir David Wilkie, which stands for ever as a warning; he has forsaken the lowly paths of rural nature for the lofty walks of high Art. A young Hindoo maiden, 'Zaida' by name, is here seen in the act of launching a lighted lamp upon the stream, the destiny of which she anxiously awaits. It is a bad sign when an artist relies on the attraction of a subject so mawkish; and it cannot be urged that Mr. Absolon has redeemed his hacknied theme by express subtlety of treatment. Indeed, the pictorial expedients which he adopts are only of the most obvious description. The silver moon conflicts with the golden sun, and the sickly sentiment of the one is used as the foil to the florid fierceness of the other; the effect possibly may secure some applause from the multitude. This must be the artist's reward. From pseudo high Art we will now pass to nature.

Mr. Jopling is the reverse of colour-blind; he threatens rather to blind his spectators by the fatal brilliancy of his pigments. His chief chromatic experiment is a life-size head of a Chinese lass, sounding symbols to the tune "Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ching." The treatment certainly has not the merit of moderation. Moreover, the face, which comes in contact with the overcharged drapery, lacks force, substance, and modelled form. So much for the defects of this astounding production; its rare qualities, however, may be taken as some compensation. Colour is in triumph; the dress has marvellous intensity, and the cunning contrast of complimentary colour between the turquoise iridescence of the wreath and the warm colouring of the screen behind proves a power to solve daring problems which an artist less skilled would fear to encounter. Another large head, by the same artist, that seeks to make capital out of the sacred strain "Jerusalem ye Golden," is a work to be regretted. Carlo Dolce himself seldom traded so obtrusively in empty prettiness of sentiment. It must be confessed that the brilliant drawings of Mr. Jopling have too often been wanting in intellectual intent.

Seldom has an unknown artist made a more successful *début* than Guido Bach, the newly elected associate. Of several works here exhibited, the figure entitled 'Homeless,' which is the best, has in itself talent sufficient to place Mr. Bach at once in the foremost rank of his profession. The idea expressed awakens sympathy. A young girl, sensitive to the poetry of the south, finds herself a wanderer in a distant clime, where snow mountains pierce the sky and cold winds strike upon the heart. The figure has quiet power, graceful pose, and thoughtful sadness, which speaks of suffering. Mr. Tidey is an artist who has forsaken an old love; he was in former years espoused to sacred Art, he now transfers his affections to *genre* subjects. This transition, though a profit to himself, must be cause of regret to his admiring friends. We have not too many artists who can enter upon high Art with imagination and refined taste, and it is a question whether Mr. Tidey will learn to throw into rustic themes needful substance, texture, and vigour. The artist's largest composition deals with an affair of the heart on a scale which might with advantage be reduced to duodecimo dimensions. His smaller subjects gain much by compression and concentration. 'Sensitive Plants—London Pride and Golden Rod,' and another pair of 'Sensitive Plants—Penny Royal and Columbine,' are fancy titles wherewith Mr. Tidey christens the little folks who people two of his pictures. In these satires on the foibles of childhood the painter shoots folly as she flies.—The next artist we shall mention, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, would do well to borrow a little of Mr. Tidey's refinement, if he in return might but take a

small portion of her vigour. This lady rejoices verily in a force under which nature itself seems to quail. Her drawing of the year, 'The Cheat detected—a scene from Spanish life,' has indeed no lack of power and effect, especially when viewed from a distance. The composition is concentrated, the figures have character, the draperies colour, and from these several qualities results the utmost show. Upon nearer approach, however, we regret to discover that the subject has not been thoroughly worked out. It is a thousand pities that a lady possessed of such distinguished abilities should not pause in her career and count the cost of a course of study that would secure honours which her present practice can never bring. Nevertheless the present drawing is an advance upon its predecessors.—The case of Mr. Bouvier, too, is, as a physician would say, one which requires care. This artist seems to labour under an infirmity of drawing which threatens his figures with nothing short of physical dissolution. It is quite distressing to think of the malformed anatomies which the dainty draperies of this artist conceal and adorn. We suppose, however, that painters have reason to persist in practices which are found to please the public. If purchasers do not look after anatomies, why should an artist care for any such unmarketable technicalities? Thus fancy-delighting Mr. Bouvier goes on his way rejoicing, and expects his admirers will ask no questions simply for conscience' sake. For ourselves, we confess to a weakness for the sentimental prettiness of this painter's 'Coquette,' for the Grecian grace of 'Myrtëa,' and the refined beauty of 'La Tarantella.' Let us admit, by way of a set-off to our strictures, that the little *débutante* in the last of these drawings is of an action and intent all but faultless. Mr. Bouvier seems smitten with the Art-style of Greek vases, and we sympathise in his love; only he would do well to remember that the outlines of the Greeks, of our own Flaxman, and even of Stothard, were for the most part correct. It implies no slight praise, however, that the designs of Mr. Bouvier recall the sentiment of Flaxman's drawings in the London University, which surely exert but too little influence on the artists of the present day.

Mr. Louis Haghe has not for many years been in such force as in this exhibition. Here are no fewer than seven drawings, of which one half are large and thronged with figures, incidents, and details. The execution may not always be free from clumsiness, and occasionally a figure will not bear the close inspection it invites; but for the most part such historic interiors, venerable for age and ancestral pedigree, the abode of noble families, the scene where memorable deeds were of yore enacted, have by no painter been more truthfully transcribed than by Louis Haghe. This artist carries the mind back to the historic period, and peoples a decayed tenement, stone carved and tapestry hung, with the life and intrigue of its quondam tenants. Such are the pictures which Mr. Haghe gives us of 'La Salle du Franc de Bruges,' and 'Le Bureau de Bienfaisance, Ghent.' His other drawings may be more pretentious, but in this particular line of historic architecture Mr. Haghe stands without rival.—Mr. Wehnert, another honoured name within these walls, is not at his best. 'Shylock and Jessica' is a subject singularly ill-favoured by the artist. The composition is as clumsy as the manipulation. 'Morning Light,' a girl in slight attire, sanctified by devotion at her bed-side, is not nearly so attractive as the description would imply; yet the execution is skilful and careful. A small figure, 'Weaving a Web,' is the artist's happiest drawing. We hope yet to see Mr. Wehnert's thoughts directed to less trivial themes.

Miss Emily Farmer's drawings last year won an admiration which the works of this season do not forfeit. Yet we own to a little disappointment in such efforts as 'The Magic Swan' and 'The Passing Cloud.' The sentiment is not otherwise than pleasing, the execution is smooth, and all the detail has been carefully carried out. Yet surely the colour is but sickly, and the effect wants the force which a little of nature's ruggedness would impart.—We are glad to report progress on behalf of certain new associates, such as Cattermole, Green, Thomas, Lucas, and Kilburne. Mr. Cattermole has in good degree rectified the errors we last year pointed out; his drawing is no longer marred by carelessness; in short, his pictures are every way more mature. Mr. C. Green takes for his text the common-place sentiment—

> "Where is any author in the world
> Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?"

Surely the institute must keep a poet on the premises, so rich and varied is the catalogue in choicest specimens of this manufactured commodity. However, Mr. C. Green manages to make a better picture than might have been expected. The composition is well put together, the incident is close upon the text, and the colour is sufficiently warm for the sentiment. Yet this young artist had better be careful of the pranks he plays: his pictures display an erratic fancy. Mr. W. Lucas tells a plain unvarnished tale in a simple way; he is occasionally a little dark, and even black in his shadows, and from this cause his figures fail to blend with the background. 'Words of Comfort,' and other like works, bear out this criticism. In character and detail Mr. Lucas is truth itself. The importance of maintaining between a figure and its background due relation and relief, finds illustration in G. G. Kilburne's admirable drawing 'A Labour of Love.' There is that quiet keeping in the tones and colours, that careful balance of light and shade, which bring to the eye the satisfaction of perfect repose. The treatment of the slightly decorated wall behind the figure is exquisite. Each fold of the drapery, too, and every accessory in the composition, has received thought. If Mr. Kilburne can keep up to this mark his success will be unbroken. Mr. Luson Thomas, another acquisition to the institute, shows thorough student work. There is no artist more scrupulous in drawing or exact in detail. Yet 'Blue Bells,' and one or two other similar works, fall short of satisfactory result by an over-scattered touch, which refuses to fall into subordination and unity. The colour, too, especially in the greens and blues, is a little abrupt and crude. An interior by this artist, 'Little Dorrit's Story,' which does not involve the difficult detail of landscape accessories, proves more satisfactory. The work is both clever and careful.

We will devote the remainder of our space to landscapes, the two styles whereof—landscapes of effect and landscapes of detail—are well represented in the gallery. In the former class the foremost rank is usurped by Mr. Rowbotham. This artist probably heard, some time in his life, that in Italy skies were cloudless, seas blue, autumns golden, and accordingly ever since he has given to the world lovely ideal pictures made by this simple receipt. The thought, it must be admitted, is a little overdone: for example, we have never in Italy chanced to see shadows quite so blue. Mr. Leitch throws around Italy somewhat the same halo of romance. 'Lago Maggiore' he makes bright and lively; his figures, however, are feeble. Mr. Telbin is accustomed to paint for footlights and a pit audience; thus his clever manner, when transferred to this gallery, savours of stage extravagance. Mr. Charles Vacher in 'Egypt' is another artist who trusts more to poetry of effect than plain literal fact. The valley of the Nile, no doubt, is difficult of pictorial conquest; even David Roberts, though he overran the country like Cambyses, scarcely took possession. Charles Vacher's best sustained effort is at 'Dendera.' Solemnity he has given to the scene through shadow. Egypt, indeed, is singularly shadowless, shelterless, and treeless; hence, in some measure, the difficulty of pictorial treatment. Mr. Vacher has wisely availed himself of the veil of twilight. Mr. Carl Werner, who, on the whole, has shown greater mastery over the "exhaustless East" than any other artist, shirks not difficulties. His effect is as strong as strong can be, yet never does he use shadow as a cloak to cover want of material. This artist's drawing, 'The Entrance-gate to the Carnac Temple,' is, for photographic truth, matchless. It would, indeed, be interesting to know whether, in the making of these illusive transcripts, lenses of any kind are called in aid. It is usually said that Canaletto used cameras. We see no indication, however, of Mr. Werner having been indebted to such expedients. Yet in that marvellous drawing, the plain of 'Thebes,' how was it possible to sit under that burning sun? We have, as an amateur, attempted sketching on this very spot, and the heat was simply insupportable. It must be admitted that this drawing of 'Thebes' is in every sense a triumph.

The remaining Members and Associates have for the most part obtained their usual measure of success. To this general rule, however, we are sorry to make Mr. Bennett an exception. He has not improved his style by the transfer of his sketching ground from Windsor forest to the Wetterhorn. He fails of the force and grandeur inherent to Switzerland. As for Mr. Campion's 'Mountains above Chillon,' the snow upon them seems to have been plastered on with a trowel. Mr. McKewan is another painter who is not at home in these regions; he may be seen to better advantage in 'The Valley of Desolation' over which he throws soul-moving harmonies. Mr. Reed is another artist scarcely this year at his best, but it must be admitted that even Mr. Reed's second best is all but first-rate. And certainly, in the grand drawing of 'Llyn-Cwm—Fynan,' the artist manifests his accustomed purpose and power. Mr. Philp has a ragged touch and scattered manner, but in 'Cornish Headlands' he gains truth, beauty, and harmony of colour in sky, sea, and cliff. Mr. Mole exhibits some prettily dotted works; but it is a pity that the paper which receives 'The Mussel Gatherers' has been sicklied over with quite so pale a cast of green. Mr. Chase exhibits some careful drawings—'Recollections of Antwerp,' for example, which would be improved, however, by more force and character. The sheep of Mr. Shalders are always in capital fleece, but his landscapes do not share a like health or vigour. Yet that wide expanse, the valley of 'The Tees,' studded with wood, is certainly skilfully treated. An eye so curious of nature's infinite detail seldom seeks unity in composition or grandeur in distance.

Our closing paragraph shall be a pleasing chronicle of progress. Mr. Skinner Prout, for example, was never seen to such advantage as in the drawing of the well-known porch of the Frauen-Kirche, Nuremberg. The rude, sturdy rendering of the Gothic figures, and the crumbling surface and substance of the stone, recall the best manner of the elder Prout. The most successful drawing we have yet observed by W. W. Deane is also here present in that Sala of the Scuola di San Rocco, which contains Tintoret's celebrated picture, 'The Crucifixion.' The manner in which the artist has here indicated, by a mere sketch, that vast and grand composition, and yet kept the colour in its place upon the wall, deserves no stinted commendation. To repeat accustomed praise of the detailed landscape studies of Mr. Warren the younger, were certainly superfluous. Yet we would say that his 'Haunt of the Fallow Deer,' in the blending and uniting of detail, and in the reconciliation of complimentary colours, which in previous works have stood conflicting and crude, proves that Mr. Warren has learnt to add knowledge to dexterity. The excess of opaque is also here less than commonly obnoxious. Mr. Mogford, a newly-elected Associate, shows himself a loving student of nature; detailed facts in his drawings are mellowed by the genial warmth of poetry. Mr. D'Egville, too, casts over a quiet scene a gentle harmony of colour. Yet to this sensitive and subtle rendering of landscape-loveliness, Mr. Hine, perhaps, brings still deeper feeling. His 'View near Winchelsea' comes close to nature's inner sentiment and thought. 'On the Beach at Brighton, Gale breaking,' also by Mr. Hine, is excellent in life and motion, and felicitous in poetic thought. In fine, we have said sufficient to show that this gallery, notwithstanding certain sins against simple truth and correct taste, contains salt of a wholesome savour, which will preserve the institute for years yet to come in health and life, and especially as the taste for collecting water-colour paintings is greatly on the increase.

LADY-ARTISTS IN ROME.

ROME, *March*, 1866.

OF the lady-artists in Rome, less is known than should be. One or two, indeed, of distinguished talents have made themselves a name, and Miss Hosmer is supposed by the world to represent a sex whose genius is eminently adapted to sculptural or pictorial Art. Yet we have a fair constellation here of twelve stars of greater or lesser magnitude, who shed their soft and humanising influence on a profession which has done so much for the refinement and civilisation of man. Across the broad Atlantic most of these ladies have come; one or two from Russia, one from England, and apart from the sympathy which is awakened by this obedience to the impulses of their genius, a sentiment of chivalry compels us to regard with ever increasing interest the gentler ones of our race who have left home and friends to breathe life into their fair conceptions in the studios of Rome. Amidst difficulties common to the artist, peculiar to the woman, they struggle on from year to year, decorating whatever they touch, and creating forms of grace and beauty which are destined to refine and embellish many a home. Their history is as varied as their talents. Some of stronger mental fibre have come to Rome impelled by love of enterprise as well as by love of Art. Some of a gentler mould are scarcely known beyond the precincts of the rooms where from day to day they watch the growth of the delicate creations of their imagination. Some too, on whom fortune has frowned, are now devoting the tastes which they had formed and delighted in as an elegant *passatempe*, to the support of their independence; and one, a mere girl, has left her Indian wigwam to show in this great nursery of Art that God, who is no respecter of persons, has not set *His* mark, at least, on the coloured race.

Mrs. Freeman, to whom for obvious reasons we give precedence, is an English lady by birth, an American by marriage. Twenty years of her life have been spent in Rome, eight or nine of which have been devoted to sculpture in the round. Her *genre* is that of "Putti" (children), and as if to supply the want of that which has been denied to her, she throws all the tenderness of her woman nature into the pretty marble statuettes and heads which she creates. Who that has seen it will forget her 'Sleeping Nelly,' an idea taken from that inimitable character of Dickens in the "Old Curiosity Shop?" Poor, deserted Nelly, deserted by all but Providence, lies extended on her rough mattrass, while guardian angels are watching at her pillow. This, one of her earliest works, is in the possession of Mr. Terry. Very similar in character are the 'Princes Sleeping in the Tower,' all unconscious of the danger which menaces them, a group executed for Mr. Bowring. Pretty little statuettes, too, and ideal and portrait heads have been made by Mrs. Freeman; but her *capo lavoro*, perhaps, is a vase, not a commission, intended to be cast in bronze. In twenty-four figures in relief she describes a Bacchanalian feast, all of them children frolicking in the full gaiety of youth, some dancing, some playing on musical instruments. Vine leaves and grapes fill up the intervals, while the pedestal is formed of three children who appear to have yielded to the soporific influences of the jolly god.

Miss Freeman, a relative of the lady of whom we have just spoken, is a recent arrival in Rome, and we can speak of her therefore only in the language of hope. Yet she has executed, or is executing, two ideal works which merit commendation. One is an Indian Musician, taken from Longfellow's "Hiawatha." He has a flute in his left hand, the notes of which are suspended, while he listens to the music among the reeds. Another work is a half figure of Saldaphon, also taken from Longfellow, catching the sounds of prayer as they arrive from earth and converting them into flowers.

Miss Freeman is an American citizen by birth, as is Miss Foley, whose *genre* is portrait or ideal heads in relief. This lady, who has now been four years in Rome, began life as a teacher in a school. Some of the girls brought her one day a number of "clay stones," from one of which she cut the head of an Indian, that created a great sensation: it was thus the germ of her talent was developed and her path in life determined. Her first efforts were made as a sculptress of round; afterwards she devoted herself to cutting cameos, and to this she owes perhaps the great delicacy and precision which mark all her works. She has executed many heads, ideal or portraits, among the former of which particularly to be noted is a very fine head of Jeremiah in illustration of the passage, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" It has been ordered by some ladies in New York for a mural ornament in a church. A medallion head of a young girl of Albano has been executed by Miss Foley nine times. The *Zanoni* of Bulwer is another of her *chef-d'œuvres*, and she has just returned from America with casts of heads of Longfellow, Sumner, N. C. Bryant, and John Ward Howel, which she is commissioned to execute in marble. A beautiful group, already designed, will be Christ and the Sparrow, taken from Longfellow's "Golden Legend." Miss Foley's portraits are remarkable not only for their fidelity, but for that delicacy of finish which woman alone perhaps can give.

Of Miss Hosmer, an American lady, it is unnecessary to say much, so well known is this clever artist to the British as well as to the American public. She arrived in Rome about twelve or thirteen years since, and studied for some time under the great master Gibson, of whom she was a favourite pupil. One of the first, if not the first, of her sex who adopted the profession of sculptor in the Eternal City, Miss Hosmer excited not a little curiosity, and later as much admiration, by the elegance of her designs, and the cleverness of her execution. Her 'Puck' on a mushroom, which has been often repeated, was one of her earliest successes. 'Zenobia' added much to her reputation; but to our mind none of her works has greater or so much merit as her 'Sleeping Faun.' The ease of position, the perfect *abandon* of the figure are wonderfully given, and we are half disposed to step lightly lest we may disturb the slumber so graphically described. At present Miss Hosmer is modelling, as a companion to it, the 'Waking Faun.' A youngster of the same family is seated on the ground by his side, and, taking advantage of the somnolency of his parent, has managed to bind him; but the Faun suddenly awakes, breaks his bonds, and seizes the young delinquent by the hair. Another work now nearly completed, by the same artist, is a Fountain, a commission for Lady Marianne Alford, who was one of the first to appreciate and patronise Miss Hosmer. The basin of the Fountain is formed of a series of large shells, from the centre of which rises a pedestal bearing on the summit a Syren. Round the base of the pedestal are three water-sprites, seated on dolphins, each little chubby face being turned upwards, or in a listening attitude, to catch a glimpse of the being who is discoursing such sweet melody. Graceful in design, the entire group, so far as we can judge of it in its present state, bids fair to be one of the most finished works of the fair artist.

From the same country as Miss Hosmer, is Miss Edmonia Lewis, a coloured lady, whose sex, extreme youth, and colour invite our warmest sympathies. Born of an Indian mother, and a Negro father, she passed the first twelve years of her life in the wilds, fishing, hunting, swimming, and making mocassins. Her love of sculpture was first shown on her seeing a statue of Franklin. "I will make something like that," she said to a benevolent gentleman who engaged an artistic friend in New York to permit her to visit his studio. Then she had some clay given her, and the model of an infant's foot, which she imitated so well as to merit praise and encouragement. "I often longed to return to the wilds," she said, "but my love of sculpture forbade it;" and here she is alone, a simple girl of twenty-three years of age, struggling against the prejudice entertained towards her race, and competing with the finished masters of the Art. As she has been here only two months, she has not much to show. A bust of Colonel Shaw, who commanded the first coloured regiment ever formed, is a meritorious work, and has been ordered by the family of the brave colonel who died fighting for his country. Another bust, of Mr. Dionysius Lewis, of New York, is nearly completed as a commission. The first ideal work of our young artist is a freed woman falling on her knees, and with clasped hands and uplifted eyes thanking God for the blessings of liberty. She has not forgotten her people, and this early dedication of her genius to their cause is honourable to her feelings. Two other groups, the design of which are taken from Longfellow's Minchaha, are nearly modelled. They represent first Hiawatha coming to the wigwam of his love, and laying down a deer at her feet, in token of an offer of marriage, and secondly, Hiawatha leading away his chosen bride: "So hand in hand they went."

Amongst the latest arrivals in Rome, is Miss Jane Morgan, a native of county Cork. In 1851, when a mere child, she received her first lessons in drawing under R. R. Scanlan, head master of the Cork Government School of Design, and afterwards continued her studies in the school and studio of J. R. Kirk, R.H.A., Dublin. Miss Morgan has received many medals and prizes from the Science and Art Department of the South Kensington Museum. In 1860, she received in Dublin the Taylor Prize for a life-size figure of Nourmahal—in 1865, she exhibited in Dublin a life-size statue (portrait), entitled 'Thought,' so that her antecedents promise a successful career. Miss Morgan is now executing an ideal bust illustrative of Moore's beautiful melody, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," and though we do not think the "idea" can be fully embodied in a bust, the work is very lovely. A copy of the Ariadne of the Vatican, executed by this lady, was lately sold in England.

Miss Stebbings is another of our fair cousins from across the Atlantic. She first visited Rome eight years ago without any intention of pursuing Art as a profession, but the *genius loci* overpowered her, and now she is one of her most graceful lady artists.

Among our non-professional sculptresses, yet deserving a high rank in the register, are Mrs. Cholmelay, and Miss Lloyd, a finished singer who delights half Rome during the season with her sweet voice, and an elegant painter. Mrs. Cholmelay has won the approbation of our most eminent sculptors, by the spirit of her designs, and the grace of her execution. Her bust of Gibson, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1865, was much approved by the great master, and by many is considered to be the best likeness of him which remains. Miss Lloyd is less known—she has confined herself to representations of animals, and with perseverance might obtain considerable success. Few are the ladies in Rome who have devoted themselves to the sister Art of painting. Form rather than colour appears to attract the fair sex; yet there are several worthy to be noted, who, coming as visitors, have yielded to the artistic influence of the place, and have continued to reside among us, beautifying the canvas they touch.

Miss Latilla, a niece of Mrs. Freeman, English by birth, almost American by adoption, has now been established in Rome for three years. Her little cabinet portraits are charming; the "Putti" which her aunt creates in marble, she calls into life in colour, and the correctness of the likeness is as great as is the beauty of sentiment and expression she imparts to them.

The Misses Williams are spending their fourth winter in Rome, transferring to the canvas the pretty sketches which they have made during their travels in Southern Italy and Sicily. A view of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples is a faithful picture of that transcendently lovely landscape. Capri from the Pine Grove of Massa rises up in all the majesty of its beauty. There are several large and striking views of and from Tauriominia in Sicily which intensify the desire of the wanderer to see with his own eyes the bold, and at the same time lovely, scenery of that bewitching island. The interior of an Italian kitchen is clever, and perhaps might awaken a curiosity to try its delicacies. But in no paintings have the two American sisters succeeded so well as in the representation of their majestic rivers, little enclosed peeps, embowered in woods which are blushing with the rich colouring of the deep autumnal tints.

Of amateur lady painters who have their studios in Rome, and we believe are competitors for public favour, Miss Farrell, English, and Miss Kabalyne, Russian, must not be omitted. The last-named lady especially has considerable talent, and were she to devote herself professionally to her Art might attain considerable eminence. We do not speak of the artists of a winter, those who take a studio for a few months and give themselves up to dominant passion for a time. Those whom we have noted are permanent residents, and by the grace of their designs, and the precision of their execution, they have made a name among us, and added another crown of glory to their sex. The notices which we have communicated are far from doing justice to these gifted ladies; indeed, all that we pretend to do is to invite attention to their works, and the winter idler in Rome will find ample compensation for the time and labour he may spend in visiting the studios of the lady-artists.

H. W.

SELECTED PICTURES.

IN THE COLLECTION OF DAVID PRICE, ESQ., REGENT'S PARK.

BIRD-CATCHERS.

W. Hemsley, Painter. R. Brandard, Engraver.

Had this artist lived half a century ago, and painted then as he does now, he would have stood a good chance of occupying a better place on the roll of fame than the critics of the present day, generally, assign him. There were men at that time who had gained academical honours without so just a claim to them as Mr. Hemsley has shown. If his name does not now stand forward as prominently as some others, it is less because his works are undeserving of a conspicuous place in public esteem, than that in the race after distinction he has had to contend with very many competitors, two or three of whom have managed to distance him.

It is only to record the titles of some of Mr. Hemsley's works, to indicate the kind of subject to which his pencil is devoted. Take, for example, his 'Young Shrimpers,' 'A Pinch from Granny's Box,' 'The Truant Defeated,' 'A Village School,' 'Sunday Morning—a New Hat,' 'The Start—one, two, three, and away!' 'The Dangerous Playmate,' 'The Burning-glass,' &c., &c. These remind us of what Mulready, Webster, and Wilkie have done, as to subject: they are leaves, so to speak, taken out of their sketch-books, yet not surreptitiously abstracted, nor dishonestly made use of.

The 'Bird-catchers' is a very long way from being even a second-class picture, either in composition or in execution; the story is well told, and the characters are clearly developed, notwithstanding they are only a group of country boys and children. The three elder boys are evidently partners in the snaring expedition; their nets are spread out, and two of them anxiously watch a "covey" of small game in the sky above, which one is endeavouring to entice downwards by whistling. But the hopes of success are in danger of disappointment from intruders, whose path across the meadow would lead right over the scene of action. This interruption of the sport cannot be permitted, and so one of the trio steps forward, and with threats of instant punishment warns the trespassers from proceeding. No one would question the character of that young tyrant; his looks pronounce him to be the bully among his companions, and, in all probability, the terror of all the mothers in the parish for his belligerent propensities. His opponent, as we must call him, does not, however, appear to be much daunted by the threat; and were it not for the little terrified sister he carries in his arms, we would wager he would do battle for his right, and win it too. The elder sister, timidly "holding on" by her brother, is a pretty impersonation of a country child.

Everywhere throughout this picture is abundant evidence of careful study, not alone in the character themselves, but also in all the accessories: the dresses are as natural in their quality and "fit" as the actual material of which they are made, and the landscape is bright and fresh with the beauty of a summer morning. The work belongs to the same gentleman—David Price, Esq.—to whom we were indebted for permission to engrave Mr. Hook's 'Passing Cloud,' in the volume of our Journal for last year.

LECTURES ON SCULPTURE,

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

BY RICHARD WESTMACOTT, ESQ., R.A.

Mr. Westmacott, Professor of Sculpture, delivered, during the past winter, before the students of the Royal Academy, his accustomed course of lectures. He commenced by a tribute to the memory of two illustrious Academicians recently deceased. When the lecturer was himself a young man in Rome, he found both Eastlake and Gibson already established, not as students, but as artists in the receipt of commissions. Sir Charles Eastlake, as president of the Academy, combined the accomplishments of a scholar with the feelings and the habits of a gentleman. The languages of Europe were at his command, his public addresses were finished in style. Every sentence and word was carefully considered. Well grounded knowledge of the principles and the practice of his art, combined with manners peculiarly conciliatory, qualified him for the position he held. In Sir Charles Eastlake they all felt they had a president who worthily maintained the rights and dignity of the Academy. John Gibson, of humble origin, without education, and destitute of means, was the maker of his own fortune. All that energy and devotion to his art could compass, that he attained. At the age of thirty Gibson, partly for economy, but principally as the best means of prosecuting his studies, took up his residence in Rome, where, in immediate contact with the masterpieces of ancient sculpture, he lived in the atmosphere of Art and enjoyed free communion with the artists of all countries. That Mr. Gibson's works were well studied all will admit, but wanting large comprehension of mind, he was content to imitate the Greeks, and to repeat the traditions of a by-gone age. The lecturer bid the students to reflect on the career of these two eminent Academicians, and go and do likewise.

Mr. Westmacott insisted on the advantages to the sculptor of a liberal education. Art is not a mere technical pursuit; a classical dictionary will not enable the student to realise the spirit in which the great masters worked. A prejudice has sometimes been entertained against learning, but Leonardo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, were poets, engineers, and accomplished in every imaginable way, and the greatest works of these and other artists have been ever executed under the immediate direction of the intellect. Art, it is true, is a language, and drawing and modelling serve as instruments of speech, but unless an artist in a well-stored mind have acquired something to talk about, his works will be but words. The highest manifestation of Art consists in beauty of thought and of feeling. There have been schools of sculpture, such, for example, as those of Bernini and Roubilliac, perfect in technical manipulation. The works of these men were *tours de force*; they treated the marble as if it were plastic; the flying draperies they cut in stone were prodigies; their facility of handling was most fascinating, and yet who would venture to hold up such figures as examples to the student? In contrast, the works of the Greeks are of a beauty simple and pure, and may be used as tuning-forks to keep the mind in tone. But the happy conditions under which such models of excellence were produced the lecturer feared would never again be realised. We moderns can only venture to show a face or a hand, and the rest of the body is made up of coat, waistcoat, boots, and breeches! Surely the statue of a well-dressed English man or woman can boast nothing in common with Apollo, Mars, or Venus.

The groundwork of all true Art must be nature—that is, nature in her normal condition, unmarred by accident, age, disease, or passion. There have been schools, indeed, which carefully studied varicose veins and other deformities, the contemplation of such works made the lecturer bilious. Mr. Westmacott then proceeded to thank God that the attempt to colour sculpture, which implied the confusion of sculpture with painting, and form with colour, must die out. He trusted that the students would



be prevented by their good taste from indulging in this obnoxious error. Of the future career of sculpture in this country he confessed he was almost ready to despair. The time may however possibly come when a fresh impulse shall be given to the art. But how this may happen it is not very easy to see. Greek sculpture was a thing exclusively of its own time. Neither Romans, middle age Italians, nor artists in modern times, can reproduce Greek works with vitality. A mere fragment of ancient Art proves our modern attempts to be only mechanical. A student when he takes clay in hand should be moved by ardour which will impart to his forms life and feeling. In youth he must master all schools, especially the Greek, and then when he grows old he will have learnt to work by the same principles and to love the like beauty.

Mr. Westmacott's second lecture was discursive,—a reiteration in some measure of the first. He commenced by saying he wished to state something more pointed on imitation and execution. He could not impress too strongly upon students the value of exact imitation. Art is a language, and form the only mode of expression. Nothing could be of greater consequence to a student than the power of exact imitation, first, because it is the means of expression, and next, because it demands careful attention, an exact eye, and a ready hand. The lecturer specially advised students to copy literally the objects put before them. What has been called idealising is so difficult even to experienced men, that the experiment cannot for a student prove satisfactory. Mr. Westmacott related that when a young man he took lessons of Mr. Mulready, and he well recollected the advice he received was to copy closely the model in its merits, and not waste his time in elaboration of its defects. The Royal Academy enjoins at the outset drawing from the antique, because a statue is stationary, and embodies the best type of the human form. Afterwards, when the student is transferred to the Life Class, he discovers that Greek sculpture is indeed nature. An artist who desires to attain excellence will have to contend with many difficulties. The works of God we call Nature, the works of man, Art, and it is the function of the sculptor out of Nature to create Art. It is the duty of the student to acquire the knowledge of fine and beautiful ideas. The learner cannot always remain in leading strings, and when he leaves the Academy and enters the world, he will learn that every object of the senses is not of necessity an object of Art. The sculptor need not invent new forms; let him discriminate and select that which is beautiful. In this way the real artist is distinguished from the mere mechanist. The principle of beauty lasts for ever; deformity is transitory: the Theseus still endures, even when empires have passed away. All the works, indeed, which make a name, are founded on the immutable laws of beauty, and touch not the blemishes which pertain to disease and misfortune. The desire of popularity will sometimes seduce a student from the right way: the man who would survive his age must have a nobler motive. The artist should aspire to become a teacher—a leader of public taste. It is to be lamented that our universities do not instruct in the principles of Art, therefore the higher classes fall victims to pretenders. Of late years the Government schools have led to some improvement in the Art-education of the people; but it is to be regretted that attention has been too exclusively directed to the designing of mere pots and pans. In France Art-education is more general, and develops the mental faculties. The lecturer proceeded in a cursory manner to state what he meant by over-elaborate execution. It is important to bear in mind that sculpture relies on actual form and fact. Painting which gives the appearance of forms and facts, adds also chiaroscuro, colour, linear and aërial perspective. Sculpture cannot represent sunlight, or introduce into the background a mountain twenty miles distant. But Nature works on a scale so vast as to give relative value to all objects. The lecturer then referred to various figures in elucidation of the principles he had sought to inculcate. The Theseus, the Apollo, and the Venus of Milo, had the merit of not being over-elaborated. The pictorial treatment in the famed gates of Ghiberti was fascinating, but false. The pictures of David had the fault of looking like statues; in fact, what is a merit in one art, often becomes a demerit in another art. A student will soon find how many things there are to consider. Art is called Art to distinguish it from Nature. A sculptor must know how to modify, arrange, and treat his subject. Without genius a man by industry may become a successful imitator, but scarcely a great artist. The lecturer again warned his hearers against the danger of pandering to popular taste. The student should not think of what will be popular, what may catch the eye when hung in the print shops, he should not seek after forms eccentric or strange, he should not strive to create a sensation; he should not in any of these ways sell himself a slave to the public. The Art which has claims to poetry is not only noble in itself, but abundant in resource. Nature seeks to elevate all her forms. Even the most squalid groups at the corners of streets may receive a gleam of light which shall impart beauty, so true is it that the darkest cloud has its silver edge. The work which lays hold on the affections, confers honour on the sculptor and his art.

J. B. A.

OBITUARY.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

THE most painful duty devolving upon the conductor of a public journal is that of recording the loss, by death, of those to whose labours he has been long and largely indebted. A deeper and more heart-felt sadness, however, accompanies the task, and continues long after its fulfilment, when the stroke of death severs not only the literary connection but a warm mutual personal friendship extending over many years. It is under such influences that we sit down to write a sketch of the life and works of Frederick William Fairholt, whose decease, on the 3rd of April, was briefly announced last month at the end of a paper which, we believe, was the last he penned.

He was born in London about the year 1813. His father, a native of Prussia, had settled in the metropolis, where he was engaged in business as a tobacco manufacturer, and naturally desired his son should follow some commercial pursuit. But so strong was the boy's aversion to trade, and so intense his love of Art and literature, that it was found impossible to draw him away from the latter. It does not, however, appear that he received any education to qualify him especially for either artistic or literary work. Mr. Fairholt was in every way, so far as we have always heard him speak of himself, a self-educated man. The early tendency of his mind towards old books and antiquarianism generally was shown in two papers, contributed when he was about fifteen years of age, to Hone's "Year Book," published in 1831. They are entitled, "Curiosities and Secrets of Nature," and consist of extracts, with a few commentary remarks, from an old and scarce volume then in his possession, called "The Magick of Kirani, King of Persia, and of Harpocration."

When a young man, Mr. Fairholt attempted to get into practice as a drawing-master and scene-painter; but he soon found more congenial employment, though his theatrical connections and his taste for costumes and pageants made the representation of the drama an agreeable source of amusement to him so long as health permitted him to frequent the play-house. We have often heard him relate some humorous anecdotes of the green-room and the scene-painter's "studio." The occupation to which he next devoted himself was that of a draughtsman on wood. Some pen-and-ink drawings he made of figures in Hogarth's well-known plates, led to his being engaged by the late Mr. John Jackson to copy, for Mr. Charles Knight's "Penny Magazine," the whole series of Hogarth's designs. These works were executed so satisfactorily that Mr. Knight employed him in a similar way on several other publications,—the "Pictorial Bible," "Pictorial Shakspere," "Pictorial History of England," "Palestine," &c. &c.

From the commencement of the *Art-Journal* in 1839 down to the last month, scarcely a number has appeared which has not contained some contribution either from his pen or his pencil, or both united. The works by which he will always be the most extensively known originally appeared in our pages. A chronological list of the principal subjects he both wrote of and illustrated for this Journal are the following, with the dates of their publication:—"British Costume," in 1842-3-4; "Boots and Shoes in England," and "Head Coverings in England," in 1845; "Antique Forms as applicable to British Manufactures," and "Ancient Carriages," in 1847; "Ancient Ships," in 1849; "Dictionary of Terms in Art," 1850-1-2; "Albert Durer, his Works," &c., in 1855; "Marks of Potters," and "Marks of Gold and Silversmiths," in 1855-6; "Dutch Artists and Scenery," 1856; "Artists' Marks," 1856; "Tombs of British Artists," in 1858; "Rambles of an Archæologist among Old Books and in Old Places," in 1861; "Ancient Rings and Brooches," in 1866.

The numerous illustrations which accompanied the various series of papers contributed by Mr. T. Wright to our Journal were all drawn by Mr. Fairholt. They include, "Domestic Manners of the English during the Middle Ages," published in 1851-2-3-4; "Domestic Games and Amusements in the Middle Ages," which appeared in 1859; and "The History of Caricature and Grotesque in Art," published in 1863-4. It will be evident to all who are acquainted with these illustrated writings, that an immense amount of diligent research as well as of antiquarian knowledge and artistic skill must have been expended on the thousands of woodcuts which tend to enhance the value of these literary works by elucidating the subjects treated. And in making this remark we allude as well to what Mr. Fairholt himself wrote as to those papers of which Mr Wright was the author.

Turning from Mr. Fairholt's labours in our service—and the above enumeration shows how long and assiduously he gave to us his most valuable aid—we must now notice what he did for others. Among the antiquarian subjects in which he felt special interest was that of collecting ancient coins; he made a vast number of drawings of these objects, and engraved them also, for the Numismatic Society and for Hawkins's "History of our Silver Coinage." So accurate were both his eye and hand from long practice that latterly he would frequently engrave a coin without having previously sketched it upon the metal, etching it at once from the original upon the copper. In 1843 he wrote "A History of Old Civic Pageantry," which was published by the Percy Society, to whose volumes he subsequently contributed several other papers, chiefly on ancient unpublished poetry. In 1848 he appeared as the

editor of an edition, with notes and biography, of the dramatic works of Lilly, the Euphuist, one of the most remarkable authors of the reign of Elizabeth. Two or three years previously to this he was appointed draughtsman to the British Archæological Association, whose early volumes of "Transactions" are enriched with many of his engravings; but he long since resigned both his office and membership. Among other works of antiquarian character illustrated by him, we may mention Mr. C. Roach Smith's "History of Richborough," and his "Roman London; Faussett's "Inventorium Sepulchrale;" and the late Lord Londesborough's "Miscellanea Graphica," for which his lordship engaged Mr. Fairholt to execute the whole of the drawings and engravings. To Mr. Halliwell's costly and magnificent edition of "Shakspeare," sixteen large folio volumes, he contributed, with a few exceptions, all the plates and woodcuts, a task which occupied much of his time during a period of thirteen years. He was often engaged on other Shakspearian illustrations, and has left behind him a large and valuable collection of sketches and notes connected with the topography of Stratford-on-Avon and the life and works of the great poet. To the writings of Mr. T. Wright, already noticed as illustrated by Mr. Fairholt, must be added the "Archæological Album" and the "Wanderings of an Antiquary."

The late Lord Londesborough's personal esteem for Mr. Fairholt, no less than the value he set upon his antiquarian knowledge, may be inferred from the fact of his becoming, a few years since, travelling companion to his lordship in the south of France; and, at a subsequent date, to his lordship's eldest son, with whom he went twice through Egypt and Nubia. From notes made during these two eastern journeys, Mr. Fairholt wrote an interesting book, entitled, "Up the Nile and Home Again."

Another of his published works, one of his latest, is "Tobacco; its Theory and Associations; including an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture, with its Modes of Use in all Ages and Countries;" an amusing book, illustrated by its author with a hundred woodcuts, many of them most quaint and curious. We stated that he was the son of a tobacco manufacturer, and in a passage from the dedication chapter of his volume, addressed to his friend Mr. C. Roach Smith, he thus alludes to the days of his boyhood:—"You, who know my early history, will feel no surprise at my choice of subject. Born in London, and never having been out of sight of St. Paul's until I had reached my twenty-second year, the tobacco-warehouse, where my father worked, became my playground; and my first remembrances are of rolling in the tobacco-leaf as country children would roll in a hayfield, and playing at 'hide-and-seek' in the empty barrels. In after years, when I helped my father to manufacture many hundred pounds of tobacco-leaf, I little thought my pen and pencil would be called into use over a book like this. I am willing to think, however, that the peculiarities of my early training have here been of use." But it was not a propensity to indulge in the "noxious weed," as tobacco has been called, that made him select it as the subject of a book, for he was no smoker, though, as he remarks in a subsequent paragraph of the preface, "I have no narrow notions on a pleasure in which I cannot participate."

From this brief summary of Mr. Fairholt's literary and artistic life, none would presume to speak of him as an idle man. His whole career was, in truth, one of diligent, useful, and honourable employment; constantly adding to his own stock of knowledge, and dispensing to others, through the medium of pen and pencil, what he had himself acquired. His mind was ardently set upon antiquarian pursuits within a certain, but by no means a limited, range; and he followed these out vigorously, and to good purpose for his own reputation and for the instruction of others. Free from the cares and anxieties too often attending the married state,—he used jocularly to speak of himself as an "unappropriated blessing" when alluding to his bachelor's condition,—there was nothing to distract his thoughts from the work he loved, and nothing to hold back his hand so long as it could hold pen and pencil, from actively engaging in it. Well stored as was his mind with antiquarian information, he rarely intruded his opinions upon others, unless appealed to, or when in the company of his intimate friends and associates, and then without the slightest pedantry or affectation—qualities which had no part in a character singularly unassuming, void of pretence, kind, gentle, and upright. Keenly alive to the ridiculous, he possessed a fund of humour which his familiar acquaintances and his brethren of the Noviomagian Society—a convivial society composed of certain members of the Antiquarian Society—will long remember, and the latter miss, at their future meetings.

Dr. Johnson was not more wedded to the streets of London than was our deceased friend and fellow-labourer, who, though an excellent landscape-draughtsman, saw more to delight him in the bricks and mortar of our huge metropolis, than in the finest scenery that England or any other country can boast. The walk from St. Paul's to Charing Cross, with deviations from the direct route into the side streets, had greater charms for him than wood and valley, lake and mountain. We have heard him, when he chanced to be in the country, vow vengeance against the nightingales, because they disturbed his nightly slumbers, and aver that a green lane should be *paved* to make it even tolerable for a quiet stroll. And yet it was not so much an insensibility to the beauties of nature—for he could appreciate a noble landscape-painting—as it was the absence of the busy hum of human life, which made the country unendurable to him.

For several years he suffered from a polypus in the nose, to get rid of which he was twice or thrice compelled to submit to the painful operation of extraction. The disorder, however, was never perfectly cured, while the suffering and the use of the surgical instruments tended to weaken a constitution which a severe attack of the "Roman" fever when in Italy had greatly debilitated. About four or five years since he was first subjected to asthma, which ultimately became chronic. His last journey to the East would, his friends earnestly hoped, have proved of great and essential benefit to him; and for a time his health was certainly renovated, and he gained strength. But the old symptoms again returned, and with increased force. The last year of his life was one of almost constant suffering, and of weariness for want of rest, arising from a most distressing cough, the sign of consumption, the disease under which he ultimately sank. Yet he worked bravely on at his literary engagements almost to the end. The last time the writer of this brief notice saw him—a few days only before death—he was seated at his writing-table, surrounded by books and papers, though so weak as scarcely to be able to speak above a whisper. The end soon came. The exhaustion and agony of weary, agonising days and months were followed by a quiet slumber from which he never woke.

His body rests in the cemetery at Brompton. Around his grave on the day of the funeral were grouped many of his oldest friends and associates, Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries and others, all who knew him best, and therefore loved him most: Messrs. Roach Smith, his sole executor; J. O. Halliwell, T. Dillon Croker, Dr. Diamond, T. Wright, S. C. Hall, Joseph Durham, W. Chaffers, G. H. Virtue, J. H. Rimbault, H. B. Mackeson, J. Dafforne, &c.

By his will he bequeathed all his books and works of various kinds relating to Shakspere, to the library and museum in Shakspere's house, with the exception of his annotated copy of Halliwell's folio edition of Shakspere, which is left to one of the testator's intimate friends, Mr. J. Noël Paton, R.S.A. His works on Costume and his old prints go to the British Museum; those on Pageantry to the Society of Antiquaries. His general library and antiquities are to be sold by auction, and the proceeds, after deducting certain legacies, will augment the income of the Royal Literary Fund.

He was the last survivor of sixteen children, and there is now no one left bearing a name used only by his father and family, a fact mentioned in Lower's work on Proper Names. It was originally written Fahrholz, but was Anglicised by the father after he settled in this country.

Mr. Fairholt was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1844; and not very long afterwards was placed on the Council of the Numismatic Society. He was also Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and Honorary Member of similar societies in Picardy, Normandy, and at Poictiers.

MADAME FANNY RICHOMME.

The French literary world has just experienced a loss by the death of Madame Fanny Richomme, *née* Claudet, a lady distinguished by the most amiable qualities of mind, as well as by the high moral tone of her character. At an epoch when realism,—which in literature too often is expressed by ideas free, if not licentious,—tends to annihilate all generous passions, all delicate sentiments, Madame Fanny Richomme remained faithful to the old school of literature, being of the small number of authors who have preserved the sacred fire of morality and the noble aspirations of the heart. Wishing to form a circle of select literary women, she founded the *Journal des Femmes*, with the co-operation of Mesdames Amable Tastu, Anais Segalas, Clémence Robert, Ulliac Tremadure, &c. &c. During the leisure left between her editorial duties, Madame Fanny Richomme composed several charming works, such as "La Goutte d'Eau," "Le Grain de Sable," "L'Histoire de Paris." But the most remarkable is "Julien," which was crowned by the "Académie Française" in 1840. All these works form a moral and instructive juvenile library, such as mothers should desire to see in the hands of their children. The greatest eulogy which can be written of Madame Fanny Richomme is to say that her works are the reflex of her enlightened and pure mind, and that her loss has been deeply felt by a numerous circle of friends, and by all those who knew her.

GLASS: ITS MANUFACTURE AND EXAMPLES.

BY WILLIAM CHAFFERS, F.S.A.

PART III.—EARLY VENETIAN (*continued*).

THE revolution, termed the Renaissance, which took place in the Arts generally, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was not without its influence in the manufacture of glass, particularly at Venice; and by the study of classical forms and antique models the taste of artists was improved, enabling them to give correct delineations of outline in their designs, exhibiting that grace and elegance of contour which is the chief characteristic and beauty of the Venetian glass of the sixteenth century. The simple vessels of colourless glass,



Fig. 1.

totally devoid of extrinsic ornament or enamel, are doubtless the most appreciated by the man of taste; their extreme lightness and delicacy of texture, combined with their elegance of form, has not at any time been exceeded, and when held in the hand appear so fragile that a rude breath of air would almost annihilate them; and we can readily conceive how the early tradition obtained belief, that they were so pure, if poison were poured into them they would immediately break to pieces.

Fig. 1 is an elegant bouquetière, or flower vase, oviform, standing on a foot; three



Fig. 2.

scroll handles reach from the body of the vase, over the lip; and between these, are three perpendicular tubes with blue rims, for holding flowers; a blue crinkled band is round the neck. Height 9½ inches. From the Bernal Collection.

The next, Fig. 2, is a wine-glass, broad expanding lip, with long twisted stem. Height 5⅞ inches.

Fig. 3 is another vase, in form of a flower, globular base, short neck, and broad, spirally fluted lip, crinkled edge; on a baluster stem, with blue and white wing ornaments. Height 10 inches.

Engraving, or etching, on glass with the diamond point, was frequently employed by the Venetians in the sixteenth century, to decorate their tazze and drinking-glasses; it is mostly subservient to the more ornamental decorations, such as filling in be-

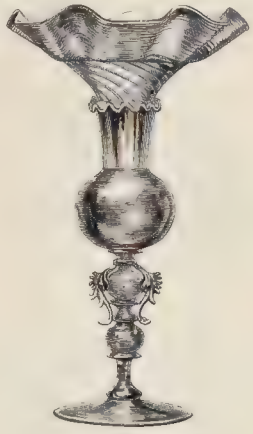


Fig. 3.

tween the enamelled, gilt, or filigree bands, with scrolls, flowers, and small devices, on the plain intervening surfaces; the roughness of the scratches on the transparent glass causing a pleasing contrast, giving it a silvery appearance. The power of the diamond to scratch or cut glass must have been known almost as soon as the discovery of the art of cutting the diamond itself into facets. A MS. of the fifteenth century, quoted by Mrs. Merrifield (Ancient Practice of Painting, pp. 333—494), gives directions how to cut glass with the diamond. The engraving, or etching on glass, was not perhaps practised as an art until the sixteenth century. We read very little of diamonds in mediæval works; they were not, in fact, numbered among the precious stones, because the lapidary had not the knowledge to produce that brilliancy they now possess by cutting them into facets.

Fig. 4 represents a tall hanap, the bowl etched with the imperial arms and a portrait; it has a broad stem of knotted cords, in the form of a double 8, of coloured latticinio, with serpents' heads and crests of blue glass. Height 12 inches.

Fig. 5 is a flacon, or bottle, compressed into a flat oval form, with long neck, ornamented with perpendicular stripes of opaque white enamel, between which, reaching about half way up the bottle, are raised scrolls and leaf ornaments of brilliant opaque coloured enamels; it has an engraved silver foot, rim, and stopper. Height 10¾ inches. From the Bernal Collection.

Fig. 6 is an elegant bouquetière, depressed spherical body, and long neck, with delicate scroll handles of blue glass. Height 8¼ inches.

The fabrication of the filigree glass, it is believed, was not discovered until the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the inventory of the Duke of Burgundy, 1467, we read of a green glass ewer of twisted work, "une aigueire de voirre vert torsée;" but this did not, perhaps, refer to the Venetian *vasi a ritorti*, unless it was really invented fifty years earlier than generally supposed. The process by which this beautiful decoration was accomplished is now no longer a secret; at least it has been successfully imitated in recent times.



Fig. 5. *Fig. 4.* *Fig. 6.*

M. Bontems, a worker in glass at Choisy le Roi, has written a work minutely describing the mode of manipulation, entitled "Exposé des moyens employés pour la Fabrication des Verres Filigranés," published in 1845, well deserving perusal by persons desiring to be acquainted with the minutiæ of the various processes. M. La-

barte, in his valuable introduction to the catalogue of the De Bruge Dumesnil Collection, has availed himself of these notes, and has quoted them at some length. To these writers, as well as to the admirable translation of the latter by Mrs. Bury Palliser, the curious reader is referred for further information; it will be sufficient here to give the characteristic features.

To commence with the *vasi a ritorti*: these vessels are composed of a series of canes of glass, perfectly cylindrical, from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch diameter, containing, within a coating of colourless glass, milk-white threads called *latticinio*, and sometimes coloured threads. These canes, prepared beforehand (as presently described), are disposed according to the order prescribed by the workman, and ranged in an upright position round the interior of an open mould; the blow-pipe is then dipped into the fused colourless glass, and a quantity sufficient for the vase to be made is collected on the end, and blown into the mould, and reheated at the mouth of the furnace if required; the whole becomes a compact homogeneous ball of metal or *paraison*, capable of being formed into a vessel like any ordinary piece of glass. From twenty



Fig 7.

to forty of these glass canes enter into the composition of one vase. The spiral form is given by simply twirling the blow-pipe between the hands. To make these canes the workman plunges a bundle of latticinio or coloured filigree threads into a pot of fused colourless glass, taking up sufficient to envelop them in a transparent coating, thus forming a stump of solid glass about three inches in diameter. This short column is then drawn out until it becomes a long cane, which reduces its diameter to one-eighth or one-quarter of an inch, thus attenuating all its component parts equally, having the latticinio threads in the centre surrounded by a thin film of transparent glass; while being drawn out it is twisted, to give the spiral pattern; these long pieces are then cut into lengths, and kept ready for use. The more complicated patterns require other modes of manipulation, which are explained at length in the works before alluded to.

Fig. 7 is a delicate specimen of the *Vitro di Trina*, or lace glass, in form of a vase or flacon, with handles and cover, ornamented with twisted latticinio canes of three patterns, fused together in colourless glass as before described.

The Venetians, still progressing in their art, succeeded in making a more beautiful description of ornamental glass than any which had preceded it. The methods of manipulation are yet undiscovered, and all attempts at imitation have been hitherto unsuccessful. This reticulated glass, called by them *a reticelli*, is composed of two sheets or folds of glass, with simple latti-



Fig. 8.

cinio threads running in a spiral direction over each fold; these are placed one upon the other, so that the threads cross each other with wonderful precision, like network. These latticinio, or milk-white threads, form a slight ridge on the surface; consequently when the two plates of glass come together, the first points of contact are necessarily where they intersect each other, forcing the air into the meshes or diamond spaces between, in small bubbles,



Fig. 9.

which take their form according to the angle of intersection. By another peculiar process, the points where the threads cross each other are pressed together still more closely by oval stamps, which have been mistaken by some for the air bubbles themselves; but a close inspection will show that the air is invariably forced into the meshes of the net-work.

Fig. 8 is a beautiful écuelle cover and stand of Venetian *reticelli*, with two handles, the cover surmounted by a flower of opaque white and blue enamel. The wonderful regularity and precision with which the latticinio threads on each *paraison* cross each other, combined with the sparkling globules of air between, produce a fine effect.

Several conjectures have been made of the method probably adopted by the Venetians in the fabrication of the *vasi a reticelli*. M. Bontems thinks that they may have been produced by first blowing a *paraison* with simple spiral threads; then blowing a second within it, inverting the spiral threads, and fixing them firmly together by heat. This process, it is evident, would require great nicety, for the two *paraisons* must be exactly the same size, and if one were blown in the least degree smaller than the other, the distances between the threads would be unequal, and prevent that perfect reticulation which constitutes the great beauty of these vessels. M. Carrand, of Paris, is of opinion that they were formed of a single *paraison* in the following manner: the glass maker blew only one ball of metal with simple latticinio lines; these acquired a spiral course by the twisting of the blow-pipe, and a large globe of glass was produced. He then forced one of



Fig. 10.

the hemispheres into the other (like an inflated bladder suddenly collapsed); by these means the glass was doubled, and the filigree spires crossed each other naturally at regular intervals. Mr. Slade's collection is very rich in these extraordinary specimens of Art.

Fig. 9 is a hanap and cover, oviform, ornamented with reticulated latticinio threads; the stem is formed like a serpent, its body twisted in numerous folds and its head erect, the crest and wings of spiral opaque white threads; the cover is also surmounted by a serpent. Height 18½ inches.

The opalised glass of the Venetians, or clouded white glass, like chalcedony, was perhaps produced by the introduction of arsenic; and the opaque white and latticinio was coloured in much the same manner.

Fig. 10 is a scarce example of a standing wine-glass, opalised in imitation of chalcedony, on a long twisted stem and wide-spread boss of convoluted serpent ornaments with crinkled crests and wings, the cup and foot of raised diamond pattern. Height 11½ inches.

The diamond pattern, so frequently seen

on Venetian glass, as exemplified in the elegant specimen here given, was produced in the following manner: the glass was blown into a metal pillar mould, which, on removal, received the external impress of a series of raised vertical ribs, and while yet in a soft state, the *pucellas* or pinchers were applied to them, pressing two together in succession at equal distances, until the whole number of parallel lines was formed into diamonds; the *paraison* was then re-heated, and shaped as usual.

The crackled or frosted glass was probably produced by immersing the *paraison*, while fixed on the blow-pipe, suddenly into water, which contracted the glass into an irregular corrugated pattern; the *paraison* was then re-heated, and worked into the required form. In the "Comptes Royaux de France," so early as 1353, we read of "Deux petites bouteilles de voirre grenellé, garnis d'argent." This would seem to refer to the crackled glass, like the Venetian, but we have no other evidence of its manufacture at so early a date in the middle ages.

Fig. 11 is a large goblet, hemispherical, of frosted glass, with perpendicular plain



Fig. 11.

rim; round the bowl is a gilt and raised belt, the stem is formed of a large gilt boss of lions' heads. Height 9¾ inches.

Schmeltze is a semi-opaque glass of a rich ruby red colour, when seen through a strong light, composed of fused lumps of coloured glass welded together into a mass; the principal colours are brown, green, and blue, of various shades and tints, in imitation of stones, tortoise-shell, &c.

Schmeltze aventurine is similar, but has globules of metallic filings introduced here and there in its substance.

Fig. 12 is a Schmeltze ewer and cover. Height 11½ inches.

Millefiore glass consists of a variety of ends of fancy coloured tubes or canes, cut sectionally, sometimes at right angles, sometimes obliquely, forming small lozenges or tablets; they are placed side by side, and massed together by fusion in colourless glass, having the appearance of flowers and rosettes.

Glass was very generally used throughout the sixteenth century. The Venetian, for its beauty and elegance of form, was much in vogue, although too dear and too fragile for persons of limited means, or for ordinary purposes; but those who could afford it still in their banquets displayed vessels of glass, in preference to those of gold and silver. The trade in Venetian glass had greatly increased, as will be seen by the following extract from Harrison's Description of England in 1580 (Book ii., c. 6):—"It is a world to see in these our daies, wherein gold and silver most aboundeth, how that our gentilitie, as



Fig. 12.

lothing those metalls (because of ther plentie), do now generallie choose rather the Venice glasses both for our wine and beere, than any of those metalls or stone wherein beforetime we have been accustomed to drinke; but such is the nature of man generallie, that it most coveteth things difficult to be atteined; and such is the estimation of this stuffe, that manie become rich onlie with their new trade unto Murana (a towne neare to Venice, situate on the Adriaticke Sea), from whence the verie best are dailie to be had, and such as for beautie doo well neere match the christall or the ancient Murrhina Vasa, whereof now no man hath knowledge. And as this is seene in the gentilitie, so in the wealthie communaltie the like desire of glasse is not neglected, whereby the gaine gotten by their purchase is yet more increased to the benefit of the merchant. The poorest also will have glasse if they may, but sith the Venecian is somewhat too deere for them, they content themselves with such as are made at home of ferne and burned stone, but in fine alle go one waie, that is to shards at the last, so that our great expenses in glasses (beside that they breed much strife toward such as have the charge of them) are worst of all bestowed in mine opinion, because their peeces do turne unto no profit." By this interesting description we see that glass vessels were made in England, but of inferior quality, of ferne ashes and sand, in rude imitation of Venetian forms, but without their rich decoration or colour, the means of producing them being unknown in England.

Among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum are copies of several letters from a glass-seller, named John Green, living at the sign of the Kinge's Armes, in the Poultery, London, addressed to Signor Alessio Morelli, a glass maker at Venice, bearing date 1660-1670, ordering various glass vessels to be made, according to the sketches annexed to the letters, specifying colours, &c. Some of the forms are given below, and will be recognised by the collector as familiar specimens of Venetian glass. The following extract is from a letter ordering 100 dozen of drinking-glasses, and a certain number of looking-glasses:—"I pray you once againe to take such care that I may have good glasses, and be used very kindely in the prices, else it will not be to my interest to send to Venice, for we make now very good drinking-glasses in England, and better looking-glasses than any that come from Venice, for generally your looking-glasses are not well polished; therefore, Signor, I pray looke well to them, and observe all my directions." These directions relate to other matters, besides the patterns, colours, and forms of the vessels, for several letters contain instructions to make "Fackterys" or invoices of the looking-glass, of a less measurement than they really were, to avoid payment of the full duty, "alsoe to enter shortt of the true number of every chest of drinking-glasses ten dozen, for the custom is alsoe very heavy upon them. Remember, therefore, to send two fackterys, the first right, the second wrong, which I pray let it be soe well contrived, that there may be no evident cause to mistrust it; and they are so strickt, that they will see our fackterys, and I doe only intend to shew your second."

Among the ordinary vessels we find

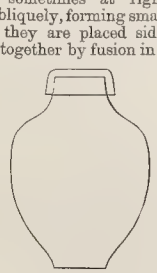


Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.

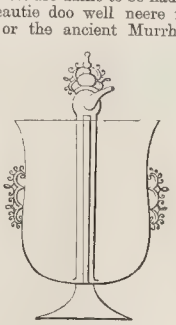


Fig. 15.

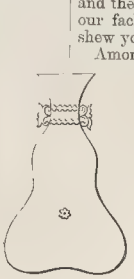


Fig. 16.

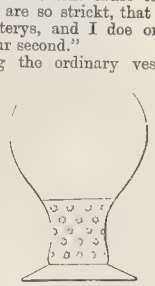


Fig 17.

beer-glasses, claret-glasses, sack-glasses, and goblets. The ornamental vases are "cruetts of clouded calcedonia," of "speckled enamel," and "milk-white glass" (latticinio), "fountains," "triangle glasses of good mettle, to show cullers," "flower-glasses," &c. The letters generally conclude with orders for false pearls for necklaces. Fig. 13 is a bottle ornamented with latticinio; Fig. 14, a chalcedony cruet; Fig. 15, a fountain pint; Fig. 16, a cruet of speckled enamel; Fig. 17, a wine-glass.*

* All the illustrations in this paper, with the exception of the diagrams, are from specimens in Mr. Felix Slade's collection.

"GULLIVER" ILLUSTRATED.*

This is another of the books referred to in the last number of our Journal, for which we have some time been waiting the opportunity to introduce an illustrated notice. It is one of the numerous publications that Messrs. Cassell and Co., at a liberal expenditure of capital and with considerable taste and judgment, issue, first in the form or a serial, and afterwards as a complete and handsomely bound volume. Two or three of the earliest numbers came into our hands when first published, and were briefly noticed at the time, but we have now to consider the work as a whole, and to see how far it fulfils the promises of its young days.

From the peculiar character of the story of Gulliver's Travels,—of that portion, at least, which describes the journey into Liliput,—there is, perhaps, no book in our language that presents so much difficulty to the artist who is called upon to illustrate it, arising out of the impossibility of rendering his pictures harmonious to the eye in relation to forms. There must always be one huge gigantic figure overshadowing all else in the design, and leading the attention away from its surroundings; like the pyramid of the eastern desert, Gulliver is the focus of the spectator's observation, and the eye must be averted from him to see anything beside; thus all pictorial concordance or agreement is destroyed, all acknowledged principles of Art-composition are unavoidably violated, and the artist has no means of evading, or even lessening, his difficulty while he remains true to his subject. The "Voyage to Brobdingnag" presents no such embarrassment, for Gulliver is here nothing more than an animated doll in the hands of his giant captors.

There is yet another peculiarity—and it is to be found in both stories—against which the designer must guard. The unreality of the "Travels" appears separated by so narrow a line from absolute caricature, and it frequently offers such a temptation to the artist for indulging this humour, that it must prove no easy task to restrain the imagination within sober bounds so as not to convert his pictures into burlesque representations of an assumed grave, though a satirical, history.

From the first difficulty pointed out there could be no way of escape; of the latter, Mr. Morten, the designer of the numerous illustrations that appear in this book, has steered clear with remarkable success; though he has given full scope to his humour, it never trenches upon caricature; the various scenes in which Gulliver is associated with the pigmies among whom he has fallen are irresistibly comic; witness that in the early part of the story where his captors have contrived to pin him down to the earth, while at every motion of a limb or the turn of his head, the armed warriors of Liliput take to flight in all directions; in another print where the officers of the king are making an inventory of the prisoner's goods and chattels; in the examination of his watch; the embassy from Blefusio; the engraving introduced on this page; with others that could be pointed out. There is a fund of genuine humour in all these designs provocative of laughter, combined with vivid imagination and much excellent drawing.



"I lay on the ground to kiss his Majesty and the Empress's hands."—*Gulliver in Liliput.*

Gulliver among the giants offers fewer opportunities for the display of some of these qualities than the Liliput tale; but the skill of the artist as a draughtsman and a designer is not the less apparent, nor are his comic powers less manifest. And when we meet Mr. Morten within the court of Brobdingnag among the richly costumed ladies of the palace we see his eye is not insensible to feminine beauty and grace of form.

The "Voyage to Laputa" admits of little illustration that does not come within the range of the extravagant. This clever satire on scientific philosophy abounds in absurdities, and the artist who has to deal with it can only work out his subjects in the spirit of the text. Mr. Morten's "scientific meetings" are ludicrous enough; but he has had unmanageable materials to use for strictly pictorial purposes. In the last tale, the "Voyage to the Houyhnhnms," he shows as great aptitude for drawing the horse —this animal being the "hero" of the story – as he does both here and elsewhere in his representations of the human figure.

The interest of this most amusing volume

* Gulliver's Travels into several remote Regions of the World. By Dean Swift. A new edition, with explanatory Notes and a Life of the Author, by John Francis Waller, LL.D., Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy. Illustrated by T. Morten. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. London.

is in our opinion largely increased by Dr. Waller's admirable sketch of Dean Swift's life; to which, by the way, some capital illustrations are appended. The career of Swift, he says, "is a subject which the biographer approaches with a conflict of feelings. . . . . There is little to excite his sympathy, less to claim his love, while he is often moved to sorrow, and sometimes to disgust. Yet to trace that eventful life, from its opening to its close, is no unprofitable or uninteresting task. From it we may draw many a lesson for the guidance of our own lives. We may learn how perseverance and application overcome the greatest difficulties, and raise men under the most unfavourable



"One of the seamen, a Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was."—*Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.*

circumstances; how learning and genius may control the councils of a nation, and sway the minds and the passions of a people; how political integrity can no more be violated with impunity than morality or truth; how the disregard of the best and holiest instinct of our nature is likely to be avenged by a life comfortless and desolate, and a death miserable and humiliating." This biographical contribution to the book is a most valuable addition to it; and no less so are Dr. Waller's notes explanatory of the political and social meaning that lies hidden beneath the surface of the "Travels," and which reveal some notable facts in the history of the time.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

HANNAH MORE.



IN the year 1763, a lecturer on Rhetoric visited the city of Bristol during a professional tour. He was accompanied by a youth, his son—that youth was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Among his frequent auditors was a young girl—Hannah More. I feel as if I were writing a far-off history, for she conversed with me concerning the circumstance to which I am referring, and which occurred upwards of a century ago. Her name is, indeed, so linked with the past, as to seem to belong to a remote generation; for when I knew her, in 1825, she had reached the patriarchal age of fourscore, and her talk was of the historic men and women who had been her associates: Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, David Garrick, Bishops Porteus, Percy, Newton, and Watson, Mackenzie, Boswell, Sir William Jones, Southey, Chalmers, Wilberforce, Gibbon, De Lolme, John Locke, Magee, Mrs. Montague, and many others, famous men and women of her time, who honoured and loved her, as "a pure and humble, yet zealous philanthropist." Her writings were admired by them all; by the religious and the sceptic, by the philosopher and the frivolous worldling, by the sedate and the silly; all found in them something to admire and nothing to condemn; for her charity was universal. They were comprehended alike by the sagacious and the simple; were read and respected equally by the greatly learned and the comparatively ignorant. Prodigious, therefore, was the influence they exercised on her age. She is emphatically foremost among those to whom the poet refers, who

"Departing, leave behind them
Footprints on the sands of Time!"

Yes! I seem, indeed, to be writing a far-off history when I recall to memory one who is of the eighteenth, and not of the nineteenth, century. She had sate for her portrait to Sir Joshua Reynolds, when the artist was in his zenith, and she placed in my hands a playbill of her tragedy of *Percy*, in which David Garrick sustained the leading part. The great painter and the great actor were her dear friends.

I can but faintly picture now that venerable lady, who more than forty years ago received and greeted us with cordial warmth, in her graceful drawing-room at Barley Wood, directed our attention to the records she had kept of glorious friendships with the truly great; spoke with humble and holy pride of her labours through a very long life; impressed upon our then fresh minds the wisdom of virtue, the inconceivable blessing of Christian training and Christian teaching, and hailed us with encouraginging hope and affectionate sympathy, just as we were entering the path she had trodden to its close,—she, who had been a burning and a shining light long before we were born.

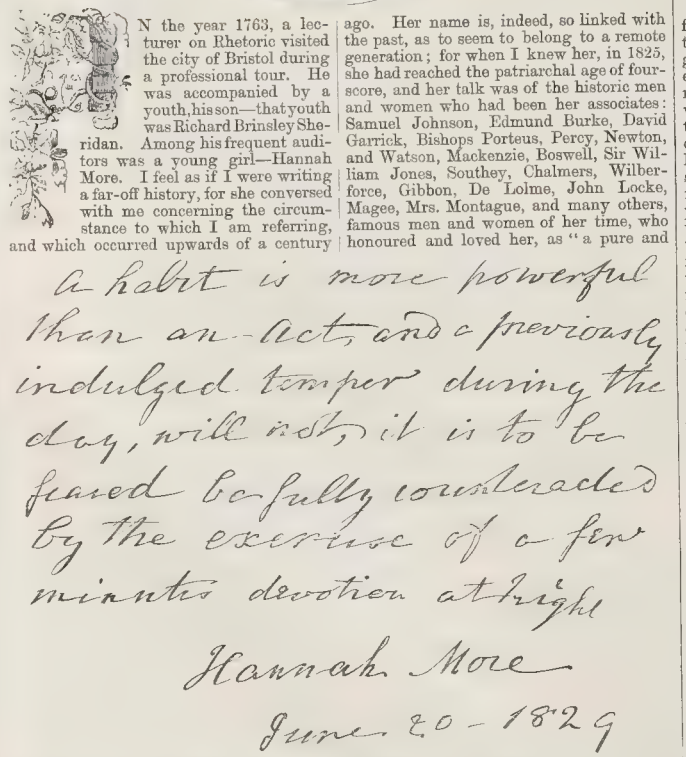
Her form was small and slight; her features wrinkled with age; but the burthen of eighty years had not impaired her gracious smile, nor lessened the fire of her eyes,—the clearest, the brightest, and the most searching I have ever seen. They were singularly dark—positively black they seemed as they looked forth among carefully-trained tresses of her own white hair; and absolutely sparkled while she spoke of those of whom she was the venerated link between the present and the long past. Her manner on entering the room, while conversing, and at our departure, was positively sprightly; she tripped about from console to console, from window to window, to show us some gift that bore a name immortal, some cherished reminder of other days—almost of another world, certainly of another age; for they were memories of those whose deaths were registered before the present century had birth.

She was clad, I well remember, in a dress of rich pea-green silk. It was an odd whim, and contrasted somewhat oddly with her patriarchal age and venerable countenance, yet was in harmony with the youth of her step, and her unceasing vivacity, as she laughed and chatted, chatted and laughed; her voice strong and clear as that of a girl; and her animation as full of life and vigour as it might have been in her spring-time. If it be true of women that—

"Those who rock the cradle rule the world,"

how large a debt is due from mothers—everywhere and for ever—to the abundant and beneficent helps they derive from the writings of Hannah More!

She flourished at a period when religion was little more than a sound in England; when the clergy of the English Church were virtuous only in exceptional cases, and the flocks committed by the State to their charge were left in as utter ignorance of social and religious duties as if they had been really but sheep gone astray; when



France was rendering impiety sacred and raising altars for the worship of Reason, and when in England there were vile copyists—professional propagators of sedition and blasphemy under the names of liberty and fraternity.

At that terrible time Hannah More came out in her strength. Her tracts, pamphlets, poems, and books, aided largely to stem the torrent which for a while threatened to overwhelm all of good and just in these kingdoms. They inculcated as an imperative duty the education of the people, stimulated gospel teaching by persuasions and threats addressed to those who had been appointed, at least by man, to the office of the ministry, and stirred up to be her helpers men and women of every class, from the humblest to the highest, from the cottage to the throne. She did her work so wisely, as seldom to excite either prejudice or hostility. Those who might have been the bitter opponents of men so occupied, were tolerant of zeal in a woman, and it cannot be questioned that her sex sheltered her from assailants, while it empowered her to make her way where men would have failed of entrance.

She was not bigoted. There was in her nothing of coarse sectarianism, opposing scepticism in phraseology harsh and uncompromising. Her mind had ever a leaning, and her language always a tendency, to the Charity that suffereth long and is kind. What was meant for mankind she never gave up to party; though a thorough member of the Church of England, she saw no evil motive in those who counselled withdrawal from it; though with her. Faith was the paramount blessing of lif , and the first and great commandment, Duty to God,—she inculcated all the duties of that which is next to it, "Love thy neighbour as thyself;" nor had she any value for the religion that consisted mainly of idle or listless observance,—cold adherence to outward formalities,—nor any trust in that dependence on Providence which is but a mere admission of belief. There was no taint of asceticism in her piety, no abnegation of enjoyment, under the idea that to be cheerful and happy is to displease God. Her religion was practical; she relished many of the pleasures which the worldly consider chief, and the "rigidly righteous" ignore as sinful. She might, indeed—and it is probable often did—apply to herself that line in the epigram of Dr. Young:—

"I live in pleasure while I live to Thee!"

In all her thoughts, words, and works, she was in the service of One who

"must delight in virtue,
And that which He delights in must be happy."

She especially laboured to give religion to the young as a source of enjoyment that in no degree diminished happiness, and was constant in imploring youth not to postpone the blessing until age had rendered pleasure distasteful. "It is," she wrote, "a wretched sacrifice to the God of Heaven to present Him with the remnants of decayed appetites, and the leavings of extinguished passions."

While she never sought to lead woman out of her sphere, and is at once an example and a warning to the "strong-minded," she sought by all right means to elevate, and succeeded in elevating, her sex. In a word, her mission was to augment the sum of human happiness, by wholesome stimulants to virtue, order, industry, as their own rewards, but of infinitely higher value as the preliminaries to a state for which Life is but a preparation.

Her lessons were more especially impressive to those who learn that in widening the sphere of their duties, they do not abridge those that essentially appertain to home. In her case, there was comparative release from household cares, but she perpetually taught that there can be no excuse for their neglect, by any labour of mind or pen, by any occupation that is suggested by philanthropy or religion.

It was from this cause, chiefly, that she excited no suspicion. If men often grudgingly and ungraciously admit female talent, it is seldom from any principle of jealousy; it is rather a dread that it will abstract from the power of the domestic virtues, rendering woman less the deity of home, and dwarfing her as a mother, a daughter, a sister, or a wife. In the far-off time when Hannah More flourished, and to which our memory takes us back, that dread was very generally felt. There are now so many examples of genius in woman, with its ample exercise and full employment,—which in no way imply exemption from her leading business in life,—that alarm on this head has much, if not entirely, subsided. To teach that lesson was one of the many good works of Hannah More.* She was, therefore, one of those to whom England owes much of its greatness; and, though she has been forty years in her grave, to utter a prayer of gratitude over it is a duty that any writer may covet.

My readers will therefore permit me to dwell somewhat on the privilege we have enjoyed in having personally known this great and good woman. It is, indeed, a happy memory, that which recalls the day we passed with her at Barley Wood.

Hannah More was born in the hamlet of Fishponds, in the parish of Stapleton, about four miles from Bristol, on the 2nd of February, 1745, more than one hundred and twenty years ago! Her father, a man, as she tells us, of "piety and learning," inherited "great expectations," but, reduced to a comparatively humble position, he became master of the Free School at Fishponds, married, and had five daughters, all good and gifted women, of whom Hannah was the fourth. In 1757 they opened a boarding-school at Trinity Square, Bristol, where Hannah, though but twelve years old, assisted. Their school flourished; Hannah, at seventeen, produced a poem,—"The Search after Happiness," and continued to write—fugitive verse, principally—until her fame was established by the production of that which is considered the loftiest efforts of genius—a tragedy!



BARLEY WOOD.

In 1777, her tragedy of *Percy* was performed at Covent Garden, Garrick writing both the prologue and the epilogue, and sustaining the principal part in the play. Afterwards, she wrote other plays, but their success was, by comparison, limited. A friendship with the great actor then commenced, which endured till his death, and was continued to his widow, until in 1822 she also departed life at the patriarchal age of ninety-one.

In this age, when female talent is so rife,—when, indeed, it is not too much to say women have fully sustained their right to equality with men, in reference to all the productions of mind—it is difficult to comprehend the popularity almost amounting to adoration, with which a woman-writer was regarded little more than half a century ago. Mediocrity was magnified into genius, and to have printed a book, or to have written even a tolerable poem, was a passport into the very highest society. Nearly all the contemporaries of Hannah More are forgotten; their reputation was for a day; hers has stood the test of time.* She receives honour and homage from the existing generation, and will "live for aye in Fame's eternal volume."

But her renown has by no means arisen from her poems, lyrical or dramatic; from her novels, social or moral; from her tracts, abundant as they are in sound practical teachings; from her collected writings in eight thick volumes: it is founded on a more solid basis. Many of her books were produced "for occasions," and are in oblivion with the causes that gave them birth. "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," her only novel, yet survives. It appeared in 1808, and enjoyed a popularity that would seem prodigious even now, for within one year it passed through twelve editions, and her share of the profit exceeded two thousand pounds. It was written during a period of intense bodily suffering. "Never," she says, "was more pain bound up in two volumes." Although she lived to be so very aged, she had ever "a peculiarly delicate constitution," "rarely experienced im-

* There have been, and are, many literary women who have illustrated this position—that genius is in no degree incompatible with the ordinary duties of life; foremost among them was Maria Edgeworth, of whom we shall have to write hereafter. Indeed, we believe the female authors who neglect the home occupations, out of which only can arise the happiness of home, are but exceptions to a general rule.

* Her works have been translated into nearly every European language, and into some of the languages of Asia

munity from actual disease," having, as she states in one of her letters, "suffered under more than twenty mortal disorders." She might have been pardoned if her life had been passed in listless ease and profitless inaction; but her active industry was absolutely wonderful; her literary labour was done in retirement, apart from the trouble and turmoil of the busy world - retirement that was but the "bracing of herself" for work—such work as was true pleasure.

The district in which Providence had placed her in her youth, was as "benighted" as could have been a jungle in Caffre-land; the people not only knew not God, they were utterly ignorant of moral and social duties, and ignored all responsibility in thought, word, and deed. In that moral desert, Hannah More and her sisters set to work. The inevitable opposition was encountered. Neighbouring farmers had no idea of encouraging education, or of tolerating religion among the outcasts who did their daily work. The one, they argued, made them discontented, the other idle, while the clergy considered such teachers as mere poachers on the barren tract they called theirs. Not only thus did opposition come; even the parents in many cases refused to send their children to school, unless they were paid for doing so; and hard indeed seemed the toil to which these good sisters were devoted; but they persevered, God helping them. Very soon, schools were established, and not schools only—the sick and needy found ministering angels in these women, and for all their physical wants they had comforters. It is only when religion goes hand in hand with charity that its teaching can be effectual and its efforts successful. The philanthropists who give only tracts to feed the hungry, and printed books to clothe the naked, work as idly as those who would reap the whirlwind. They have not the example of Hannah More. Under her system, prejudices broke down; her experiments led to undertakings; large institutions followed her small establishments for the ailing, the ignorant, or the wicked. The rich were taught to care for the poor, and



THE TOMB OF HANNAH MORE.

in that little corner of mighty England that lies under the shadow of the Cheddar hills, a beacon was lit that at once warned and stimulated the prosperous. The piety of Hannah More was "practical piety," and to her must be assigned much of the distinction this kingdom derives from that all-glorious sentence now so often read in many parts of it, a sentence that beyond all others in our language, makes, as it ought to make, an Englishman proud—

"Supported by voluntary contributions."

I have been tempted to wander somewhat from the theme more immediately in hand. The sisters kept their school in Bristol for thirty-two years; but Hannah, though nominally one of them, had other vocations, not the least of which was the society she loved, and in which she was received with honour, homage, and affection. After residing some years at Cowslip Green, she built (in 1800) her cottage at Barley Wood, near the village of Wrington, eight miles from Bristol. The site was happily chosen, commanding extensive views, in a healthy locality overlooking a luxuriant vale; many cottages and hamlets within ken. During the thirty years of her occupancy, the place attained high rank in rural beauty; walks, terraces, lawns, and flower-beds soon were graces of the domain. She lived to see the saplings she had planted become trees in which the thrush and blackbird built, and where the nightingale sang. In the grounds was an urn, on a pedestal, inscribed "In grateful memory of long and faithful friendship" to Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London. There was another to John Locke, and there were others that I have forgotten. These mementos were skilfully placed under the shadows of umbrageous trees, and beside them were openings through which were obtained charming views of adjacent scenery.

Time, however, at length, did its work with her: as with all. Though Barley Wood was her own, it was also the home of her sisters. In 1802, they went to reside with her,—and remained there till death divided them; one having previously "gone hence." Mary was the first to go, dying in 1813;—in 1817, Sarah followed, and in 1819, Martha left earth. Hannah writes, "I must finish my journey alone!" As Bowles wrote of her, there she—

> "Waits meekly at the gate of Paradise
> Smiling at Time."

Her last work was on a congenial theme,—"the Spirit of Prayer." With that book, her literary labours closed. She was then fourscore years old; thenceforward, she put aside the pen; but her doors were opened to friends and strangers who desired to accord her homage and honour, or to offer her tributes of affection.

When she was left "alone"—the last of all her family—at Barley Wood, she had eight servants, some of whom had long lived with her, and her sisters, and, naturally, had her confidence. That confidence they betrayed, not only wasting her substance, but degrading her peaceful and hallowed home by orgies that brought shame to the rural neighbourhood. The venerable lady was necessarily informed of these "goings on" in her household, and, very reluctantly, removed to Clifton to be near loving and watchful friends. It was a mournful day, that on which she quitted the cottage endeared to her by time and association. "I am driven like Eve out of Paradise, but not by angels," she murmured, as she left the threshold.

She removed to 4, Windsor Terrace, Clifton, and there on the 7th September, 1833, she died,—if we are to call that Death which was simply a removal to a far better and more beautiful home than any she had had on earth—"where angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

> "There is no death! what seems so is transition.
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the Life Elysian
> Whose portal we call Death!"

She left a large fortune behind her. There were few friends who needed; and she had no relatives; her wealth, therefore, went to augment the funds of public charities—principally those of Bristol, and there are thousands who to-day enjoy the blessings thus bequeathed to them.

In Wrington church-yard repose the mortal remains of the five sisters. A large stone slab, enclosed by an iron railing, covers the grave, and contains their names, the dates of their births, and of their deaths.

Her friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted her portrait (it would be interesting to know where it now is). "It represents her small and slender figure gracefully attired; the hands and arms delicately fine, the eyes large, dark, and lustrous; the eyebrows well marked and softly arched; the countenance beaming with benevolence and intelligence."* The portrait represented her in her prime; that of which I give an engraving at the head of this chapter, was painted by Pickersgill somewhere about the year 1822, when she had reached her eightieth year. She sate, however, to other artists—among them, Opie, whose portrait is that of a plain woman of middle age, the features illumined by the deep and sparkling black eyes that had lost none of their brilliancy when I knew her.

* I quote this description from a book—"The Literary Women of England," by Jane Williams (published in 1861), a book far too little known, for it is full of wisdom and knowledge, keenly, yet generously critical, abounding in sound sense, thorough appreciation of excellence, and manifesting earnest advocacy of goodness and virtue.

THE

FRENCH EXHIBITION OF 1866.

CONTEMPORANEOUS with your own, the French annual exhibition opened early in May, in the fine saloon of the *Palais de l'Industrie;* and as, on your side of the water, you have of late been more and more familiarised with productions of this teeming school of various Art, your readers will, no doubt, feel some interest in reference to its new manifestations. A brief note may not, therefore, be unwelcome to place you *au courant* with what has been done here on this occasion.

The space in the *Palais de l'Industrie* that may be devoted to picture exhibition is so vast, that any moderate diminution in its use is scarcely perceptible. The catalogue of the present year, in oil paintings, is some two hundred less in total than that of 1865; but no falling off is felt by the visitant passing through more than a dozen saloons; and when it is borne in mind that artists will probably reserve their greater efforts for the momentous year '67, it is only surprising that the present amount of contributions is not more seriously restricted. We have here all but two thousand works displayed.

What strikes the eye in a general review of this collection is the great diminution in the military element which it manifests; out of the central saloon there is but little of it discernible. In that special quarter the most important canvas in dimensions of this category is from the pencil of Rigo, and is devoted to a reminiscence of the Italian campaign. It presents the Emperor approaching the heights of Solferino, after they had been stormed, and being presented with the spoils of standards and cannon taken from the Austrians. A poorer production in point of treatment could scarcely be conceived; it presents a conglomerate of unimpressive incidents, and its foreground is occupied by a group of true African Zouaves grinning over the plunder of the slain. Beneath this very extensive work, and in a place of special honour, is a contrasted miniature of the lately deceased Bellangé, vigorously executed, and commemorating, to ill-used posterity, the apocryphal heroic, "*Le garde meurt et ne se rend pas.*" It is now an unquestioned fact that General Cambronne never uttered these words, and that he was, *de facto*, compelled to *se rendre* on the field. Such is the verity of historic Art!

The most striking military illustration here, and it has also a place of special honour, is from a German painter, Schreyer, of Frankfort-sur-le-Mein, and represents the famed charge of the French Cuirassiers into the redoubt at Moskwa. Here the mailed squadrons charge direct out of the picture, so that they seem about to hurtle in among the peaceful spectators. Surely a canon of criticism should be directed against such *tours de force*, so compromising to nerves of delicate susceptibility. There is much robust pencilling in M. Schreyer's work, and but little more.

Portraiture does not obtrude indiscreetly in this exhibition, and it presents some productions of considerable merit. Among these may be named the portrait of that refined, intellectual person, Count Flahaut, by Bonnegrace, and another, from the same pencil, of Ernesto Grisi. Both present the characteristics of a nice master hand. In close contrast with the former is a very powerful presentment, by Louvet, of General Renault. Great energy of touch and force of expression, make this the living likeness of a very remarkable soldier. It attracts every eye. A cabinet portrait of the Princess Kinski, by Angeli, an Hungarian artist, gives evidence of a very accomplished hand, with a firm, faithful touch, and characteristic clearness of colour. In contrast with this, the head of a young girl, by Hebert, tinted with a pencil of aërial lightness and purity, is most effective. We notice in the collection several heads painted without perceptible touch, but nevertheless with much richness and force of effect. Amongst the leaders of this class the names of Jelabert, Alloy-Rabonet, Cambon, and Vidal, are conspicuous. Upon the whole, it may be affirmed that a more genuine taste pervades the portrait department of Art in France than it has hitherto had credit for.

Sacred subjects are, as a rule, tried with zeal by a small body of French artists, but seldom with successful result. They seem to be haunted rather by the poor inspirations of their countryman, Le Sueur, than those of the great Italian masters. They occasionally, however, present exceptions. Three may be named—Perrault, who gives a Virgin and Child, with a lamb, in a happy group. Feeling could scarcely be more tenderly expressed than in the aspect of the former as she closely fondles both lamb and Infant. M. Perrault is also a colourist, brilliant without glare. The Angels bearing heavenward the Prayer of the Just, by Cambon, to whom we have just alluded, is treated by him with much delicacy, unmingled and unmarred by aught of that affectation which is so frequently to be found in the pictorial embellishments of French churches. A good-sized picture, by Thirion, entitled 'St. Vincent, Martyr,' deserves emphatic note. The body of the martyr is represented lying upon the shore, to which the waves have borne it, notwithstanding the precautions for its being lost in the deep, deep sea, taken by those who slew the saint. It is recognised with equal surprise and veneration by a few of the faithful, and thus the scene is presented. The composition of this subject, and its treatment in regard to both tone and *chiar-oscuro*, are in a lofty style, and lead us to augur well of the young artist by whom it has been so happily rendered.

In what may be termed high Art there are two large canvases in this Exhibition which do great honour to the French school. One represents a massacre of unarmed Poles at Warsaw, in 1861, and is from the pencil of the younger Fleury. The historic incident represented is on record. Its atrocity could not be surpassed, and it is good that it should be chronicled, as it is eloquently here, for the execration of future times. Four thousand of these wretched Poles —all unarmed, young men and old, women and children—were deliberately fusiladed by the Russian troops, as they, wholly surrounded, clustered about the column of Sigismund. The victims had but to await their fate with icy despair or impassioned agony. The group thus formed in the foreground of the picture is conceived in the best spirit of taste and feeling. It is all real; the stern resolution of the men, the writhing, from which grace cannot be severed, of the women. No coarse feature of horror intrudes itself—all is purest pathos. A fair girl bends wildly over the body of brother, or lover, who has been slain at her side; an old woman wildly clasps her grandchild, as if she could save it with her own body; two priests hold up the cross of hope in front of their perishing flock, but the bullet has quickly released the hands of one from grasping the standard of his consoling faith. Such are parts of a very masterly composition, wholly unenfeebled by exaggeration. M. Fleury is not so strong a colourist as his father, but he avoids the black shadows which injure the effects of the latter. His style is more refined. This fine picture is the foremost object of interest in the collection.

The other great work, which we may couple with that of M. Fleury, is from the pencil of M. Bonnat, and represents an incident in the life of St. Vincent de Paul. The figures are life-size. It tells how the good saint subjected himself to be manacled as a galley-slave in order to obtain the liberty of one of that hopeless class. The agents of power inflicting this wrong are engaged in bolting the irons to his ancles, while with that exquisite and ineffaceable look of goodly charity for ever associate with his physiognomy, he accepts the trial to which he is subjected. Close to him, on one side, is the wretch for whom he would suffer, who clasps him in a paroxysm of gratitude; on the other the stern representative of authority. In front, the nude *torsi* of two jailors, engaged in the process of fettering, complete the group. They display muscle in its starkest development. This composition is replete with action and expression,—it is a masterpiece. M. Bonnat was a pupil of Signor Madrazo, the eminent Spanish painter, but his style is not that of his teacher: it is, however, unequivocally Spanish. On the canvas of Ribera he has dwelt with a faith worthy of the Peninsula. We cannot, as a rule, commend the choice of the model, although in this instance it is not inappropriate. It allows no horror of the scene to escape. The contortions of those muscles, thrown out in *alto relievo*, make but too assured the pains and penalties to which the saint has subjected himself. There is no meanness of imitation in M. Bonnat's work. It is a bold and loyal emulation of his model, and with its singular power cannot fail in exciting the great sympathetic feeling at which it aims.

It may seem strange to unite with such pictures as these we have described, and in the category of great artistic creations, a cattle subject; yet so far may be ventured in noticing a very large work from the pencil of François Auguste de Bonheur. This represents the arrival of a herd of cattle at a spot where the boughs of a woodland retreat shield them from the torrid visitations of a midday sun. Most of the animals are lying down in the refreshing shade of the foreground, while the remainder slowly move forward amid a haze of heat, which glows fervidly around them. The whole of this scene is finely poetical. Nothing could be more felicitously contrasted than the sweet umbrage in front with the distant sultriness. This is no reminiscence of a Both or a Cuyp. It is Bonheur alone; perfectly and beautifully original in its blandness and breadth of effect, and pervading richness of tone. In most of the artist's past productions, and, indeed, in a minor one in this exhibition, there is a certain tendency to hardness which is not felicitous. That error is wholly subdued in this work, which may be honoured by the designation of a masterpiece.

There are but few cattle pieces in the exhibition, but one, representing a group of sheep and lambs, huddled together in most amusing disorder on a mountain side, and from the pencil of Shenck, from Holstein, is full of nature, even to the droll expression so delicately imparted to the physiognomies of the animals.

Among the few striking marine subjects we noticed on this occasion one very conspicuous and very successful. It illustrates the old poetic legend of the demi-god Proteus, the shepherd of the ocean, guarding his flock of Phocæ, as they disport themselves on the seashore. The sea and the sky are here equally cerulean, and the hoary deity seated aloft on a pile of rocks, trident in hand, plays guardian to as droll a congress of amphibious entities as was ever grouped in the imagination of painter or poet; and both M. Penguilly d'Haridon has proved himself herein to be.

Again, in a striking vein of poetic feeling we find here the illustration of Alfred de Musset's "Monna Belcolore," from the pencil of A. B. Glaize. Monna, lovely, as Lady Isabel, descends the steps of a noble *palazzo*. She is richly arrayed, and intent on the crowning delights of life, but is unaware that at her side and behind are two beings destined to mar all her dreams—the spirits of voluptuousness and death. The one leads her on with reckless leer, the other lays an icy finger on her neck. An ominous expression of a consciousness that all is vanity comes over the aspect of the girl. The thought is finely expressed, and the whole scene painted with a highly refined pencil.

Another masterpiece of illustration attracts much notice in the gallery, viz., Charles V.'s visit, before he sought his monastery in Spain, to the Chateau de Grand, where he had passed his boyhood. Singularly felicitous, the composition of this work. It represents the careworn Emperor, as he moves through a noble tapestried apartment, contemplating the place with a pensive expression, from which all gaiety is alienated—solemn as a visit to the tomb. His son, at his side, partakes of his seriousness, as do the elder courtiers, who follow respectfully in his steps. The younger ladies, however, who are attached to the Imperial suite, and who are not within range of the master's eye, find somewhat in the scene to drive away melancholy. The dresses and draperies of this work, however secondary, must be noticed for their admirable correctness and picturesqueness of both form and colour. This is, indeed, a charming work.

The main force of this exhibition—its *pièces de resistance*—will be found in its landscapes and that wide-grasping class styled *genre*.

In the former, two of M. Corot's are conspicuous to point a moral and forbid clever artists at once to make and to mar. The cold, pure, pearly, aërial effects with which he can charm are utterly defeated by the scumble of what should represent foliage, both far and near. This is fully illustrated in two large canvases which he here presents. It is to be regretted, because M. Corot has unquestionably an originality of vein by no means devoid of poetry. He is now surrounded by competitors who must be admitted to be students of Nature. Most of the landscapes here have something to win the eye, and a few are of extreme beauty. The names of Belly, Hanoteau, Daubigny, Lanove, Michel, Schampheleer, Vautier, and Vogel, come under this commendation.

In that charming class of painting to which the French and other continental artists now turn with so much fervour, cabinet interiors, wherein Art seems truly to be wrought up to gem-like finish, the walls exhibit a considerable number. Each year seems to bring new disciples to this revival of the fine old Flemish vein. Amongst these 'The Antichamber,' by Heilbert, of Hamburg, is quite a masterpiece. It represents a sagacious Abbé waiting his turn to gain entry to some potent individual. He sits in unexhausted patience on a form, over the back of which a veteran *laquais de place* leans familiarly, and wiles away the time. Great vigour of drawing, colouring of the like character, and most subtle expressiveness, render this a work of the first order. A 'Marriage de Raison,' representing a young lady, undergoing with sad submissiveness the process of decoration for nuptials to which she is indifferent, by Toulmache, is also charmingly finished in all respects. The names of Lasalle and Bangonet also belong to successful cultivators in this field. Ferrandez, the Spanish artist, illustrates his nice sense of humour here by a charming miniature piece called 'Visiting the Nurse;' and the Prussian Meyerheim in his 'Menagerie' conveys a broader vein of farce through the medium of a very powerful pencil.

In a word, there is in this French Exhibition of 1866, much, in the less ambitious walks of Art, to win the admiration of the dispassionate observer.

As usual, there is a long array of sculpture in this collection. It is placed this year, not in the garden of the Palace, but in a side avenue.

Perhaps its most remarkable feature is two epic busts, as they may be styled, of Marie Antoinette; the one as Queen at Versailles, the other, as prisoner in the Temple. They are produced with great vigour in highly-finished and noble blocks of marble: and are sent in under the name of works by Marcello, but are ascribed to a noble lady-artist, the Countess Colonna. The statue of a shepherd boy—of the same style as the well-known boy with the thorn in his foot will also attract much admiration for its grace and prettiness. The sculptor is M. Naulet.

Paris. C.

KABYLE JEWELLERY.

In that gallery, near the Assyrian Court in the Crystal Palace, which has been set apart for the reception of Indian, Chinese, and other Oriental curiosities and works of Art, there is a small group of objects that possibly may attract but little of special attention, and yet they are really interesting in no ordinary degree. These objects are specimens of the jewellery of Kabylia, and they consist of personal ornaments of silver, enriched with coral, turquois, and various coloured resinous pastes that form a species of very effective though rude enamel. The actual specimens are accompanied by several drawings carefully executed in colour, and the whole are contributed by a lady resident in Algiers. Many of our readers will probably remember in an early number of last year's *Art-Journal* there appeared a notice of Kabyle Pottery, with some engraved illustrations, communicated by Madame Bodichon.

The Kabyles of Algeria are a race altogether distinct from the Arabs of the same region. Having their homes in the range of the Atlas Mountains, they are supposed to be the remnant of various early European colonies, driven by successive conquests to seek for safety in those mountains. To this day they retain the industrious habits of Europeans; and the lineaments of both Roman and Grecian features, together with the fair hair of their remote progenitors, still linger amongst them. Not nomade, but dwelling in settled habitations, these Kabyles are famous for their manufactures of arms and personal ornaments. They possess productive mines of silver, iron, copper, and lead; and they continue to work these metals according to some simple processes, that they have derived from the usages and traditions of ancient times.

The designs of their ornaments display a singular admixture of early European and decidedly Oriental feeling; the European element being, however, distinctly visible, and partaking in a larger degree of the characteristics of Scandinavian than of those of classic or Byzantine Art. The workmanship, also, is elaborate, and evinces no ordinary skill in manipulation, coupled with a truly surprising amount of scientific knowledge. Coral is freely used in these jewels; and great originality and taste are displayed in the arrangement of the coral in combination with turquoise, and with enamel-like substances (said to be prepared from resinous gums brought by the negroes from the far interior of Africa), in golden yellow, and dark blue. In this collection from Kabylia, examples from another hereditary race of artist workmen are brought before us, with a curious and interesting historical tale which they tell with graphic effect, and with certain suggestive lessons that will not be despised by those more advanced masters in Art who delight to continue students to the end of their lives.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—Two large pictures by Robert Fleury, one representing the 'Institution of Consular Jurisdiction by Michel l'Hospital in 1563;' the other, 'Colbert giving to French Commerce the Grand Ordonnance of 1763,' have recently been placed in the Salle d'Audience of the new Tribunal de Commerce.—The Petit Cour des Etudes of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, has been restored and decorated with wall paintings in the Pompeian style, under the direction of M. Duban, to whom was entrusted the restoration of the Louvre, and of the Chateau de Blois.—The *Académie des Beaux Arts* has elected M. Jérichau, the Danish sculptor, to fill the vacancy in the section of sculpture caused by the death of M. Kiss, of Berlin.

Berlin.—A memorial of the distinguished architect, Schinkel, who did so much to beautify the metropolis of Prussia, is to be erected in the city. The *Builder* says:—The monument is to take the form of a colossal statue of the deceased, the head being uncovered, and the body of the figure partly enveloped in the drapery of a cloak; the left hand holds a scroll, and the right one a pencil, as if about to embody a new idea that has flashed across his imagination."

Brussels.—The eighth exhibition of the Belgian Society of Water-Colour Painters was opened in Brussels early in April, with a collection of about two hundred works, the quality of which, generally, is said to be considerably in advance of those exhibited in previous years. Many of the drawings were purchased soon after the opening, either by private collectors, or for the purposes of the Art-Union, or lottery, established by the Society.

Rochelle.—An exhibition, including works of Fine and Industrial Art, as well as those of horticulture, is announced to take place in this city at the same time as that of the annual agricultural and horse exhibition occurs; that is, on the 21st of May. The Fine Art portion would include not only the works of living artists, but also pictures and other Art-objects of all classes in the hands of collectors.

AMERICAN ART.

There is at Mr. McLean's, in the Haymarket, a landscape by an American artist, named Beierstadt, the subject of which is a passage of scenery from the Rocky Mountains. The more important works that have come across the Atlantic to us have been principally landscapes, and that of which we have now to speak has not been surpassed by any of its predecessors. American artists work according to a scale larger than is usual with us in Europe. The grandeur of their scenery so impresses the mind, as to induce a feeling that justice can be done to it only in large pictures. At first sight there is no hesitation in pronouncing Beierstadt's work a production of transcendent merit. What shortcomings soever may have detracted from the character of those that have preceded it to this country, were the infirmities of a young but ambitious school; whereas in this there is a maturity of purpose, and command of means, which rank it as an essay modelled after the very best examples of European schools. This is no disparagement to the reputation of an American painter, until Transatlantic art shall have made an impression in Europe. There is not a passage in the picture bearing reference to English Art; there is much of German feeling, with a strong bias towards French manner, but without servile imitation. The view has been taken from a verdant plain, on which stand a few wigwams, pleasantly called the village of Shoshone. But for these primitive dwellings, and the red population distributed over the delicious valley, with its trees, water, and wondrous backing of granite rocks, the scene would look more like the remembrance of a painter's dream than anything real. It presents a section of the Wind River range of the Rocky Mountains, in the Nebraska country. On the right the small verdant flat is bounded by a stream which, in its course, becomes the Rio Colorado. The vast current falls from the lowest ledges of the rocky wilderness, evidently the confluence of many headlong watercourses fed by the snows that enwreath the bases of the upper peaks of the range. The lower ridges are covered with verdure, but above these the eye traverses a region of naked stone, described with conceptions so grand as to convey impressions of vastness which must exceed the reality. It is a kind of landscape differing generally from European scenery. Were there even a similarity in the character of the lower parts—the piles of rock—the so-called mountains would point at once to a site far removed from Europe. The loftiest peak is called Mount Lander, after, perhaps, General Lander, who was encamped in the Shoshone valley, while surveying the country; and it was, we believe, on this occasion that the artist had an opportunity of studying his subject; we may accept, therefore, his description of Indian life and habits as correct. The entire population is in movement. The event is the return of a hunting party, who have succeeded in killing a bear—a success of rare occurrence, if we may judge from the interest it excites. Thus the material is of no common order, and its best points are presented with an ability of which we have not seen many parallels. The nearest passages of the scene lie in shade, which is managed so as to give great force of effect, without either blackness or heaviness. The expression of space in the upper part of the work is perfectly natural; the entire absence of any trick of Art, and the simplicity of the painting, induce forgetfulness of the painted surface.

Mount Lander is about seven hundred miles on the eastern side of San Francisco; the peak rises to a height of about four thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The artist is unknown to the English public, but his name will now be held in remembrance, even should he never again exhibit another picture in this country. Albert Beierstadt was born in 1830, and at two years of age accompanied his parents to America. He afterwards returned to Europe, and studied at Düsseldorf, where he benefited much by the friendly counsel of Lessing, Achenbach, and other artists.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

On the 25th of April, the thirtieth annual meeting of the members of the above society—to receive the Report of the Council, and for the distribution of prizes—was held at the Adelphi Theatre; the chair was occupied by Professor Donaldson, in the unavoidable absence of the president, Lord Houghton. We were gratified to hear from the able Report drawn up and read by Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries, to whom the association is so largely indebted for very much of its success, that the number of subscribers this year had increased to a considerable extent, the amount of subscriptions received showing an excess of nearly £2,000 over those of last year. This result, there can be no doubt, is due to the book of engravings of Maclise's noble series of drawings illustrating the "Story of the Norman Conquest," a book which every lover of Art must feel pleasure in possessing.

Among other subjects touched upon in a report of more than ordinary interest was the objection that certain writers and speakers have raised against this society and others of a kindred nature on the ground that the Art they foster is indifferent, mediocre Art. Now, one of the principal objects of these institutions, and by no means the least important, is the encouragement of young, or comparatively unknown artists. As Mr. Godwin truly observed in a speech he made at the meeting:—"The Art-Union was not established to buy pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer, who did not want buyers; but how could they have veterans if they did not look up recruits?" Alluding to this matter, the Report says:—"A leading literary journal, in commending a recent step taken by the Council, commences the paragraph with the assertion that the Art-Union of London has spent many years 'in the production of merely popular and generally unworthy works of Art.' This assertion cannot be supported by facts; and as it conveys the tone of easy depreciation adopted by some few public writers in speaking of this association, one observation on the subject seems desirable. The list of artists whose pictures have been engraved for the Art-Union, by Doo, Lightfoot, Willmore, E. Goodall, Watt, Lumb Stocks, Sharpe, and others, includes the names of Landseer, J. P. Knight, Tenniel, Hilton, Lee, Callcott, Stanfield, E. M. Ward, Mulready, Uwins, Webster, O'Neil, Frost, Turner, Frith, Leitch, Goodall, Cross, F. R. Pickersgill, Maclise; our volumes of illustrations, executed by the first engravers, are by Noel Paton, Corbould, Selous, Duncan, Armitage, Harding, Jenkins, John Leech, John Martin, F. Tayler, Ansdell, John Gilbert, Wehnert; and our bronzes and statuettes in Parian are after Flaxman, Westmacott, Armstead, Calder Marshall, Thornycroft, Stephens, Bell, Chantrey, Lawlor, Durham, Gibson, Wyon, Foley. If these be the producers of 'generally unworthy works of Art,' the Council have to learn where the men capable of executing more worthy works are to be found in England."

The *Athenæum*, in a somewhat recent paper on "Art-Unions," deals with the subject in, at least, a disingenuous manner. It admits that, during the past thirty years, Art "has made a certain progress among us," but asserts that "no man with true knowledge of the facts will attribute any part of this improvement to the Art-Unions;" a statement more easily made than proved, and the truth of which is, and must be, matter of opinion. The writer then assumes to show by figures what the nation, through Parliament, has done to promote Art, and says that in 1846 the House of Commons voted £8,771 for this purpose, and in 1861 voted £94,585. Now any one who does not know how this latter large sum was expended, would naturally conclude that it went to the purchase of works of Art; whereas it appears, from the *Athenæum's* own showing, that of this £94,585 the Science and Art Department absorbed £77,415, the balance of £17,170 only being expended on pictures and drawings. Last year Parliament voted £190,000 for objects connected with Art; a reference to the estimates will show how small a moiety of this sum went to strictly Art-purposes. We repeat that this is not a fair way of arguing the proposition.

Another point to which the writer refers is the comparatively insignificant sums offered for prizes by the Art-Union of London, and asks somewhat sneeringly, "What sort of high-class pictures can you buy in the open market for £150?" But he knows well, or ought to know, that it is not an easy matter for even a wealthy collector to buy a "high-class" picture from the artist; for it is notorious enough that there are three or four picture-dealers in London who have the *run*, so to speak, of the studios of almost all the principal painters, and secure their works while yet unfinished on the easel. If any one doubts this fact, he has only to go into the rooms of the Royal Academy on the opening day of the annual exhibition, to ascertain how many of the best pictures he sees there are left to the choice of buyers, and he would find the number small indeed. We could say much more on this side of the question did space permit. It is due to the Art-Union of London that we say no less.

The receipts and expenditure of the Association for the year may be thus briefly stated.

Amount of subscriptions	£13,684	2	6
Amount allotted as prizes	7,264	10	0
Cost of plates, printing, &c., "Norman Conquest"	3,769	10	9
Printing, advertising, salaries, collectors' and agents' expenses, &c. &c	2,650	1	9
	£13,681	2	6

The amount set apart for the purchase of works of Art from the public galleries by the prizeholders themselves was divided:—20 works at £10 each, 20 at £15, 20 at £20, 20 at £25, 12 at £30, 10 at £35, 10 at £40, 5 at £45, 10 at £50, 8 at £60, 6 at £75, 4 at £100, 3 at £150, 1 work at £200, 1 at £250. To these were added a bronze statuette of the 'Queen on Horseback;' a bronze statuette of a 'Boy at a Stream;' a marble bust of "Hebe;' 20 medallion bronze inkstands; 100 'Psyche' vases; 80 busts in porcelain of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; 60 sets of photographs from the society's plates; 80 chromo-lithographs, 'Young England;' 250 chromo-lithographs, 'Wild Roses;' 200 volumes of etchings, by R. Brandard; 100 silver medals, commemorative of Benjamin West, P.R.A.; making, with the Parian busts due to those who have subscribed for ten years consecutively without gaining a prize, 1,243 prizes, in addition to the volume of engravings received by every member.

A vacancy in the council occurred during the year by the death of Mr. James Stewart; whose place has been filled by Mr. James Hopgood, honorary solicitor to the Association. Messrs. Samuel Smiles and T. Williams have been added to the council. Lord Houghton's acceptance of the office of President in the room of the late Lord Monteagle was noticed in our last number.

Several important works are announced as in preparation for the future; engravings from Mr. Maclise's great pictures of 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo,' and 'The Death of Nelson;' an engraving from Mr. Le Jeune's picture, entitled 'Pity;' a chromo-lithograph of Mulready's 'Choosing the Wedding Gown;' reproductions, in statuary Parian, of Mr. C. B. Birch's group of 'The Wood Nymph;' medals commemorative of Messrs. Dyce, R.A., Gibson, R.A., C. R. Leslie, R.A., and Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A. Thus it is that the council of the Art-Union of London aims at encouraging not one only, but many branches of the Fine Arts.

As on former occasions, so also on this, we have to notice the operations of the society, and the dispersion of British Art, in various quarters of the globe. When the prizes were drawn it appeared that two out of the three valued at £150 each will leave the country, one for New Zealand, the other for Venezuela; one of the six £75 prizes goes to Geelong, and another to Ballarat. Prizes of inferior value will have to be sent to subscribers living in the United States, Victoria, Australia, New Zealand (several to this colony), Cape Town, Tasmania, Prussia, Leghorn, &c., &c. The bronze statuette of the 'Queen on Horseback' becomes the property of a subscriber in Calcutta. These results prove, in the words of the Report, "the genial influence of the efforts of the Council to extend the appreciation of the Fine Arts throughout the world;" and they certainly should silence harsh criticism upon the utility of the society, if we regard its working only as this affects individuals who, in all probability, have no other means of acquiring Art-productions than through such a channel.

PICTURE SALES.

The collection of water-colour drawings and of paintings, the property of Mr. John Reid, of Regent's Park, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co., on the 14th of April. The drawings included:—'The Death of the Earl of Northumberland,' and 'The Romance in the Library,' a pair, of small size but of excellent quality, G. Cattermole, 110 gs. (Colnaghi); 'A Spanish Dance,' and 'Donna Elvira,' also a pair, by E. Lungren, 150 gs. (Poynder); 'Coniston Fells,' and a small 'Landscape, with Sheep,' both by E. Duncan, 100 gs.; 'View of the Deeside above Balmoral,' W. L. Leitch, 175 gs. (Willis); 'Gillingham,' a finished sketch for the large work, and 'Coast Scene—the Shipwreck,' E. Duncan, 100 gs. (Fuller); 'Cottage, with Children at a Brook,' a view in Huntingdonshire, B. Foster, 105 gs. (Groom). Among the oil-paintings were:—'A Spring in the Wood and a Wood in the Spring,' J. Linnell, small, 205 gs. (Carter); 'Evening Tide,' G. E. Hicks, 105 gs. (Carter); 'Interior of St. Paul de Leon, Brittany,' A. Provis, 95 gs. (Wigram); 'A Passing Shower,' with sheep, and 'A Winter Scene,' with sheep, two small examples of T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 110 gs. (Taylor).

In Messrs. Christie's rooms the same day were sold the drawings and paintings belonging to Mr. G. R. Rogerson, of Liverpool. In the catalogue of the former were three by T. M. Richardson;—'Puzzioli,' 'View on the Rhine,' and 'Glen Dochart, Argyleshire,' 125 gs. (Vokins); three by B. Foster,—'Farmyard near Guilford,' 'View near Ripley,' and 'Blackberry Gatherers,' 225 gs. (Smith); 'The Anxious Moment,' G. Cattermole, 95 gs. (Wilson); 'Grapes and Apples,' and 'Maiden Lane,' W. Hunt, 125 gs. (Edwards); 'The King's Trumpeter,' J. Gilbert, 95 gs. (Carter); 'Cornfield,' P. De Wint, 100 gs. (Vokins); 'Coblentz,' C. Stansfield, R.A., 150 gs. (E. White). The principal oil-pictures were,—'The Squire's Feast,' G. B. O'Neill, 100 gs. (Simpson); 'Evening,' the engraved picture by W. T. G. Dobson, A.R.A., 175 gs. (Tooth); 'Anne Page,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 180 gs. (Carthew); 'An April Day on the Kentish Coast,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 190 gs. (Taylor). The day's sale concluded with a collection whose owner's name did not transpire; but it contained the following:—'Pussy's Breakfast,' E. C. Barnes, and 'The Pet Calf,' E. C. Barnes and Weekes, 150 gs. (Smith); 'View in the Highlands,' with collie dogs and sheep, E. Verboeckhoven, 195 gs. (Tooth); 'The Cherry-Seller,' G. Smith, 175 gs. (Carthew); 'The Ferry,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 255 gs. (Graves). The proceeds of the whole sale amounted to upwards of £7,000.

The oil-pictures forming a portion of the stock of Messrs. Moore, McQueen, and Co. (Limited), were sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on the 28th of April, at their rooms in King Street. The collection included some good examples of our own school, and a few by foreign painters. Among them were,—'Dr. Jenner's First Volunteer,' T. H. Maguire 130 gs. (James); 'The Good Shepherd,' now being engraved, W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., 425 gs. (Mortimer); 'Light in Darkness,' G. Smith, also in the hands of the engraver, 445 gs. (Colnaghi); 'A Neapolitan Mother,' H. R. R. Martineau, 105 gs. (James); 'The Toy-Seller,'

J. Burr, 100 gs. (Lefevre); 'The Joys of Home,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 220 gs. (Thrupp); 'Sheep-Washing,' and its companion, 'Picking out the Lambs,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 235 gs. each (Lefevre); 'Joy,' R. Carrick, 298 gs. (Cox); its companion, 'Anxiety,' 280 gs. (Cox); both these pictures are in the hands of the engraver; 'Feeding the Swans,' F. Goodall, R.A., 660 gs. (Cox); 'A Butcher Bargaining with a Farmer,' G. Morland, 250 gs. (Mordaunt); 'Pat among the Old Masters,' E. Nicol, R.S.A., 180 gs. (Mortimer); 'The Windmill,' T. Creswick, R.A. 360 gs. (Mortimer); 'The Bouquet,' a female with a bunch of flowers in her hand, C. Baxter, 115 gs. (Hooper); 'Nearing Home,' J. D. Luard, engraved, 275 gs. (Cox); 'The Approach to Seville,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 455 gs. (Mortimer); 'An Italian Landscape,' W. Linnell, 265 gs. (James); 'Edinburgh, from the Calton Hill,' D. Roberts, R.A., 145 gs. (Crofts); 'Portrait of a Lady,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 168 gs. (Mortimer); 'Cattle in a Landscape,' one of the pictures by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., exhibited last year at the Academy, 340 gs. (James); 'I take this Opportunity,' a girl engaged in writing a letter, T. Faed, R.A., 580 gs. (Cox); the companion picture, 'Perfectly Satisfied,' 580 gs. (Cox); both works are in the hands of the engraver; 'Bridge at the Junction of the Greta and the Tees,' T. Creswick, R.A., 105 gs. (Miller); 'A Roman Landscape,' W. Linnell, 345 gs. (Lloyd); 'The Sisters,' C. Baxter, 160 gs. (McLean); 'Cattle in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 356 gs. (Miller); 'Landscape,' J. T. Linnell, 180 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Rescued,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 440 gs. (Morton); 'The Mothers,' sheep in a landscape, a fine example of the Belgian cattle-painter, E. Verboeckhoven, 405 gs. (Hooper). The collection of Messrs. Moore, McQueen, & Co., realised £12,500.

At the conclusion of the sale a few paintings belonging to an amateur were disposed of. Among them,—'Loch Lomond,' H. Macculloch, R.S.A., 118 gs. (Wareham); 'A Brittany Peasant,' F. Stone, A.R.A., 135 gs. (Andrews); 'La Bolera,' a Spanish girl, J. Phillips, R.A., 158 gs. (Morby); 'Castle and Rock of Alicant,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 330 gs. (Andrews); 'Salmon Cruise on the River Air,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 165 gs. (Andrews); 'Landscape,' J. Constable, R.A., 265 gs.

Early in May, Messrs. Christie & Co. sold the pictures, water-colour drawings and engravings, which belonged to the late Mr. Curling, of Maesmawr Hall, near Welchpool. The only oil picture of importance was 'The Mole at Rhodes,' by W. Müller, bought by Mr. Grundy for £100. The principal drawings were—'Crowland Abbey,' with fishermen setting nets, P. Dewint, 300 gs. (Vokins); and 'Rain and Sunshine,' D. Cox, £304 (Vokins). The prints included several valuable examples of Raffaelle Morghen's *burin*, Da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' with dedication and coat of arms, £57 (Holloway); Guido's 'Aurora,' proof before letters, £48 (Grundy); 'Raffaelle and the Fornarina,' after Raffaelle, proof before letters, £46 (Grundy). Turner's 'Southern Coast of England,' 165 engravings and etchings, was sold for £38 (Bicknell); 'L'Œuvres de Watteau,' by Watteau, 350 plates, £111 (Boone); and S. Cousins's 'Bolton Abbey,' after Landseer, proof before letters £25 (Agnew).

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

Dublin.—In a somewhat recent number of the *Builder*, we find the following with reference to the O'Connell monument:—"This unfortunate monument still continues to cause heartburning and bickering among all who have soiled their hands by meddling with it. Mr. Foley has declined to furnish a design for the whole work, but consents, if a satisfactory design is produced by an architect of standing, to execute the statue of O'Connell. It is Mr. Foley's wish that the monument shall be essentially of an architectural character, and the statue shall not be placed higher than thirty feet. The O'Connell Monument Committee have now appointed a sub-committee to consider and report on the selection of an architect."

Limerick.—An Art-exhibition, the first ever held in this city, was opened in the month of April. The local papers speak of its having been well attended.

Bath.—The Graphic Society of this city has been so long in what may be called a state of abeyance, that for several years, so says one of the local journals, no attempt has been made to hold a *conversazione*. In the month of April, however, a meeting of this kind took place in the Assembly Rooms, and was so successful as to lead to the hope that it may be followed by others, and that such *reunions* may become of frequent occurrence in this fashionable city. The exhibition of pictures was not large, but it included several works of great merit, prominent among which was Mr. Holman Hunt's 'The Stray Sheep.' A large and fine water-colour drawing, 'Botallack Mine, Cornwall,' by the late — Cooke, of Plymouth, attracted great attention; so also did others by Copley Fielding, C. Branwhite, G. Wolfe, Bright, Rosenberg, Miss Rosenberg, F. Dillon, Drummond, A. Keene, P. Shepperd, jun.,—an amateur,—with others. Several well-filled portfolios of drawings and sketches contributed not a little to the interest of the evening.

Boston.—From the fifth annual report of the Committee of the Boston School of Art, we learn that the establishment is now self-supporting. During the past year the number of students on the books was 111, and the various classes were well attended. The "ladies' morning class" was less than the committee anticipated it would be. This is to be regretted, for on this class and the "general day class" the maintenance of the services of the head-master depends in a great measure. The "artisan class" has increased in numbers.

Cambridge.—Baron Marochetti is at work upon a statue of the late Mr. Jonas Webb, the eminent sheep-breeder, of Babraham. It is to be placed on the Market Hill, Cambridge, and the cost will be defrayed by public subscription.

Leeds.—The commission for the four stone lions to be placed in front of the town hall has been entrusted, by the civic authorities, to Mr. W. D. Keyworth, jun., who, it is to be hoped, will not keep the townspeople of Leeds waiting for their animals so long as Sir E. Landseer has kept us in expectation of the arrival of ours in Trafalgar Square.

Manchester.—At a somewhat recent meeting of the committee of Manchester Art Workmen's Association, it was stated by the chairman that a plan was under consideration for enlarging the scope of the society; one object in view was a scheme for holding a general exhibition of all the principal manufactures in Lancashire, for which a spacious and permanent building would be requisite. A general meeting of members will be called to discuss the matter.

Salford.—The committee which has undertaken the management of the Portrait Gallery for the museum in Peel Park, has prepared a project for a permanent gallery of Photographic Portraits. According to a circular issued, these portraits are to be of uniform style and size, about eight inches by six inches; to be taken in the first instance from life, and printed by a process invented and patented by Mr. Swan, of Newcastle, which claims to render photographic printing as permanent as any engraving.

Southampton.—The statue of the late Viscount Palmerston, to be erected in this town, is to be executed by Mr. T. Sharp, who has undertaken the work for the sum of £800, of which about half is already subscribed.

Witham.—A large and very interesting collection of Japanese curiosities and works of industrial Art, the property of Captain Luard, R.N., who commanded the *Conqueror*, for some time stationed on the coast of that country, was recently exhibited at the Literary Institution in the quiet little town of Witham, in Essex. Conspicuous among the collection were bronzes, lacquered boxes of varied description, armour, war-implements, coins, carvings, porcelain, jewellery, drawings and paintings, &c. &c.; the whole being of very considerable value.

BRITANNIA UNVEILING AUSTRALIA.

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY G. HALSE.

The name of Mr. Halse has not yet become "familiar as a household word" with those who talk about Art and artists, whatever it may be hereafter, though he has exhibited at the Academy for several years works which have called forth commendation. A self-taught sculptor,—so far, that is to say, as to the teaching of Art-schools, for he never entered one as a student,—he quietly applied himself from boyhood, in his own home, to the acquisition of such knowledge as the pursuit of the art renders necessary. It is now less the actual, serious, business of his life, than the loved study of leisure hours.

It was no small compliment paid to the talents of Mr. Halse that they secured, at an early period, the notice of the late Duke of Devonshire, an enlightened and liberal patron of Art. A bust of the duke, by him, was exhibited at the Academy in 1858; he also executed for his grace two statues in marble, 'Lesbia,' and 'Nora Creina,' both of which were exhibited at the Academy in 1857. Among other works contributed to the same gallery were 'Nidia, the Blind Flower-Girl,' a figure in marble; 'The Tarpeian Rock,' a small group of three figures, in bronze; 'The Dawn of Thought,' a statuette in marble; 'Madeline,' a figure in marble; 'Hush!' also in marble; 'Eve,' a marble figure in the present exhibition at the Academy. To these must be added several busts; among them those of the Marquis of Salisbury, Cæsar Hawkins, F.R.S., presented to him by his pupils; the late Mr. W. B. Bayley, one of the directors of the defunct East India Company; the Rev. Dr. Kynaston, head-master of St. Paul's School, where the sculptor was educated (not exhibited); a posthumous bust of the late Mr. A. R. Drummond; 'The May Queen,' exhibited at the British Institution; and 'The Hop Queen,' at the Royal Academy, two elegant little ideal busts of children. To the International Exhibition of 1862 Mr. Halse sent a marble figure entitled, 'Defending the Pass.' An engraving on wood of this work appeared, with very many others, in our illustrated notice of the sculptures then exhibited.

The allegorical group, executed in marble, of 'Britannia unveiling Australia,' or, as the base of it indicates, 'Advance, Australia!' stood in the sculpture room of the Academy in 1865. The intention of the artist is evidently to represent Britannia in the act of unveiling the virgin beauties of Australia, who, surprised and pleased, boldly steps out from her native wilds, into the clear, open space of civilisation. Britannia at the same time presents to her a Constitution, which she reverently accepts. A kangaroo behind her is suggestive of the country, and the feather of an emu carries out the same idea, while it marks the coquetry of the youthful savage. The conception of the work is original, and it is distinguished by much poetic feeling.

Though foreign to the subject of Art, it is not out of place when speaking of the works of this sculptor, to remark that Mr. Halse has achieved considerable success as the author of, among other writings, three small volumes of fiction, "Queen Loeta," illustrated by himself, "Agatha," a Christmas tale, and "Sir Guy de Guy," a humorous and clever poem, reminding us, in manner, of Scott's "Marmion," and a kind of Baron Munchausen satire upon the sensational literature of the day.


ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE correspondence between the Royal Academy and the Chief Commissioner of Works has been printed. The "sum tottle" of the whole is, as we described it a month ago—the Academy is willing to take all it can get, but is averse to give anything in return. Mr. Cowper offers a site on which "the Academy may build out of their own funds," either on the southern side of the court fronting Piccadilly, or on the northern side of the garden fronting the street called Burlington Gardens; but without absolutely insisting on any "terms," he expresses a hope that the number of Royal Academicians will be raised from *forty-two to fifty*, and the associates from *twenty to forty*, and that the latter will have an equal share with the former in the elections of both members and associates. That is, indeed, to grant the site upon easy terms, asking very little; but little as it is, the Academy refuses to pay anything of the kind. They will concede the right of voting to associates—they will agree to elect associates without limit as to number; that is to say, they will raise, as best suits them, three or thirty to the honour; but they will make no additions to the forty-two! Why the demands of Mr. Cowper are so small we cannot say; he requires so trifling a sacrifice, that if it were unhesitatingly conceded, we do not think Parliament would be content; and we are quite sure the public and the profession would not be. It is high time to convert the Royal Academy from a private into a public body—responsible to the Nation, and in the prosperity of which the public may be interested. At present it is not so. Sir Francis Grant attributes the "unpopularity" of the Academy to "want of space." No doubt the walls of the Exhibition-rooms are utterly insufficient to hang the works of merit sent in. That is admitted so far as one hundred and eighty pictures are concerned—annually; but the number might be multiplied by five without exaggerating. This is not the place to show the injustice of which the Academy is annually guilty; for which "want of space" is the assigned, but is not the real cause. The Royal Academy has not the heart—not even the good will—of the British people, because it holds back from any effort that implies sacrifice, to promote the interests of Art. It is entirely wrong to assert that Art and artists generally would receive no benefit from augmenting the list of members and opening the grade of associate to every artist who established his claim to the distinction. There are at this moment fifty British artists (including painters in water-colours) as fully entitled to it as are three-fourths of those who enjoy it; and it is a miserably narrow and thoroughly selfish policy—that which would legislate to withhold from them their right.

The letter to which we have referred, from Mr. Cowper to Sir Charles Eastlake, is dated June 5th, 1865. The reply bears date 31st July, 1865.

Sir Charles denies any public right of any kind whatever over the Academy; maintains that the site now offered them is merely their due, as a set-off against the apartments they held at Somerset House, and from which they were removed for the public convenience—that their "independence" is in no way to be compromised, and that the House of Commons can claim no right to interfere with their proceedings any more than with those of any other private corporation. In a word, on the part of the Academy he refuses to consider the body as "amenable to any control," except the will of the Sovereign.

Sir Charles Eastlake thus took a high stand, and yet the Hon. William Cowper did not succumb. He states in his reply that "the gift of the site could only be justified on the ground of the benefits conferred by the Academy in respect to the development of Art and the cultivation of public taste," and intimates that "it is the duty of the Academy, by some improvement in its regulations and constitution, to render it more conducive to the great purposes for which it was founded by the sovereign," and in a very emphatic sentence declares it to be the intention of the Government to require such modifications of the constitution of the Academy as will secure the objects contemplated.

The reply, dated 22nd February, is from Sir Francis Grant. He refuses on the part of the Academy to consider the site "a gratuitous gift," maintaining it to be their right; but intimating that the Academy had "resolved to carry out certain important reforms, embracing the enlargement of the constituency and greater additional privileges to the associates."

On the 26th March a letter was addressed by the President of the Royal Academy to the Chief Commissioner of Works, informing him what these reforms were, and what was meant by an "enlargement of the constituency."

Sir Francis Grant begins by stating that inasmuch as the number of artists enjoying "highest honours" is greater in England than it is in France, Belgium, Munich, and Rome, the number ought not to be augmented in England; he says "it cannot be affirmed that this country is so prolific in high attainment in Art as to produce more than forty-two artists of the highest eminence." That is begging the question. The only answer to be given is by asking another question:—"Are there no artists out of the Academy whose 'eminence' equals that of the majority of the members who compose it?" and Sir Francis Grant then proceeds to argue that because the experiment of enlargement was tried, and failed, in the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, it would fail if it were tried now.

They, therefore (and no other "arguments" but those two are adopted), decline to add to the number of members—which must remain as it has been for just a century—forty-two, or rather forty.

The following "resolutions" are those which the Academy proposes to the Government, to Parliament, and to the country:—

1. The members of the Royal Academy do not consider it expedient to increase the present number of academicians, viz., 42.

2. That the number of associates be indefinite, but that there shall be a minimum of twenty to be always filled up.

3. That associates shall in future have the privilege of voting at all elections, both of academicians and associates.

4. That artists shall not be required to inscribe themselves as candidates for academic honours, but that, in future, candidates for the rank of associate shall be nominated and seconded either by academicians or associates.

5. That in future the academician engravers shall not form a separate class, but shall be entitled to the full honours of academicians and associates.

6. That there shall be an honorary class of foreign members, but that the carrying out of this resolution must be delayed by present insufficiency of space, as whilst the Academy is under the necessity of annually returning many works of British artists for want of space, it would be manifestly unwise to invite the contributions of foreign artists.

7. That it is not desirable that artists should cease to belong to other Art-societies before they can be admitted to the honours of the Royal Academy, and that in exhibiting their works they should not be restricted to the Royal Academy Exhibition.

8. That there shall be no limit as to the age at which an artist shall be eligible to the rank of associate or academician.

9. The Royal Academy entirely agree with Her Majesty's Commissioners, and have always acted on the principle, that academicians should be elected from the class of associates on the ground of merit alone, wholly irrespective of any consideration arising from the length of time during which they may have been on the list of associates.

10. The recommendation of Her Majesty's Commissioners, that there should be a chemist and a laboratory attached to the Academy, to submit colours and vehicles to practical tests, entirely commands the sympathy of the Royal Academy, the question of space alone preventing its immediate adoption.

11. The Royal Academy has long felt the desirableness of keeping the schools open throughout the year (necessary vacations excepted); and, having carefully considered the subject of teaching, is prepared, when sufficient space admits, to carry out important alterations in the present system, embracing many of the recommendations of Her Majesty's Commissioners.

It will thus be seen that the Academy propose to do—nothing. The members do not even agree to enlarge the number of associates. They will increase that number if it be their pleasure to do so; but they give no pledge to admit the artists who merit entrance, and whose right to enter they would not question. A few paltry make-weights are introduced into the document—"there shall be no limit as to age." Neither infancy nor imbecility is to be a positive disqualification. Artists shall be no longer required to "inscribe themselves as candidates." The *minimum* of associates shall be twenty (which it now is, and has always been), and the twenty *may be* increased. Engravers shall be eligible to full honours; foreign contributors shall be courted—*when there is space;* an artist shall not be disqualified *because* he belongs to another Art-society; a chemist and a laboratory may be attached to the Academy *when there is space;* and when there is space, the schools shall be open during the greater part of the year.

Was there ever so beggarly an account of empty boxes? In reality, we repeat, the Academy gives nothing—sacrifices nothing—does nothing whatever; the ground on which it is willing to receive the site is that no price shall be paid for it.

And this, according to the letter of 22nd February, is "carrying out certain important reforms, embracing the enlargement of the constituency."

It remains to be seen whether the Government will recommend to Parliament a grant to the Academy for which the public is to receive nothing; and if it do so recommend, whether Parliament will be satisfied to lose the only chance that can offer to this generation of so reforming the Academy as to render it really the representative of the profession, and truly and practically serviceable in promoting the interests of Art.

One thing at least is certain: the Academy has not met the liberal views of the country and Parliament in a similar spirit: its members must take the consequences—be they what they may.

FRENCH AND FLEMISH EXHIBITION.

THIRTEENTH SEASON.

The exhibition of Continental schools now open in the French Gallery, Pall-mall, in no material degree differs from the collections which Mr. Gambart has displayed of late years. This annual gathering of foreign pictures makes a refreshing change in the midst of our London Art-season. The public find in this small but well-selected collection new names, startling subjects, and unaccustomed styles. Yet when the experiment has been repeated for thirteen successive seasons, the first novelty naturally becomes a little stale. Even the Continent of Europe cannot withstand perpetual drain; the number of first-class artists, after all, has its limits, and the pictures annually produced suited to the English market, cannot be indefinitely varied or multiplied. Hence it happens, as we have said, that the exhibition which now falls under review is wonderfully like its immediate predecessors. A small picture by Rosa Bonheur, a Nun by Henrietta Browne, a joyful trooper by Meissonnier, a promenade by Plassan, one or more pretty pictures by Frère, something large by Gallait, a strange sensation from Gerôme, and a mediæval petrifaction by Leys—such are the pictorial wares which the public may expect to find in this French and Flemish gallery.

The picture by Gerôme, which obtains the post of honour, is of doubtful reputation: few ladies venture to look at it. Phryne, the notorious Grecian courtesan, obtains acquittal from some capital offence by the unveiling of her charms in the presence of a numerous tribunal of men. We are told that when the eloquence of her advocate and lover, the orator Hyperide, failed to move the grave judges, she uncovered her bust, and thus obtained acquittal. So great was the beauty of this venal woman, that Apelles painted her as the famed 'Venus Anadyomene,' and Praxiteles, who shared Phryne's charms with the most illustrious men in the reign of Philip and Alexander, modelled her as the Cnidian Venus. It might, however, have been possible for Gerôme to have touched on such a history with discretion; but then he would have lost the point and purpose which his picture reveals. It can scarcely, indeed, be matter of surprise that a French artist should be expressly French in his treatment; cleverness of inuendo, a certain semblance of decorum preserved in the midst of sentiment dubious, such is the cunning subterfuge which has made French novelists, dramatists, and painters notorious. Gerôme's 'Phryne,' the hetaira of Athens, has become deservedly illustrious among its kind. The various shades of expression in the heads of the old judges, passing from surprise to curiosity, and then into actual desire, have already gained for this work a reputation before it reached our English shores. It is worthy of note, that we have now hanging in propriety-pretending London a picture which created a sensation even in Paris. Gerôme's 'Cæsar, Dead,' is scarcely less famed, though in a different way. It is stern, grand, and desolate.

Amazingly clever, though careless, are the four works of M. Schreyer. There is great "go" in the Arab horses and spirit in the riders, and a strong pull in that team of Wallachian waggoners. The execution is sketchy, and the colour dun, as often in the more dashing pictures of the French school. Biard, one of the most original versatile and eccentric of living artists, is represented by two works, the mere titles of which indicate a wide range. The one is a 'Souvenir of Central America,' the other 'Lapland Lovers off Cape North;' both are equally recommended by comic coarseness. Madame Jerichau is liberal in her supplies: the Royal Academy contains four, and this gallery six of the lady's works. 'Norwegian Courtship' is conspicuous for the rude nature and unpolished manners we commonly expect in extreme northern latitudes. Madame Jerichau seldom lacks power. Another lady, Madame Henrietta Browne, to whom Madame Jerichau has sometimes been under obligation, scarcely sustains the fame won by the 'Sisters of Charity,' exhibited in this gallery a few years ago. Her present contribution, 'A Nun,' is formal and of little force. Henri Lehmann, the painter of vast ceilings in Paris, florid and false as drop scenes, sends a *genre* picture, 'Italian Women Reposing,' showy in costume and effective by its breadth of execution. Henri Schlesinger has learnt, as seen in several agreeable and not unrefined heads, to paint girls with an innocence not always found in pictorial importations from Paris. Gallait and Leys once more appear in the exhibition as the leaders of two opposing schools in Flanders. Gallait represents French interests: his style is modern; yet we cannot say on the evidence of 'Jeanne La Folle,' that his Art is progressive. This, indeed, is a retrograde work, forced in sentiment and poor and black in flesh tones. Leys, who, as we have said, in the world of Art stands the antipodes of Gallait, is represented by three pictures of accustomed mediæval severity. 'The Arrival,' 'The Welcome,' and 'After the Feast,' follow in continuity of narrative in a style which may be designated Van Eyck domestic. There is a finality in this Art fatal to advance. The axiom, indeed, is of universal application, that when human affairs do not move onwards, they turn backwards.

Landscape nature and the brute creation find faithful and effective chroniclers in Lambinet, Leu, Verboeckhoven, and the three Bonheurs. The well-known style of Lambinet, liquid in colour, and simple in sentiment, is not favourably seen 'On the Banks of the Seine.' Leu belongs to a very different school, nurtured in Dusseldorff. A stormy day in a 'Norwegian Landscape' is just that uncomfortable approach to grandeur which Leu enjoys. Le Poittevin has always an eye for composition and effect in the disposal of figures, as may be seen by a minor product of his easel—'Lobster Fishing.' The colour of Verboeckhoven is discordant, especially in blue shadows. This defect has been eluded in an interior where 'Scotch Sheep' are of the painter's very best fleece. Three Bonheurs are present in the gallery—a brother and two sisters—all pupils of their father Raymond, and bearing an unmistakable family likeness when seen together. Juliette Bonheur, indeed, in an exquisite little picture, 'The Twins,' makes a near approach to her sister Rosa. And the redoubtable Rosa herself, 'Near Ballaculish,' has painted a picture which, though small, is of choicest quality. The sheep are of character and attitude patient and speaking, and the little landscape in which they are set is grey, in harmony, and of quiet truth.

Other well-known names will recall the pictures which again and again come to delight the eye within these walls. The works of Antigna, Bauguiet, Duverger, and Dyckmans, are after the character in which these masters are confirmed. And perhaps it is unreasonable to expect that old stagers such as Meissonnier, Plassan, and Frère, who have already approached perfection, should surpass former achievements. Meissonnier, in 'The Halt,' has gone a little out of his accustomed beat, not, perhaps, with advantage: he is more at home when he leaves the open air to make merry with 'The Joyful Trooper.' This figure is matchless in attitude, point, and sparkle. Simple-minded and pathetic Edouard Frere has not found congenial sentiment either in 'The Bath' or 'The Travelling Printseller.' The rare quality of the master is on the wane, and even the trustful hand plays false. Plassan indulges, of course, in semi-nude toilette, which he excuses under the pretence of 'Evening Prayer.' A composition of infinitely greater merit is 'The Promenade.' There can be no doubt that the man who paints this picture knows well what he is about. Mark the turn given to the back, and then the approach made between the two figures who hold converse while they walk; also the broken harmony of the colour which comes to positive climax in masses of red and blue. The French gallery never lacks some half dozen such works *de société*, consummate in address and pictorial in management.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Emperor of the French.—We have the gratification to announce that the Emperor of the French has accepted the dedication of The Illustrated Catalogue of the Universal Exhibition, to be issued with the Art-Journal in 1867. His Majesty had declined all applications of the kind that had previously been submitted to him, and in making an exception to a general rule, we are justified in saying he intended a compliment to England. A prospectus of our plan accompanies this number of the *Art-Journal*. In its leading features it will resemble predecessors of 1851 and 1862, except that a large proportion of the Art-works represented will be those of France; we shall thus best aid the manufacturers of England. All the leading fabricants of France have tendered to us their cordial and zealous co-operation; and it cannot be requisite to state that we shall do our utmost to render the work in all respects a worthy record of an Exhibition for which all the foremost Art-workers of the world are making active preparations, and which cannot fail to surpass in suggestive value those that have preceded it. The *Art-Journal* for April, 1867, will contain the first part of the Illustrated Catalogue, which will be continued—but without any extra charge to subscribers—until the choicest of the productions exhibited shall have been engraved, and the principal manufacturers of England, France, and other kingdoms of the Continent duly represented. For "further particulars" we refer the reader to the Prospectus.

At the Royal Academy Dinner there was, as usual, a great gathering of the aristocracy, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honouring it with his presence, and delivering a pleasant and effective speech. There was also a good assemblage of gentlemen who chiefly sustain British Art; the wealthy men who expend large sums in the acquisition of pictures, to whom, indeed, all the principal exhibited works now belong: such "patrons" as Mr. Penn, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Pender, Sir Morton Peto, Mr. Kelk, Mr. Leaf, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Mendel, and Mr. Alderman Salomons, ought indeed to be, as no doubt they are, among the most welcome guests of the Royal Academy. We hope that, by thus bringing them into immediate contact with the artists, they will learn the policy, as well as the justice, of applying directly to them for such acquisitions to their galleries as they may require. To promote more intimate relations between the painter and the purchaser should be a paramount object with the Royal Academy in all its arrangements. There was nothing remarkable in any of the speeches delivered at the dinner. The President discharged his task in a satisfactory manner; he is, in all respects, a gentleman, and was thoroughly at ease among the august "invited." The text on which he chiefly spoke was "want of space."

The Royal Academy Elections.—Six Associate Members have been elected—Mr. Joseph Durham, sculptor, Mr. G. E. Street, architect, Mr. E. Nicol, Mr. J. Pettie, Mr. W. F. Yeames, and Mr. H. T. Wells, painters; the last named being a portrait-painter. These elections cannot be otherwise than satisfactory. There are others, however, not in this list whose claims to promotion are quite as strong, and it is neither reasonable nor just, and certainly not for the public interest, that they continue to be of the

excluded. Among the reforms on which Parliament will, we trust, insist is this, that whenever an artist exhibits his right to admission, he shall be admitted. Rumour states that there are two artists who would probably have been chosen in preference to two of the above list, but that their names had not been entered as candidates; and it is further said the neglect arose from information given *at the Academy* that such a formality was no longer necessary. If this be so, it is a scandalous breach of faith and trust, such as might have entailed penalties if the Royal Academy were a public and not a private body, with whose rights or wrongs the nation has nothing to do. The obnoxious rule has been abrogated; but surely it should have been so in time to prevent an act of gross injustice.—On the same evening that the above elections took place, Mr. C. W. Cope, R.A., was appointed to the chair of Professor of Painting, a post that has been vacant since Mr. Leslie vacated it in 1852; and Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., to that of Professor of Architecture, in the room of Mr. Sydney Smirke, who has resigned.

The Charge against the Dublin Committee of permitting a cast to be taken from one of the sculptured works sent from Rome to the exhibition, has been entirely repudiated by Mr. Hercules McDonnell. Nothing of the kind was done; indeed, to have done it would have been almost an impossibility. Such charges should not be made lightly.

South Kensington Officials.—We believe a question will be asked in Parliament as to the nature of the appointment now held by Mr. Robinson, the amount of salary attached to it, and the amount (if any) of labour entailed upon the recipient of such salary.

The Chapter House, Westminster.—Parliament has voted £7,000, an instalment of £25,000, for the restoration of this ancient edifice, which Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., will direct. From a statement made by Dean Stanley, a short time since, at the Royal Institution, the chapter will undertake to repair the interior of the nave.

Mr. Peabody.—There is no man of the century whose name is more honoured, in two worlds, than the plain and simple gentleman who has made humanity his debtor; and it was one of the happiest acts of the Queen—that by which she represented the universal sentiment of mankind. Photographic portraits of the philanthropist have been issued by Mr. Claudet. They are admirable as likenesses, and also as works of Art. It is pleasant to look upon a countenance so full of benevolence. Those who have never seen, will love the man. There is no mistaking the nature that speaks so eloquently in the mild and loving features. He is obviously one who could not help doing good. Happy are they who live within the sphere of his influence: but that influence will be extended to millions whom his work of mercy will bless now and hereafter.

Art-Union Societies.—The members of the House of Commons nominated as the Select Committee on questions affecting the laws of these associations are—Lord Robert Montagu, Sir Michael Beach, Mr. Blake, Mr. Schreiber, Mr. Beresford-Hope, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Mr. Bentinck, General Dunne, Mr. Monsell, Mr. Bazley, Sir Wentworth Dilke, The O'Conor Don, Mr. Frederick Leveson Gower, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Torrens.

Cruikshank Testimonial.—The vice-president of the association for carrying out this object is Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, not Sir W. Trelawney, as stated in our last number, and also by several of our contemporaries.

Artists' Benevolent Fund Society.—The fifty-sixth Annual Festival of this Society was held on the 28th of April at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lord H. G. Lennox, M.P., in the chair. The scope and working of the institution have been so often explained in our columns that they need not to be repeated. Since its formation upwards of £27,000 have been distributed among the widows and orphans of artists of all kinds. The financial report for the past year shows that the total receipts amounted to £1,627, the expenditure to £1,280. The balance of £347 remains in the hands of the bankers. The list of contributions announced during the evening included one of 100 guineas from the Queen, Mr. Bond Cabbell's annual gift of £30—the forty-third donation of this liberal-minded gentleman,—and a legacy of £134 from the late Mr. Benjamin Hawkins.

Artists' General Benevolent Institution.—The Annual Festival of this society took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 12th of May. The chair was occupied by Mr. A. H. Layard, M.P., who was supported by Lord Powerscourt, Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., and several members of the Royal Academy. The sums invested in the name of this society have now reached £19,164, and about £1,000 appears to its credit under another head. Last year eighty-eight applicants received relief to the aggregate amount of £1,440.

Lough Erne.—A company has been formed to establish an Hotel on the borders of Lough Erne, in the centre of scenery of surpassing beauty—the pride of the North, as Killarney is of the South, of Ireland. The plans for conducting the hotel are of a very judicious character—such as will be certain to attract Tourists. It is near the terminus of a railway—from Belfast and Dublin—on the slope of a hill commanding varied and most beautiful views; the lake abounds in temptations to the angler, perch, pike, and trout; boats of all sorts and steam-yachts ply throughout the day, and health and pleasure minister abundantly to the visitor, while the grounds afford facilities for every kind of amusement. The neighbouring localities are full of interest, ruined abbeys, and castles, and round towers are near at hand, and a large proprietor of the district, Mervyn D'Arcy Irvine, Esq., throws open his mansion and domain (one of the most renowned in the country) to all "strangers." We desire to make this project known, for while many will this year, no doubt, feel indisposed to visit the South, their objections will not in the remotest degree apply to the North. There are no Fenians in that loyal locality. We earnestly advise, therefore, tourists who are considering where pleasantly and profitably to spend a month or two of summer, to turn their attention to the inducements Lough Erne will hold out to them. We might fill a page by explaining what they are, describing the wild sea-coast of Cushendall, the world's wonder, the Giant's Causeway, and a hundred other famous places—any one of which may be a source of intense delight.

Artists' Orphan Asylum.—At the dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, Sir Francis Grant announced that an "unknown friend" had proffered "land and building" for a school for the orphans of artists, and that another "unknown friend" had offered £2,000 towards its support. The idea is not a new one. Some five years ago Mr. S. C. Hall set to work to found such an institution. He succeeded in obtaining many promises of aid, both in money to commence with and in annual subscriptions—sufficient indeed to warrant the founding of such a school and asylum as he contemplated. But he had "begun at the wrong end;" to his surprise he ascertained *that there were no orphans of artists who stood in need of such help.* It is unnecessary to say he communicated with the secretaries of the two Artists' Benevolent Institutions, and with several persons interested in the project in the provinces. He could hear of no artists who had left orphans unprovided for. He consequently abandoned the undertaking, but if he laboured under a mistake—and also those with whom he corresponded—or there may be now orphans who did not exist then, or if greater publicity may obtain more definite proofs, he will have pleasure in handing over to any one properly appointed a large number of signed circulars promising subscriptions and other aid to such an institution in the event of its being formed.

National Portrait Gallery.—The trustees have issued their annual report. It announces that the Dean of Westminster and Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., have been added to the number of trustees; that five portraits were presented to the gallery during the past year,—those of Jeremy Bentham, Thomas Campbell, the Princess Charlotte, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duke of Kent, the last a model in wax. Fifteen other portraits have been added by purchase, at prices ranging from eight guineas to £120, that being the sum paid for a portrait of Cobden, by Fagnani. Among the other purchases are portraits of George II., O'Connell, Father Mathew, Pepys, and Lord W. Russell. The number of visitors to the gallery last year exceeded 16,640.

New National Gallery.—The Board of Works has extended the number of competitors who may furnish designs for this work to twelve. The sum of £45,000 to complete the purchase-money, £50,000, for the enlargement of the site, has been agreed to by the House of Commons.

Royal Institute of British Architects.—At a special general meeting of the members of the Institute, held at the rooms in Conduit Street on the 30th of April, the President, Mr. A. B. Beresford-Hope, M.P., in the chair, the Royal Gold Medal for 1865 was presented to Mr. Matthew Digby Wyatt, for the distinguished services he has rendered to architecture. Mr. Hope prefaced the presentation with some well-expressed remarks on Mr. Wyatt's title to the honour conferred: remarks with which all who are acquainted with this gentleman must readily concur. The following prizes had been previously distributed:—

The Silver Medal of the Institute, with Five Guineas.—To Mr. Charles Henman, jun., of Bedford Villas, Croydon, for a set of twelve drawings, two sketch books, and description of Finchdale Priory, Durham. To Mr. Arthur Baker, of Inkermann Terrace, Kensington, for a set of twelve drawings, sketches and description of the East End and Ladye Chapel of St. Alban's Abbey, Hertfordshire.

Commended.—A set of seven drawings and description of Trinity (or Christ Church) Cathedral, Dublin, by Mr. Noble C. Colclough, of Glenville, Donnybrook, Dublin.

The late Sir Francis E. Scott's Prize of Ten Guineas.—To Mr. H. Rennult Mangin, of 26, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W., for a set of twelve drawings for a Design for a Mansion. The set of twelve drawings of a Design for School Residences—motto, "Serio"—by Mr. E. W. A. Atkins, of Hammond's Cottages, Lea Bridge Road, Clapton, N.E., was commended.

Student's Prize in Books.—To Mr. J. S. Nightingale, of 42, Parliament Street, Westminster.

The Pugin Travelling Fund was presented to Mr. Hubert Austin.

REVIEWS.

A New History of Painting in Italy, from the Second to the Sixteenth Century. Vol. III. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, Authors of "The Early Flemish Painters." Published by J. Murray, London.

There is a class of books—erudite, costly in their production, and that seem to be addressed to a very insignificant section of the public—for which we are often puzzled to know where readers are found, and, as a consequence, how it answers the purpose of publishers to issue them. That such works are not unprofitable speculations is evident, not so much by the fact of their existence as by another fact, that of their constantly increasing in number, enriching the literature of the age, and, for the most part, throwing additional, if not always new, light upon every subject that can engage the thoughts and occupy the pens of observant and studious men. It follows then, almost as a matter of course, that there are more readers of books on special and abstract questions than are "dreamt of in our philosophy;" and right glad are we to know it, particularly when the matter relates to Art, though of a remote age.

The appearance of the third volume of the "New History of Painting in Italy"—the first and second volumes were noticed early last year in the pages of the *Art-Journal*—involuntarily suggested the remarks just made, and led to the mental inquiry, "Who are the readers of such a book?" For, with all the patronage Art receives at the present day, there are but few, comparatively, who, it may be presumed, concern themselves greatly to acquire the knowledge, especially of the works of the old masters, which competent writers on the subject can give them. Still, the supply is doubtless a result of the demand; or the proposition may be reversed, and the latter may follow the former. In either case it is a good sign, showing that there are people desirous of reading about pictures, as there are those who admire and purchase them.

This third volume of the history of Mr. Crowe and his fellow-labourer embraces the latter half of the fifteenth century, a period immediately preceding the rise of the great luminary, Raffaelle and his contemporary—older and scarcely less brilliant as a star of the first magnitude—Michael Angelo. It was not a grand epoch in the annals of Italian Art, but there were some names which shed lustre upon it. Luca Signorelli, of Cortona—the first name we find in the book—who studied under P. della Francesca, made considerable advances over his predecessors in his drawing of the nude figure, and "prepared the way for its perfection in Michael Angelo." He holds an honourable place in the Sixtine Chapel at Rome, where is his large fresco of 'The History of Moses.' "One feels on looking at it, that the painter knew he was competing with great men in the art of composition, and in the science of light and shade. His conception and arrangement of incidents are grand and suitable." So write Mr. Crowe and his coadjutor, who rank him "second to Ghirlandaio in the great law of balance, in propriety and objectiveness; but he compensates these failings by liveliness and action. He is grander and more dignified than Botticelli, and reminds us that his path was followed later by Michael Angelo. He stands in direct contrast to Perugino, whose softness and tenderness are the direct contrary of his energy and impetuosity." Signorelli deservedly takes the highest rank among the painters of his time: his grandest work, for daring and vigorous conception, is 'The Last Judgment,' in the *duomo* of the cathedral at Orvieto.

Pietro Perugino, the name by which Vannucci is generally known, very naturally occupies a considerable space in the pages of this volume. He, too, like Signorelli, was indebted to P. della Francesca, for some amount, at least, of instruction in Art, and has left behind him works which show his sense of the beautiful in design and expression; and, so far as one can now judge at this distance of time, an eye for colour. But whatever the merits of Perugino, he will always be remembered as the master of Raffaelle, whom he outlived four years, surviving also Leonardo da Vinci by five years. The lives of these artists carry the history of Italian Art far into the first quarter of the sixteenth century.

Among the more eminent painters whom we meet with in the pages before us, and at a later date than those we have mentioned, are Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolomeo, Ghirlandaio, and Andrea del Sarto. These ornaments of the Florentine school, with their contemporaries, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and others, were the pioneers of that great army of painters which, during the next century and a half, sprung out of the whole country of Italy, and by whom, in conjunction with those of the Venetian school, their successors were more or less influenced.

The authors of this "New History" of Italian Art are amply redeeming the hopes created by the appearance of the first two volumes. The same diligent research, judicious description, and valuable information as to the present *locale* of the works of these old masters, that we pointed out in our former notice, are quite as manifest as the history proceeds. The next epoch claiming their notice is a great one; there is no fear, however, of its having ample justice done to it by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain. By W. Chaffers, F.S.A. Published by Davy and Sons, London.

This is a new edition, "considerably enlarged," of a work published not very long ago; there has been "a demand" for it, but that is not surprising, for the desire "to collect" is increasing daily; and there can be no guide safer or better than the author of this attractive volume. Mr. Chaffers has long been accepted as an "authority;" he has had many opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and he has turned them to account. He is acquainted with the best collections in Europe, and has consulted all the writers who have written on the subject. We believe, indeed, he has left nothing undone that could have been done to supply information to those who seek it or need it. The book is not merely an assemblage of marks and monograms; we have historical notices of each manufactory at which at any period pottery or porcelain has been produced. The volume will, therefore, be of great value to the amateur, the collector, and the dealer; it conveys instruction in a simple form, insomuch that any student may acquire, on easy terms, sufficient to guide him wherever he may chance to be, and in reference to foreign as well as British productions of Ceramic Art. Mr. Chaffers acknowledges his debt to the *Art-Journal* for much of the knowledge he is enabled to disseminate.

The Bible Dictionary. Illustrated with nearly Six Hundred Engravings. 2 Vols. Published by Cassell & Co., London.

The printing-presses of Messrs. Cassell and Co. take in a wide range of literature,—fiction, science, history, education, and, occasionally, divinity, may be counted among the books constantly issuing from the "yard" of the old "Belle Sauvage" inn, whence in our boyish days the well-appointed mail-coach and stage-coach—the perfection of highway travel—daily came forth.

For a considerable time past the enterprising publishers who now occupy this well-known metropolitan site have been circulating among their multitudinous "serials" a Dictionary of the Bible, now completed in two goodly volumes, which, though chiefly intended for popular use, are quite suited to every student of Scripture, whatever his degree in the Church or out of it. The text is printed in double columns, of type sufficiently large and clear to be read without difficulty by eyes not too young; and this is a grand desideratum in such a work. But to render it of universal utility, a cyclopædia, or dictionary, of the Bible, which of necessity must include matters admitting of controversy, if not of doctrine and belief, should evidence no sectarian principles. In these days especially, when religious thought has separated the Christian Church into an infinity of sections, each representing itself as the sole exponent of truth, both as to creed and worship, it is no easy task to find a number of writers, such as the compilation of a book like this requires, free from some particular bias, or willing to sacrifice their dogmas on the altar of independent judgment: in other words, to avoid the expression of extreme opinions that would imperil its success and usefulness. The editors of this dictionary—so far as a perusal of some of the articles tending to draw forth such tendencies enables us to judge—have met with men who have gone through their work seeking not to expound their own especial views, if they have any, but, in a spirit of independence, to treat the theology of the Scriptures according to their plain and literal acceptation. And thus, to quote a passage in the preface, the student "will find here every information he wants to meet the most advanced forms of modern unbelief; but no taint of unbelieving doubt will be found to pollute his mind, no tone of profane irreverence to shock his conscience."

The volumes are profusely illustrated, to the number of six hundred engravings, for the most part carefully executed, and with every appearance of truthful representation.

A Visit to Antwerp. By Charles Sulley. Published at the "Express" Office, Ipswich.

Mr. Sulley, taking advantage of the steamers that ply between Harwich and Antwerp, appears to have relieved himself of his editorial duties for a few days, to pass them in the glorious old seaport of Belgium. The story of his travel afterwards was published in his paper, the *Ipswich Express*, and is now reprinted in the form of a pamphlet, which may serve as a kind of guide-book, though far from a comprehensive one, to some, at least, of the wonders of the famous city of Antwerp. The churches seem to have engrossed most of his time, and their contents, especially the pictures, are the staple of his pages. Mr. Sulley does not affect to be an Art-critic, and he therefore judiciously refrains from assuming to be such, merely jotting down the impressions these works made on him. He would have done wisely had he adopted a little more refinement of language in a publication less ephemeral than the columns of a provincial newspaper; yet even here people, in our days, look for some attempt at propriety of style and expression in a writer. We make the remark in all good feeling, because we have heard that the author purposes publishing a larger and more important book upon Belgium, and the hint now given may be of service both to him and to it.

Kings and Queens of England. Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.

A series of twelve cards, each containing a portrait of three English sovereigns, from the Conquest to the present time, and a picture, underneath the portraits, of some well-known event in the annals of the time. They are capitally executed, both in design and engraving, and are printed in brilliant colours. At the back of each card is a short chronological account of the sovereigns, an epitome of the most remarkable events which occurred during the period, with sundry other scraps of information in connection with them. A more pleasing introduction to the study of history could scarcely be placed in the hands of children.

The Archer's Register: a Year Book of Facts for 1865. Edited by J. Sharp, Archery Correspondent of the *Field*. Published by Howell, James, & Co.; Longman & Co., London.

Until we had looked through this book we had no idea that archery had become so generally practised as we here find it to be. It is only right, then, to presume that this compilation which, among other matters, gives a detailed account of all the meetings and contests of the past year, will find due favour with the modern Robin Hoods and their fair companions. It appears to be very carefully put together, and is appropriately bound in "Lincoln green."

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JULY 1, 1865.

MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. VI.—BARON HENRI LEYS.

PAINTERS—and it would be well if they realised the fact more than they often appear to do, for it would assuredly stimulate to greater earnestness and striving after truth—have a glorious privilege accorded to them: to be, as it were, connecting links between the living and the dead; to bring back, in all their freshness and vitality, the histories and remembrances which centuries or years have either obscured or totally obliterated from memory; to bequeath to successive generations an enduring record of events whereof the chroniclers themselves have, perhaps, been the silent witnesses, and the lineaments of those who have played an important part in the great drama of a nation's existence. The artist is here the most impressive historian, whose pencil becomes a welcome and powerful auxiliary in perpetuating

> "The very age and body of the time,
> Its form and *features*."

When such considerations as these animate him, is it a marvel that, under difficulties and discouragements, amid comparative penury and deprivation not unfrequently, he pursues the solitary occupation which is the ever-present dream of his life; and still pursues it, diligently and enthusiastically, with, perhaps, no other hope of reward than the fame of a hereafter he is possibly destined never to behold? Can we wonder that men thus live on the *poetry*, so to speak, of their art, and die rather than renounce its practice; or that they should say with Correggio, who, when advised to abandon his easel, because weighed down by poverty, and unable to sell his pictures, answered, "I was born a painter! how can I relinquish my chief joy?"

This is not a mere sentimental view of an artist's functions and feelings; it is doubtless what many entertain, and that which encourages them in working out their life's labours. The idea has been forced upon us in a great measure by the recollection of the productions of the painter whose name stands at the head of this chapter, for it is impossible to look at the majority of his pictures without a satisfying conviction that he is, through his pencil, a great teacher of history, and especially, too, of the history of his country. Moreover, one is inclined to ask in what age he lived: it might almost be supposed he preceded, or, at latest, was contemporaneous with, Rubens and Van Dyck and other great masters of the Flemish school, instead of following them at a distance of two centuries or longer. Baron Leys must surely have been present at the inauguration of the noble Hotel de Ville, in Antwerp, about the year 1564, which he is now engaged in decorating, and must have shouldered his halberd with his fellow-citizens when the whole country rose in insurrection against Alva and his Spanish myrmidons, to assert their independence. This is what might readily be imagined by any one standing before one of his great pictures referring to those periods. But the Baron is a man of our time, in the full vigour of his powers, and one, too, who not only by virtue of his talents, but by his personal appearance and courtly manners, reflects dignity on the title he holds among the nobility of the land.

HENRI JEAN AUGUSTE LEYS, born at Antwerp on the 18th of February, 1815, was originally intended for the Church, but an unconquerable love of Art constrained him to forego the studies intended to qualify him for ecclesiastical duties, and in 1830 he entered the *atelier* of his brother-in-law, M. Ferdinand de Brackeleer. So rapid was his progress under this master that in 1833 he exhibited a picture of very great merit for so young an artist, 'The Pillage of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1576.' The stirring history of his own country thus appears, even at this early stage of his career, to have engaged his attention, and it has ever since continued with him. In the following year he contributed to the exhibition at Antwerp 'A Fight between the Citizens of Ghent and a Party of Burgundians,' a composition of much vigour, and well coloured. To the triennial exhibition in Brussels, in 1836, he sent, with two other works of comparatively minor importance, 'The Massacre of the Magistrates of Louvain by the Populace in 1379.' In 1837 Leys exhibited at Antwerp a composition entitled 'Rich and Poor,' representing a wealthy family leaving church, at the door of which is a family of mendicants soliciting alms; an ordinary subject, but treated with great ability. The picture was purchased by Government. The same year he sent to the Exposition in Brussels 'Rembrandt's Studio;' it was bought by the Chevalier de Coninck, of Ghent.

After the exhibition, in 1839, of a picture, 'A Flemish Wedding,' M. Leys was nominated Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. His next important work, painted in 1842, was the 'Interior of an Inn Yard:' it is now in the Museum of Frankfort. To the exhibition in Brussels, in 1845, he sent three pictures, 'Renewal of Public Worship in Antwerp Cathedral after the Disturbances of the Iconoclasts,' now in the Museum of Brussels, 'A Village Fête,' and 'An Armourer at his Forge.' These works, as we reported at the time, "are of the most extraordinary quality, and fully equal to anything of the same kind by the most renowned of the ancient masters; the painting of the armourer in the last-named picture is almost magical." In 1846 he sent to the Exposition in Paris 'A Flemish Fête,' the picture, if we remember rightly, just spoken of; the artist received for it a medal of the second class. In the following year he sent to the same gallery 'A Musical Party,' and was then decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. The painting was in the possession of the late Count de Morny, at the sale of whose celebrated collection last year it was purchased by some one who brought it to England; it is now in London, we are told, but know not who is its present owner.

Some time elapsed before Baron Leys again exhibited any work calling for special remark; and it seems not at all improbable that during this intervening period he was studying that archaic style of Art with which almost all his later works are identified, and to which some writers have given the absurd name of Pre-Raffaellite. The first of the pictures showing to some extent this new style was exhibited, with two or three others that retained much of his old manner, at Brussels, in 1851; the subject, 'The Fête given to Rubens by the Gunsmiths of Antwerp.' As we have never seen this picture, we can only quote the opinions of a foreign critic who saw it when exhibited. "There are," he wrote, "beauties of detail in it sufficient to make three fine reputations for any artist; an ensign-bearer and a young drummer in the foreground are treated with such skill, such *finesse*, and such charms of colour, that we know of nothing which can approach it. But we find the person of Rubens too much *sacrificed*, and the president of the gunsmiths fully absorbed by the richness of his costume, and not sufficiently interested in the honour paid him by his illustrious guest." In this year the artist was nominated Officer of the Order of Leopold.

The writer just referred to, speaking of M. Leys's contributions to the Brussels Exposition of 1854, says:—"Leys is not only this year the grand and illusory colourist we all know; he reveals himself as a thinker and a poet; his pictures are not, as some critics insinuate, with whom *French grey* is the perfection of Art—laborious copies of the mediæval age; they are surprising and powerful works, created by a deep knowledge of the epochs he would represent. With Leys one entirely lives in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and these periods he would not have you understand by the materialism of Art, such as costumes, furniture, and architecture. This is the work of the laborious copyist, who thinks to revive an entire age by the reproduction of a trunk, a sideboard, or a velvet doublet. Leys goes much beyond this; he searches into the very depths of an epoch: he revives its moral and intellectual life, which he knows how to reflect in the physiognomy of his characters. His citizens do not resemble those of our own day, a feverish race devoured by envy and vanity, having but one thought, wealth, which may enable its possessor to reach some day the supreme blessedness of becoming a colonel of the civic guard and being decorated. No; there is in the faces of those personages whom Leys has summoned from the grave of ages passed away, something so calm, benign, vigorous, and honest, that it reveals to us the inner life of our ancestors better than do ten chapters of Barante, of Meyer, of Oudegherst, or any other of our chroniclers."

The pictures which called forth this eulogy were, first, 'La Promenade de Faust,' now in the royal collection at Brussels: a photograph of the work lies before us, but our space prevents any detailed description of a composition which tempts elaborate notice. It must suffice to speak of it as a work of rare merit, both as

regards the individualism of the various characters introduced and the manner in which they are placed on the canvas: looking at it only as an archæological study of ancient costumes and architecture, it possesses intrinsic value. Another of the pictures hung at the same time was 'New Year's Day in Flanders,' a comparatively small painting; the subject, however, treated most attractively. Instead of those magical effects of light and shade usually seen in the pictures by this artist, everything here is under a subdued tone of colour, calm and cold, befitting the season. The principal figures in it are a poor woman receiving alms, and a servant conducting some young children who have been making large purchases of cakes, &c., which they carry home with great glee. This picture was purchased by M. Fould, the opulent banker of Paris, and was exhibited at the International Exposition in that city, in 1855, with 'La Promenade de Faust,' and another entitled 'Les Trentaines de Bartel de Haze.' For these works M. Leys received a Grand Medal of Honour, and was made Commander of the Order of Leopold.

But it is time to direct attention to those subjects which we have selected to illustrate the style and manner of this highly-gifted artist; and the first is one that was, with several other remarkable pictures by the Baron, contributed to our International Exhibition in 1862—'Luther singing in the Streets of Eisenach.' Michelet, in his "Life of Luther," says,—"Sent to school at an early age, to the free school of Eisenach,"—according to the dates given Luther could not then have been more than six years old,—"he used to sing before people's houses to gain his daily bread, as was the wont, at that time and later, with many poor students in Germany." But M. Leys has not introduced him as a child; he is here a boy of fourteen or fifteen years old, and for this the artist has the authority of another biographer, Audin, who relates that after the young student had passed about a year in a school at Magdeburg, he returned, in 1498, to Eisenach: this would give him the age at which he is represented. History tells us that the great Reformer had from childhood a passionate love of music; that he possessed an excellent voice, and played skilfully on the guitar and the flute. And this love of the art sometimes showed itself in a very characteristic way. "Come," he would say to Melancthon, a less hopeful and energetic man than himself, when prospects looked desponding at



Drawn by W. J. Allen. ERASMUS IN HIS STUDY. *Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

the commencement of the Reformation, "come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm, and let earth and hell do their worst." And so, long before he had, as with the voice of a trumpet, hurled those anathemas against the heresies of the Romish Church which have ever since loosened her hold on the nations of the earth, we see him, with some companions, in M. Leys's picture, chanting the hymns which, in all probability, then formed a portion of the services of that Church. The scene shows the exterior of a cloistered building, through whose arched gateway a portion of a mansion is visible. The young choristers' voices have brought out what seems to be the family of the owner—a wealthy burgher, as it would appear—with some of his serving-men, all of whom listen with abstract attention to the melody. The group of the four leading figures is admirably placed on the canvas, while there is a truthfulness about the entire composition which irresistibly lands the spectator in the place and among the people he sees before him.

'Erasmus in his Study,' the second of our engraved illustrations, is a very simple composition. Though Erasmus had not the boldness of Luther, and therefore adhered, at least externally, to the Romish Church to the end of his life, his great learning, his satire, and his wit, contributed in no small degree to the success of the Reformation; it has been said of him that he "was an able sapper, though he wanted energy to storm the breach with Luther and his associates." The artist has represented him apparently in the act of dictating to an amanuensis; the face of the distinguished Dutchman is that of a man of large intelligence, and closely resembles the best known portraits. The attitude of both figures is easy and perfectly natural, while the accessories of the picture come well together; the old-fashioned carved furniture of the apartment imparts a certain richness to the composition.

The title given by Baron Leys to the picture from which the third engraving is taken is 'The Curfew:' but the connection of the title with the subject is not very evident, except that the time of day represented is evening. The composition must be accepted as purely ideal; a lovers' *tête-a-tête* in the sixteenth century in the public promenade on the outskirts of an old

Flemish or German town. The style and treatment of the work belong to the class which the painter has made peculiarly his own.

We must pause here in our remarks upon the easel-pictures painted by Baron Leys to notice a series of important works on which, as was hinted in the beginning of this notice, for some time past he has been engaged. About four or five years since he received a commission from the Belgian Government and the corporation of Antwerp to decorate with fresco-paintings the great hall of the Hotel de Ville of that city. On our visiting the fine old edifice in the summer of last year we found the artist on an elevated scaffold busy at his labours. In studying how he might most effectively and appropriately execute his task, it was essential to remember that the building is the palace of the municipality, the chamber of the civic parliament; and, as such, the decorations of it ought to possess a special character: every picture, every ornament and emblem, should have some reference to the history of the civil institutions of the place, in order that the citizens when looking upon the edifice may be reminded of their rights, and also may be animated by the spirit of their ancestors. It was doubtless with this feeling that M. Leys commenced his work. The Hotel de Ville was erected between the years 1560 and 1564; it belongs, therefore, to the period when the Renaissance style was introduced into Flanders and took root there, that is, from 1514 to 1562, an interval of time which forms an eventful epoch in the annals, political, commercial, and artistic, of Antwerp. In some of the chapters of this history the artist found the subjects of the great pictures on which he is employed.

On the 12th of February, 1514, the Archduke Charles of Austria, afterwards better known in history as the Emperor Charles V., made his grand public entry into Antwerp, and in a chapel constructed for the occasion, near the convent of Ter Siecken, took the oath to maintain the laws, rights, and privileges of the citizens of Antwerp, his future subjects. This latter ceremony forms the first of the series, of which a large study in oils was exhibited at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, in 1863. On the top of a flight of steps, at the foot of which two heralds are seated, is the Archduke, a young man, behind whom stand his two sisters, Eleanor and Maria, afterwards the queens of France and Hungary respectively, with attendant ladies and officers. The oath is administered by an ecclesiastic of rank, in rich vestments, whose mitre is borne on a cushion by a priest. This figure stands on a lower step. The picture is carefully finished, and is brilliant in colour.



Drawn by W. J. Allen. LUTHER SINGING IN THE STREETS OF EISENACH. *Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

The second subject, not yet carried out, which M. Leys proposes to introduce, will represent the ceremony of admission to citizenship; or, as we term it in England, conferring the freedom of the city. The individual selected for the honour is Battista Palavicini, a wealthy "merchant prince" of the republic of Genoa, who was made a burgess of Antwerp, in 1541, by Guillaume Van de Werve, a noble Fleming, in the presence of the burgomasters and other leading men of Antwerp. The third subject many of our readers, in all probability, saw in the French Gallery last year, 'Lancelot Van Ursel, Burgomaster of Antwerp, addressing the Armed Guilds on the Grand Place,' on the occasion of the city being threatened with an attack by Martin Van Rossem, in 1542. The incident, so far as regards the privilege of the citizens, is intended to show the right of the chief magistrates to call out the civic guard when they deemed it necessary. On this occasion the sheriff, Van Spanghen, was authorised by Charles V. to take command of the force; and by so doing he saved the city from the horrors of an assault. The fourth subject—which, with the fifth and sixth, the artist has only traced out—will exhibit the Duchess of Parma presenting, in a time of disturbance, the keys of the city to the chief magistrate, symbolical of his right to hold the position of head of the police. "After the first troubles caused by the Reformation," says the Flemish civic historian, Secretary de Moy, "the Duchess of Parma came to Antwerp, and the keys of the city were presented to her by the magistrate. Her Highness returned them to him, when they were placed for safe custody in the Hotel de Ville, by the sheriff, M. de Pape." In the fifth picture M. Leys proposes to recognise, in a composition bearing the Flemish title of 'Le Landjuweel de 1561,' the protection given to the Arts and literature by the principal functionaries of the city. From the sixteenth century Antwerp has taken the place of Bruges as the principal seat of Flemish Art. Side by side with the "Guild of Painters or of St. Luke," as the Antwerp school was called in its early days, were placed schools or chambers of rhetoric. In 1561 the burgomaster, Antoine Van Straelen, and the sheriff, Melchior Schets, presided—in their official capacities we must presume—over the first in rank of these chambers, that called "La Violette." These enlightened patrons of Art and literature resolved to convoke at Antwerp a grand festival of the artists and men of literature and

science, natives of the Low Countries. The history of the period relates that the project was eminently successful, the fêtes continuing several successive weeks without interruption. The particular scene to be painted in the hall of the Hotel de Ville is that which will show Van Straelen and his colleague presenting prizes, vases of silver, to those who had distinguished themselves in the Parnassian games. The sixth and last subject will have reference to the commerce and industrial arts of Antwerp, symbolised in 'The Opening of the Great Fair of 1562.' The city of Antwerp held annually two fairs, which, like the International Exhibitions of modern times, were opened with much pomp and ceremony, foreign governments not unfrequently sending representatives to take part in the proceedings. M. Leys's picture will, therefore, exhibit a grand civic pageant, in which the principal officials and magistrates, accompanied by their distinguished visitors—in 1562 Sir Thomas Gresham represented our Queen Elizabeth—and heralded by the musicians of the city, proceed in state to the performance of their duty.

To complete the decoration of the hall, and as appropriate adjuncts to this series of frescoes, the artist proposes to introduce, in suitable places, portraits of the early sovereigns of the country,—from Godfrey de Bouillon, 1096, to Philippe le Beau, 1491,—to whom the city has been indebted for many of its most valuable privileges. Extracts from the terms of these acts or grants, sufficient to explain their meaning, will also be inscribed on the walls, accompanied by the armorial bearings of the various guilds, and other emblazonments.

We have entered somewhat minutely on this important undertaking, because it may be looked upon as a national work, and, even more than this, because it will, in all probability, be that whereon the fame of the artist as an historical painter will principally rest. In those subjects which are so far completed as to enable the critic to form a judgment of the whole, Baron Leys has marked out a path for himself which may be said to run midway between the dry manner of Van Eyck and the luxuriance of Rubens. Less formal in design than the old painter of Bruges, and less florid than the "glory of Antwerp," as Rubens has been called, he appears to combine the excellencies of each; the rich colouring of the latter, and the severe truthfulness of the former. Every figure in the pictures seems a living character, an absolute personation standing before the spectator, and taking his part in the drama on the canvas. He appropriates to himself the traditions of ancient Flemish Art, but he tempers these, so to speak, with the knowledge which modern Art has taught its most distinguished disciples; his devotion to the past does not lead him into those extravagances or eccentricities which characterise the works of some of our own school, whose eyes are ever looking backward to a period of comparative artistic darkness. Exception has been taken by some critics to the archæologic manner in which these pictures are presented; we cannot sympathise with such a view of them. It must be borne in mind that they are mural paintings, intended to decorate the walls of an edifice built three centuries ago, and the subjects of the pictures have reference, in a greater or less degree, to the building itself. To have imbued the pictures, therefore, with the spirit of modern Art instead of the Art of the period with which they are associated, would have destroyed all harmony. Now we can look upon them and feel there is little or no interval of time between the external art of the builder and the internal art of the painter, three hundred years later. This is as it should be.

The genius of Baron Leys, however, is of so diversified a character that he can mould it into any form, and adapt it to any purpose—to the humorous or the pathetic, to the grandeur of history or the incidents of ordinary social life; and his pencil portrays, with equal truth, vigour, and delicacy, the art of an age long passed away, and that of his own time. We remember seeing in the sale-rooms of Messrs. Christie and Co., two or three years back, a pair of cabinet-size paintings by M. Leys as far removed from the archæological style by which he is now distinguished as it is possible for a work of Art to be; and it was this peculiarity almost as much as the intrinsic merits of the pictures as regards composition, colour, and manipulation, which riveted our attention to them.



Drawn by W. J. Allen. THE CURFEW. *Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

Baron Leys contributed several works besides his 'Young Luther' to our International Exhibition of 1862. 'The Institution of the Golden Fleece in 1420,' 'Margaret of Austria receiving the Oaths of the Archers of Antwerp,' 'The Promulgation of the Edict of Charles V., in 1550, introducing the Inquisition into the Netherlands,' and his copies of frescoes painted by himself in his own dining-room at Antwerp, representing respectively 'Guests going to a Feast,' 'The Reception,' and 'Preparations for the Festival,' were among the great attractions of the Belgian display. Finished sketches in oil of these last-mentioned subjects, somewhat varied, however, are now exhibited at the French Gallery in Pall Mall. At the same gallery, in the year 1864, the artist exhibited 'Going to Church on New Year's Day in the Sixteenth Century—Antwerp,' a highly interesting picture, and also two portraits, those of Philip the Fair, 1491, and of Antoine de Bourgogne, Duke of Brabant, 1411. These portraits form a part of the series intended for the decoration of the Hotel de Ville, Antwerp.

The title of Baron was conferred on M. Leys in 1862: he has long been enrolled among the members of the Academy of Antwerp.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

ETRUSCAN ARCHITECTURE IN ROME.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

Most people must have felt on first visiting Rome that the modern and mediæval adaptations and constructions have so masked and destroyed the real old Rome of the kings, the republic, and even of the empire, that there is little hope of recognising the ancient people by any remnants of their works sufficiently perfect to be instructive.

When, indeed, it is remembered that the level of the pavement during the Augustan period was in many cases fifteen or twenty feet below the surface as we now see it, the hopelessness of obtaining a clue to the style of construction in the early days, seven or eight hundred years before, must be evident. It is certain that the Rome of the Cæsars was just as much built out of, and upon, the materials accumulated during the republic, as that the Popes and their architects have regarded all the great classical buildings of the Imperial time as quarries of stone, material conveniently cut and ready for immediate use, to put together churches of all kinds. When we consider that Michael Angelo converted the great hall of the Thermæ of Diocletian into a chapel for a convent, all lesser men may be excused for the destruction of the great monuments of Rome from his time till now. There was, however, but little left even in the days of Michael Angelo.

But the monuments of the kingly period of Rome were, after all, not so easily destroyed as many of those that were erected within the first three or four centuries after the commencement of the Christian era. They occupy the same place as the larger and more striking works of the same nature in Greece attributed to the demigods. They are Cyclopean, and were built, if not for eternity, at least for endurance, such as that dreamed of by the Egyptians when they constructed the Pyramids. There was real Cyclopean work, though of a late period, in the early days of Rome, and good evidence of the truth of this statement exists at various points. I cannot but think that these fragments are among the most interesting, if not the most beautiful, of the antiquities to be found in this part of Italy.

To understand the position and condition of these early works, the reader should bear in mind the history of Rome so far as the main walls and ancient substructures teach it. There can hardly be a doubt, however, that the history is better indicated by the physical and geological peculiarities of the place than by any written documents. The early histories confirm the conclusions based on the consideration of the natural features of the country, and are perhaps less fabulous than has sometimes been thought. The account of the physical phenomena may be given in a few words.

The Rome of the Cæsars is known to have been built on a certain number (seven) of a group of low flat-topped hills occupying a part of the Campagna, a comparatively flat space, that extends from the foot of the sub-Apennine hills to the sea. Originally the intervals between the hills were occupied by marshes. The material of the hills is for the most part a sandy and marly clay, generally of loose and open texture, and easily worn away by rain, as is evident from the colour of the Tiber. On the soft and easily removed clay are bands of volcanic tufa, and perhaps some lava, the result of volcanic action that took place at a very ancient date among the Albano hills, and especially from the beautiful lakes at and near Albano, which are indeed nothing more than ancient craters. Certainly one of the latest lava currents from Albano extended to within a couple of miles of the spot afterwards enclosed by the walls of imperial Rome.* The clay served to manufacture the bricks, which, however, were not made use of until the time of Scylla. Before that the solid tufa was cut into blocks, wedge-shaped and small, and placed diagonally so as to present a reticulated surface. This style was afterwards copied in bricks, but it originated at a very early date. Long before this, however, it had been the custom to cut the tufa into blocks, very carefully squared, and these were often of large size, and used in the construction of the most solid and massive walls.

The tufaceous deposit exists generally on the tops of the hills on which Rome was built. Originally two hills, the Capitoline and the Palatine, were selected as the site of two settlements, and these united formed the nucleus of the city which was afterwards to become the mistress of the world. These hills could never have been of any great elevation, and are now probably much reduced in height, owing partly to the paring away of the surface, and partly to the accumulation of material in the intervening valleys. But they offered the advantage of being moderate in size, flat topped, and with their sides easily scarped, and they were, therefore, rendered defensible without much labour. Towards the north and west the Capitoline hill seems to have consisted of a thick bed of compact and indurated tufa, which was hard enough to stand when vertically cut without being injured by weather. The Tarpeian rock still presents at least forty feet of this vertical face in several places, and among the rest in that part which was not originally included in the walls, and from which criminals were hurled. The Palatine hill immediately opposite has only thin beds of the hard material alternating with soft sandy clays, some of them made up of volcanic ash. Both, however, were easily cut, and thus the flat-topped hills combined convenient ground for building, a good look-out, and a defensible position. Such qualities and the existence of water in available springs, marshes around, and a river on one side, must have been amply sufficient to determine the site of a town. All the other oldest towns in Italy were similarly placed, so far as the circumstances would allow. Fiesole, Perugia, Volterra, and a score of other well-known towns will at once suggest themselves to the recollection of the traveller in these countries. But few—indeed none—of the other sites possessed the advantage of a group of several flat-topped hills close together, high enough for defence, and not so high as to be difficult of access.

Thus, then, the first germ of Rome—Etruscan Rome, as we may call it—consisted of two hill-forts on the Capitoline and Palatine hills. The two would defend each other. The Tiber was a defence towards the west. A great level space, now under cultivation, but in the days of the emperors the site of the Circus Maximus, was originally a marsh between the Palatine and the Aventine hills. Besides these defences a fosse, or artificial ditch, was cut between the Palatine and the Celian hills, while the low ground to the north-east of the two hills was occupied by another marsh, and was no doubt almost impassable, owing to the water then on the surface, and afterwards conducted through the Cloaca Maxima.

The means taken to protect from weather the vertical face of the newly scarped rock, which consisted in some places of soft clay, and nowhere of very enduring material, are not likely to be known. The intelligent archæologist, Mr. J. H. Parker, who has been occupying himself in preparing an illustrated history of the walls of Rome, and who has carefully studied all the antiquities of the city, believes that the rock was originally protected by boards. It may have been so, but these were certainly soon followed by walls of very sound construction, such as had been used in times long anterior, both in Greece and Italy, and are well known under the name "Cyclopean." All the remains of such walls as we are acquainted with around Rome, are of that finished execution referred to the third and later period. Of these there are several examples. Each of the hills, indeed, exhibits them, but they are more especially abundant and interesting in the part round and near the Capitoline and Palatine hills, these being beyond doubt the most ancient parts of the city.

But it is certain that walls could not well be constructed without gates, and of these we may expect that there should also be indications to some extent. Nor is this expectation ill founded. One at least of such gates was close to, and immediately beyond, the much later arch of Titus. It stands at right angles to this arch, and on entering the gate the scarped face of the north-eastern side of the Palatine hill must have been exactly facing the opening, and at a distance of not more than thirty yards. The scarped hill and its defending wall are now faced by the buildings of the Palace of the Cæsars, constructed within the first few centuries of the Christian era, and the evidence of the existence of more ancient works is completely masked by modern ruins, which seem to have belonged to vaulted chambers built in several stories to the top of the cliff. The ruins of the gate are now close to the talus of rubbish that lies at the foot of the cliff, so that the gate seems placed in an impossible position, and its meaning, or even existence, might easily escape notice. Through this gate, however, there cannot be a doubt the principal road formerly entered the Rome of the kings, and turning at an angle to the north-west sloped up towards the centre of the hill-top where the town was built. It is a moot question among the archæologists of Rome whether this slope is partly natural or altogether artificial. From the structure of the hill it is not at all impossible that a slope might have existed naturally, but on the other hand, it would be very easy to construct. Perhaps as it was the selected point before much work was done, it is more likely to be natural.

The remains of this gate are very interesting. They consist of parts of the four corner piers,—the gate having apparently been a *quadriviam*. The piers are each formed of several blocks of hard tufa admirably squared, and of unusually large size. They are placed so as not to leave space for a knife between them, and are of course without mortar. Those two that are nearest the cliff are the most perfect. The lowest stones visible are as much as eight or nine feet in length, four feet in width, and three feet in height, measuring therefore about 100 cubic feet, weighing as much as seven tons. Two such stones, and

* The legendary accounts of the origin of Rome point to something of the nature of volcanic eruptions, which perhaps may have continued to a date subsequent to the first human inhabitants of Italy.

one smaller stone, formed a course. Over them was a second similar course, placed at right angles, the ends facing towards the interior of the arch. The largest stones do not seem to have been lifted above the second course, but it is possible, though not very likely, there may have been a course below that now seen. Above the large stones one remains about seven feet long, and of the usual width and depth. The whole has been masked and filled up by rough walls of rubble and mortar, of the time of the emperors; and, no doubt, the upper stones of the gate have been removed to serve some other purpose when the gate was no longer needed, though the lower and larger stones were too large and cumbrous to be worth disturbing. Besides these piers of the old gate there are other similar specimens of construction to be seen round the Palatine hill, laid bare by the recent explorations conducted on the part of the Pope and the Emperor of the French. The latter has purchased the northern division of the hill and has discovered much that is important in the building of the Augustan period. The works have been illustrated by written descriptions and plans, but of course those of the kingly period can only be fragmentary and inferential. Among the discoveries, however, beneath and among the Palace of the Cæsars, is a small water-chamber or reservoir, constructed in the tufa, fed by drain pipes, and communicating with the ground above by holes. These are lined with plaster, and were certainly used and put into good condition by the later Romans, but the work is on so small a scale, and appears to have been so connected with the old wall of the kingly period, which is here very complete, that they may perhaps be of early construction, and were probably meant to supply water to the early inhabitants of the Palatine hill.

Perhaps the most interesting of the examples of Etruscan Cyclopean work that has been found in Rome is to be seen in the excavations made since 1853, under the ancient church of St. Clemente, by the Irish Dominicans. Beneath this church were found the remains of a Basilica * used by the very early Christians, and forming part of a large house. Far below this are the old walls. They are traced at intervals for as much as 90 yards at the foot of the Cœlian hill, and certainly formed part of the wall of Servius Tullius. Some of the blocks of tufa are as much as 14 feet in length, but of the same width and thickness as in the gate already described. Above are remains of a travertine wall of the time of the republic.

Another admirable specimen of Etruscan and Cyclopean work, certainly of very early date (at least 500 years before the Christian era), is to be found on the left bank of the Tiber, at, and near the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima. The Cloaca Maxima itself, as an open drain conducting the stream that entered the Tiber, or rather draining the marsh, between the Palatine and Capitoline hills, must be a very ancient work. The closed drain generally shown is well known to be of the time of the empire, and, therefore, comparatively modern. The most interesting portion remaining is that by which the water enters the river through an oblong opening left in the Cyclopean wall, now known as the *pulchrum litus*, a well-constructed quay of very early date, probably extending only a short distance, and serving as much for defensive as for commercial purposes. The construction of this wall is peculiar. First seen at the small opening where the mud is now probably some feet above the original bed of the Tiber, there is a range of stones of hard tufa perfectly squared, united without cement, but so closely that the intervals between them are even now hardly discernible. These are placed end-ways, and present a face or section about three feet square. Over them are stones placed length-ways, at least nine feet long and three feet high. Over these again is a third course, placed with their ends towards the water, and again a fourth like the second. The stones are always bonded or arranged like bricks in a building, and so well is the work done that there is no instance visible of cracking or bulging from irregular pressure, although the wall is built against a sand bank close to the water, and was erected at least 2,400 years ago. I think it may safely be asserted that no fragment of antiquity in Rome, and few in the world exposed to a similar extent, exhibit so little mark of wear and weathering as these remains of the *pulchrum litus*. Besides those already alluded to, the careful observer may find round the various hills numerous small fragments of the old wall that exhibit Cyclopean masonry, but none are so continuous or instructive.

And it must be remembered that the climate of Rome, though warm in summer and autumn, and sometimes very pleasant in spring, is by no means without that variation of temperature that is most injurious to masonry. It is at no time an easy task to support a vertical wall of loose sandy clay, but where frost and cold occur every year, often for several weeks together, and where heavy rains at certain seasons are the rule, not the exception, the difficulty is much increased. Few winters pass in Rome without severe weather, and no autumns without rain. In spite of all this the wall in question stands now as well as when first built, and may last for another thousand years if not injured by the hand of man.

Another good specimen of Cyclopean work is to be seen in the lower cells of the Mamertine prison, but as this place is sheltered it is less extraordinary that the work should have resisted destruction. It is also less gigantic than the other specimens described.

It is not necessary to describe the position or condition of the many other pieces of stone-work of the kingly period still to be found in Rome. They chiefly exist round the principal hills, and on a lower level than is generally accessible without deep excavations, but they are much more numerous than has been thought. Carrying us back to the earliest civilisation of Italy, they connect the Etruscan with the Latin history, and even supply a link that almost introduces us to the heroic period. They prove that even before the earliest records, and in the fabulous and mythical times, there already existed men who had been taught to make use of tools to cut, and of mechanical powers to lift, very large blocks of stone. These blocks of stone they needed not so much for their habitations, of which we know little or nothing, as to fortify their towns, which must have contained wealth to render such defences necessary. We know, however, from the beautiful ornaments handed down to us in the tombs, and from the sculptures which have been found, that these people had attained marvellous ingenuity in working all the principal metals, for there are certainly few things more beautiful or better worked that the golden bracelets, armlets, and rings, and various objects in bronze familiar in the Etruscan museums. They must also have had enemies nearly as powerful and probably as ingenious as themselves. Every point that can be made out concerning these pre-historic peoples is interesting; and, therefore, I make no apology for occupying your readers with a few results of observation made during a recent visit to Rome.

* The original basilica (king's hall) was unquestionably the largest and most open room of a mansion or palace. The first Christian assemblies for worship were held in the halls of the houses of some convert, and the name "basilica" thus designates the first churches.

THE NATIONAL ALBERT MEMORIAL, HYDE PARK.

We propose within the compass of the following article to give a precise account of the history, the present state, and the projected mode of completion of the National Monument to the memory of the Prince Consort. The general design may be indicated in few words. Mr. Gilbert Scott states that the keynote to the whole composition is the statue of the Prince; to this is added an overshadowing and protecting shrine or canopy, made precious by utmost Art-enrichments. The structural form and architectural effect of the design may be indicated by such works as the Eleanor crosses, Sir Walter Scott's monument, Edinburgh, the *baldachino* beneath the dome of St. Peter's, and the tombs of the Scaligers, Verona. The Prince, a seated bronze statue of colossal size, is placed on a platform thirty feet above the ground, "beneath a vast and magnificent shrine or tabernacle, and surrounded by works of sculpture illustrating those arts and sciences which he fostered, and the great undertakings which he originated." The platform whereon the statue rests—a level which the actual masonry has now reached—rises from the truncated top of a four-sided pyramid of wide-spreading steps. Both above and below this area, which, in honour of the statue, becomes the centre or focus of composition, each architectural member receives its appropriate enrichment. The *podium*, or continuous pedestal, immediately beneath the statue, will be decorated by frieze-like compositions, or historic series of the most renowned artists of all ages of the world, composed after the manner of Delaroche's 'Hemicycle.' On the four corners of the *podium* will be placed groups in honour of commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and engineering, the arts of peace which the Prince through international exhibitions and other public acts strove to promote. The outer *termini* of the basement steps are flanked by four other sculpture compositions, emblematic of the four quarters of the globe, which on this very spot were, in the year 1851, assembled. So much for the structure which sustains the statue of the Prince. A few words must be added to complete the general idea of the canopy above. This shrine is sustained at the four angles by clustered granite columns, from which spring the arches that support the vaulted roof, and the four gables or *tympana* richly decorated with enamel mosaics. Above rises the lofty spire and its tabernacle work, terminating in a cross at the height of 170 feet. The enrichments of this highly-wrought shrine, tabernacle, or canopy will consist of statues, mosaics, metal-work, plain and enamelled, and inlays of rich polished stones, such as

crystals, cornelians, granite, and porphyry. Thus will be obtained preciousness of material, richness of polychromy, and the combined splendour and completeness which result from the associated arts.

The monument was commenced less than two years ago, and in some three years hence the public may hope to look upon the most gorgeous memorial throughout Europe in a perfected state. The estimated cost was £110,000; of this amount nearly £60,000 were provided by public subscriptions, and the House of Commons voted the remaining £50,000. We are glad to hear on reliable authority that the original estimate will not be exceeded. At present a visit to the site of the rising monument discovers little more than its structural base. Yet this brickwork skeleton, which will shortly be clothed with marble and with statuary, is in itself an interesting and instructive study. While walking beneath the massive arches that are to sustain the thrust of many tons superincumbent weight, we recalled the crypts of old cathedrals and even the chambers of the Egyptian pyramids. It has been supposed that we have lost the appliances which ancient peoples employed in the building of the temples of Egypt, the palaces of Assyria, and the tomb of Mausolus. But though we may scarcely know the precise means by which the nations of old moved ponderous masses, yet our own public works, and this Albert Memorial conspicuously among the number, testify to mechanical powers greater than any before brought to bear. It is little to say that Mr. Kelk, the contractor, is not one whit behind the master-builder of Pharaoh.

Interesting comparisons may also be made between the materials at the disposal of builders in ancient and modern times. For example, Egypt contained few quarries, and those yielded for temples, palaces, and obelisks, little but sandstone and granite. For contrast, let any one walk within the boarding which encircles the site of the Memorial, and count the materials which world-wide commerce brings to the English shores. On this spot may be seen Irish granite, Ross of Mull granite, Correnie granite, of a beautiful pink colour, from Captain Gordon's estate in the Highlands, Italian marbles, specially that species of Carrara known as Sicilian. To these will be added, as the work advances, materials which, by their preciousness, may be counted as loving offerings of sacrifice—marbles, stones, enamels, and mosaics which also serve to give the decorated structure richness and variety of colour. The design, in fact, will be an elaborated arrangement of polychromy, a consummation which can be attained at the present moment more readily than at any other period in Art-history, save perhaps the most favoured years of the middle ages. It is also worthy of remark that this chromatic effect, little less than pictorial in its accumulative harmonies, will be obtained without prejudice to architectural propriety or constructional integrity. The materials used will be honest, they will not pretend to be other than they are. It is true that the practice of incrustation, for which, as seen in St. Mark's, Mr. Ruskin made needless apology, will be boldly adopted. The present brick substructure, for example, is to be wholly hid from the eye by superimposed marble. This treatment convenience and economy suggest and justify. With some such minor exception, then, for which precedents are not wanting, decoration will grow out of construction. Truth cannot be much endangered when no deception is meant. Compo, paint, *gesso*, and other base abominations will find in the Memorial no place. The pictorial and chromatic enrichments on vaults, roofs, and *tympana* are to be executed by costly and substantial methods, such as mosaics, enamels, and other inlays. This is consonant with the practice which obtains at the present moment the approval of the architectural profession.

It remains for us to speak of the decorative or accessory arts of sculpture, mosaic, and metal-work designed to enrich the architectural structure. The large groups emblematic of the four quarters of the globe have been entrusted to Mr. Foley, Mr. MacDowell, Mr. Theed, and Mr. J. Bell. The four important compositions commemorative of the arts of peace which stand above the angles of the *podium*, are in the hands of Mr. C. Marshall, Mr. Weekes, Mr. Thornycroft, and Mr. Lawlor. The bronze statue of the Prince will be executed by Baron Marochetti. These several works are in course of modelling. The difficult task of recounting the history of Art in a series of four friezes extending along the *podium*, is at this moment engaging the best energies of Mr. Armstead and Mr. J. B. Philip. To the care of the latter have been committed the architects and sculptors or all times and countries; to the former are confided the painters and the poets, with whom are fittingly joined the musicians. Analogous panoramic surveys of Art-history, though perhaps scarcely of a range so wide or of a scale so imposing, have been executed on the continent of Europe. Cornelius in a series of frescoes in Munich, Overbeck in a well-known picture in the Städel Institut, Frankfort, and especially Delaroche in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, have in like manner reduced the divers schools of Art into pictorial sequence and unity. To the difficulties which Cornelius, Overbeck, and Delaroche have encountered, are superadded, for Messrs. Philip and Armstead, the proverbial perplexities attending the treatment, of *basso* and *alto relievi*. These embarrassments are so great, that the number of absolutely satisfactory reliefs, ancient or modern, may be reckoned on the fingers of a single hand. It is scarcely to be hoped then that the *alto-relievi* of the Albert Memorial will prove unassailable to criticism. We can, however, say that the clay models promise well. It is to be hoped that concentration, balance, and breadth, qualities which, though essential to, are but seldom found in, monumental works, will give perspicuity and force to these compositions when they shall take their place in the architectural structure. To save time, blocks of Sicilian marble are already built into the *podium*, and sheds, or to speak with more propriety, wooden studios, have been erected in order that the figure friezes, when modelled and cast, may with least delay be carved on the rough quarried marble.

The metal-work and the enamels which will decorate the crowning members of the canopy, giving to the sky outline, variety, and lightness, are engaging the thoughtful care of Messrs. Skidmore. The designs have been determined, but there still remain details for decision before the original conception can receive worthy elaboration. The technical manufacture of the enamels, too, a revived art which is still in tentative state, may also involve difficulties that will call for deliberation and caution. The mosaic compositions which Dr. Salviati is commissioned to place in the pediments may also, with advantage, claim serious study. These enamel-wrought pictures will go so far to make or mar the entire Memorial that too much thought cannot be given either to the subjects or the Art treatment. Analogous designs, executed in fresco by Kaulbach, and placarded on a Munich museum, should be a warning to patrons as well as painters. Of the merits of Salviati's Venetian mosaics, the Wolsey Chapel, Windsor, and the new courts of the Kensington Museum, are sufficient testimony. That these mosaics are absolutely indestructible it is useless to contend in the face of the crumbling away of like Italian works from the *façade* of St. Mark's, Venice, and of the Cathedral at Orvieto. It is manifest that a mosaic will not remain in its place longer than the cement can hold it. It cannot, however, be doubted that in Salviati's manufacture we have a brilliant material, well suited to architectural uses.

In conclusion, we give to the Albert Memorial utmost praise in saying that it is worthy of its object. In the words of Mr. Disraeli, it resembles the character of the Prince Consort in the beauty and the harmony of its proportion; it is the type of a sublime life, the testimony of a grateful people.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

HOW CROZIERS *WERE* CARRIED;

OR,

THE CITY OF WINCHESTER *v.* GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, R.A.*

Well-informed and warm-hearted "Joe" and "Tom" Warton, Wykehamists, of Winchester, assert, both in speech and in print, that our living oracle of an architect in Gothic Art has made "a Winchester goose" of himself in his recent restoration of the City Cross of their cathedral city. The columns of the *Hampshire Chronicle* have been filled of late with "cross readings"—*rather* cross sayings, left-handed blows, and right-handed hits of the true controversial character of quarrels among antiquaries and architects.

The well-known talents of Mr. George Gilbert Scott were recently called into request (not without some local opposition), for the restoration of Winchester Cross. Mr. Scott went to work at once with his customary activity and skill, received moneys on account, finished his work right off, and asked for the balance due to him on his account. The committee who gave Mr. Scott his commission, found a serious fault with his work—no less a fault, indeed, than this:—that his R.A.-ship had either ignorantly or perversely, or both, placed the Crozier, or pastoral staff, of the great architect, school and college founding bishop, in the wrong hand. Great authorities were appealed to, and some went so far as to call Mr. Scott a sorry kind of "Bull and Mouth" coachman, in placing the crozier, or whip, as they called it, in the right hand instead of the left.

A well-known rule of the road was quoted against our architect, as "*a case in point*:"—

> "The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
> If you go to the *left* you are sure to go *right*,
> If you go to the *right* you are sure to go *wrong*:
> For the *left* is the *right*, and the *right* is the *wrong*."

The "Jehus" of Hampshire insist that William of Wykeham held his noble crozier

* Did William of Wykeham carry the Crozier in his right hand—if not, is it correct to represent him so? The Restoration of Winchester City Cross. By Mr. G. G. Scott, Architect. 12mo. Second Edition. Winchester: Jacob and Johnson. London: J. R. Smith.

(still preserved in his college at Oxford) in his *left* hand. Dexter and sinister remarks have been directed against the *new* professor of architecture in the Royal Academy, and some have been heard to regret that poor Pugin* was not alive, to parallel and pillory the erring and still-persisting-in-error architect.

It is urged in the controversy, that soldiers did not carry their swords in their left hands, and their bucklers in their right hands; that it is rare to see a gentleman, or even a bishop at dinner, with his knife in his left hand, and his fork in his right, though there are exceptional precedents for so great a rarity. Ben Jonson, in his monument in Westminster Abbey, has been made to wear the buttons of his coat on the wrong side. Who approves of left-handed marriages? Our great sculptor, Sir Francis Chantrey, was blind of the right eye (though no defect was apparent), and an excellent shot; so his "Joe Manton" was made for the left shoulder. When called upon to design a Nelson monument, with a Nelson statue, Mr. Scott (some have said) would be insane to insist on violating truth, by restoring Nelson's *right* arm, and removing or omitting his *left*.

Right or wrong, Mr. Scott put up his bishop, with his *right-handed* held crozier, and asked "Twenty-five pounds" for his perishable statue—a modest enough sum as *statues* go now-a-days, whether good or bad, with or without a cocked hat, with or without stirrups.

The men of Winchester have declined to pay, and Mr. Scott is driven, not to law, but to his authorities. "I have written my book," said a well-known Irish dramatist, whose plays will live; "Yes, my dear friend, I have finished my book against the pope, and now I am going to the British Museum to—*consult my authorities.*" Mr. Scott's case is somewhat parallel; he has flown to monuments, to prints, to books, to Dr. Rock and Mr. Albert Way,—when too late. He had set up his statue, and was committed. Mr. Scott should in this case have imitated "the cautious but ignorant Scot," who, when told that he was eating the wrong end of his asparagus, would not submit to correction: "I ken I'm wrang," said Sandy, "but—I prefer it." So Sandy continued to punish himself, rather than admit he was wrong.

A story brief and somewhat to the point may enliven this crozier discussion. We were at the British Institution at one of its pleasing and useful exhibitions of ancient and recently deceased artists. A full length was there, by Sir William Beechey, of the late Lieutenant General Sir William Herries, when a boy. "There's our good chairman," exclaimed one friend to another, "and must have been like him." The friend, who was an Irishman, replied with—"But where's the cork leg?" The gay-hearted Pat from Phœnix Park, had forgotten for a moment that the Lieutenant General had lost his flesh and blood leg in action, and consequently was not born with or seen by Beechey with a cork one.

Mr. Scott is architect (not by favour or accident, but by merit) to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. And in the Abbey of Westminster, he might have remembered, as he must have seen, the monumental matrimonial *difference* between the right-hand side and the left-hand side, preserved on the King James the First altar-recumbent-figured marble monument to Cecil Earl of Exeter, son of the great Lord High Treasurer Burghley. The sculptor (of course by order) has left full room (of the same measurement) on the *left hand* of the Earl for his second Countess. But Frances Brydges, Countess of Exeter, would not play second fiddle after death to her predecessor at Burghley House, and her marble place on the altar-tomb, in spite of the inscription, is still "a lodging to let."

"The real end of sculpture," says Flaxman, "is to represent such of our fellow men as have been benefactors to society, in the full vigour of their faculties when living." Mr. Scott, his opponents say, has not so represented our great episcopal architect; he has represented the real William Perot of Wykeham in Hampshire, not as he lived and was seen, but as he did not live, and consequently was not seen.

There have been as many modes of carrying a crozier as of carrying a musket of the pre-Enfield days. When the firelock is at the "shoulder," it is on the *left* side; when it is at the "order," on the *right* side. This with privates and corporals, but with sergeants it is *always* on the *right* side. We have, however, seen *engravings* in which this arrangement has been reversed, and the effect was so jarring to a soldier's eye, that we can fancy Sir George Brown having a fit of the colic after looking at them. This misrepresentation arose from the laziness of the engravers in not reversing the pictures in the etching; and in how many of the cases quoted on both sides of this question, may not the same carelessness have occurred? So also with seals and painted glass. Are the arguments drawn from the actual seals themselves, or actual impressions of those seals, or engravings of those impressions? Mr. Buckler (in the pamphlet before us) mentions the possible case of an ignorant glazier putting a painted window together, and turning an Abbot or a Bishop inside out! Against statuary, or brasses, and rubbings of brasses, and against illuminated missals, no such objections can exist, and by *Fourteenth-Century English* instances of these the *case* must stand or fall.

Mr. Francis Joseph Baigent, of Winchester, the clamorous advocate for the *left hand*, seems to assume it as an axiom that abbots and bishops *must* have carried their croziers on different sides. Now in every one of the *seven* cases now existing in St. Alban's Abbey (a building not unknown to Mr. Scott), the abbots are represented with their croziers in their *left* hand, so that, by Mr. B's own showing, Mr. Baigent is wrong, and Mr. Scott right. It is probable that there was no rule absolute either way, and like the Little-endians and Big-endians of Swift, the disputants might prolong the controversy on the *general* question to an indefinite period, but that in the *particular* case of William of Wykeham, it would be found that Mr. Scott was *wrong*, and to this extent he appears to plead guilty.

In conclusion let us observe that this printed controversy of some *thirty-nine pages* is well worth reading, and that it will doubtless be the means of giving us more information on a custom that well merits to be fully understood. The controversialists have a right to be heard; but they must remember that *pictures* not contemporary, whether on panel or canvas, are not much to be relied on, especially in such matters as customs and costumes. Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that "the greatest sport he saw in France was the picture of our Saviour with the Apostles eating the Paschal lamb that was —larded."

* Who that has ever seen will forget Pugin's famous engraved contrast of King's Cross, London, with Chichester Cross?

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN DILLON, ESQ., CRAVEN HILL.

THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT.

A. Elmore, R.A., Painter. S. S. Smith, Engraver.

THE search which modern writers have made into the history of the past has brought to light much that is valuable and much that is curious relative to the manners and customs of society at various epochs. The publication of "Pepys's Diary," for example, reveals to us some amusing and instructive incidents of the time of Charles the Second, from which we see not a little of the inner as well as the outer life of the period, and are brought into personal acquaintance, as it were, with many of those who moved round the circle of which the monarch was the centre, and also with those whose orbit was at various degrees from it. The historian of the Hume, Macaulay, or Alison type deals with the annals of the country on a broad and philosophical basis; men who, like Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, leave behind them records of their own lives and actions in connection with those among whom they moved, and with whom they associated, help to fill up the gaps left by the real historian, and thus we arrive at a near approach to the actual existence of things in years long gone by.

Out of the numerous pictures of society that Pepys's book opens up, Mr. Elmore has chosen a very graphic one for illustration. The passage runs thus:—"Mr. Hales begun my wife's portrait in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a Saint Katherine; while he painted, Knipp, and Mercer, and I sung." Who Hales was we know not, but it may be taken for granted he was an artist of some repute at the time, or Pepys, who was rather proud of his wife, would not have allowed her to sit to him. However, the lady is placed in position, holding an "attribute" of saintship in her hand, and the artist is studying her face ere he begins work. But the absurdity of the scene is, that while these two are thus seriously occupied, Mr. Pepys joins with two fair companions in a trio of song! Who can imagine Reynolds, or Lawrence, or one of our living portrait-painters, permitting a concert in his studio with a "sitter"—and that, too, a lady—before him? Music and painting are, certainly, sister arts, and may, under some circumstances, be practised in the same apartment without detriment to either; but portraiture is, it may be presumed, the very last department of painting, so far as regards the subject, to admit of anything that would tend to draw away the thoughts from their essential composure.

The picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852, is most skilfully arranged, and the figures, with the exception of that of Hales—rather melodramatic and studied in its *pose*—are perfectly natural and at ease in attitude; the lady who takes the most prominent part in the trio has an air of *abandon* about her not altogether comporting with that of a modest woman, and certainly not elegant. But the tone of Charles the Second's court was caught not unfrequently by all classes of society. The treatment of the subject, from the arrangement of light and shade caused by the half-covered window of the artist's studio, is especially calculated to make an effective engraving.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

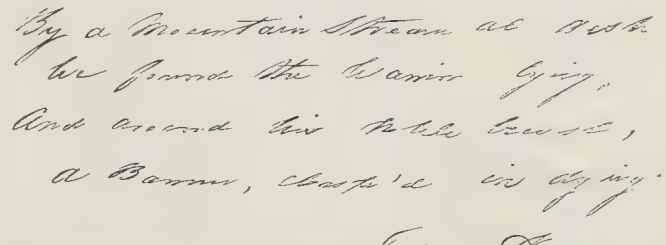
"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

MRS. HEMANS.



FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Duke Street, Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1793. The house is not known. Some months ago I wandered through the quaint old street, situated in the lower part of the town, near the river and the custom-house. Many of the dwellings are a century old, with venerable porches that speak of old respectability, and fancy may accord the honour to any one of them.* Her father, of Irish parentage and birth, was a merchant in the great capital of seacommerce; her mother, Miss Wagner, was of Italian descent, and the poet was fond of tracing the peculiar tendency of her mind to the Venetian blood she inherited. But to that mother she was indebted for higher boons. She was a good and accomplished woman, who gave to her daughter those lessons of practical virtue that were early learned to be afterwards taught in immortal verse.*

Happily, while still very young, her father retired to comparative solitude in North Wales,† and in that wild, romantic, and picturesque country, closely communing with Nature, her taste was formed, and her mind strengthened. During nearly the whole of her life she was a resident in the



land she loved intensely. It retained its charm, even after she had visited Ireland, Scotland, and the English lakes.

Two years before she had "entered her teens" she produced a volume of poems. Other works followed, and her name had become famous when, in her nineteenth year, she married Captain Alfred Hemans, of the 4th Regiment, a gentleman closely connected with one of the oldest Welsh families in the neighbourhood. Although no quarrel arose, the marriage was not a happy one. Captain Hemans was a good deal older than his wife, and his health having been much impaired by foreign service, he became, a few years after they wedded, a permanent resident in Italy, his wife continuing to reside in Wales, rearing and educating five sons who were born to them, working for her own and their honourable independence.*

"She was married at eighteen, in all the trustfulness of a young enthusiastic nature, but was fated soon to see her dreams of happiness give place to sad realities, and the blight thus cast upon her affections, tinged with mournfulness a temperament naturally ardent and joyous."

On this sad subject she rarely spoke, even to her nearest friends. Mrs. Lawrence tells us it was "sacred and unapproachable." It would be only evil now to seek to fathom the mystery. No doubt it was the shadow that cast a perpetual gloom over her path through life, and gave a tone of sadness to all she wrote. She exclaims in one of her poems,—

"Tell me no more
Of my soul's gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?"

From the time he left her—for seventeen years—the husband and wife never again met. Her duties, and perhaps her natural disposition, kept her apart from the bustle of life. Except once, I believe, she never visited London. She loved solitude, and enjoyed its calm; indeed, it was in a great degree necessary to her, for her constitution was always delicate. Subsequently she lived at Bronwylfa, near to St. Asaph, the residence of her brother, General Sir H. Browne, that home being one of the abiding places I have pictured. She found time, however, to learn as well as to write much; and, it is said, had intimate acquaintance with several modern languages, with the Latin also, which, probably, she acquired that she might better teach her sons.

But Rhyllon, near also to St. Asaph, was the residence she most loved. On General Sir Henry Browne's second marriage, she, with her mother, sister, and all her children, went to reside there (it was another of Sir Henry's houses). Here she dwelt during the remainder of the years she passed in Wales.†

During three or four years she resided at Wavertree, a village suburb of Liverpool. The house in which she lived is now surrounded with unpicturesque dwellings, and is conspicuous for the absence of attractions that formed her chief delight in Wales. For some time she resided in Westmoreland. Not far from the shores of Windermere is "Dove's Nest," still a pretty, yet unpretending, cottage. Here she had the frequent companionship of the poet she most honoured and loved, and Wordsworth, in return for sweet companionship, gave her the wealth of his friendship, and accorded to her, perhaps, greater homage than he paid to any other of his contemporaries. "Dove's Nest was," according to Mrs. Hemans, "originally designed for a small villa;" but it had passed from the careful hands that meant it for "a home:" "traces of love" had been gradually effaced: the garden was a wild; the sweetbriar and the moss-rose had degenerated. Thus she

* Possibly, however, some persevering inquirer may find it out, for it is said in the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, 1835:—"She was born in Duke Street, in a house now inhabited by Mr. Molyneux."

* A near relation of the family (a son of a niece of Mr. Browne's), whom I chanced to meet not long ago in Cork, tells me that Mr. Browne was born in that city. His father was member of a mercantile firm. The father of Mrs. Hemans—George—was sent over to arrange some affairs in Liverpool, and "being handsome and very prepossessing," won the heart of Miss Wagner, married her, and settled in Liverpool. He died in Canada.

† Their first dwelling was at Gwrych, near Abergele, a house which had the reputation of being "haunted."

* The eldest son—George Willoughby Hemans—is the distinguished civil engineer, who occupies one of the highest positions in his profession, and is universally esteemed and respected. He has made some of the most important "Lines" in Ireland, and has also been much employed in England and on the Continent.

† For the sketches that illustrate this Memory I am indebted to Mr. Sibley, an excellent artist, who is resident, and practises his profession, in St. Asaph. He has made himself familiar with all the scenes in the locality that illustrate the life of Mrs. Hemans, so large a portion of which was passed in the vicinity.

writes:—"An air of neglect hangs about the little demesne, which does not at all approach desolation, and yet gives it something of touching interest;" . . . . "perhaps some heart like my own, in its feelings and sufferings, has here sought refuge and repose." But there was "a glorious view of Windermere from an old-fashioned alcove" in the garden.

Circumstances induced her to remove her residence to Dublin. Her brother, Colonel Browne,* held an important office there, as chief of the Metropolitan Constabulary, and the Irish capital offered strong temptations for the education of her sons. In that city she dwelt about four years, and there she quitted earth on the 16th of May, 1835.

Her death-bed was a becoming close to a high, a holy, and a useful life. Her sister writes:—"The dark and silent chamber seemed illumed by light from above, and cheered by spirit songs. She would say, that in her intervals from pain, 'no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy.'"

And so her last hours were spent; first, in communing with her own heart, and the unutterable comfort she derived from trust in her Redeemer, and next, in transmitting affectionate and consoling messages to friends; in sending memory back to old homes by the sea-shore, to mountain rambles, to pleasant outlooks upon green fields, to the haunts and the books she loved; filling a darkened room in a crowded city with happy thoughts and cheerful sights; no repinings, no murmurings, a holy calm, a grateful resignation, fervent faith, unbounded trust! Under the influence of these mingled sensations, feelings, hopes, she dictated to her brother the last of her poems, "The Sabbath Sonnet." It breathes the beautiful humanity, loving-kindness, and holy devotion that characterised all her works.

No record of Mrs. Hemans should be without a copy of that sonnet. It was dictated to Colonel Browne on Sunday, the 26th April:—

"How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow paths, the way
Toward spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elms ascending
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!
The halls, from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."

This is the picture her sweet sister draws of her deathbed, or rather of her state just previous to her removal from earth:—"Her sleep was calm and happy, and none but pleasing dreams ever visited her couch; serenity and submission shed their influence over all. At times, her spirit would appear half etherealised, her mind would seem to be fraught with deep and holy and incommunicable thoughts, and she would entreat to be left alone, in stillness and darkness, to 'commune with her own heart,' and reflect on 'the mercies of the Saviour.'" "She will not," wrote one of her friends, "allow a mournful look or tone at her bedside." Mrs. Lawrence writes,—"She had frequent wanderings of mind, but the images she dwelt on were mostly beautiful, and with no terror in them: and her release was as peaceful as an infant falling to sleep. She uttered a scarcely audible sigh, and expired."

One of the latest of her poems, "The Poet's Dying Hymn," has these lines:—

"I bless thee with my glad song's dying breath,
I bless thee, O my God!"

The room in which she passed away was a back room, in a house in Dawson Street, Dublin (now numbered 20). It is the house next to the Mayoralty. It commanded a view of a dull court. It may have contrasted wearily with the prospect from Grwych, Bronwylfa, and Rhyllon; but her heart was far from it, half-way to heaven before she quitted earth.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life—quite on the verge of heaven!"

I visited that house not many months ago, and also the neighbouring church of St. Anne, in a vault underneath which lie her remains. A mural tablet contains her name, her age, and the date of her death, with the following lines from one of her poems:—

"Calm, on the bosom of thy God,—
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die!"

There is a memorial window in the church—placed there by public subscription, chiefly by the exertions of the vicar of the parish, the Rev. H. H. Dickinson.

Such is a brief outline of the uneventful life of a poet, whose writings are known, valued, and loved throughout the world.

Of Mrs. Hemans I knew personally but little. I saw her only once in her cottage at Wavertree. She was ill, and my visit was a brief one; the more brief, because I was under a promise to repeat it, but unhappily that promise I was not permitted to keep, for she grew worse, and the enjoyment I anticipated was postponed to a time that was not to come on earth. But I had frequent correspondence with her, and during my editorship of the *New Monthly* she was a regular writer in that magazine, while some of the most charming of her poems, "The Hebrew Mother," "Passing Away," "The Trumpet Song," and others, were contributed by her to *The Amulet*. For the *New Monthly*, also, she wrote the only prose she published.

Wavertree was comfortless and uncheerful, calculated to depress rather than to enliven. It is the corner of a row, with a small garden in front, and another behind; but the flowers she so dearly loved could not grow there. From all rural sights and sounds she was utterly excluded. There was no breeze to bring joy and health,—



BRONWYLFA.

"The light that surrounds her is all from within"

I also visited Wavertree cottage a few months ago. It was unoccupied then; but I was strongly impressed by a feeling of sorrow that even a portion of her life had been spent in a neighbourhood so inauspicious, and in an atmosphere so inharmonious.

Mr. Chorley describes Wavertree "as the third of a cluster, or row, close to a dusty road, and yet too townish in its appearance and situation to be called a cottage. It was set in a small court, and within doors all was gloomy and comfortless, but with her harp, and her books, and the flowers with which she loved to fill her little rooms, they assumed a habitable, almost an elegant appearance."

Her early delicacy of frame no doubt influenced her mind. She did not seek the enjoyments young girls usually seek. Her pleasure was in solitude, in the companionship of books, and in the discharge of the duties that after life brought to her. There is said to have been a prophetic utterance by some one, "That child is not made for happiness—her colour comes and goes too fast;" and Miss Landon states that she once asked Miss Jewsbury if she thought Mrs. Hemans a happy person? "No," was the reply, "her enjoyment is feverish, and she desponds; she is like a lamp whose oil is consumed by the light it yields;" and there was sad truth in her own lines:—

"All the vivid interests of life look pale
And dim around me."

Hers was that beauty which depends mainly on expression. Like her writings, it was thoroughly womanly; her auburn hair parted over her brow, and fell on either side in luxuriant curls. Her eyes are described as "dove-like," with a chastened character that appertained to sadness. "A calm repose," so writes one of her friends, "not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of her face; but when she smiled, all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed to be "but little lower than the angels"—fitting shrine for a soul so pure.

Her portrait is thus given by her friend Mrs. Lawrence:—"Mrs. Hemans was of an excellent height, just not tall, and of a

* Colonel Browne, C.B., was for many years an officer in the 23rd—the Welsh Fusiliers. My eldest brother was an ensign in that regiment, and fell at Albuera. Conversing one day with Colonel Browne, he told me he had taken from the field my mortally-wounded brother, who next morning died in his arms.

slight and pleasing form; the hands very delicate and pretty. She had a profusion of auburn hair, and the blue eyes and colouring of the complexion were analogous." She adds,—"She had been in youth very beautiful, but she faded early," and adds that "her language and imagery in speaking were studiously correct and beautiful—hardly less so than in her poetry."

"Delta" (Dr. Moir) prefacing one of the volumes of her poems, describes her as "about the middle height, rather slender; her countenance of great intelligence and expression." "In all her feelings," he adds, "she is intensely and entirely feminine;" . . . . "over all her pictures of humanity are spread the glory and the grace reflected from purity of morals, dignity of sentiment, beauty of imagery, sublimity of religious faith, and ardour of patriotism."

But Moir, if he ever saw her (which he might have done during her brief visit to Edinburgh), knew little of her; and perhaps Miss Williams (Ysgafell), who wrote a memoir of her, knew less. She is thus described by that writer, no doubt, however, from "hearsay:"—"Her personal appearance was highly attractive; she was of middle stature and slight in figure; her complexion was exquisitely fair, clear, and bright; her silky and luxuriant hair was in colour of a rich golden brown; her fine eyes were radiant with genius."

Mrs. Hemans knew, indeed, but few persons. Though her friends were many, and her admirers numerous, her acquaintances were limited. "My whole life," she writes, "has lain within the circle of those wild Welsh hills, and I know nobody." Perhaps the best portrait of her is that of her friend Miss Jewsbury:—"She is lovely without being beautiful; her rich and silky brown hair of unusual length, flowed round her, when unbraided, like a veil." She adds, "Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute, but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine; . . . she had a passive temper, but decided tastes; her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections. Her voice was a sad sweet melody; her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if, in her depression, she resembled night, it was night bearing the stars."

In the frequent conversations I have had with Miss Jewsbury relative to her beloved friend, she could never speak of her without intense enthusiasm—a fervour that has often brought tears into her eyes.



RHYLLON.

The portrait that heads this memory is from a painting by an American artist, West, painted in 1828. It was to this portrait she wrote some lines, ending thus:—

"Yet look thou still serenely on,
And if sweet friends there be,
That when my song and soul are gone
Shall seek my form in thee,
Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
To flee away and be at rest."

The abundant offspring of her high and holy mind—the imperishable outpourings of her pure and generous heart—are the property of the world. They have been translated into every language of civilised man. Those who would teach resignation, meekness, truth, virtue, piety, resort to her poems as lessons attractive, impressive, and permanent, and know that in every line she wrote, she was discharging the divinest duty of the poet.

From the period—in childhood almost—when she published a collection of "Juvenile Poems" nearly to her close of life, she had sent forth volume after volume, each surpassing the other in sweetness and in power. It seemed as if the intellectual mine was inexhaustible, and perhaps her last productions will be considered her best.

I may with propriety introduce here some recollections of the three friends to whom she was most attached, and who have done justice to her memory—Mrs. Lawrence, her sweet sister Mrs. Owen, and Mary Jane Jewsbury—with two of whom we had the privilege to be personally acquainted.

Her sister—whom it was our happy chance to know, meeting her often at the house of Mrs. Hemans's eldest son, George Willoughby—was a woman rarely gifted, most amiable, and most estimable. When she wrote the life of Mrs. Hemans she was the wife of the Rev. Mr. Hughes; and by that name she is chiefly known. Some years after his death, she married the Rev. W. Hicks Owen, M.A., senior vicar of St. Asaph and Vicar of Tremeirchion, Rural Dean. With that most excellent clergyman she enjoyed sixteen years of happiness, unbroken except by occasional visitations of ill health. She died in 1858, and sleeps in the quiet graveyard of the little church of Tremeirchion, among the hills that surround the valley through which runs the Clwyd, that

"Cambrian river, with slow music gliding,
By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers,"

beside the banks of which the sisters had passed nearly the whole of their useful, but tranquil and uneventful, lives.

All to whom she was known—and they were many—will bear witness to the truth of this inscription, placed on a tablet underneath the memorial window of the church in which rest her remains:—

"This Window was erected by many and attached friends, to the glory of God, and in affectionate remembrance of Harriett Mary Owen, who departed this life 14th March, 1858. She was the wife of the Rev. W. H. Owen, vicar of this parish, and was sister of Felicia Hemans, many of whose lyrics she set to music. She was a woman of great intellectual endowments, of deep and varied reading, a good linguist, and an accomplished musician. With these high qualities was combined the most practical good sense in the common things of every-day life. A gentle and considerate mistress, and one who 'looked well to the ways of her household.'

"She had so disciplined her temper, that no provocation caused an impatient or fretful feeling. Very pitiful and courteous, but gifted with a brave and independent spirit, which unhesitatingly marked its abhorrence of all that was base and dishonourable. For sixteen years she fulfilled indefatigably all the duties of a country clergyman's wife, and was unceasingly occupied in furthering deeds of charity and loving-kindness. In this course, even when weighed down by extreme bodily anguish, she steadfastly persevered to the very last. In joy and in sorrow, in prosperity and in adversity, she presented to those around her, and who knew her best, a bright example of the Christian graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity."

Mrs. Lawrence, whose "Recollections of Mrs. Hemans" I have quoted in this memory, was one of the most beloved of her friends. That accomplished lady lived in a great mansion near the humble dwelling of the poet, to whom her doors were ever open wide in welcome. Her residence was at Mosley Hall, near Liverpool. Her richly cultivated mind enabled her fully to appreciate the genius of her neighbour, whom she loved with intense affection, and it is a pleasant task to associate their honoured names.

There was another whose close intimacy with Mrs. Hemans did honour to both—Maria Jane Jewsbury, the much elder sister of the lady whose works are now before the world, and who has achieved high repute.

Maria Jane Jewsbury was born at Measham, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the year 1800. She published several valuable books in poetry and prose; obtaining celebrity chiefly under the signature of M. J. J., married in 1832 the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, one of the chaplains of the East India Company, and died of cholera on the way to Poonah, on the 4th of October, 1833.

"She died," writes Lætitia Landon (who met her first at our house), "too soon. What noble aspirings, what generous enthusiasm, what kindly emotions, went down to the grave with her unfulfilled destiny!" "She was," wrote Mrs. Hemans, "taken away in the very prime of her intellectual life, when every moment seemed fraught with new treasures of knowledge and power."

Mrs. Hemans wore mourning for her, Wordsworth grieved for her loss as that of a shining light gone out; and thus Professor Wilson refers to her in the "Noctes:"—"I saw her once; it was but a momentary glance among the mountains, mounted on a pretty pony, in a pretty rural straw hat,

and pretty rural riding-habit, with the sunshine of a cloudless heaven blended in her countenance with that of her own cloudless soul. The young author of "Phantasmagoria" rode smilingly along a beautiful vale with the illustrious Wordsworth, whom she venerates, pacing in his poetical way at her side, and pouring out poetry in that glorious recitative of his, till the vale was overflowing with the sound."

We knew her intimately, and esteemed her much. She was our guest for a time, not long before her marriage, which took place in the little church of Penegoes—the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Mr. Hughes, the then husband of Mrs. Hemans's sister, and the then rector of that parish.

I have a letter written to me in 1834 by a lady, who was for a time Miss Jewsbury's instructor. It gives so interesting a sketch of the early progress of her mind, that I copy some passages from it:—

"I found her rather backward as to solid information, and as to the well-grounding and disciplining of the mind for study, or for accuracy of reflection or discriminating judgment, but the imaginative and inventive powers lively, and, as I afterwards learned from herself, in continual exercise; for, unknown to her parents, she used to sit up in her chamber in light evenings or early mornings, to indulge in reveries, and in compositions of a kind to give scope for those qualities. Among these, I believe, were a few small poems,—the fragment of a play, and one or two short sketches of tales or novels. By this habit she rather injured her health, and enfeebled the powers of her mind; but being soon convinced of her error, after she had communicated the circumstance to me, I believe she entirely discontinued the practice, and never rose before five or six in the morning. For a considerable time the patient application of her mind to the quiet matter-of-fact studies of grammar, right-reasoning, and history was irksome to her; but her good sense and desire for improvement convinced her of the necessity, and she certainly used every exertion to compel her mind to forego its appetite for high-seasoned and effervescing aliment, if I may so term it. But the main development of her intellectual powers took place after her parents left the neighbourhood."

Mrs. Owen writes of the friends, Mrs. Hemans and Miss Jewsbury: "Soon a feeling of warm interest and thorough understanding sprang up between two minds so rarely gifted, and both so intent upon consecrating their gifts to the highest and holiest purposes."

In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall, Miss Jewsbury says, "I am melancholy by nature; cheerful on principle." A sense of duty was certainly strong in her; and if her natural disposition was sombre, she did much to show she could be cheerful; conversing freely and well, and manifesting earnest sympathy with the requirements of her companions, and the desires of her friends.

This is Mrs. Hall's memory of Maria Jane Jewsbury. She was one of those who are called upon to give out knowledge before the fountain is sufficiently supplied. She says, indeed, she became a writer almost as soon as she became a reader, "sacrificing," as she writes, "the palm-tree to obtain a single draught of wine," grieving she had done nothing worthy to live, but purposing great things in the hereafter that did not come to her on earth. Her career was, in truth, barely commenced when it was closed.

In person, Miss Jewsbury was tall and thin; her complexion was sallow, and her hair dark—almost black; her eyes, of a deep brown, were bright and penetrating; her brow was full; her mouth large, certainly not handsome, but expressive; her voice in speaking clear and distinct; her laugh cheerful, and her conversational powers good. She said many things worth remembering without being pedantic, and was very ready at repartee. She had been much fêted and petted in the country; and the friend of Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans might have looked for pardon if she were exacting of more attention than was perhaps justly her due. But "the set" with which she mixed in London were the lamps of London society. Very different it was from that to which she had been accustomed, and where no doubt she was an oracle. She never relished London society. It was too diffused, too insincere, to satisfy one who had communed much with nature, and was not over-inclined to admit the



THE CHURCH OF TREMEIRCHION.

excellence of any school but that in which she herself had graduated. Yet, "socially," no doubt, London did her a great deal of good, without bating an iota of her high principles. She became more tolerant, and more inclined to listen, even if she did not agree with the opinions of others. She had learned from Wordsworth to take pains with whatever she did, and told us that, one morning, while staying with the poet, she brought him down a sonnet on which she considered she had bestowed much time. "There, Mr. Wordsworth!" she exclaimed, "I have been six hours over that sonnet!" The great master took it from her and replied, "Young lady, I should have been six weeks!"

While Miss Jewsbury lived, she did well; but with her vigorous mind, her desire to excel, her continued reading, and her habit,



ST. ASAPH.

not only of thinking over what she read, but of weighing and balancing every incident or suggestion, if she had been longer of earth, she would have far surpassed any of her earlier works, and bequeathed an imperishable name to her country.

She was one of those women who ought not to have married. It would have needed a vast amount of love on her part to have yielded an opinion even to her husband,—and yet she loved a man infinitely her inferior. Whether that love could have lasted under the circumstances is a question. Her husband is, I believe, still living, but the brief period of his wedded life seems to have entailed on him no duty of after-intercourse with the family and friends of the beloved and lamented lady.

During the summer we have been enabled to visit the beautiful district in which Mrs. Hemans passed nearly the whole of her life, and were "entertained" in the two houses—Bronwylfa and Rhyllon—in which branches of her family still reside; the former being the dwelling of Colonel Browne (the son of Sir Henry Browne) and his family, the latter the abode of the Rev. Hicks Owen, the husband of the good and most beloved sister of the poet. Both these houses are pictured in our Memory. They are not stately mansions, but homes full of graceful comforts, in the midst of scenery of surpassing loveliness, in the charming vale of Clwyd, through which runs a river that has few rivals even in North Wales; for though not often rough and wild, it has many breaks over rock-stones, with here and there a waterfall, and now and then widening into a mimic lake. Bronwylfa (it is little more than a hundred yards from Rhyllon) stands on an elevation between two rivers, the Clwyd and the Elwy. In one of the adjacent fields are two venerable oak trees, under the shade of which Felicia Hemans passed some hours of every summer day, descending thence to the banks of the "Cambrian river" she loved so much, luxuriating in the music it made while passing under a rude bridge—time-consecrated; it is Pont-Dafydd, and was built by the benevolent Bishop David, "passed away" long centuries ago, whose honoured name is still preserved in the work (one of many such) he raised for "the good of his kind."

But to see the country of Felicia Hemans one must ascend to the summit of the cathedral tower. The Cathedral of St. Asaph is a venerable, though not a handsome structure, founded in the sixth century, and built in the fourteenth. It stands in the centre of a range of hills, overlooking the whole of the vale of Clwyd, so full of traditions of a long past; for seemingly within a stone's throw, though in reality three miles off, rise the ivy-clad towers of Rhuddlan, the castle in which the heroic princes of Wales withstood for a time the armies of the invading Norman, and where their "conqueror," the great Edward, held his court and met a parliament, "thrice keeping Christmas here." * Much farther off, and to the south, is ancient Denbigh, with the ruins of a vast castle and of walls that once enclosed the town—in circumference more than a mile and a half. There are a score of other famous places within ken, or but a short drive, between hills, from the vale. Those who visit the homes and haunts of Felicia Hemans will, however, be better pleased to direct their thoughts towards the works of nature than to those of man; he will close the book that records the "battles, sieges, fortunes" of huge relics of, happily, gone-by times, when the half-naked but brave and indomitable Welshman was driven from his valleys and mountains by the steel-clad Norman; they are neighbours of antiquities so remote of date that by the side of them the Norman castles are but reminders of yesterday: here are the barrows, the cromlechs, the rocking-stones, the wells that existed sacred centuries before Christianity was a word in Britain. The summits of all the mountains are crowned by encampments, Roman or British (it is often uncertain which), and we know that every dale or hill-steep marks a battle-plain, of which tradition yet preserves a dim record, indicated by a name that has been but slightly changed during twenty centuries. North, south, east, and west, Felicia Hemans had these scenes before her eye, and in her mind Yet not these only; she saw from any height that which we saw from the cathedral tower, a country fertile of natural beauty—

> "Meet nurse for a poetic child,"

and abundantly rich in historic lore.

Far off, but within sight, mid-way between Abergele and Conway, is Gwrych, where her early years were passed; the house is gone now—a modern castle swept it away—but the eternal hills and the deep dark woods skirt the sea, which, during her after life far from it, was never forgotten:—

> "I miss the voice of waves, the first
> That woke my childhood's glee;
> The measured chime, the thundering burst—
> Where is my own blue sea?"

Beyond is the Orme's Head, hanging over Llandudno, and seen on a clear day is, far away, the Isle of Man. Inland, the eye reaches along the vale to distant Denbigh and romantic Corwen, at the head of its own fair vale. That is the Moel Famma range hanging over them; one of its many mountains is the highest in North Wales. Immediately below us is the peaceful scene the poet so dearly loved. Her two dwellings, Bronwylfa and Rhyllon, seem near enough to shake hands across the narrow Clwyd. Look where we will over the lovely valley, there is some object of combined interest and beauty; and surely it will not be difficult to associate any of them with the memory of one to whom they must have been all familiar; even that neat, and pretty, and well-ordered miners' village, Dyserth, with its rude church—seven centuries old at least—at the foot of the brown mountains, the oldest lead-mine in Wales; no less than the venerable graveyard that surrounds the cathedral, in which, among other worthies of Wales, rest the remains of Dr. Isaac Barrow, a name rightly honoured by all members of the English Church.

In many of the trees she planted the birds are singing; the garden she planned is rich in the promise of autumn fruit; in the pond that adjoins Rhyllon, the tame carp still come to the bank-side to be fed. Within, there is even less change, for by a happy destiny time has left nearly all the rooms and their arrangements precisely as she left them thirty years ago.

Our visit to North Wales would have had ample recompense if it had no result but that which brought us to acquaintance with the homes and haunts of Felicia Hemans, and made almost a reality the fancy that she is permitted often to visit the scenes she loved. Our tour did not end there, however, and it may be that a few words may tempt those who are planning a summer excursion to wend their way into a district in which the grand and the beautiful are so continually found in the happiest combination.

The North Western Railway, passing through lordly Chester, runs by the sea all the way to Bangor, and thence, crossing the Menai, to Holyhead. "All the world" knows that; but all do not know that at every station *en route* is the entrance to a valley; you see it between the mountains as you sweep along. Stop anywhere: you cannot be wrong; at Rhyll, if you seek the valley of the Clwyd; at Conway, if your purpose be to visit scenery for which the author has done little, but for which the artist has done much; for what visitor at exhibitions during the last forty years has not been made familiar with the attractions of Llanwrst and Bettws-y-coed? And now a branch railway takes you to the former, where the vale is commenced. It would far exceed our space, and, indeed, be apart from our plan, to attempt a description of this most beautiful valley, through which run, or rather "gallop" (the word is not misapplied), the rivers Conway, Lludwy, and Llaidu, all of which may be crossed during a walk of two miles, over bridges that seem made for the painter—rude in construction, and giving pathways above mountain-rocks over which the water rushes in foam and in fury; underneath banks clothed in perpetual green, where forest-trees grow and shelter myriads of wild flowers and luxuriant ferns, of all the varieties our forests know.

Bettws-y-coed is in truth the very paradise of British artists; they have painted it again and again, but may find a thousand new subjects yet untouched, for that which seems a special charm is but the near neighbour of one not less delightful, nor less tempting to the pencil that would dedicate Art to Nature.*

Now that the Continent is in a measure shut out from the tourist, and Ireland, unhappily, almost as much so, some of our readers may thank us for nudging them on the elbow and whispering a hint to follow our footsteps to this delicious valley—or to any valley in North Wales—where, in the morning, sea-breezes may give health and vigour, and the noon be passed in the midst of loveliness to which author and artist can but do scant justice.

The pleasure of the tourist may be greatly enhanced by the photographs of scenery he will pick up on the way; they are careful works by one of the very best of photographists, Bedford, and are published by Messrs. Catherall and Pritchard, of Chester. There are so many of them that scarcely a place of note is left uncopied—old castles from all points of view, exterior and interior; the towns and villages *en route;* the valleys, each from at least a dozen points; passages on the rivers; all the waterfalls; a large number of the bridges; in a word, every object concerning which the tourist will pause to inquire, and very many that will refresh him when he is again at home.

It is fortunate for lovers of nature—for those who appreciate the grand and the beautiful—that so true an artist as Mr. Bedford made this tour. He seems to have left little for any after visitor to do; at all events he has produced enough to fill a thick book of memories of the beauties of North Wales; and Messrs. Catherall and Pritchard have done wisely in issuing them at such a price that no one who makes the tour need be without a supply.

* Of this parliament house some fragments of wall still exist, and a stone slab let into one of them records the interesting fact.

* At Bettws-y-coed is the long-famous inn, the "Royal Oak," with which the majority of landscape-painters are so well acquainted. It is peculiarly "cosy" and comfortable, and in all ways "moderate." In the summer and autumn it is by no means rare to find between forty and fifty artists located at the hotel, or at adjacent lodgings in the neat and pretty village, where the pencil and the fishing-rod may be alike productive. The place was made known chiefly by old David Cox, many of whose best pictures commemorate passages "hereabouts." Some thirty years ago he painted and presented to the then landlady a picture of a Royal Oak, in the branches of which the second Charles lay hid. Until a few years back it hung outside as the sign of the inn; when the painter became famous it was removed, and given a place of honour inside. The present landlady has been offered three hundred pounds for it, but considers it too sacred a deposit ever to leave "the premises." And it is well worth the money it would bring; for it is a highly finished and powerfully painted work. It may be added that the memory of David Cox is earnestly and deeply loved in the neighbourhood he used to visit year after year. The villagers may not, and probably do not, know his worth as an artist, but they knew him as a good man in manhood and in old age, who was often at their side when want, trouble, or sickness was near them; about whose knees the children gathered, and who had ever a gentle look, a kind word, and a helping hand, for all who came within his influence.

THE MOSAICS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE mosaics in the great Hall do not advance very rapidly. The last figure placed is that of Palissy; consequently there are now four, the others being ideal portraits of N. Pisano, Benozzo Gozzoli, and Phidias. These works must be regarded as an experiment of which, as in other similar cases, the initiative shortcomings show what in future may be improved upon, and what altogether rejected. They are subjected to a most severe ordeal in being placed next to the oil-pictures from which they have been copied; for the latter are generally finished with much delicacy, and on looking round at those that yet remain to be rendered in mosaic, it seems that some present difficulties which it does not appear our artists are yet sufficiently experienced to meet.

For the production of a picture that should be entirely successful in mosaic, some knowledge of the capabilities of the art is necessary on the part of a painter. Breadth and largeness of parts are the qualities requisite in mosaic, and such essentials at once demand the removal of the work to a distance from the eye. These figures are too small, and too near the eye, and many of the series have minute details which cannot be reproduced in mosaic with good effect. The picture under the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's, exemplifies, as it has been treated, a distance at which such a work ceases to be distinct. Thus it is to be apprehended that for simplicity and perspicuity, too much will be attempted in these spandrils. It is not necessary that a mosaic be placed so high as the Whispering Gallery; but if it be so, it should be simple in composition, and the main aggroupment should be perfectly relieved. At such a height, some of the defects of mosaic, as we see it at South Kensington, disappear, and these imperfections would not exist if the mechanical execution of these figures had been adapted for inspection comparatively close. The gold background is one of the great difficulties. There is but one way of laying this in, and that is in lines perfectly horizontal; any departure from this rule by running the lines at various angles is sure to produce patches of exaggerated or reduced reflection, so causing a broken and spotty ground. The gold field by which the figure of Benozzo Gozzoli is relieved is the clearest and broadest, because it is strictly horizontal; on the other hand, the ground which throws forward that of Palissy has been worked at a variety of angles to the utter destruction of uniformity of surface. Again, round one of the heads—that of Palissy it may be—the lines run archwise, producing in a degree the appearance of a nimbus. Some of the gilded backgrounds of the oil-pictures have been ruled in imitation of the layers of gold enamel. This is a severe trial for the mosaics, but it shows what is wanting in inlaid compositions that are not placed high. There is another defect which must be noticed, as it should be rectified. In the darks the reflections confuse and destroy the drawing, insomuch that the marking and definition of these passages are superseded by the glare of the glass surface. In the drapery of Phidias, which is light green, reflection does not operate so injuriously. More experience is required in mosaic before such works can be rendered pleasing at a short distance, but such experience cannot be obtained without increased expense of production.

EARLY TUSCAN PAINTINGS.

FOR years past we have had so many books on Art, and especially Italian Art, that little is left to be said, and no one who wishes for information need remain ignorant on the subject. It is nearly twenty years since Lord Lindsay gave us his admirable "Sketches of the History of Christian Art;" a work which attracts by the freshness and enthusiasm of the descriptions, as well as by the large-minded and comprehensive views it contains. Lord Lindsay approached early Italian Art with the taste of an artist, and the reverence of a Christian. According to the spirit of the present age, there are many who see in the picture of a saint nothing but the religious feeling it exhibits, and to whom a work of Art is only meritorious in so far as it is an illustration of legendary lore. To such minds M. Rio's "Poetry of Christian Art" has supplied acceptable food. But it has been especially the part of the lamented Mrs. Jameson to familiarise the public mind with the early Italian masters, and to endear them to us all, in a succession of most interesting volumes, written with a simplicity of purpose, and a subjection of self, very remarkable and very captivating. Without any attempt at the masculine tone or learned research of Lord Lindsay's writings, she has avoided all those extravagancies which render M. Rio's work, though a useful commentary on the lives of the saints, of no value to the mere student of Art. It is little more than a year since we received the last legacy of this accomplished lady, so ably completed by Lady Eastlake.

In consideration, therefore, of all that has been written (and how many more authors could be cited!), we have no intention of troubling our readers with our own views on the subject; we wish rather to earn their gratitude by directing their attention to a small and very beautiful collection of water-colour drawings, now exhibited in New Burlington Street, which will tell them more about Tuscan Art in one morning, than would be the result of weeks of reading. To walk round the room is next thing to a visit to Florence, and to those who know that place well, it must carry them back with all the charm of association to the familiar spot. These drawings represent very faithfully the rise and progress of Tuscan painting, from the days of Cimabue to those of Raphael and Michael Angelo. The artist has selected, we think, judiciously, one or two specimens from the most important masters, giving generally a fresco and an easel picture by the same hand. There are some blanks, which we are glad to hear he intends to fill up; and in compensation he has given us one or two heathen and two very early Roman frescoes; keeping up, as it were, the link between the earliest known pagan frescoes, and the highest development of Christian Art under Raphael. He has also allowed himself to illustrate the influence of neighbouring schools upon the purely Tuscan. We think the selection of water-colour instead of oil, for giving a repetition of the old masters, a very happy one; it gives the copyist a feeling of originality, and in using a different medium from that of his master, he attains a certain freedom, and instead of making a servile facsimile, has the power, as it were, of translating the thoughts of another into his own language. For fresco especially, water-colour has peculiar advantages.

The first in point of date is a copy of the celebrated Nozze Aldobrandini, half the size of the original. This fresco was found near the Arch of Gallienus in 1606, and bears the name of the Cardinal from whom Pius VII. bought it; it is now in the Vatican library, and dates certainly before the age of Augustus. For a long time it was almost the solitary justification of all the praise lavished on heathen painters by their contemporaries. The treasures of the Neapolitan gallery have been more recently exhumed, while the solitary head at Cortona is less important. To many visitors of Rome, the copy by Poussin, in the Doriæ, is more familiar than the fresco itself, but it gives nothing except the composition of the original; both sentiment and feeling are entirely wanting; and it has been left for Mr. Wheelwright to show how they could draw and colour more than two thousand years ago; his copy is a most conscientious transcript of the unknown master. The impression these ancient frescoes make on the unlearned eye, is that of their exceedingly modern character; their roundness of form, freshness of colour, and freedom of handling; this may be especially seen in a decorative painting of the same date, which is full of dash. This school of painting died out in the catacombs; the rude drawings there, apart from their religious meaning, are interesting as marking the decay of Art, and as still retaining a certain roundness and freedom, inherited from their pagan predecessors, to be lost soon in Byzantine rigidity. We regret, that as the artist has stepped out of the purely Tuscan school, he has not given us more of these; but we have to thank him for a copy of the recently discovered fresco in San Clemente. The much-vexed question of its antiquity we leave to archæologists, but having visited the lower church ourselves, and seen the quaint original, we bear testimony to the truth of the copy, and to the courage and perseverance it must have required to draw in such an atmosphere, and under such difficulties of light and space.

Our limits only admit of our noticing a few of these drawings; we wish to tempt the reader to go and judge for himself if ever he saw the early masters rendered with a tenderer or more affectionate feeling. Mr. Wheelwright has evidently forgotten himself, and thought himself into the mind of the old masters; he has given not only the form and colour of the originals, but also the tremulously emotional feeling, which escapes the eye of many, and is caught by the pencil of few.

In Florence we shall commence with a visit to Sta Maria Novella. First there is the great Cimabue, the one which was carried in procession through the streets, from the Borgo Allegri to the church where it now is. We pity any one who can smile at its grotesqueness, or at its conventionality; besides being a landmark in Art, to us it is a majestic and holy picture; and if we, who look on it with eyes instructed by Raphael and the great Umbrian school, feel thus, what must it have been to those accustomed only to the harshness of Byzantine Madonnas? Two or three drawings from the Chiostra Verde are very valuable, as even what remains of these most interesting frescoes is daily crumbling away. In a few years we shall scarcely have a shadow left of Paolo Uccello's patriarchal head, in the character of Noah, welcoming the return of the Dove into the Ark. The Lunette depicting Before and After the Deluge, by Uccello, and the neighbouring one by Dello, also representing two scenes from the Old Testament, the creation of man, and of the animals, are very worthy of notice, were it only that Raphael and Michael Angelo have both condescended to borrow from them. We need hardly say we refer for proofs of this to the roof of the Sistine Chapel, and the Incendio del Borgo. The Chiostra Verde naturally leads to the Spanish Chapel, and our subject almost forces us into theology; but we hope to leave Sta Maria Novella without entering upon controversy, or touching on the Council of Florence, held within its walls, or on the revived question of the union of the Churches of the East and of the West. Those who wish a detailed explanation of the allegorical figures in the triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas, must seek it in Lord Lindsay's description of the Spanish Chapel, in his "Christian Art;" where along with an excellent criticism on Simone Memmi, and Taddeo Gaddi, there is a sufficient account of the "Domini Canes," and their controversies, Lord Lindsay considers this fresco to have been the work of both artists, but it is generally ascribed to Taddeo Gaddi. The portrait heads from the fresco on the east side of the Capel are by S. Memmi. The many early portraits which are given among these drawings, from Sta Maria Novella, the Corinne, and other churches, are in some respects the most interesting part of the collection.

From within the church there is a copy, half the size of the original, of the great altar-piece by Orcagna, the most important easel picture left us by that master, and the least retouched; the frescoes in the chapel where it stands have been all repainted, and time and weather have nearly obliterated those at Pisa. In its present position it is almost impossible to see this altar-piece, and it is a work well worthy of the master mind which designed the Tabernacle at Or' San' Michele. We should, however, have been glad to have had a subject which would have illustrated the immense influence which Dante at this time had upon painting, as upon everything else; a fact which is particularly exhibited in the works of Orcagna. In an historical point of view, this would have been desirable, but as a specimen of the master's talents in this branch of Art, nothing could have been more satisfactory than what we have here. There are few churches calculated to awaken more varied emotions than Sta Maria Novella, in the poet, painter, sculptor, historian, or theologian; we ourselves hardly know how close the chain is, which binds us to Dante, or how much of him we admire in our great puritan poet. We leave the theological history of Sta Maria Novella entirely untouched, but in Art it witnessed the triumph of Cimabue, and in later days Michael Angelo spoke of it admiringly as "his bride." Tradition ascribes to his hand the figures leaning over the wall, in the Salutation of the Virgin Mary and St. Elizabeth, by his master D. Ghirlandajo, in the well-known frescoes of the life of the Virgin and St. John the Baptist in the choir of the church. Among the various historical portraits introduced into these scenes, there is said to be one of a popular Florentine heroine, whose story has been often told in prose and verse. It gives some interest to the stately figure in yellow brocade, to hear that it represents the beautiful Genevra, who was buried alive by mistake in a trance; and owed her life to the cupidity of a servant, who opened the vault at night intending to steal a ring, his nerves could not stand the sight of the lady rising from her tomb, and terrified by his guilty conscience, he fled; and she wandered through the streets in her grave clothes till she came to her own door and knocked. Her husband had not been the husband of her choice, and he believing his wife to be dead and buried, refused to admit the ghost; she had no choice then but to go to one who had been a favoured suitor for her hand, and who showed more courage in the hour of need, and took her in. The story goes on to say that having been actually buried, the law considered her as good as dead, and she got a dispensation to marry her true-hearted lover. We should have liked to see this fresco given on a larger scale; still for successfully rendering the sentiment of the master, we think it one of the best in the collection.

Of the frescoes in Brancacci chapel in the Carmine, we say little; most people are well informed as to their history, and prepared to have an opinion of their own, as to which is by Masaccio, which by Masolino, which by Filippino Lippi, and ready to agree or disagree with Kugler in his classification. We are here on familiar ground; and the Raphael cartoons now in the South Kensington will enable any one who chooses to judge for himself how completely he appropriated St. Paul, in the 'Preaching at Athens,' the 'Sacrifice at Lystra,' and others. This is hardly to be counted a plagiarism, but rather a graceful compliment from the young genius to his great predecessor; he could think of nothing better about St. Paul than what Masaccio had made him. The Masaccios in San Clemente in Rome have been less often repeated; the burial of St. Catherine from that church, the size of the original, is full of grace, and reminds one of the same subject in the Brera by Luini; but surpasses it in depth of feeling, simplicity, and repose. We have also St. Catherine preaching to the king's daughter, her martyrdom, and above all an exquisite head of the saint, from another compartment, where she is represented under torture; this head is given to show the size of the original figures, and is the perfection of sweetness, loveliness, and religious fervour. We regret the absence of Filippo Lippi, which we hope will be repaired; not being of those who, with M. Rio, can see neither beauty nor piety in his Holy Families because he was a bad man. Benozzo Gozzoli, Gentile da Fabriano, and others are wanting whom we can ill spare. Giotto is hardly sufficiently represented, though the small examples formerly in the Sacristy at St. Marco are excellent of their kind. There is an admirable Giottino, but we would have wished more of Giotto's scholars, as indicating the progression of that school. While speaking of St. Marco, we regret the absence of a Fra Angelico from the cloisters there, which would have been all the more acceptable to the lady visitors to this collection, that few of them have had the privilege of seeing these masterpieces. We have instead of a fresco from the Capella di San Lorenzo, in the Vatican, St. Stephen preaching to a group of most intent listeners, chiefly women. A written sermon was as much against the habit of the ancient Italians as it is now, and the saint counts the heads of his discourse off his fingers, and presses the matter home upon his hearers with great earnestness. We are glad Boticelli has not been omitted, a master not yet properly represented at our National Gallery. Few people have visited Florence, without being attracted by his circular Holy Family, in the corridor of the Uffizi. The Madonna is seated with the infant Saviour on her lap, she is writing the *Magnificat* on a book, which a boyish-looking angel holds for her, and is surrounded by angels who support a crown over her; they are not, perhaps, beautiful heads in themselves, but beautified by the intensity of the expression; and resembling each other so much, that it is said that one youth, and he a Medici, sat for them all. Mr. Wheelwright has also copied an upright Boticelli from the same gallery. The Madonna is seated under an arch, with a clear evening sky, and background of roses. In both pictures the infant Saviour holds a pomegranate, and if the expression of this one is hardly as grand as the other, the colour is infinitely deeper and more intense.

By way of introducing Raphael, we have a portrait of Perugino, and a head of a monk of Vallombrosa by him, from the Florence Academy. There is a strong tide of fashion at present against Andrea del Sarto, in which we do not sympathise, and are glad to see him well represented here: his pathetic portrait appeals to our sympathies.

We feel that any notice of Raphael or Fra Bartolomeo would be superfluous; but as a copy of great technical merit, we would point out the Fornarina, which bears well the high test of the present standard of English water-colour drawing, and shows that the artist who has exhibited so much abstinence and moderation in his drawings from the early frescoes, is equally at home in rendering the juicy colouring of the later masters. The two Doni portraits from the Pitti are well chosen, as illustrating the momentary influence of Leonardo da Vinci over the mind of Raphael; they are said to have been painted at the age of twenty-two. The copy of the Sibyls is valuable to us, and will be still more so to the next generation. The fresco in St. Maria della Pace is rapidly mouldering away, the wall on which it is painted is always wet, from a channel of rain water passing outside.

An example of one of the very few genuine easel pictures by Michael Angelo concludes the series. It is the Holy Family from the Uffizi, a picture of masterly drawing, and somewhat heathenish sentiment: perhaps the artist intended the nude classic figures in the background to typify the old things which had passed away with the coming of our Lord.

We have lingered over this exhibition, because it has been a labour of love to revisit mentally the scenes it suggests; and it has been a refreshment to find some one who can reproduce these masterpieces in the spirit in which they were created, and without being of those who, as Browning says, add an insult to the "wronged great soul of an ancient master."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

Whenever we visit the wonderful edifice at Sydenham we are tolerably sure of finding the long corridors, &c., in which the pictures are hung frequented by a goodly throng of attentive observers, the majority of whom are certainly too well pleased with what they see to be critical. The gallery is always attractive, and deserves to be so, even though it contains much that would not pass muster in our London exhibition-rooms. This season Mr. F. W. Cosens, following the examples set in former years by Mr. David Price and Mr. Henry Bicknell, has lent for exhibition a portion of his fine collection of modern pictures, which, in themselves, are worth a journey to the Crystal Palace, and which Mr. Wass, the indefatigable curator and manager of the gallery, has displayed to the best advantage. They number fifty-six works, mostly of cabinet size, but all by men of eminence. Among them are,—Maclise's grand 'Banquet Scene in *Macbeth*,' undoubtedly one of the artist's grandest paintings, and 'The Choice of Hercules;' Millais's 'Trust Me;' T. Faed's 'From Dawn to Sunset,' and 'Lady of Shalott;' Frith's 'Coming of Age,' 'Madame Jourdain discovering her Husband at the Dinner he gave to the Belle Marquise and the Count Dorante,' and 'Scene from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*;' J. Phillip's 'Doubtful Fortune,' 'Pepita,' 'Presbyterian Catechising,' and 'The Milkmaids;' Holman Hunt's 'Rienzi vowing Vengeance for the Death of his Brother;' Elmore's 'Religious Controversy in the Time of Louis XIV.;' D. Roberts's 'Interior of St. Peter's, Rome,' and 'Edinburgh from the Calton Hill;' 'Leighton's 'Dante in Exile;' Eyre Crowe's 'Luther posting his Theses on the Church-door of Wittenberg;' J. C. Horsley's 'Scene from Don Quixote,' and 'Checkmate—next move;' two or three beautiful examples of C. Stanfield, and pictures by Frank Stone, Marcus Stone, G. C. Stanfield, J. Hayllar, J. F. Herring, T. S. Cooper, R. Ansdell, and others.

What may be called the "picture-gallery proper," contains, as usual, a very large collection of works, many of them by artists of well-earned reputation. Here we notice,—Hayllar's 'On the Thames,' and 'On the Downs,' the two pictures so unfavourably hung this year at the British Institution; the 'Portrait of Lady Charlotte Bury's Daughter,' by the late Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., an excellent example of his earliest, and in our opinion his best, style; 'The Eve of Monmouth's Rebellion,' by W. J. Grant, whose untimely death is referred to in another page of our number; 'Christ in the Temple,' and 'The Parting of Sir Thomas More and his Daughter,' by S. A. Hart, R.A.; G. D. Leslie's 'Marguerite;' 'Charity, Interior of St. Mark's, Venice,' by H. O'Neil, A.R.A.; Sir George Hayter's large and engraved picture of 'The Coronation of the Queen;' 'The Ordeal by Touch,' Maclise's well-known picture; W. Strutt's '"Black Thursday" in Australia;' with others by Horlor, Miss E. Osborn, Boddington, Mrs. Follingsby, Egley, W. H. Knight, G. C. Stanfield, J. Holland, S. Bough, A.R.S.A., A. Cooper, R.A., J. H. S. Mann, J. Peel, &c.

The foreign schools form by no means the least attractive portion of the gallery; they are well represented this year. Foremost, both for size and grandeur of composition, is 'The Fight of the Greeks and Trojans for the Dead Body of Patroclus,' by the celebrated Belgian artist, Wiertz, who died about this time last year, and who, in this work, has emulated, and successfully, the largeness of style, the powerful drawing, and exuberant colouring of Rubens. Among other paintings specially worthy of note, are,—'The Siege of Tournay in 1581,' and others, by De Braeckeleer; 'Woman playing with Cupid,' by the Baron Wappers; 'The Orphan,' by Budkowski, an admirable representation of a most painful subject, and a picture worthy of finding a place in any of our London exhibitions; 'The Newborn,' by Hunin; Induno's 'Garibaldi, wounded, being carried down the Heights of Aspromonte,' the work presented to the general by the ladies of Milan; Verboeckhoven, the distinguished cattle-painter of Belgium, contri-

butes several good examples of his art; and among the names of other foreigners favourably known in this country are—Reyntjens, Van Wille, De Bruycker, De Block, Van Schendel, De Keyser (?), Madame Geefs, Roeloffs, Le Poittevin, &c. &c.

The collection of water-colour pictures includes several good specimens, among which may be pointed out 'Dora Creswell,' by A. Tidey; 'Kenilworth Castle,' and others, by S. Rayner; 'Plus Newydd, Port Madoc,' by D. H. McKewan; 'In Richmond Park,' and 'At Luss, near Loch Lomond,' by E. Warren; 'Oystermouth Bay,' H. Gastineau, &c. &c.

It may be observed that the gallery never presents the same exact features for two consecutive months. When a picture is sold, it is immediately taken down, and its place supplied by another; and as these sales are of almost daily occurrence, there is a constant variety to attract even those who hold "season tickets" for the Palace, and are, it may be presumed, frequent visitors.

STAFFORDSHIRE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

In the *Art-Journal* for July, 1865, we chronicled the opening of the first Art and Industrial Exhibition which had ever been attempted in the Pottery district, and we announced the intention of the promoters to make the exhibition an annual one. The second Exhibition, organised like the first, by the Committee of the Potteries Mechanics' Institution at Hanley, and their able and industrious secretary, Mr. E. Brunt, opened at Hanley, on the 19th of May, and was continued open for four weeks. The Exhibition was smaller than might have been expected, but this is to be in some measure accounted for by the manufacturers being busy preparing for the Paris Exhibition of next year, and to other equally natural causes. In some departments the assemblage of objects in the present year was far in advance of last, and altogether the Exhibition may be looked upon as successful. Too much cannot be said in favour of such schemes, and it is to be hoped that the committee will be encouraged to continue their well-directed efforts, to make it an annual institution in the Pottery district.

Of models of newly invented Potters' Stoves, only one was exhibited, but this possesses some extremely good features. It is the invention of Mr. Till, of Hanley, and by the very simple process of double doors to each shelf—the act of opening the outer one closes the inner so as to prevent the escape of heat, and the re-closing of the outer opens the inner one so as to admit the heat to the "green ware"—the "runner" is secured from the heat of the stove, of which the ware gets the whole advantage.

Another important invention in the potter's art is a machine, exhibited by Messrs. Boote, for making earthenware from powdered clay. The process is somewhat analagous to that already in operation for making encaustic tiles, &c., the principle being the conversion, by means of immense pressure, of the powdered clay into a firm and compact mass in the metal moulds for dishes or other vessels, which are prepared. The moulds are formed of brass, and into the lower mould for the outside, or bottom of the dish or other vessel, a quantity of powdered clay is sifted. On to this the brass die, representing the form of the inside of the vessel, is brought down with a pressure of several tons by means of a revolving screw of the same general construction as the presses used by medallists. By this means the clay is at once formed into a dish, and after being trimmed on the edges, is ready, without the intermediate process of drying, for the biscuit oven. By this process seven dozen dishes may, it is said, be formed per hour by a single machine. A saving is effected through their not requiring drying, and from the same cause the shrinking is much less. Mr. Warner, of Hanley, exhibited an improved "jolley," to work by steam-power, for making bowls, cups, and other hollow-ware articles.

Among other mechanical inventions of note the following were exhibited:—a group by Mr. R. H. Thomas, among which were a machine for blooming puddled iron; a model of a "lifting-jack" of simple but excellent construction; models of a pillar-winch, an improved ship's rudder, a machine for rolling railway switch-points and other taper bars, &c.; by Mr. Frazer, an improved railway chair; by Mr. Peaker, an elaborate astronomical and geographical instrument for educational purposes; and by Messrs. Crapper and Brierly, a clever instrument showing the effects of loss and replacement of teeth, &c.

In Pottery, Mr. Dunn, Mr. T. Browne, Mr. H. Snow, Mr. Whittington, Mr. Wagstaffe, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Stanway, Mr. Stephan, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Yale, Mr. Baddeley, and Mr. Dean were the principal contributors, and many of their productions are of a high degree of excellence, both in design and finish. Mr. Wagstaffe exhibited some extremely good Majilica paintings, and Mr. Brownsword also exhibited in this department.

In enamel painting the most charming piece exhibited was a nude figure after Mulready, by Mr. E. E. Dunn. The other principal exhibitors in this important department were G. Landgraff, S. Chesters, and J. A. Slater, who each sent in for exhibition examples well worthy of their names, as did also Lucas, Cooper, and others.

In gilding on china, Mr. Isaac Wild again exhibited some choice specimens, and Mr. Lucas sent examples of his new patented process for transferring and printing in gold and colours. In modelling, the exhibitors were Messrs. Marsh, Hamlet Toft, Griffiths, Longmore, Henk, and Simpson, while in decorative painting were Messrs. Emery, Henk, Longmore, Slater, and Lewis.

Mr. W. Dean, of Longton, exhibited examples of his new process, now in use at Messrs. Mintons, of nature-printing from the grain of wood on to tiles for both internal and external decorative purposes. By this process the effect of the best class of marqueterie can be produced, and of course at a moderate cost, and much more durable than the wood itself.

In glass engraving the productions of Mr. Martin are worthy of high praise. Paper flowers, leather work (an exquisite pair of birds, reminding one of the celebrated Woodcocks), and tatting were exhibited respectively by Mrs. Scarratt, the Misses Bull, and Mrs. Short.

The oil-paintings exhibited were below the average, and do not call for mention. The same remark will apply to the water-colour drawings. In crayons Mr. G. Landgraff exhibited a remarkably fine drawing which deserves high commendation.

The adjudication of prizes in connection with the Exhibition was left to Mr. J. E. Davis, the Stipendiary Magistrate of the Pottery district. Mr. Rupert Kettle, judge of the County Court of the Wolverhampton district, and Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., of Derby; and those gentlemen met on the 31st of May for that purpose. Their awards, however, remain sealed until the close of the Exhibition.

In addition to the attractions of the competitive exhibition several manufacturers and private gentleman in the neighbourhood lent articles for exhibition alone. Conspicuous among these were Messrs. Wedgwood and Sons, who, among other things, lent some fine Majolica paintings by Lessore; the Hill Pottery Company, who lent some remarkably fine examples of their unrivalled blackware and other productions, including paintings on ware by Mr. Abrahams, who ranks as the first "Cupid" painter in the profession; Messrs. J. Adams and Co., who sent their fine Parian busts of Gladstone and of Cobden, and several examples of the different wares made by them; Messrs. Ashworth Brothers, whose large blackware and other vases were much and deservedly admired; Messrs. Wilkinson and Co., Mr. Cross, Mr. Heath, Mr. Jones, and others.

We believe it is intended to hold a similar exhibition next year, and we trust the manufacturers and the workmen will, by making early preparation, make it then, what it ought to be, a fair representative exhibition of the Arts and manufactures of the district.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF CHARLES HARGITT, ESQ., LIVERPOOL.

THE PARTING.

P. F. Poole, R.A., Painter. F. Bacon, Engraver.

RARELY do we see from the pencil of Mr. Poole a picture of this description; but it is well for artists sometimes to turn aside from their accustomed paths, however pleasant these may be, and to introduce us to scenes less familiar. The change constitutes an agreeable variety to the spectator, and develops the skill of the painter in a field new to him, though it may have been diligently worked by others.

There appears a little obscurity in this illustration of a parting scene; we do not clearly see under what conditions, so to speak, the separation takes place.

"The boat is on the shore,
And the bark is on the sea,"—

and the young Scotchman, who holds the lassie so closely in his embrace, is about to leave his home and his betrothed; but he does not seem as if he intended to join the ship as a seaman, nor does the boat contain, —at least, within sight,—even so much as a bundle to convey the idea of emigration. The old woman seated in the boat is, probably, his mother, anxious to see the last of her boy, and give him her blessing, as he climbs the side of the vessel which is to bear him far away. Such may or may not be the right reading of Mr. Poole's pictured story; but artists ought never to paint enigmatically, so as to leave the spectator in doubt as to the true meaning of any part of the composition. The parting, however, is unmistakable; so

"Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer,
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear."

Sir Bulwer Lytton has written an eloquent and faithfully true passage on the uncertainties attending every separation. "There is one warning lesson in life," he say, "which few of us have not received, and no book that I can call to memory has noted down with an adequate emphasis. It is this, 'Beware of Parting.' The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting; it is in the when and the how you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view. From the passionate farewell to the woman who has your heart in her keeping, to the cordial good-bye exchanged with pleasant companions at a watering-place, a country-house, or the close of a festive day's blithe and careless excursion —a chord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and time's busy fingers are not practised in replacing broken ties. Meet again you may; will it be in the same way, with the same sympathies, with the same sentiments? Will the souls hurrying on in diverse paths unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? —Rarely, rarely."

Mr. Poole has treated his subject most poetically, and with great feeling. These qualities do not, however, centre so much in the two principal figures, though they are significant enough, as in the rest of the composition; in the solitary figure sitting in the boat, with her head bent down in the poignancy of her grief; and in the moon rising from behind the bank of clouds, and scattering broad lines of light o'er the quiet ocean. If the theme suggests painful thoughts, we can discern indications of a "silver lining" behind the clouds.



VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

V.

SORRENTO. THE AUSONIAN MOUNT OF OLIVES. THE VISUAL FEAST OF SANT' AGATA.

THE southern horn of the Bay of Naples, the promontory of Sorrento, seems made secondarily for the amenities of olives, figs, and oranges, but primarily for the higher purposes of beauty. It is a mount where an angel might be supposed to alight now and then, when wishing to enjoy our planet a little. By-and-by of the wonders of the Amalfitan side, where the slumbrous mountain ridge, addicted to yawning everywhere, sinks to the sea abruptly, besprinkled astonishingly with romantic dwellings. For, as yet, we see only the northern, or Sorrento side, where, from the same summits, slopes come down so gradually as, with the aid of terrace cultivation, to sustain the rarely equalled olive and orange groves. And these form a semi-cirque around the *Piano*, or little Plain of Sorrento, amidst whose mazy luxuriance the scattered buildings just peer with picturesque prettiness, up to their necks in it; like lovely and shy bathers in a placid sea, when some Roman cohort glittered along the dusty hill. Quite thus, just in this manner—it is a praiseworthy simile, this—do belfry towers, façades of rural churches, scattered villages, and airy arcades of farms and villas, looking forth to enjoy the rest, raise their foreheads above the rich and bright entanglements of this little garden-plain; which all the while—though you are apt to forget *that*—covers a lofty range of cliffs, and therefore often comes to an abrupt edge with the blue sea beyond. And it is seamed by a succession of deep narrow ravines, or torrent-courses, searching their way down to the sea's level, dark rivers of dry shadow, most times, nearly losing themselves among innumerable caves and precipices garlanded wonderfully by some of the longest ivy in the world, down which the noontide sunbeams find their way with a dim grey glistening, and down ruinous old steps and stairs haunted by ancient tradition.

With a vast amphitheatre of olive trees still discernible far above, all thus grayly translucent, you feel here as if you had discovered some favourite spot of antique meditation, where Antoninus Pius (who came here for his health) found calm deeps of benignant wisdom as well, and the young Sorrentine Tasso some earliest germs of his most solemn wild and weird imaginings. And here Tasso returned, when goaded by a mental disease of universal distrust implicating himself, critic-unhearted, critic-bewildered, suspecting himself of fatal heresy, and every one else of treachery and covert dislike; his poem self-mutilated of its finest distinctively human fascinations, of the kind dear to his own impassioned and beauty-loving heart, shorn perhaps of its just immortality, in awe-struck deference to priestly prudery. Maddened into a sally of violence which compelled him to fly from Ferrara, here he came, to the home of his childhood, hoping to find shelter in the sympathy of his widowed sister Cornelia. But as he drew near, his suspicions extending to her also, to test her fidelity, he disguised himself as a rustic, and appeared before her as a messenger, with a letter from Torquato, describing himself in moving terms as dangerously ill, and wretchedly unprovided for; on which she fainted away, to his most melancholy comfort and reassurance. But then he bitterly reproached himself for his ungenerous distrust of her, and, too soon, for doubting on slight grounds the friends and patrons he had abandoned, and hurried back again; and so he found a lunatic cell, instead of a bower of orange-flower blossoms, where, directly opposite to Virgil's study, he might have made Armida's gardens as beautiful as Sorrento.

Threading these subterranean ravines, at last you come out on the sea. And there, a boat in waiting, you may pass a garish day among sea-caves, of which the yellow cliffs that pedestal this paradise are full. Of all the various sermons in stones, none are pleasanter than those which will greet you there with clear Æolian echoings, among the cool, sage, placid rocks admitting deeply the hushed green sea; and the watery beauties (oh, revered shade of Torquato!) are a very bath to a fancy fevered and out of order. How, in such a case, could one, by any possibility, be better guided than by those clear stars of emerald brightness gleaming under the low-browed darkness, and leading out to the light again unexpectedly.

And the yellow cliffs without, rising beyond Meta magnificently, are in the most highly ornamented style of natural rock-architecture; their delicate horizontal mouldings and flutings being broken away into bracketings and clusterings, which resemble wonderfully that Indian architecture, Buddhist and Jaina, of which Mr. Fergusson is perhaps excessively fond. And nearer Sorrento, these caverns, by artificial passages with arched windows like them, lead up to dwellings *inlaid* in the face of the cliff, and seeming to grow naturally out of it; these subtle gradations from the native fantasies of the rock up to the slender turret, arcaded terrace, and *pergola*, forming one of the main delights of Italian picturesqueness. And here these subterranean galleries, bringing you out far above into ancient gardens and groves of villas, seem the very places for all those interesting surprises, passions, and crimes, in which the romance writer revels and glories; the very sight of them suggesting to the fancy chapters of incidents, which it is no less a luxury to conceive, than it would be shocking to perpetrate.

But on a cool day I would not recommend you to linger too long down here. When Sirocco has sickened away, and a fresh wind comes from the soft gentle North (the tender fan of all this region), choose a donkey rather than a boat, and seek by preference the serenely-rapturous heights. For a considerable while, the labyrinth of the walled lanes excludes any extended prospect: for a while after, you are borne clattering up a paved staircase on the mountain-side, with perhaps little to draw attention but a very handsome woman, with a load of figs on her head, coming down through the dark-playing waves of the shadows of the olive boughs. But *pazienza!* wait a little! to atone for the extreme poverty and meagreness of such a prospect, some most sweetly startling combination of the beauties of the surrounding and distant country glimpses between those slender silvery bowers, to burst forth fully in a few moments in boundless magnificence; the sea beneath vying with the sky in purity and softness of azure; and earth in her loveliest forms *etherealised* by the heavenly light, sufficiently explaining the imaginative creation of nymphs and demigods; since beings of any inferior order would be but poorly out of harmony with such blessed abodes. Such is the view over the Bay of Naples; but soon after, from the spine of the ridge, it is the Gulf of Salerno, which opens beneath on the other side (over the *Arco Naturale*, perhaps, or from the Conti de' Fontenelli), with mountains solitary wild, and lofty, receding remotely; their more distant forms, in stately and antique beauty, recalling to mind the Posidonian temples still beneath them. Or sometimes both the Salernian and Neapolitan bays appear from the same point, with the *Ausonian Mount of Olives*, or little more than a hedge of aloes, visible between them.

Having gone through an *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* in our Italian pilgrimage, here we rose to our *Paradiso*. Our Malebolge (so far as I can distinctly review the confused darkness of that period) was somewhere off Elba (the Second Empire), where we rolled our qualmiest. Our Purgatory was, more clearly, in bed at Naples, when the musquitos within the curtains, and the clatter of the sleepless Neapolitans in the Chiaja just without (which seemed in the very, very room), announced that there would be little rest for our borasco-buffeted, sirocco-unstrung frames that sultry night. But now these wretched "Circles" were passed, and on the heights of Sorrento were attained the brighter ones; where we enjoyed Elysian prospects, "Vesuvian winds," and gnatless peace, and felt very much disposed to deck our brows with the olive sprays of this Italy of Italies, to signify how sweetly we were pacified. Nothing was wanting but a Beatrice to show the way; and even when first we sallied forth, a perfectly satisfactory deputy for her appeared—nay, a deputy incomparably preferable to herself; for that bright consummate flower of mediæval bigotry would certainly have chilled and overawed our contemplations with her austere exclusive spirituality, drawing away the mind from a sweet natural paradise before it, to another that is inconceivable, quite unseasonably;—with theological supercilliousness disparaging, slightly regarding, the loveliest of God's yet-presented works, by which alone our infant non-*creative* imaginations can be trained to any distinct conceptions of true beauty worthy of him.* From others loitering about, a rustical man stepped forth, in harsh yet fluent French offering to take us anywhere for "*un franc, un demi-franc, ce que vous voulez;*" and just then, not seeing our way anywhere, we fortunately engaged him. Fortunately, indeed; for trifling as the circumstance appears, I simply review it as importantly providential—the means of making blessedly successful the highest passages of my pilgrimage through the beauty of this preliminary orb; which it is one's bounden duty, as an intelligent being, to make complete as means and leisure permit; lest, indeed, one should properly be blamed in the next for supineness and ungracious indifference to it. Had I fallen into the leading-strings of that pompous portly mercenary man who next offered himself, my Sorrento stage of this pilgrimage of my soul's early tutelage might have been thoroughly marred; but Francesco Aprea was simple and kindly, and of some feeling for the beauties of nature, which gave him a pleasure in lingering on his task, and per-

* A very, very Beatrice, in the shape of an extra-evangelical clergyman from North Ireland, did once lead me (from Dr. Wilson's) over the Malvern Hills one heavenliest morning. The only clouds lay like translucent water, or in little white curls, low over the plain beneath, the sunny fields appearing through them like the dominions of the young king in the Arabian Nights, when the watery enchantment finally ebbed. It was a rare and a divine phenomenon of nature's beauty. But my companion, noticing nothing, was all rapturous with the unspeakable glories promised by St. Paul. His wife, I found on our return, was sunk into hopeless hypochondriasis, from constant pressure of the mere dregs of St. Paul's divinity, from which the spirit had long been driven by iteration and dull brooding. Could anything now pain the heavenly apostle, it would surely be this.

forming it thoroughly well. A more rustical-looking man you rarely meet; yet his conversation (a little *too* abundant, perhaps, on the whole) was thoughtful far beyond what we commonly meet with in the same class in our own country; his communicativeness, indeed, extending itself to everybody we met on the road. With us when such men meet, how silent they generally are, from dearth of ideas! Even our country gentry, in their morning calls, from the same cause find muteness perfectly comfortable, not in the least embarrassing, often. But with these lively Italians, their talk (judging from François) overflows their opportunities, is softened by some sense of beauty, deepened by thoughtfulness; their imagination, instead of being bounded by the next parish, actually expanding to some consideration of "men and things," not unfrequently rising to something of the dignity of an abstract question. François has eleven children, over whom, not excepting those launched out in life, he retains a mild patriarchal authority, checking and guiding them with his prescriptive wisdom. He taught himself French quite orally; and could he read and write, might have found an excellent situation in England; but for want of those acquirements, the separation from his family would have been a complete cutting off; and three or four of them would be pretty sure to go wrong without the continuance of his paternal monitions, and the finishing graces which his large experience would give their education. Besides, two or three babies, and twice that number of full-grown sons, were, all together, something too much for the *madrona*, who was never strong, poor woman. Yet may the Englishman's offer have been tempting; the usual wages being but scanty, only half a franc a-day, and the food rarely beyond bread, pollenta, fruit, and sunshine. Even maccaroni is for days of *festa* alone, to be eaten reverently under decorations of flowers and tissue paper, in honour of the Madonna, Santa Lucia, and, I rather think, Sant' Antonino.

Francesco (or François, as we called him, from our French medium of intercommunication) had a delicate warm perception of the beauties of nature. His mere words were little more than "*C'est ravissant! Si joli à voir!*" his graces of mind appearing rather in the light of his lively grey eyes, and in the gusto and nice discernment with which he pointed out some lovely view of the very kind (such his fine tact) that I wished to see. And he would buy figs and grapes from the handsomest girls, and hold up for us the heavy branches of trees laden marvellously with the green fruit, grafted on one stem with big citrons and oranges of different sorts, making us fancy what must be when hills and hills are sprayed all over with the blossoms, as well as sheeny with the ripe gold fruitage. Ah, *then*, here Romance would bring his bride, where not only might her brow be wreathed with orange-flower blossoms, but her whole form aisled and arcaded with their white hymeneal splendours, and say, "Here, alone, my queen, are you fittingly pavilioned." François' indigence, poor man, was the cause of wealth of a right good, more than substantial, kind for us; and his eleven children were a facilitation of our daily purposes; for, having nothing to do till the season for wrapping up the oranges in silver paper at half-a-franc a day, he was manifestly anxious to eke out his occupation with us, quite ingeniously desirous that we should see everything, and not too much in one day; so as to avert fatigue, and æsthetical repletion, and with a *crescendo* of beauty, moreover; each day's excursion rising steadily and nicely in interest beyond the former ones. And feeling that our stay at Sorrento was ending, he began to insinuate and inweave discourse of Amalfi and Pæstum, with which he was no less acquainted, vividly and pleasantly picturing his services there also, in baffling the imposition of landlords, drivers, and boatmen. Nay, being unchecked (for I had not the heart, or the moral courage, whichever it may be, to dispel such delightful visions), he so enlarged his plans for our mutual benefit as to include Rome itself. And amusing it was at the time to imagine honest François with his serious rustical aspect, and his peeled fig-tree staff, trudging before us through the Eternal City, and making legs at shrines and priests, reduced to silence, indeed, but perhaps not to any very distinct notion that he was indifferently qualified for the task.

Poor, honest, fatherly man! Memory is frequently adding to my little treasury of his graces, and Fancy herself is his friend. Surely, his head was hard at work for us, and incidentally for his family, as he walked on before us up the Sorrento lanes. My silence at length damped his hopes, for he became silent too, and melancholy. Still he must have cherished them, with tender tenacity; for when, all at once, I had finally to say good-bye, with those wishes his simple kindly nature so amply merited, his crestfallen disappointment was something to breed quite a deep compunction for not coming sooner to a clear understanding with him.

The Conti de' Fontinelli was one of his finest points, not attained till a late day in his landscape Decameron. A hundred Italian landscapes in one, it was. The Piano of Sorrento lay beneath, with all its mazy mantling luxuriance of fruity groves; with rural churches, white villages, and arcaded mansions and farms, peering, cropping up, as if to overlook and enjoy the rest. And around, on the hither side, such steeps of varied fertility, with more of those Italian gems of buildings, as baffle the enamoured memory exceedingly. Behind a rock-promontory Vesuvius appears, seeming to lean on it, like a purple film of vapour becalmed. The singular felicity in the composition is, in my opinion, the bold dip this promontory makes landward to a sylvan gap, convent-crowned, beyond which hills and plains faintly glisten with an infinity of other such beauties. Just turn your head, and you behold the Neapolitan and Baian shores crowning with distant gold the sapphire sea—here like a spacious land-guarded lake, the most beautiful of such. On such a day, too, when the Elysian light and calm were there vouchsafed, and all things were displayed with a glowing tenderness that raises them to the semblance of some world of finer elements, where the loveliness of this earth of ours is divinely commemorated, I seemed to have found the Ideal of this kind—a flashing sense of it. What we had seen before, seemed but partial glimpses; this was a mortal paradise complete for us; and I thought nothing could equal it, till taken to Sant' Agata, on the summit of her heavenly earth-contemplating hill.

And certainly (moreover), here are actual maidens *apparently* well worthy to be the living heart and soul of this enchanting country; the consummate instance occurring when a *contadina* met us descending from the blue sky a hill-top near this last halting-place. "She is coming!" I whispered, reverentially. Who? *Italy herself!* a representative woman assuredly, with a basket on her head. See, her glorious benignant dark eyes, and noble cast of features, and her shoulders and bust (laced in blue and scarlet in all the magnificence of the pure primitives), worthy of a stately young *ma*triarch. With what free unembarrassed deportment her bare feet tread the earth, as if she were the lady and mistress of it, not the mere drudge she is; the wind ruffling her petticoats, but nowise disturbing the firm buoyant classicality of her gait, heightening very much the picturesqueness of the picture. We must be as children with such beauty as this, ere we can be what *has been* in art. We must go to its *School*, turned back to Raphaelesque elementary lines and pothooks; for the ugly lifeless rigidity, or relaxed pointless feebleness of our curves and contours, generally, are as some poor dialect inapplicable for beauteously majestic notions. These Sorrentine charmers, in the main, reminded me of handsome Jewesses, only with eyes dark less sleepy, and features on which the arch-sculptress Nature (after her Hellenic work) seems to have bestowed those finer chisellings which the fair Judean usually wants to thoroughly, exquisitely finish her. And the clearer iris of Italia's magnificent eyes (in my meek opinion, for the subject here is almost beyond me) is finer, as more intellectual in its vivacity; the obvious ring within ring being less sensuously soft, less susceptible of zoological comparison. It seems, indeed, mere flatness to liken such fine oriels for the soul as these to the eyes of ox, or antelope, or anything that does not reach the very depths of human feeling and fancy.

But the hard drudgery of these women's lives ill accords with such dignified beauty. Seldom they seem to leave their homes without being the carriers of something; and I often saw heavy loads on their heads, pressing them prematurely into wrinkles; not only buckets of mud carried away in mending the roads, but heavy stones. While thus employed, at least as much as the men, they have, commonly, a sharp sarcastic manner, a jeering bantering pride, called *maliziosa* (a term by no means to be translated into that dark word *malice*), as if their inner spirit somewhat revolted against such labours. Sweet handsome cynics, pleasingly sharp as aromatic vinegar! Who would not be stared and laughed at, as we were in passing, by such wonderfully fine frank eyes, which meet yours gaze for gaze, with consequences pretty nearly galvanic. They have a song at their work; but it seems to have little joy, or heart, in it, ending in a wailing minor key; which, in their universally harsh toneless voices, and sharp wild utterance, has a depressing effect, indicating a want of harmony and happiness in life where most it would be pleasing to find them. Rarely have I seen a peasantry so handsome, or so little rustical. Our donkey-boy *youked* at his beasts like a young savage; but when he stood pensively silent (which he had a certain habit of doing), such features, and such a style, our duchesses might have yearned for in their heirs, glancing somewhat askew, perhaps, meanwhile, at a certain whity-brown ineffectiveness, and cold poverty of countenance in young Lords Reginald and Algernon, with flitting fancies of fairy changelings. What eyes the lad had! And, furthermore, in this land of beauty the very donkeys share the general loveliness, though, like the girls we spoke of, *maliziosa*, certainly. Nor in

any populous places would that lovely lad notice our commands to moderate their friskiness. Either he thought a dashing career through the village needful for our common credit, or secretly enjoyed our discomposure; for our "*doucement!*" "*lentemente!*" only called forth a more mischievous vivacity of countenance, and lustier thwackings. The worst trial of all was during a certain heavy fit of rain, when the waterspouts poured down in the middle of the village-lanes with such solid violence that the Staubbach was a fool to them. In my attempts to wheedle and coerce "Lucetta" aside, she would dash into them to my abominably besquirted bedevilment and discomfiture; till I more sagaciously perceived that my true policy was to charge them firmly, on which she invariably danced and frisked me aside in dry-skinned safety. But thus we sometimes have to carry our point with others as well, taking the course contrary to what we would, so as to prevail through their mere ingrained love of opposition.

The charm of these landscapes, on the whole, lies in their picturesqueness refined by beauty so exquisite as to call forth the idealising faculty on its loveliest forms; the local antique associations, of course, supplying ornaments and drapery. And there seems a pensive air around, mildly lamenting some such beautiful beings, now passed away, leaving none like them. The silence, the absence of the voice of birds, and, in that season, of running waters, is much the occasion of this pensiveness of character: it is as a void from which the dear one has departed. The sea, undermining the cliff, has swept away the chamber where Tasso was born; but Pollio Felix's Villa, of which his friend Statius wrote some charming descriptive verses, has left enough to moralise upon in some ruins crowning the promontory beyond; and Roman baths are still traceable in the hollows of natural sea caves. Looking forth from the Sorrento groves, the broken forms opposite of fire-riven cliffs, in island and distant promontory, themselves bearing the impress of change and decay, the whole seems the ruin of some happier world. It is as if contemplating a cemetery of the obsolete life of ancient delights, of which cliff-crowning grottos once imperial palaces, and towns looking from afar like their own remotest ancestors, are particular monuments.

The foliage, nothing so massy as ours, has a tangled luxuriance, a freakish grace, which might form the finest subjects for the painter, if only he had the *wit* to draw its spirit and character. The pale grey olive (emblem of peace though it be) is peculiarly skittish in the play of its light branches; and the vine, spreading her garland of green-gold translucency from tree to tree, is opposed, in form and moral significance, to the hoary tortuosity of the fig, with its pale branches all of a scrawl; like a poet's head of hair ruffled by the tumultuous birth of fine ideas; or like an old man fretted at the heedless joys of the young people about him. The road from Sorrento to Massa overlooks, at a certain point, a very wilderness of Pomona, full of the richest, loveliest sylvan entanglement and dishevelment of this kind I ever met with; its central governing beauty being, that, where the convergent steeps—it is a sylvan amphitheatre—meet below, there is, to join them, a pair of magnificent soft vernal-green stone pines, between whose traceries the white sails are seen passing along the blue water of the bay. They form a kind of *nymph-bridge*, fit for the passage of your prettiest holiday ideal, draped all in mist, moonlit, or dawn-lit. And Vesuvius itself rises directly beyond, with glittering buildings gathered beneath, like water-fowl resting in incubation. In this most fructiferous foreground, the vine is the universal gadabout. Why, Bacchus is a very retiarius in this Vertumnian Circus, throwing his net, like emerald cobwebs, from orange to citron and fig-tree, and mingling it with their fruits; which are bunched all together in great masses of various kinds, amidst leafage outwantoning whatever playful art (Arabian or Gothic) ever interwove.

Of the olive I run in danger of saying too much; for I think I fell in love with it, together with I know not what else in this part of the world. It is its silver wreath, handmaid to its golden beauties, illumining shadows with a cool under-gleam of splendour, and inspiriting form with light wayward graces, such as landscape-art has forgotten to think of. Such perceptions as those of Le Capelain, son of a Jersey blacksmith, who, with more energy, a more complete, substantial acquaintance with nature, and longer life, might have been the Polygnotus of Landscape, are requisite.* Some of the hills here the olive thinly covers, as with the dappling of little grey clouds flecking the ruddy soil, just as the grey locks of Balbus of Herculaneum flecked thinly his florid pericranium. Of the same tree, groves vein the descending steeps around the Sorrentine nook; its pale sprays glistening by the darker foliage, or yellow rocks, like twinkling streams; whilst below it lies in soft cool plumy masses, giving airy relief, something as tranquil water does. And yet on entering a grove of the olive, you find it full of liveliest character. Its infancy, indeed, seems to have been embarrassed with difficulties: it is commonly bent and crabbed at the knees, hindered in earlier progress, but eventually emancipates itself, triumphs playfully; and all the finer emblem of peace, inasmuch as it thus seems to have had early thwartings and snubbings, outgrown and overcome; the peace being no constitutional torpor, but a moral victory. There is emblematical propriety, surely, in the fact of the Tree of Amity not attaining this blessed condition till after a few little trials. What would Mr. Ruskin, the most ingenious and penetrative of our botanical moralists, think of it? Finally, in old age, the hoary trunks of the olive trees sink into a weird grotesqueness over the irriguous mounds of soft rich black mould raised about them; where Fancy immediately graves some nymph of their lamenting.

But I cannot have done with it even yet. The divinest beauty of the tree appears, perhaps, in early morning, or the tenderest glow of evening, when you are driven dreamily along such shores as those of Sorrento, or La Spezia, and nothing appears between you and the pure azure bay beneath, but its light forms, all silver in the dawning, or in the Hesperean hour wholly of fair delicate gold; like groves transmuted by Arabian magic, preciously, and angel-trees of Paradise, full of a mystical loveliness.

My picture of the aged olive is from the grove of the Hotel Rispoli, where we lived in most sequestered quietness; our chamber door opening on a lofty terrace, where we had the bay of Naples all to ourselves. Indeed, so much loneliness (making the modest landlord mildly pensive) was something almost pathetic. The only inmate of whom we had any impressive consciousness was the lively young waiter, who seemed lonely there as a little bird in a too large cage—an apt simile; for he was always singing loudly and independently, and mounting from perch to perch, it may be said, too; for he would appear in succession, with his napkin under his arm, at the windows of the empty rooms throughout the house, and throwing the sashes open, continue his song, very like the Tenor at the Opera, when he culminates towards the end of the piece; and between-whiles the ear could trace him along the corridors within; and so he kept up for us the liveliest sense of the emptiness of this admirably appointed, but somewhat Murray-neglected, establishment. But lo, a duet! the queerest soprano alternating with his sweet Giulinings, but soon involving with them in tones more and more zoological; till the two melted together into a purely feline rapture, vying with the most triumphant vocal enthusiasm of our own domestic tiles, in the impassioned moonlight hour, what time the pussies have the whole world to themselves. In the intermediate *crescendo* and *scherzo* movement, we thought the old *camerera* must be melodiously concerting with him; but no, it was all Filet himself, thus indulging his animal spirits and musical largeness of heart; with Vesuvius, Baiæ, and Misenum, his silent theatre, spread out alone before him. And his *cantabile*, without the animal embellishments, was delightful, with that warm impulsive *heart-tone* and manner, which seems a *specialité* of Italy, and which even our very best vocalists do but imitate more or less skilfully, with that shortcoming which must ever distinguish mere taste and discernment, from native feeling. He had a youthful passion for seeing the world, and proposed to follow us through it as our servant. English he devoured with remarkable quickness, and took such a liking to us for extending his Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, that, having gone out in his best clothes on Lucetta up the mountains to see his mother, he came back next morning by five o'clock to say "*buon viaggio*," at the moment of final departure. His principles, nevertheless, were what the *Saturday Review* has denominated "piebald." He showed us a pretty watch for which he had changed a very inferior one with another young man, protesting that it went well. "And so it did, *at the moment*," he added with a sharp twinkle of his little equivocal dark eye. Yet when left with our baggage, and its keys on a particular occasion, he respected the trust, although my two smart Parisian neck-ties may have been tempting. Here confidence had been rightly placed; in the other transaction there ought to have been none, and stupidity was properly and pleasantly outwitted.

That morning was clearer, brighter still! Northward, long lines of highly important mountains appeared, which had not been unveiled of cloud or mist before—the Falernian ridge, Bacchus's favourite haunt in Italy, source of the golden hippocrene of Ovid, Catullus, and Martial—the heights of the land where the Carthaginian came and settled down, when Sirocco (which bowed us *somewhat* only) had utterly defeated the Romans at Cannæ; the south "Vulturnus" wind (identical with sirocco) coming with dust and depression into their faces and sinews, being profoundly and really the conqueror, not that mere Han-

* His works want substance and detail, and at last he seemed losing himself in fantastical theories, and from want of energy; but in composition, delicacy of feeling, and in the light ethereal grace with which he marks the salient points of beauty, he is scarcely matched. Cosens and Girtin, who also died in youth, were hardly so great a loss.

nibal, as hath been flimsily and superficially imagined. As for mere Vesuvius, he was so distinct that all his volcanic scorings and channellings were minutely visible, ranging with most impressive traces of destructive energy towards Torre del Greco, the frequent, the recent victim; a little cluster of buildings that glittered as cheerfully and confidently as if the mountain were nothing but a pleasant shelter, a perfect father to it. This was a morning bright and lively as a girl fresh from her lover's first kiss, a day *par excellence* for an excursion; so forth we sallied, a light "Vesuvian wind" filling the sail of our spirits, as we went bound for the summit of Sant' Agata, where Francesco promised a view more "*ravissante*" than any he had hitherto shewn us. It was a day of days, when every veil of Beauty is withdrawn, and every dimple in her form, and every smiling hue is displayed, in an infinity of loveliness, of which a day less blessed gives but imperfect hints. Clouds there were none, except those lying in bright beds along mountain tops, prepared already for the noonday *siesta* of their tender spirits, and some few lighter ones loitering a little above. Such clouds, lazying away a sunny day, in lingering over Vesuvius, are, I particularly observed, very fond of mimicking the effect of smoke issuing from the summit, dropping a bright filament into the crater, and above hanging motionless in white soft volumes. But it won't do. Such innocency, such dove-breasted flocks of heavenly tenderness, cannot imitate successfully aught that is terrible. Meanwhile we were mounting above the walled lanes and stony staircases of the heights. The sapphire bay below, opening out vastly as we ascended, was just veined, like finest marble, by the lightest wafture of the wind. Never is such a bay, extending beneath, more lovely than when seen above the soft silvery cloud-like masses of the olive groves, or between a framework of the light glittering sprays of the same tree; especially when some stray garland of the vine has found out its way to them, and winds the wreath of gladness about the tree of peace, embleming that cheerful and enlightened union between Bacchus and Minerva,* which is surely something much better than all your desperately cowardly teetotalism.

Higher still, we passed the little upland rural *town* of Sant'Agata—a *village* scarcely—since the dwellings resemble impoverished mansions left to a few contadinas and children, rather than cottages. And next we came to the summit of a hill, where that most sweet saint, Sant' Agata, from her height shows such a prospect as, I humbly conceive, the world cannot surpass; being the most comprehensively beautiful view there is of the bays of Naples and Baiæ, seen with far tracts beyond them, as well as with the Sorrentine country near at hand. Around the horizon those long lines of mountain-loving clouds still lay glittering at rest; long lines of mountains like them beneath, part lost in them; these ranging as far as Mola de Gaeta and Terracina. And nearer, lay the now familiar bays, azure-ethereal, and the shores, with their cities and towns lightly scattering them, and all the promontories and islets; which, though the scenes of Roman power and wickedness, here look like the very isles where Venus's doves came from, seeming so surpassingly placid and innocent. All these were marvellously clear, and yet of colours so delicate I know not what to liken them to, unless to the tenderest hues of those very birds which have just flown over my entranced imagination. Of such, indeed, they seemed, in their *divine modesty* of tint, especially when relieved against the gorgeous red (with yellow pips) in the huge fig I was eagerly devouring the while, in the mere lightness or wildness of animal spirits, and against two sprays of crimson berries which grew alone beside me. Far below lay Sorrento, pretty nearly immersed in its long garden, its *piano;* and in the middle of the prospect, not far off, rose a single airy hill, most Italian in its picturesque dressing of village and ecclesiastical prettinesses, with the peak of Ischia, in violet crystal, remotely peering over it, seeming to crown it.

This was our Italy of Italies, chiefly what we had come so far for; and now we saw it in its best light and beauty, like an Elysian vision that might melt away. Yet steadily it smiled, as we sat, so looking, that it might not fade away from the eye of memory, but remain to revisit and enrich the fancy for ever—even eternally, as we have faith enough to hope and trust. All nature seemed combining to form a picture of celestial peace. The Baian islets and promontories, anciently Cotytto's most fashionable spa, and favourite gardens, where Julia Lollia and Lucius Puppius were wont publicly to bathe together, and laugh at one another amidst a whole harvest of roses strewn over the diaphanous water—the headlands of Misenum, where then rode the proud sun-gilded triremes, now looked like the abode of loveliest innocence. Around the Neapolitan Bay, the towns and more scattered dwellings wore an aspect delicately tranquil as flocks of white seabirds resting around the blue water, but some of them dispersed up the greener heights. The musquito-bitten sultry City, where the volcanic people are a sort of human musquitos, making odious sounds as they go about their business, thirsting for your money, even as the gnats thirst for your blood—this feverish City of Unrest, with all its clatter, all the seething of its human lava, all the countless intricacies and lights and shadows of its streets, here resolved itself into a few flecks of most innocent-looking brightness.

And raising, floating my eyes up Vesuvius, I begged his pardon for some unhandsome things lately said about his character and moral aspects as a mountain. Seen from this point, he has a wavy grace, and looks so gentle, with his delicate flowing lines, as to remind one that he preserved far more than he destroyed. Indeed, what did he destroy? A mere handful of dissipated Pompeians. He smothered them, as we, not more excusably, do the bees; but (great antiquarian and æsthetical patron, Mecœnas of mountains), he carefully, admirably preserved the Pompeian honey. And of their city (a disreputable little city enough), he composed an incomparable museum—a museum edifying, too, even in the toilet falsities, and cheating implements, the discreditable closets, and the walls scribbled with electioneering acrimonies, which he so snugly buried for our behoof. For in such things are we not glanced at equally; in natural consistent taste, beneath compare, inferior, but in morals everlastingly the same?—Well, well, *æsthetically*, at any rate, we lie prostrate under such a fiery eruption (far worse than anything that ever came from this eminently conservative mountain) of mediæval barbarism, matter-of-fact heaviness, *dilettanti* asceticism, essentially Spurgeonian pietetics, and geometrical morality, as excludes beauty, harmony, and pleasantness from our eyes, and not a purely artistic principle of the highest order has left us.

We could have sat there all day, but the limits of the guide's "*promenade*" were not yet reached. So on we went, along a grassy plateau, such as I had not even dreamt of in Italy, beautifully green, scattered all over with red-gold fern, fragrant with wild thyme, and animated with small grey cattle, with dark soft eyes, and horns curved backward. And soon the gulf of Salerno came into view, with bold deep-clefted mountains (the headlands of the Sorrento steeps) beetling over it in front, and quite startling one with their sudden appearance; another range, continuing them remotely, majestically peaked and serrated, but all in a faint grey-azure mystical calm, even like the vast plain of sea beneath them; for here the heavens were thinly veiled. Be it remembered that on the other side we saw the Neapolitan Bays, with their shores, of forms lesser, more playful, and archipelagous, and now shining sunnily, like opals with a great deal of rosy fire in them; and then will it not easily be understood that this was, perhaps, the most *Elysian* of all my days? That is, of my days of *landscape* Elysium; a qualification better added, lest social blessings should seem slighted; for I have but a poor opinion of those ungenial pedants, who when they talk of nature, mean landscape-nature only, and in a Paradise would soon quarrel with an Eve, if she grew tired of their high-flown discoursings.

François would have extended our circuit, but I had imbibed as much as I well could at one time. My admiration for Sant' Agata was such as wished to remain constantly devoted for the rest of the day at least; and so, on leaving her, I felt very much disposed to close my eyes. And there was cause; for on returning along the Sorrentine promontory, nature was becoming more boldly magnificent in her combinations of the beautiful, forming such pictures of a world of steep groves, plunging mountains, Italian villages, blue waters, and airy plains, as needed for their appreciation a fancy unpossessed by other things. And now they were dashed over by most felicitous glories of light and shade; for a long bright cloud had taken possession of the upper sky (the great aërial event of the day), and shone in its blue heights with imperial brightness and loneliness: a very Augustus of a cloud, it was, with silence around, and darkness underneath, which singled out the loftiest and most energetic forms, and obscured them, with a pathetic gloom. So many being our temptations, it was better that the walls of the Sorrentine lanes should soon enclose us. Trees more massy than usual rose above them, with a very unwonted sound of waters runnelling, which filled one with home sensations. But Italy glowed forth again, when a garland of the vine, all green-gold light, crossed overhead the shade from wall to wall, a wreath embleming the highest of heavenly grace and bounty. Yet for *aspect* simply, more admirable still were the olive trees, on passing under them; their lower branches even darkly obscure in the climbing Vesper shades; but their highest sprays above them glinting sharply against the clear blue sky, as if the tree were all wrought magically of the most brilliant living silver.

W. P. Bayley.

* The olive being the tree of Minerva, and as the tree of peace, no less her emblem than the vine is of Bacchus: peace being the object of her wise wars, as distinguished from the brutish embroilments of Mars, who ever rabidly delighted in war for its own senseless sake.

OBITUARY.

JOHN GRAHAM GILBERT, R.S.A.

THE Scottish school of Art has lost one of its most distinguished portrait-painters by the death, in the early part of June, of Mr. Gilbert: he died in Glasgow, where he was born in 1794. At the usual age he entered as a student in the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy, where he obtained the gold medal for proficiency: afterwards he proceeded to Italy to make himself acquainted with the works of the old painters of that country. His portraits show more of the refined and classic character of Italian Art than of Spanish, to which the majority of the portrait painters of Scotland are inclined. Many of his fancy portraits of young females, and especially of Italian girls, are very beautiful. Though he had passed his threescore years and ten, his hand had lost none of its power, nor his eye its love of colour. Speaking of his full-length portrait of Mr. Lawson, ex-Provost of Edinburgh, exhibited at the Scottish Academy this year, the correspondent who sent us a notice of the exhibition says,—"It displays that power of colour, clear, rich, and deep, which Mr. Gilbert possesses in the highest measure, as if his place of study had been from youth to age on the shores of the bright Adriatic. Mr. Lawson looks, in his official robes, like a Doge of old Venice; and the notion is sustained by the Venetian sweetness and lucidity of the colouring, and the look of thorough completeness and mastership about the whole work, as though it belonged to an earlier and a greater school altogether."

WILLIAM JAMES GRANT.

We have to record the death, on the 2nd of June, of this popular painter, of whose life and works an account appears in the *Art-Journal* for the month of August, 1864. Mr. Grant died at the early age of thirty-seven. In our remarks, last month, on the Royal Academy exhibition, one of his contributed works, 'The Lady and the Wasp,' is spoken of as "the most diligent we have yet noted by this artist." Had his life been prolonged he would certainly have made his way to something beyond a good reputation.

JOSEPH LOUIS HIPPOLYTE BELLANGE.

This artist, one of the most popular of the modern "battle painters" of France, died in the early part of May, at the age of sixty-six, and after very many months of severe illness. He was a native of Paris, studied under Gros, and acquired considerable reputation in the early part of his career by his lithographic drawings of military figures. In 1824 he obtained a second class medal for *genre historique*. Two of his pictures were seen in our International Exhibition of 1862; one called 'The Two Friends' was lent by its owner, the Duke of Hamilton; the other represented 'A Square of Republican Infantry repulsing Austrian Dragoons, 1795.' The former is a small work, but of a high quality, both in feeling and execution. Two young soldiers lie dead on the field of battle, one apparently killed while tending the other. An ambulance party passing by with some wounded, stops for a moment to look upon the prostrate forms of the dead "friends."

M. Bellangé's most notable pictures are 'The Battle of Alma,' 'The Departure from the Cantonment,' 'Painful Adieus,' 'The Return from Elba,' 'The Cuirassiers at Waterloo,' 'The Morning after the Battle of Jemappes,' 'The Battle of Fleurus,' 'The Passage of the Mincio,' 'The Defile after the Victory.' His works are to be seen in the galleries of Versailles, the Luxembourg, and in some of the French provincial collections,—they often exhibit not so much the actual tumult of battle, as striking and touching incidents of national warfare. This artist obtained one of the prizes at the *Exposition Universelle* of 1855, was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1834, and was promoted to the rank of an officer of that Order in 1861. He has left a son, Eugène Bellangé, who bids fair to uphold as an artist the credit of his father's name.

GILBERT FRENCH, F.S.A. *Edin.*

THE local papers announced, in the early part of May, the death of this gentleman, at Bolton, a town to which, during nearly half a century, he did good service as a manufacturer, and in various other ways. The event must not be passed over in our columns; for Mr. French was something more than a mere Art-manufacturer, though this in itself would be sufficient to demand a notice from us. He was born in Edinburgh, and before leaving his native city had shown a taste for literature by his contributions to the public press. In 1829 he removed to Bolton, and engaged in the drapery business; but during the last quarter of a century he turned his attention to the preparation of ecclesiastical furniture, and church decorations generally, but especially to the manufacture of altar-cloths, and other similar fabrics used in our churches. Several of these productions have at various times been engraved in this Journal; and for the taste and elegance manifested in the designs, Mr. French acquired high reputation. Although thus engaged in pursuits of a necessarily engrossing character he found time to cultivate his love of science, literature, and Art, not merely for his own gratification, but for the instruction of others. For some time he was President of the Bolton Mechanics' Institute, and frequently delivered lectures to the members on chemistry and other subjects. To two of these lectures, those on the Life and Times of Samuel Crompton, the town is indebted for the fine statue of Crompton which is erected there. In 1860 Mr. French published the biography of Crompton in a large volume, noticed by us at the time. Among numerous other productions of a minor character published by him may be mentioned, as indicating the bias of his mind and the varied knowledge he had acquired:—"Practical Remarks on some of the Minor Accessories to the Services of the Church, with Hints on the Preparation of Altar Cloths, Pede Cloths, and other Ecclesiastical Furniture, addressed to Ladies and Churchwardens;" "An Attempt to Explain the Origin and Meaning of the Early Interlaced Ornamentation found on the Ancient Sculptured Stones of Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man;" "On the Banners of the Bayeux Tapestry, and some of the Earliest Heraldic Charges;" "Notes on the Nimbus;" "The substance of a Lecture on the History and Manufacture of Stained Glass Windows," &c. &c.

A writer in the *Bolton Guardian* thus speaks of his deceased fellow-townsman:—"The life and labours of such a man are not to be measured by ordinary standards, nor their influence to be placed in contrast with such as only seek to do good to one object, or in one direction. The teaching power of such an example as Mr. French's life affords must be sought in the higher region of morals and intellectual elevation, and those genial influences which refine the feelings and improve the heart. Nor was his well-doing confined to the works we have so briefly and imperfectly indicated, but his active benevolence was more extensive than many persons were aware of. In this respect few persons realised so fully the sentiment of the poet, for he frequently

'Did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame.'"

We can add to this eulogium our own personal testimony to the worth and excellence of Mr. French as a man whose memory is entitled to all esteem.

W. H. LEEDS.

The decease of Mr. Leeds, at an advanced age, was announced towards the end of May. He was the author of G. Moller's "Translation of Memorials of German Gothic Architecture;" the "Supplemental Volume to Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London by J. Britton and A. Pugin;" "The Travellers' Club-House by C. Barry;" and of several of the articles in the *Penny Cyclopædia* which treat of architecture. Mr. Leeds also wrote for numerous architectural publications, and in the earlier career of our Journal was a frequent contributor to its columns.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

BRUSSELS.—The Belgian legislature has voted the sum of 85,000 francs to defray certain expenses connected with the pictures painted and bequeathed to his country by M. Antoine Wiertz, whose death we referred to about a year since. The Government, as we then stated, had erected a studio for the painter, on conditions which the *Builder* of a recent date thus speaks of:—"M. Wiertz was to have the sole use of the building during his lifetime, and in return he made over to the Government six of his principal works, and engaged to cover the walls of the studio with frescoes, on the express condition that 'these pictures, together with those which he might afterwards present to the Government, should always remain on the walls of the studio, which would thus become a state gallery.' In 1861, a further sum of 23,000 francs was granted to M. Wiertz for the purpose of acquiring a piece of land situated between the garden of the studio and a new street, which bears the artist's name. In consideration of this grant a seventh picture was made over to the Government on the same conditions as the others. M. Wiertz died on the 18th of June last, and the Government became possessed of the site, building, frescoes, and seven paintings,—'The Homeric Contest,' 'The Fall of the Angels,' 'The Triumph of Christ,' 'Christ in the Sepulchre,' 'Eve,' 'Satan,' and another. The artist's will, it appears, was not quite formal, and it contained no expression of his intention with regard to his remaining works. M. Potvin, the sole legatee, offered to give up the whole of them to the state, in compliance with the expressed wish of the deceased artist. Counsel's opinion was taken as to the validity of the will, and the report presented to the king on the subject of the legacy and the expenses connected with its reception, states that the will is 'unattackable,' naïvely adding that 'the use which M. Potvin wishes to make of his rights can only give it increased force.' The Government has, accordingly, become possessed of the whole of M. Wiertz's remaining works, to the number of fifty-eight, including some pieces of sculpture. When the necessary arrangements shall have been made, the Musée Wiertz will be opened to the public." One of his pictures, 'The Homeric Contest,' or 'The Fight for the Body of Patroclus,' may, as we have elsewhere stated, be seen in the Crystal Palace.

THE WORKS OF A. MacCALLUM.

YEAR by year the custom seems to gain ground of individual artists opening exhibitions of their own works, and so long as the space at the disposal of the Academy continues so limited as it is, the practice will extend, despite the great expense attending such means of arriving at publicity. With regard to the distinction most coveted by artists in this country, landscape painters have been very hardly dealt with. The most meritorious of them, however, have received from the public that acknowledgment which has been denied by the Academy with a consistency so persevering that it is, we think, more than twenty years since any landscape painter has, until lately, been admitted to its ranks. The kind of Art that is now offered to our notice in the Dudley Gallery, is what, not only in the days of Gainsborough, but in the later time of Constable, would have been regarded as the very madness of painting. Thus while the leading principles of that period are also those of the living school, there are yet others of which earlier artists knew nothing. It is six or seven years since attention was drawn in the Academy to a landscape by Mr. MacCallum, by its marvellous beauty of finish accompanied by a genuine daylight breadth. From that time to the present the works of this artist have not been very conspicuous, yet it is clear that he has been most industrious, as he now comes before the public with thirty-five paintings, some of which must have occupied many months of assiduous labour on the very sites which the subjects represent.

The most remarkable of these are (like that mentioned above) sylvan scenery, and some of them afford versions of winter, but without the more dismal features of the season, as the 'Charlemagne Oak—Forest of Fontainebleau,' an ancient and now broken bole, painted with such precision as to give not only every crevice of the gnarled trunk, but, by patient and honest painting, the complex reticulation of the extremities of the branches. The ground is covered with the dead leaves of the last autumn, but the day is sunny and bright, and we see far into the misty distance down the slopes of Mount Ussy, on which we are here placed. Opposite to this large picture is another of like size, each filling the end of the room. The latter is a 'Glade in Sherwood Forest,' painted as carefully and as successfully as the Fontainebleau subject. In the coincidence of the trees there is nothing remarkable, similar combinations are common, but the rendering is so full of suggestion as to fill the mind with the most vivid imagery. It is not surprising to find that, with such power of description, Mr. MacCallum should so entirely confide to local incident the impressions he wishes to convey. Thus, not one of these subjects digresses into human episode, and such a recurrence cannot be accidental. For the painter of such a picture as 'The Charlemagne Oak'—we know of no place more abounding in similar material than Burnham Beeches, and there, in sooth, he has more than once established himself and painted that peculiar material which no other locality affords, working at the fitful pleasure of the sunshine which, in its caprice, gave him, perhaps, only a quarter of an hour daily of the light he so much coveted. But not to dwell too long on woodland scenery, there is 'Rome from Monte Mario,' which places us amid the ilex groves of "that ilk," presenting, as it were, a scene from dreamland, studded with the crumbling monuments of the ancient city, which effectually dwarf all modern architecture. There is also 'Venice after Sunset,' showing San Giorgio, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Grand Canal, the Piazzetta, the Campanile, and others of the well-known buildings which continue the circle. As a further *variorum* we have 'The Foot of the Gorner Glacier Zermatt, Switzerland;' 'Monte Rosa—Val d'Anzasca;' 'Mont Blanc, from Val d'Aosta;' 'The Marjelen See:' 'Rheingrafenstein, on the Nahe;' and many woodland subjects, all painted with a success which does not always attend efforts to combine finish with breadth.

SCENERY OF SWITZERLAND.*

SWITZERLAND is now such a "travelled" country that no artist who makes it his sketching ground can expect to produce little with which thousands of English men and women are not already acquainted. Still, there are few places one has visited whereof we are not pleased to have some reminiscence in the form of a picture,



CASTLE OF SPIEZ, LAKE OF THUN.

and the volume published by the Religious Tract Society offers an abundance of illustrations of the grand and picturesque scenery of Switzerland; almost every page of the book



ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

supplies an example. The name of Mr. E. Whymper is so well-known as an artist and an engraver on wood, while his knowledge of the country, and his celebrity as one of the most distinguished members of the Alpine Club, add

* SWISS PICTURES, DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL. The Illustrations by Mr. E. Whymper, F.R.G.S. Published by the Religious Tract Society. London.

to his qualifications for such work as he has here performed. It is quite true that a very large proportion of the engravings have appeared in other publications of the Society which issues this, but it was a good idea to present them in a collected and more permanent form, with the advantages of careful printing on substantial and delicately toned paper. The character of the illustrations may be gathered from the



THE WETTHORN AND WEISSHORN.

specimens introduced here. The letter-press of the book is quite subordinate to the pictures; it consists chiefly of extracts, both in prose and poetry, from the writings of various authors, and has generally a religious tendence in conformity with the objects of the publishers.

PICTURE SALES.

A SALE of pictures by the old masters is now of so rare occurrence that it may almost be spoken of as an "event." Such a collection, however, passed into the hands of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., for disposal, and was sold on the 12th of May. Several of the works belonged to Mr. G. H. Morland. Among the paintings were:—'Marie Leckzinski, Queen of Louis XV., introduced to the Domestic Virtues,' F. Boucher, 143 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'The Entrance of the Grand Canal, Venice,' and the 'Doge's Palace, Venice,' both by Canaletti, 200 gs. (Pearce); 'Sea View—a Calm,' W. Van de Velde, 190 gs. (Stephens); 'Frozen River Scene,' A. Van der Neer, 215 gs. (Lenthall); 'Italian Landscape,' F. Moucheron, with figures and cattle by A. Van de Velde; and its companion, 'A Hunting Party near the Ruins of a Temple,' by the same, 365 gs. (King); 'Dutch River Scene,' with fishing-boats at anchor, and several figures in a boat in the foreground, A. Cuyp, 240 gs. (Jones); 'Italian Landscape,' with figures and animals near some ruined buildings,' N. Berghem, 200 gs. (Cox); 'Dead Game, Fruit and Flowers,' &c., J. Weenix, 580 gs. (Trant); 'Italian Scene,' buildings, ruins, and figures, Canaletti, 95 gs. (Stephens); 'Seaport,' Claude, 480 gs. (Lenthall); 'Henry III., Stadtholder,' with his wife Emilia, Princess of Solms, and other distinguished personages, Gonzales Coques, 110 gs. (Nowman); 'Landscape,' with cows and sheep, the town of Dort in the distance, A. Cuyp, 200 gs. (Pearce); 'A Farm in Holland,' a very fine picture by A. Cuyp, 670 gs. (Hall); 'St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour,' Murillo, formerly in the gallery of Louis Philippe, 240 gs. (Morrison); 'Flowers in a Vase,' Van Huysum, 285 gs. (Trant); 'The Virgin Enthroned,' holding the Infant Christ on her lap, to whom St. Francis and St. Catherine kneel in adoration, Guido, 171 gs. (Lusty); 'Classic Landscape,' with the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, N. Poussin, 95 gs. (Stephens). The entire sale produced £8,000.

A large and valuable collection of modern pictures in oil-colours and in water-colours was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co. on the 19th of May. The oil-paintings included:—'Coast Scene,' with a ferry-boat and figures, Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., bought at the artist's private sale, 275 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of an Irish Cabin,' F. Goodall, R.A., 95 gs. (Wallis); 'Remember the Grotto,' T. Webster, R.A., the small sketch for the large work, 96 gs. (Agnew); 'A River Scene,' P. Nasmyth, 175 gs. (E. White); 'Landscape,' P. Nasmyth, 145 gs. (Agnew); 'Rembrandt Painting the Portrait of his Mother,' with the Burgomaster and other figures, Robert Fleury, 125 gs. (Baxter); 'The Shade of the Beech Trees,' T. Creswick, R.A., 325 gs. (Agnew); 'The Chapter-house, Bordeaux,' D. Roberts, R.A., 168 gs. (Agnew); 'Cattle, Sheep, and a Goat,' in a landscape, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 175 gs. (McLean); 'Bacchanals gathering Grapes,' Sir. D. Wilkie, R.A., 110 gs. (Baxter); 'View at Ventnor, Isle of Wight,' W. Collins, R.A., 975 gs. (Agnew); 'Venus Descending,' W. Etty, R.A., 490 gs. (Colnaghi); 'The Cherry-seller,' T. Webster, R.A., 840 gs. (Colnaghi); 'On the Zuyder Zee,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 960 gs. (E. White); 'Dordrechdt,' the companion picture, 840 gs. (Wallis); 'The Skittle Players,' W. Collins, R.A., 1,200 gs. (Agnew); 'The Hay Wain,' J. Constable, R.A., who received from the French Government a gold medal for the work when it was exhibited in Paris during the reign of Charles X., 1,300 gs. (W. Cox); 'The Seventh Plague of Egypt,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 1,010 gs. (Earl Grosvenor). The two next subjects are water-colour drawings:—'Putting on Hairs,' W. Hunt, 175 gs. (Agnew); 'Orfordness,' J. M. W. Turner, 375 gs. (Agnew). The whole of the above works were the property of Mr. George Young. His collection of twenty-six paintings and three drawings realised the large sum of £10,460.

The following pictures belonged to another owner:—'Scenes in the Highlands,' F. R. Lee, R.A., with cattle by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 220 gs. (Hayward); 'On the Lago Maggiore,' G. E. Hering, 116 gs. (Hicks); 'Youth and Innocence,' J. L. Gérome, 360 gs. (Lefevre); 'An English Landscape,' with peasants and cattle, T. Gainsborough, R.A., 480 gs. (Agnew); 'The Thatcher,' G. Morland, 95 gs. (Graves); 'Labourages Nivernais,' the celebrated picture by Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, painted for Count Orloff, 2,000 gs. (Sir Ivor Guest); 'Hogarth's Studio, 1739,' painted by E. M. Ward, R.A., for the late Mr. Duncan Dunbar, and now sold by order of his executors acting under the direction of the Court or Chancery, 480 gs. (Burton); 'Dr. Johnson at Cave's, the Publisher,' H. Wallis, 115 gs. (Mann); 'Ostend Jetty,' a storm coming on, A. Achenbach, 155 gs. (Cox); 'Portrait of a Lady,' in a white and gold dress, reading a book, Sir J. Reynolds, 305 gs. (Clarke); 'Dordrechdt,' the sea in the distance, C. Stanfield, R.A., 1,450 gs. (Tooth); 'Samson and Delilah,' F. Leighton, A.R.A., 240 gs. (Baxter); 'Taming of the Shrew,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 1,430 gs. (Eaton); 'Jacob and Rebekah at the Well,' W. Dyce, R.A., 580 gs. (Wallis); 'Home again,' H. O'Neil, A.R.A., the engraved picture, 295 gs. (Evans); 'Loch Katrine,' P. Nasmyth, 145 gs. (Marsden); 'Fête Day oft Venice,' W. Müller, 145 gs. (Cooper); 'Landscape,' with sheep, Auguste Bonheur, 95 gs. (Webster).

*** Six paintings, which belonged to the late Mr. G. Pennell, the well-known dealer, were next disposed of. They were:—'A Sultry Evening on the Thames, near Maidenhead,' Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 660 gs. (Maxwell); 'To Arms! to Arms! ye Brave!' W. Etty, R.A., 560 gs. (Maxwell); 'A Trout Stream—Showery Weather,' J. Constable, R.A., 140 gs. (Adams); 'The Village Festival,' F. Goodall, R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal*, 495 gs. (Sergeant); 'Passing the Cross,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., an early work, 190 gs. (Sergeant); 'The Raft—Sunset,' F. Danby, R.A., 190 gs. (Sergeant).

The sale concluded with some pictures that belonged to a gentleman in the country, now deceased; they were sold by order of his executors. Among them were:—'Evening in the Meadows, at Fordwich, near Canterbury,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 420 gs. (Graves); 'The Haunt of the Kingfisher,' T. Creswick, R.A., 165 gs. (Agnew); 'Malvolia and Olivia,' W. P. Frith, R.A., a small canvas, 95 gs. (Checketts); 'The Hayfield,' and 'Landscape,' both by D. Cox, 145 gs. (Agnew); 'The Bouquet,' C. Baxter, 115 gs. (Allen); 'Coast Scene,' with a fishing-boat putting off in a storm, Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 840 gs. (W. Cox); 'Collecting the Offerings in a Scotch Church,' J. Phillip, R.A., 660 gs. (Burton); 'Landscape,' W. Muller, a boy with white mice and two children in the foreground, by W. Collins, R.A., 480 gs. (Cox); 'Tivoli,' with the ruins of Mecœnas's Villa, W. Muller, 130 gs. (Burnett); 'View of the Acropolis,' W. Muller, 550 gs. (Burnett); 'View near Tivoli,' W. Müller, 220 gs. (Burnett); 'River Scene,' an upright picture, W. Müller, 290 gs. (Allen). The proceeds of the day's sales amounted to the large sum of £28,285.

The final portion of the stock of Mr. Flatow, the well-known picture dealer, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co., on the 26th of May. The principal specimens, the majority of which consisted of small canvases, were:—'Waiting for an Answer,' and 'The Orange Flower,' the original finished sketches by J. C. Horsley, R.A., for the pictures exhibited this year at the Royal Academy, 125 gs. (Waller); 'Spring,' and 'Autumn,' a pair by Vicat Cole, 155 gs. (Bayley); 'The Bed-room at Knowle,' A. L. Egg, R.A., 100 gs. (Paton); 'Dean Swift regarding a Lock of Stella's Hair,' E. Crowe, 100 gs. (Paton); 'Maggie, you're cheating,' the finished sketch for the picture exhibited at the Academy last year, J. Archer, R.S.A., 95 gs. (Paton); 'Sir Launcelot and Guinevere,' J. Archer, R.S.A., 225 gs. (Parmeter); 'Farmhouse, North Devon,' F. R. Lee, R.A., with cattle by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 110 gs. (Grindley); 'The Noonday Meal' and 'Labour,' a pair by W. F. Witherington, R.A., 125 gs. (Franklin); 'A Sunny Day,' and 'Sheep,' a pair by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 385 gs. (Poole); 'The Convent Gate,' J. Archer, R.S.A., 115 gs. (Holmes); 'A Highland Interior,' J. Phillip, R.A., 155 gs. (Fletcher); 'The Rejected Tenant,' E. Nicol, A.R.A., 165 gs. (Holmes); 'The Flower of the Flock,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 135 gs. (Wareham); 'The Mountain Stream,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 145 gs. (Clarke); 'The Bird-trap,' its companion, P. F. Poole, R.A., 150 gs. (Graves); 'Landscape,' and 'Gipsy Encampment,' a pair, by J. Linnell, 175 gs. (Holmes); 'Mary, Queen of Scots, taking her last look at France,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 165 gs. (White); 'Rome,' D. Roberts, R.A., 210 gs. (Farmer); 'Prayer,' E. Frère, 140 gs. (Sanders); 'The Connoisseurs,' E. Frère, 140 gs. (Sanders); 'Italian Landscape,' a large and fine painting by Sir A. W. Callcott, 1000 gs. (Moore); 'The Cottage Door,' F. Goodall, R.A., 125 gs. (Bell); 'The Grand Tor, Oxwich Bay, South Wales,' C. Stanfield, R.A., and one of his grandest works, 1,650 gs. (Wilkinson); 'Old Letters,' M. Stone, exhibited last year at the Academy, 250 gs. (Clarke); 'The Cosy Corner,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 145 gs. (Bell); 'Interior of a Cattle-shed,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 500 gs. (Fletcher). The whole of Mr. Flatow's pictures realised £33,335.

PART OF THE EAST FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

ENGRAVED BY A. R. FREEBAIRN.

SEVERAL years ago, to accompany a biographical notice of the late Mr. John Henning, we introduced an engraving of a portion of the celebrated Greek friezes, now in the British Museum, as restored by Mr. Henning, a remarkable, but little known sculptor, till these restorations brought his name forward. The engraving to which we refer was executed by the late A. R. Freebairn's anaglyptic process—one peculiarly adapted to such works; and till somewhat recently we had no idea he had produced any other from these friezes. But another plate has found its way into our possession; it represents four slabs of the eastern frieze, as the former plate represents three slabs of the western frieze.

Few of our readers but must be aware that those wonderful sculptures, known as the 'Elgin Marbles,' were brought from Athens, where they originally formed the ornaments of the porticoes of the Parthenon. The subject of the entire series being the solemn procession of the Panathenæa, which took place every fifth year. The first of the three designs appearing in the annexed print is from the largest slab in the whole collection; it stood over the eastern entrance or door, and was the centre of the entire composition, and has been thus described:—Almost in the middle stands a Priestess, supposed to be the wife of the principal *Archon*, or chief magistrate, of Athens; she is in the act of receiving from two *canephori*, or bearers of the mystic baskets, the various articles used in the rites of sacrifice. Behind her is the *Archon* in a robe which reaches from the neck to the feet; he is taking from the hands of a youth a piece of cloth folded in a square form in numerous thicknesses; this cloth is thought to be the *peplus* or embroidered veil, the sail of the Panathenaic ship. On each side of these figures are others, principally seated—a few only are seen in the engraving—among whom Jupiter, Minerva, Triptolemus, Æsculapius, and Hygeia are prominent.

The groups in the other slabs represent various persons who take part in the procession; the lower one shows a train of females. We may remark that in our former engraving the figures were all of an equestrian character; in this they are for the most part on foot.







THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE position of the Royal Academy has assumed a new phase. Government seems disposed to leave the body in possession of the now National Gallery, or rather to make over to it the whole of the building, and to construct a proper gallery for the Nation behind Burlington House. Another proposition is to give the Academy three acres of ground at South Kensington; but of course, as that would be no gift from the country, a large sum of money, in addition, would be granted by Parliament as a set-off against the value of their present "lodging" in Trafalgar Square. The first arrangement, we think, would be the best for all parties. Our National Gallery is not a thing to boast of. Moreover, without considerable augmentation, at great cost, it is not large enough to contain even the pictures at present public property, including the portrait collection, now shamefully housed. To send the Royal Academy to South Kensington—notwithstanding that it is daily growing less and less a suburb, and a railway will very soon pass the doors of the Department—would be to deprive the Academy of half its income. Possibly the half may be enough for all its wants, but we can scarcely expect the members to make such a sacrifice without a murmur. The question really resolves itself to this—what will the Royal Academy give to the country in return for a gift the worth of which cannot be estimated at less than £300,000? We attach no importance to the advocacy of Sir Edwin Landseer, and as little to the official declarations of Sir Francis Grant: both these gentlemen take a very one-sided view of the case. They consider they give enough when they give nothing; and that the country is very well served by the Academy as it is, having no right to demand changes the members do not themselves deem desirable. In a word, the Academy will bargain to do nothing, although it expresses a willingness to do a little if left entirely to its own will. But we trust that neither Government nor Parliament will sanction a procedure by which they part with all chance, now and for ever, of making the Royal Academy one of the institutions of the country—a public and not a private body—responsible to the nation, and not solely and exclusively to themselves. If the "lay-element" be still resisted (as perhaps it ought to be), at least there should be a power of superintendence (surveillance even) on the part of one of the ministers of the Crown, and Parliament should undoubtedly have the right to interfere in its future proceedings, in the event of interference being necessary, expedient, or desirable. To give the Academy so immense a boon as that contemplated, and to relinquish all right of control now and hereafter, would be an act of insanity we can scarcely conceive possible, and to which, we feel assured, the House of Commons will never accede.

Its honour, its prosperity, its glory, ought to be thoroughly identified with the nation. Every man and woman in the country ought to feel that its interests are national interests, and that to promote its welfare is to advance the national good.

We believe that a very little of the give and take might do this: but the Academy must not regard the public as meriting no love because it manifests no affection. It is the duty of the Academy to offer such concessions as will satisfy the public, and to establish the harmony that cannot fail to benefit both.

THE FRENCH "EXPOSITION RETROSPECTIVE."

IT may indeed be considered an epoch in the history of Art, when our French neighbours recognise in our organisations, in connection therewith, any feature worthy of admiration and imitation. Two remarkable instances of the kind have, however, recently occurred, which may be noted as evidence that Arts are liberal, just as we have long had the "*litteras humaniores.*" In both, the energy of British private enterprise, as disconnected with any government initiatory movement, is heartily recognised, and with a yearning for emulative action which can scarcely fail to produce goodly fruits. The first refers to the truly magnificent exhibition got up in Paris, in the year gone by, in imitation of that of Kensington in 1862. The seed from which so luxuriant a growth became realised, may be found in the following passage from an article in an excellent contemporary across the Channel, *La Gazette des Beaux Arts*:—"The contact of France and England, rendered so frequent by the universal exhibitions of Paris and London, will not have been without its use towards the movement of regeneration now in course of organisation, and with which we wish to interest our readers. On visiting a country so near to us in locality—so far separated in manners—we have learned how much some men of hearty purpose—a few citizens generously devoted to the public good—can effect in their unrestricted freedom; and this lesson is forcibly compressed in the words, often quoted, of a sovereign, who passed a portion of his life in England, and brought away from it some of its maxims. "Individual projectiveness," he remarked, "indefatigably energetic, raises government from the position of being the sole mover of a nation's vital forces; be it your task, then, to stimulate in individuals a spontaneous energy in promoting all that is beautiful or useful."

The society which sprang up from this invocation, *L'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts Appliqués a l'Industrie*, can scarcely fail to have a hereafter of great importance to France. The same energetic spirit of combination we find in the second manifestation to which we have referred. It announces itself frankly in the preliminary notice attached to the catalogue of the *Exposition Retrospective*:—"In England," it is thus set forth, "without reverting to the incomparable Manchester Exhibition, exhibitions of works of the old masters have become an irradicable custom, and the British Institution has brought forward successively almost all the treasures preserved by the English aristocracy. Let us try to naturalise in France, with the auspicious concurrence of parties who are holders of great works, this excellent mode of education through the eye."

The result of the *premier pas* thus taken, has been highly encouraging. Nearly sixty holders of good and of some great pictures, have sent in close upon two hundred canvases to sustain the experiment. The *Palais de l'Industrie* yields accommodation for the display, which occupies a spacious square saloon, one side whereof resolves itself into three cabinets, where some of the choicest works of the collection are garnered up.

A general digest of the whole gives but few Italian works, and few also of the Spanish school, but a very strong selection from the Dutch and Flemish. Greuze, on his native soil, is indicated by some seventeen cabinet works, and these, together with paintings of recent French celebrities, no longer living, engross one-third of the catalogue.

The most remarkable of the Italian works is Leonardo da Vinci's 'Christ blessing the World,' a well-known picture, engraved by Hollars, and belonging to M. le Baron de Lareintz. It is in admirable preservation, and of a deep, powerful tone; but the expression of the visage is singularly unfortunate, with no look of the divinity, but a something ambiguous and almost sinister. A greater contrast could not be found than exists between this and the 'Christ with the Doctors' of the National Gallery, or that of 'The Last Supper.' Paul Veronese is well represented by a Venus and Cupid from the gallery of Prince Leonforte—a voluptuous dame of Venice, much more modest in her heavy, rich fall of drapery than is ever the case with the *madre d'amore*.

The collection of the Prince de la Tour et Taxis gives a head, as sweetly perfect as could be, by Carlo Dolci. Titian is but indifferently sustained by the portrait of the Doge Gritti, from the Espagnac Gallery. The works of Antonello of Messina are so rare that the Louvre gave four thousand pounds for the head of a Condottiero by him, in the Pourtales Gallery. Here we find a head from the same hand, very similar in treatment to that of the Condottiero. It is of a young man, exquisitely finished, even *ad unguem*, with a massive pile of hair falling evenly down, each particular lock in the most faultless order, as if it had but just come from the hand of a Figaro perfect in the art—

"Di far la barba e petinar."

Count Duchâtel is owner of this gem. Some choice curiosities of Art from the hands of Fra Bartolommeo, Fra Angelico, and Botticelli, are here from the collections of the Baroness N. Rothschild and M. Emile Pereire.

The Spanish school is represented by four Murillos and three works of Velasquez. Of the former, a head, austere in expression and deeply rich in tone, is alone in the great Spaniard's better vein. One of its companions—an Assumption—shows how infelicitously he could treat, under some untoward influence, even his favourite subject. Were a line drawn transversely across the middle of this picture, the upper segment would be found warm in a glow intended to be golden, but dull in tint, the lower abruptly cold and heavily blue. The angels above and those below the ascending figure of the Virgin are painfully inharmonious.

Velasquez is much better sustained in his portrait, from the Pereire collection, of the Infanta, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, a child in all the piquant monstrosity of a crinoline; also in the strange portrait of Philip IV.'s Fool. In general, these anomalous ministrants to the completion of Court display, were of the dwarf tribe; this being was, on the contrary, tall and attenuated, his limbs, below, angularly contorted. He attitudinises fantastically in holding out a miniature for admiration, and an imbecile shrewdness of mirth (if we may use the expression) lights up his morbid physiognomy. The quiet power of Velasquez's pencil gives life to this repulsive subject,—a melancholy addition to any collection.

Greuze, as has been noted, is here plenteously exemplified, in seventeen canvases, for the most part cabinet, various in subject and various in merit, some of exquisite beauty, as in the child's head from the Pereire collection, and a winged angel, from that of the Princess Maria of Russia. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable work of this series, remarkable certainly for its rarity, is a portrait, full length, of a seated figure with this title, "*Talleyrand Jeune.*" This represents a seeming young and refined man, with a style of physiognomy such as might once have been that of the Prince of Benevento and *quondam* Bishop of Antun. The *pose* resembles that of a well-known portrait of Napoleon's Foreign Minister. But the dress is not that of a clerical student. The treatment of this portrait by Greuze is so refined and vigorous, that it makes one regret he did not give himself more to that branch of Art. A portrait here of Levasseur, the engraver, increases that regret. The style of both is thoroughly sterling, and offers a strong contrast to the general fantastic presentment of French portraiture.

The Dutch and Flemish masterpieces in this exhibition are numerous. Three first-class Hobbemas from the galleries of De Morny and Pereire, lead on the rest. Two of these are mills—marvellous for transparent reflection. The third is finer, in picturesque subject: in front a noble oak, to the right of which stands an old farmhouse—a road winds round both, and is lost in woodland background. Nothing can be more masterly than the pencilling of this picture. It is sustained by two of Ruysdael's best works, more especially the mountain

scene with a torrent, which, in the foreground, seems

"To howl and hiss
And boil in endless agony."

From the pencil of Rembrandt, we have one of his finest portraits, that of *Justus Lipsius*, of unequivocal authenticity and in perfect condition. Contrasted with its darkest depths of effect, is a charming portrait of a lady, by Van Cuelen, all delicacy and sweetness. Holbein's portrait of Carondelet, painted in his best style, where vigour and mellowness are united, groups well in the same quarter. Vandyck's St. Rosalie from the Persigny collection is a work of much grace and expression in his best Rubens style.

Six Terburgs form a galaxy of brilliant masterpieces. Among them the most attractive is the episode to the Münster Congress, so renowned for its wondrously true and characteristic portraits of the statesmen and soldiers who attended that signal diplomatic gathering. This comes from the De Morny collection. A single figure of a gentleman, whose dark habiliments, with also a dark background, render his visage the more effectively bright, might be taken as a *chef d'œuvre* of miniature in oils. This gem comes from the cabinet of M. Isaac Pereire. To him also the collection is indebted for an Apollo and Midas by Rubens, a finely preserved *morceau* of the great master's most luxuriant richness of design and treatment. The name of Vandevelde is sustained by two small marine subjects—ships and calm sea. This surely is not as

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean,"

but the veritable reality—true bark and true brine.

Two fine Wouvermans, 'The Spy' and 'Return from the Chase,' give further evidence of the rich collections of Baron Nathaniel Rothschild and M. Isaac Pereire.

Jan Vander Meer is here represented by no less than seven masterly canvases; and the names of Cuyp, Both, Memling, Van Eyck, Hals, and several others of the great Low Country men are ranged around in most potent array. We shall add that Count Persigny sends to the collection a capital head of a lady, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which holds its ground well amid such rivalry.

The names of Delacroix, Delaroche, Gericault, Scheffer, and Prudhon chiefly sustain the credit of the modern French school on this occasion.

Upon the whole, it must be admitted that we have here a very commendable opening effort to compete honourably with the doings of the British Institution.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE OLD MASTERS.

THE supplementary title of this notice is less applicable to the present exhibition than to all that have, certainly for the last twenty years, preceded it, as the contributions of recent and *quasi*-modern works are unusually numerous; nevertheless, as a whole, the exhibition is the most interesting that has lately appeared in these rooms. The North Room contains some superb old pictures; many of the landscapes are of extraordinary beauty, but, as usual, are some very oddly attributed. The selection from our own school is singularly brilliant, and many of the works are rich in association, On entering the gallery the eye rests always on the large picture at the end of the North Room. Of this *pièce de resistance* we seldom have anything to say, and should not now advert to it were it not a St. Cecilia by Reynolds, which seems, by cleaning, to have been stripped of its finishing glazings. Conspicuous on the left is a 'Portrait of one of the Aldobrandini Family' (66), attributed to Masaccio. The face looks as if it were painted in *tempera*, and the complexion is like that of the head in the National Gallery; but the dark dress has been worked over in oil. 'A Merchant' (73), by Mabuse, is unquestionably a very carefully drawn portrait of a most uninviting subject; bright, hard, and, as to air and incidents, suggestive of the painter's having ever present in memory 'The Misers' of Quentin Matsys. 'The Nursing of Jupiter' (27) is attributed to Salvator Rosa, but we can discover in it no trace of that painter's manner. The figures are graceful, academic, and glow with the warm colouring of Nicolas Poussin, of whom a 'Holy Family with Angels' (29) is one of the most perfect examples we have ever seen. Reference may here be made to the carelessness with which picture frames are sometimes inscribed, as on that of a 'Landscape with Orpheus and Eurydice' appears the name of Nicolas Poussin, without a single feature in the work to support the attribution. The picture might be brought home to Gaspard, but not to Nicolas. 'A Knight and Attendant' (32), Paris Bordone, 'St. John Baptising the Saviour' (54), Paul Veronese, a 'Madonna' (74), Guido, are more interesting to the student than the so-called lover of Art, who turns from these to the exemplary industry instanced in some of the productions of the Low Country schools, as in 'The Oysters' (7), F. Mieris, 'Girl at a Window' (11), G. Douw, and another by Mieris; admirable also are 'A Breeze' (12), Vandervelde, 'A Rocky Landscape, with Figures' (6), Berghem, and others by the last-named master; several grand works by Ruysdael, as a 'Rocky Landscape, with Waterfall' (59), 'Landscape, with a Mill' (47), &c. By Cuyp there are some important and well-known pictures, and of Both one of much sweetness. Other names that are worthily supported are Teniers, Ostade, Breughel, Netscher, Vander Neer, Claude, Du Heem, Jan Steen, &c.

The English contributions show a greater degree of power and beauty than has been seen here for many seasons. There are several famous portraits by Reynolds, one of which, although small and never to be outdone in simplicity, is 'The Duchess of Beaufort when a Child' (162). It has perhaps been sent in with this title, but it is a misnomer; it should be the Duchess of Rutland—precious as a picture, and more innocent than the boasted 'Innocence' of the National Collection. 'Lady Crewe and Lady Robert Spencer' (126), 'Kitty Fisher' (?) (107), 'Lady Williams Wynn and her Children' (178), 'Lady Crewe as a Shepherdess' (179), and others, are portraits of ladies as Reynolds alone knew how to paint them; his crowning virtues being a genuine reverence for beauty, and a command of a calm and somewhat melancholy self-possession more impressive than the too ready address which Lawrence gave to his portraits of women. On the right of the middle room on entering, the line presents a magnificent array of works which we should be glad to see once in five years, but their reappearance is less calculable than that of even the most eccentric heavenly bodies; there is Stewart Newton's 'Scene from the Beggar's Opera' (123), and 'Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield' (117), Sir C. L. Eastlake's 'Byron's Dream,' with figures by Reynolds, already noticed; 'Portrait of Mrs. Carr,' Vandyke, &c. Newton's Captain Macheath and inexorable Mrs. Primrose are so well known as to require no description. The drawing of these figures is everywhere faulty, but in expression they have never been surpassed. They excel all his other works, with the exception of 'The Lovers' Quarrel.' When they were in progress, his studio was the daily resort of a knot of contemporary *literati* and artists, among whom were conspicuous Moore, Washington Irving, and Leslie. For each of those pictures Newton received two hundred pounds; each would now realise seven, perhaps eight, hundred pounds. Sir Charles Eastlake's 'Byron's Dream' remains wonderfully fresh. This also is a well-known picture; it was painted at Rome in 1827, and was purchased by Mr. Harman for five hundred guineas. It has always been considered a composition throughout, but it is only partially so; the scene is near Corinth, the highest point in the mountain range being Parnassus.

In the Middle Room are two fine works by David Roberts, 'Rouen Cathedral,' and the 'Ruins of the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbeck.' In both, according to the habit of this painter, the subjects are exaggerated, but the latter shows more of his settled tendencies than the former. Gainsborough's portraits, by the way, it had been well to have mentioned after Reynolds's. They are of 'Anne Horton, afterwards Duchess of Cumberland' (160), 'Lady Margaret Fordyce' (164), and others of gentlemen. The latter of these named may almost have suggested John Jackson's famous Lady Dover, to rival which Lawrence painted his Lady Peel. About some of Gainsborough's ladies there is a dash which Reynolds obviously sought to avoid; for even when Sir Joshua's figures move, the action is so gentle, that we do not hear it six feet from the canvas. Gainsborough never painted a woman's arm—that is, we have never seen any: his arms are devoid of both form and life; his heads are charming, though he might have wrought his hair with less of that transparent foliage-like touch that he won from Francesco Mola. Hogarth is represented by one picture, 'Southwark Fair' (127), one of those pictures which we welcome from time to time, as assisting to mark an epoch in the history of our Art. Morland is present in two or three subjects, but none of them are in his raciest vein, as they have not the mature mellowness of colour that distinguishes his best productions. Wilkie's 'Not at Home' (174) is a lamentable instance of the employment of pigments and mixtures notoriously destructive of every surface to which they are applied. The picture is ruined by a remorseless glaze of asphaltum, and will soon be in rags, like Reynolds's portrait of 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' which hangs at Dulwich, a melancholy memento of the great artist's practical eccentricities. The picture is accompanied by the sketch, which is placed on the screen. On looking round, the eye is not caught by so many capricious essays as usual—failures the more conspicuous that they show how far the painter has fallen short in his aspiration: and in reference to the exhibition of such works, we ask once for all, *Cui bono?* Such is Hamilton's 'Head of Medusa' (183), and Reynolds's hideous 'Cartouche' (170), a very weak study of the head, from which he painted his 'Ugolino.' It is marvellous that such impersonations find an abiding place, for they are by no means pleasant people to live with. By Dyce is 'A Virgin and Child' (147), a meritorious work, apart from the obvious intention of breaking a lance with Raffaelle. We look forward in this South Room to be refreshed yearly by some stirring remembrance of

Callcott, Turner, Nasmyth, Wilson, and others, who may have worked so well and so wisely as to constitute themselves respectable authorities in certain of the thousand questions which daily arise in the practice of Art. The first and second are absent, but there are two gems by Nasmyth (158 and 168), which grow in our estimation on each successive occasion of their being exhibited. Wilson is not this year seen to advantage; his pictures are 'A River Scene' (148) and 'Landscape and Figures' (150), in the former of which (Garrick's villa on the Thames?) the trees are atrociously painted, and the river out of all perspective. Of Crome are some charming examples; in his seaside subjects Bonnington must have been much influenced by this painter. There are also one or two subjects by Cotman, Crome's best pupil. Thus, although not distinguished by great variety, the English works in the South Room sustain in honour the names of those who produced them.

BIRMINGHAM ARTS AND MANUFACTURES, AND THEIR PROGRESS.

Twenty years (the fifth part of a century) have rolled their course since we first visited Birmingham, impressed with the conviction founded on experience, that the Arts and Manufactures practised in that busy town could be benefited by our exertions, and elevated and improved by our efforts. We were then met by indifference, doubt, and active opposition by some manufacturers; others, wiser, accepted our aid, and were benefited thereby; but ours has been no invidious course, and without distinction of friend or foe, we have not failed, wherever we saw merit and the desire to improve, to place before our readers these evidences of improved taste, as regards design and skilful painstaking execution. In 1846 we visited the manufactories of the town, and illustrated the works produced by leading manufacturers. In 1849 we illustrated the contents of the Exhibition held in Bingley Hall, on the occasion of the visit of the British Association to Birmingham. In 1851 we introduced numerous illustrations of examples of the manufactures of the town shown in the great Industrial Exhibition of that year. Again, in 1855, we introduced engravings of works contributed to the International Exhibition at Paris; in 1862 we followed a similar course, and it is our intention to still further illustrate the productions of Birmingham, by engraving some of the examples to be forwarded by its manufacturers to the display of the industries of all nations in Paris in 1867. In pursuance of our intention we have recently visited Birmingham, in order to prepare ourselves for the work; need we say that we found on every hand, with one or two exceptions, evidence of what it has been our desire to aid, viz., improvement alike in design and execution? In the former there is a marked change for the better, alike in unity, simplicity, and applicability to the purpose intended, and to which the ornamentation is applied. The decorative processes of enamelling, *repoussé*, and perforating is used to a very much greater extent. Bronzing has been more largely applied, the colours more varied, and the modelling for the work is more skilfully and artistically done; while in chasing, we find convincing proof that there is at last an "idea" as to the applicability of certain varieties of "mats," or chasing tools, to express particular textures or substances. Good casting is also more general than formerly, and it is satisfactory to record that it is now more generally adopted where stamped work was formerly introduced. Light cast work has taken the place of stampings with manifest advantage to the superiority and substantiality of the work produced.

Within the period we have named, an important art has been introduced by the Messrs. Elkington, viz., that of Fine Art bronze casting for large examples of statuary, applied to commemorative and monumental purposes. As illustrations of the magnitude of their works, we may name two reproductions of Foley's noble equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, upwards of thirteen feet in height, and each weighing not less than thirteen tons; of three equestrian memorial statues of the Prince Consort, from models by Thornycroft; of the memorial to the Guards who perished in the Crimea, which stands in Pall Mall; of the poet Moore; of Sir Robert Peel, the great and good statesman. These evidence that the art once practised only in London has now become identified with a town designated by Burke as the "toy-shop of England;" while bronze casting has been introduced by the house named, and electro metallurgy owes its existence to their energy, intelligence, and perseverance; the extraordinary development in the production of large works in deposited copper is also due to them. The idea of producing by battery, trough, and solution, and building up, grain by grain, such statues as adorn the memorial of the Exhibition of 1851, now standing in Hyde Park, appears but little short of fabulous. When Jacobi spoke of gilding the dome of the Kremlin by electro-deposition, and an English philosopher indicated the possibility of coppering the dome of St. Paul's, they were deemed visionaries. Messrs. Elkington have, however, accomplished a far more extraordinary feat, viz., the realisation of the conception of the artist-sculptor, reproduced in copper by means of the instrument once only used by the philosopher in his laboratory. Those accustomed to identify the results of electro-deposition as confined to the gilding of a coin, the silvering of salvers, forks, or spoons, or to copies in copper deposit, gossamer-like in thickness, of *basso-relievi*, will, no doubt, be startled to learn that no fewer than twenty-one figures, several of them colossal, and not one of them under 6 feet 6 inches in height, have been produced at the New Hall Street works, Birmingham, within the last eight years; not any portion of these were under three-eighths of an inch in thickness in substance. As chemical experiment has shown that pure metal is best calculated to resist atmospheric action, we have reason to anticipate a great future for large-sized Art-works produced through the agency of electro-metallurgy; the cost, we believe, is under that of bronze, and the certainty of the process surpasses that of the mould and molten metal. Ghiberti would not have had occasion to lament, as he did, the failure of his mould and the loss of his model of the first panel for his Baptistry Gates; nor Cellini the congealation of his metal, and the sacrifice of his pewter dinner plates, as he did, on the occasion of the casting of his celebrated statue or group of Perseus and Andromeda, had the production of metallic statuary by the deposition process been invented, understood, and practised, as it has been, and now is, by the Messrs. Elkington. As results of this method of production may be named a statue of Lord Eglinton, erected in Dublin, modelled by McDowell, 13 feet 6 inches in height; those of Lords Hill, Home, Hopetoun, and Combermere, of General Murray, and Malcolm Canmore, all modelled by Theed; of Crompton, the persecuted inventor of the spinning-jenny, by W. C. Marshall; and Oliver Goldsmith, by Foley. These, with the statues adorning Durham's Exhibition Memorial of 1851, amounting in all to twenty-nine, viz., eight in cast bronze, and twenty-one in deposited copper, mark the energy of a firm whose fame is now wide as the world; it may be questioned whether, within the same period of time not exceeding twelve years, the same number of statues have been produced in any country.

If so much has been done in Fine Art, an equal advance is apparent in the various specialities in the electro-plate trade; the puerilities of rustic and other figures forming parts of subjects for epergnes, centre-pieces, &c., have been abandoned for designs of a purely ornamental character, and, as a consequence, great success has followed. The production of works in silver of a true artistic character, in which all the enrichments used by the celebrated gold and silver workers of antiquity are introduced, marks the progress made. Even iron has been subjected to artistic treatment, and the celebrated Elcho rifle Challenge-Shield, worked in iron, and by the *repoussé* process, and enriched with silver plaques, also "repoussed," and damascened, when finished, will show the mastery of the Messrs. Elkington over all metals.

In jewellery, the type so prevalent and identified as that of "Brummagem" has been entirely changed by the efforts of one of the leading houses in the trade, that of Messrs. T. and I. Bragg, who have abandoned the meaningless style of decoration, the stampings, choppings, and imperfect engraving, for a style, quiet, ornate, and well calculated to give value to and to enhance the artistically-cut cameos, and the rich hues of the gems and stones, set in their carefully worked "dead gold." Enamelling, associated with filagree, skilfully produced, indicates attention to the old methods adopted for the enrichment of articles produced in precious metals for personal decoration. In this department of trade we have recently directed attention to the efforts made by Messrs. Randall, which, if persisted in, will doubtless result in great success and an elevation of the character of the objects of taste of bijouterie and virtu produced.

Great advances have been made in the departments of Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Mediæval metal-working, in accordance with old and revived methods, and we rejoice to observe that with the largely increased demand, the same care is still manifested in manipulation as has ever been displayed by the Messrs. Hardmans in the production of works confided to them for execution. As the introducers of the "revived methods" of working metals they took a position which they maintain worthily; to them is due the introduction of a speciality which has now risen to the dignity of a manufacture, and has been the means of educating and training up a superior class of Art-workmen, and thereby elevating the art of metal-working generally. The same eminent firm continues to produce Stained Glass in the style of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with increasing success.

In ornamental brass-founding there is a change for the better, in all ramifications, and advance is very apparent. Old firms

have improved in their style of work, and new men have entered the field. In cabinet brass-founding there is a manifest advance as regards external form. In gas-fittings the progress is more apparent, alike in design, construction, and finish. This we hope to render more apparent by illustration. The production of certain parts of ordinary gas-fittings by machinery has revolutionised the trade, and thrown the more intelligent workmen into the higher branches of the manufacture, with manifest advantage to the style and character of the articles produced; the demand has increased, by the exportation of great quantities of fittings for the lighting of cities and towns, in all quarters of the globe where gas has been introduced.

A valuable gift from Science to Manufactures we have now to record, in the practical application of a new material, "Parksine," which can be extensively used in Fine Art, and in the production of articles for useful purposes. The efforts of Talbot, Daguerre, Niepce, &c., in the daguerrotype, resulted in the popular collodion process of photography. A philosophical and practical mind observed that the solid residue left on the paper after the evaporation of the collodion, produced a hard, elastic, and waterproof substance; but the high cost of pyroxyline precluded, at the period of the early discovery of parksine, its production for manufacturing purposes, as its price then reached 130*s.* per pound; but the inventor of parksine, after years of experimentalisation, has succeeded in reducing its cost to that of less than 1*s.* per pound. Parksine is composed of pyroxyline and oil; one means of the reduction in price arose from the utilisation of cotton waste, rags, &c., and the admixture for large works of sawings of wood, cork, &c.

The inventor was the first who demonstrated the practicability of uniting colour with pyroxyline, and of producing thereby the most successful imitations of ivory, amber, tortoiseshell, malachite, and many other natural substances. The properties of parksine are, hardness, it is also tough, and elastic—it can be moulded, and shaped, by pressure in dies—turned in a lathe, cut with a saw, or chisel, planed, carved, or engraved, rolled into sheets, inlaid in metal, or converted into a varnish.

The purposes to which it can be applied are infinite; by it can be, and are, produced imitations of the most exquisite gems of antiquity, of priceless cameos in all their minuteness and beauty; ivory carvings from the hand of Fiamingo can be imitated with all the fidelity which characterises the originals, at a minimum of cost; for useful and ornamental purposes there are imitation ivory umbrella and parasol handles, walking sticks, buttons, brooches, buckles, inlaid work, bookbindings, knife handles, combs, &c. In addition to a thousand other objects, it contributes to the science from which it sprung and in which it had its origin, photographic baths, battery cells, and philosophical instruments, incapable of fracture, unacted upon by acids, impervious to water; it realises the flexible glass of the Roman glass-maker, who, throwing his vase of that material before his emperor to show its indestructibility, and picking it up uninjured, was rewarded for his ingenuity by the loss of his head; ordinary vessels now produced in earthenware, or other materials, in use in public and private establishments, will be saved from breakage by being made of the new material, parksine.

As an insulator of wire for telegraphic purposes experiment has proved parksine has no equal: it has been boiled in water, exposed for years to the action of summer's heat and winter's frost and thaw; it has been tested in conditions to which it never can be exposed when used for electrical purposes, and it has not changed. Its tensile strength is above that of gutta-percha or india-rubber, and junctions can be effected by means of its solvent with the utmost facility. To its perfection as an insulator Mr. Owen Rowland, electrician to the Board of Trade and the Atlantic Telegraphic Company, bears evidence; he has demonstrated it to be superior to that of any known material.

Parksine, the last gift of Minerva to man, is the invention of Mr. Alexander Parkes, of Birmingham, who through twelve long years has laboured to perfect his invention; its stages of progress towards perfection are marked by no fewer than eight patents; to his eminently practical scientific mind the Art of electro-metallurgy owes much of its present success, by the introduction and perfecting of the material of which elastic moulds are made, whereby "undercutting" effect is produced in examples of electro-deposition, of figures in *alto* and *buss-relievo*. On the metal trade of Birmingham no inventor has operated more potently for good than the introducer of parksine. Not the least feature connected with his last invention is that of pyroxyline. The principal element of parksine is nearly allied to gun-cotton, twin brother to gunpowder, and like this, it will rend the hardest rock and propel life-destroying missiles; but by the skill of the inventor it has been deprived of its inflammable and explosive powers, and has become obedient, quiet, and plastic in the hands of its manipulators.

Pyroxyline as a solvent is omnipotent to dissolve all manner of vegetable products, and in this respect it rivals the fabled elixir of the alchemist of the Middle Ages, which was stated to cure all manner of diseases to which humanity was subject. Parksine has no waste, every scrap can be reconverted like metal, reworked and united together; the various coloured fragments are capable of producing combinations of colour very beautiful. We therefore accept Parksine as a valuable contribution to Art and industry, the operations of which will give them new forms and reproduce old, will serve to economise old known and valuable materials which it is so well fitted to imitate, and prove a substitute more efficient for purposes to which its application is at present undreamt of.

We have also to record the introduction of a new and more expeditious method of stamping, as a means of producing parts of large objects of a cylindrical or globular form, which, until now, has only been effected by repeated blows, after numerous annealings and the expenditure of much time and labour. By the new process the same result is produced by one operation, from a flat disc of metal, in the briefest possible space of time. Close upon the above process has followed another, by which silver or German silver can be converted into a spoon, or fork, with all its bevels impressed, arisis removed, bowl formed, and ornamentation complete in every particular by a simple and speedy operation, in a brief space of time, and at the lowest cost. Trimming up is avoided, and all that is left is to polish the spoon, or fork, if silver, and thereafter to burnish it. If German silver, the electroplater, in addition, completes the fork or spoon.

The inventor of both the last-named improvements in metallurgical processes is Mr. Daniel J. Fleetwood, metal merchant.

While, however, we have to note progress as regards works in metal, we regret to record but little advance as evidenced by the *papier-mâché* trade, an old and original trade of the town; and it may be questioned whether its expansion into other channels than the legitimate one has not injured its reputation and retarded its advance. The use of the material is limited in its application, and its expansion into articles of furniture more legitimately made of wood, may not unreasonably be assigned as one of the causes of its stationary position, coupled with the absurdly exuberant and overlaid style of ornament adopted for its decoration. Its style of ornamentation is as clearly defined as its uses; and it appears singular that a material which, when of English manufacture, is admitted to be of surpassing excellence, should be alike misapplied and disfigured by a style of decoration inapplicable and unfitted for the purpose, which robs it of its character and disfigures its surface by the introduction of flowers displayed as in relief, copies of pictures, or representations of buildings, and eschews altogether the style of ornament which is alone fitted for it, viz., that designed specially for the decoration or ornamentation of flat surfaces.

In glass, on the contrary, may be recognised the evidence of an acknowledgment of the true style of working and decoration. The articles we examined depended more on the blower and engraver than the glass cutter. Etching, by no means a bad substitute where economy and taste are combined, is skilfully accomplished; and the vigour manifested in the manner with which the blown examples are produced, accompanied by elegance of form, extreme lightness, and occasionally very original and quaint additions of handle, ornament, or moulding, is demonstrative of a complete acquaintance with the art of glass-working.

In what may not inappropriately be designated the *genre* trades of the town, as buttons, dress-fastenings, and other small wares, they are now produced with far more attention to external appearance than they were formerly, and new materials have been introduced on which to operate.

The School of Art connected with the town at no period of its existence has ever been so well attended, large numbers of those who desire to be students are excluded, owing to want of accommodation. And if we require evidences of the diffusion of a knowledge of Architecture and Art-principles, we have only to refer to the various public and private buildings, recently erected, and in course of erection.

While a solitary statue of Nelson was for half a century the one public decoration of the town, this within the last fifteen years has been supplemented by that of Sir Robert Peel, by Hollins, of Joseph Sturge, and Thomas Attwood, by the late John Thomas. Three other statues approach completion, viz., that of the Prince Consort, by Foley, Sir Rowland Hill, by P. Hollins, and James Watt, by Alexander Munro. These substantial evidences of progress are significant, we hail them as such, and as indicative of yet greater progress. In a few months we hope examples of the manufactures of Birmingham will stand side by side in the Paris International Exhibition, and challenge attention with metal-work of a similar kind from all countries. What the manufacturers of the town gained in the exhibitions of 1849, '51, '55, and '62, we feel assured they will maintain.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The new Museum of Science and Art in this city was opened, on the 19th of May, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, in presence of a large and enthusiastic assembly. The Museum—a portion of which only is at present finished, the remainder being left till the necessary funds are provided—is situated immediately in the rear of the University, with which it is connected by a covered archway thrown across the street separating the two buildings.—Two busts have recently been added to the small collection in the great hall of the University library; one is that of the late Professor Sir John Leslie, copied in marble by W. Brodie, R.S.A., from a life-size model in clay by the late S. Joseph; the other is a bust, by W. Theed, of the late Lord Rutherford.

BRISTOL.—The twenty-first annual exhibition of paintings, &c., held in connection with the Bristol Academy of Fine Arts was opened towards the end of May. The number of works exhibited was less than that of last year, arising chiefly from the absence of pictures lent.

LIVERPOOL.—We have on several occasions within the last two or three years referred to the want of unanimity among the artists and Art-patrons of this wealthy and important seaport. A local paper states that the Liverpool Academy of Arts has virtually ceased to exist, and that there will this year be no exhibition under its auspices.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. John T. Rawle, of the Science and Art Department, has been appointed head-master of the Nottingham School of Art. And in order that the study of Ornamental Design may receive special encouragement, a prize, called "The Mayor's Silver Medal," is in future to be awarded to the student who produces the best design for local manufactures. Two members of the Committee have also offered the sum of £10 for "Vacation Prizes;" that is, for work done by students during the summer holidays. It will be distributed thus:—£5 for one or more landscape studies in oil or water colours; £3 for two or more original designs for Art-manufactures; and £2 for a set of at least ten pencil sketches, in outline, from nature, of plants either wild or cultivated. The example is worthy of being followed by other schools, if only for the purpose of keeping up the interest of pupils in their work during the long vacation at Midsummer.

SALISBURY.—This year the annual meeting of the Bath and West of England Society has been held in Salisbury. The agricultural "show" forms the principal feature of these exhibitions, but the Fine Arts come in for a share of the honours, as there is always a gallery set apart for pictures and other works of Art. The authorities of the South Kensington Museum supplied a good collection of objects illustrating decorative Art, in pottery, metals, wood, and ivory. The display of Honiton lace was most excellent, and attracted great attention for beauty and richness of design and delicacy of texture.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Shortly is to be opened a Fine Arts and Industrial Exhibition, which will do honour to the town of Southampton and the county of Hants. An influential Committee, fortified by a guarantee fund, and by alliance with the Hartley Institute and the Southampton School of Art, have been for some weeks past using their best efforts to make this exhibition a success. The Queen, as resident in the county, will, contrary to an ordinary rule, send valuable contributions. The country gentry also have promised liberal supplies of pictures, china, &c. Among works demonstrative of local talent we may mention sculptures by Mr. Lucas. Messrs. Elkington, and other of our best known Art-manufacturers, will also furnish examples of their skill. South Kensington, likewise, as fostering parent to provincial Schools of Art, has promised important loans. We can only hope that the efforts of the committee will meet with commensurate support. The exhibition can remain open but for a very limited period. The expenses incurred have necessarily been heavy. Therefore in the interest of the Southampton School of Art, and all parties concerned, we trust that the public will not be slow to appreciate the treasures collected with so much enterprise and judgment.

WHITEHAVEN.—An Industrial Exhibition was opened in this town in the early part of June. The proceeds are to be devoted to the building fund of a working-men's room.

WISBECH.—An exhibition, Industrial and Fine Art, was opened in this town in the month of May. Judging from the contents of the "Official Catalogue" now lying on our table, it has met with active and liberal aid in its various departments from the inhabitants of all classes in the town and its vicinity. The "loan collection" has a very large number of curious, interesting, and valuable articles; while in the catalogue of pictures lent for exhibition we find the well-known names of Teniers, Van Huysum, Stanfield, Frith, Millais, Egg, Muller, Etty, Lance, F. W. Watts, Le Jeune, Pyne, Linnell, Gainsborough, &c. &c. The inaugural address was delivered by Dr. Goodwin, Dean of Ely, who took as his subject "High Art in Low Countries;" or, as it may otherwise be called, "Art, Fine and Industrial, in Belgium and Holland." The address has been published and forwarded to us; we have read it with pleasure. It contains much which could not fail to interest his hearers, and from which they might gain desirable instruction.

YORK.—The Exhibition which is to be opened by his Grace the Archbishop of York on the 24th of July, promises to be of a far more important and attractive character than was at first expected. Among the various committees of departments, there is an agency working secretly but surely towards the success of the exhibition, and the applications for space are very considerably in excess of that at the disposal of the executive. The building has been specially erected for the purpose, in the grounds of the County Asylum in York, and is both elegant in form and commodious in size. The central hall measures 200 feet in length, by 80 feet in breadth, with spacious aisles and galleries. There are two large rooms to be devoted to pictures, and two pavilions for the same purpose, also first and second class refreshment rooms connected with the main building, and an annex of large size for carriages and machinery in motion. All the windows are to be filled with stained glass, which has been contributed. Amongst the contributors to the Fine Art department, we find the names of his Grace the Archbishop of York, Lord Londesborough, Lord Feversham, Lord Wenlock, Sir George Wombwell, Bart., Sir William Worsley, Bart., the Hon. Payan Dawnay, H. S. Thompson, Esq., L. Thompson, Esq., G. J. Yarburgh, Esq., Col. Akroyd, and Sir Francis Crossley, Bart., M.P., &c. &c. The paintings will include a large number of valuable works, both ancient and modern. The water-colour drawings will also form a choice collection, and a selection of works of Art from the South Kensington Museum has been promised. Several choice pieces of sculpture will adorn the exhibition, and, ranged down either side of the building, will be seen the marble busts of the twelve Cæsars, from Grimston Park, the seat of Lord Londesborough. A great variety of machines adapted to special uses, as well as engines whose object is the production of power, are offered. The Committee have arranged with Mr. Stephens, of Coventry, for the introduction and working in the exhibition of a Jaquard loom, to throw off special designs in ribbons, which will possess an interest attached to the exhibition, and will be sold on the spot to visitors. Mr. Dexter, of Nottingham, is to exhibit and work in the Exhibition one of his machines for the manufacture of lace shawls and veils, which he will also offer for sale as they are produced. Sir William Armstrong has promised specimens of his celebrated ordnance, and Messrs. Crammel and Co., armour-plate manufacturers, of Sheffield, have placed at the disposal of the executive a couple of armour plates. There are valuable contributions promised from the West Riding, illustrating the various manufactures of the locality. Altogether the exhibition promises to be one of the most varied, instructive, and attractive.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. George Richmond and Baron Marochetti were elected Members of the Academy on the evening of the 17th of June. The votes of Associates were not taken. It is, however, understood that at all subsequent elections, either for Members or Associates, the new rule will be in operation.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.—There have been rumours that War will postpone the Universal Exhibition; and it is certain that, under such apprehensions, some manufacturers are suspending operations. We have authority to state that the Exhibition will not under any circumstances be put off to a more convenient season. Assuming the war, it will, in all probability, have terminated before the spring of another year, but at any rate there exist many reasons why it will be impossible for the Emperor to declare his belief in its continuance, by postponing the great gathering of the associates and promoters of peace.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The latest additions to the National Gallery are a Madonna and Infant Saviour, with a Doge of Venice in adoration, by Carpaccio, born 1450—living 1522; A Madonna, Infant Saviour, and St. Anne, by Girolamo dai Libri, born 1472, died 1555; a Madonna and Infant Saviour by Giovanni Santi, died 1494; and a long picture containing ten head and bust portraits of the Giusti Family, by Nicolo Giolfino, 1486—1518. The first of these belonged to the Mocenigo collection, and was, we believe, one of the last works selected by the late Sir Charles Eastlake. It was purchased for £3,400. The Doge is kneeling before the Virgin, holding in his right hand the banner of St. Mark. In response to his prayer that the plague may be removed from Venice, the Infant Saviour extends two fingers—the act which usually accompanies a blessing. On the right, and behind the Doge, stands St. John the Baptist, and on the left another figure, representing St. Christopher. The figures are relieved by an open background; and here we are reminded of the extreme feebleness of the landscape painting of a period in which the figure painting is the perfection of Art. Carpaccio is but little known; he will, however, be remembered by his pictures, at Venice, of St. Ursula and her martyr companions. But the gem of these recent acquisitions is the painting by Girolamo dai Libri. It is certainly one of the most brilliant in the Gallery, and excels many of Titian's works in those qualities even in which he was most eminent. It presents a group consisting of the Virgin Mary, the Infant Christ, and St. Anne, all of which impersonations are brought forward with a force and palpability realised only by the most laborious study. The picture by Giovanni Santi (the father of Raffaelle) is, as may be expected, hard, dry, and indifferent in colour, but it is, nevertheless, a valuable acquisition. Here, then, we have in close proximity an example of the manner of the "divine master's" first instructor, one of the very finest specimens of Perugino's Art, and the most charming of the small works ever painted by Raffaelle himself, the "Garvagh" Madonna, which is superior in beauty of colour even to the Madonna della Seggiola. To the portraits of the Giusti family, by Giolfino, the same degree of interest does not attach as to those above mentioned. They must, however, be placed among those instances

of portrait-painting which are very far in advance of the Art of their time. All these pictures are in excellent condition.

An Exhibition of Sketches by Madame Bodichon and Mrs. Lee Bridell has been opened at the German Gallery in Bond Street, consisting altogether of Algerian subjects, those of the former lady being landscape in water colour, and those of the latter figures in oil. They are limited in number, but are well calculated to hang together, as the water-colour drawings describe to us a country of which we know pictorially but little, and the figures present to us passages in the every-day life of certain of the inhabitants. The views represent some of the remarkable features of Algerian scenery, which are presented with a fidelity that renders titles unnecessary to tell us that these sites are not within the ordinary haunts of painters. Thus there are 'Teniet-el-haad — Cedar Forest,' three views; 'Near Fort Napoleon, Kabylia;' 'Twilight,' a subject consisting only of tall reeds and a crane—a charming drawing, 'Morning,' 'Roman Ruins at Typara;' 'Fishermen at St. Eugène,' and others, all original in character and pointedly descriptive. Mrs. Lee Bridell has painted 'An Arab Woman in a Cemetery, communing with the Spirits of the Dead,' a finished picture; 'Zora, an Arab Girl,' also a finished picture; 'A Kabyle Peasant Woman carrying Water;' 'An Arab Girl at her Embroidery Frame;' 'Sidi Bel Cassim taking his Coffee,' and others, many of which would furnish excellent material for pictures. In those drawings there is more freshness than in anything that has yet come to us from Algeria.

Mr. Mitchell, Bond Street, has recently published a lithographic portrait, drawn by G. Thomas, of H.S.H. Prince Christian. The face is in profile; of the likeness we can say nothing, as we have never had the honour to see the prince; and as a work of Art the print shows nothing remarkable, except the stiff and constrained attitude of the figure.

At Mr. Wertheimer's, in New Bond Street, are the ornamental portions of a table equipage, which, in artistic design and mechanical execution, was at the period of its fabric unequalled in Europe. The service was manufactured for the Emperor Francis II. of Austria, by Thomire of Paris—the most famous ornamental manufacturer of his day. The taste of the designs is that which the French have designated the style Louis Seize—that mixture of traditions from antique and mediæval Art which held its own until even the settlement of Europe in the early part of the present century. The principal piece is a *surtout de table*, a plateau twenty-five feet in length, surrounded by a border of open-work scrolls after Goutière. From the centre rises a composition of figures supporting a basket, intended to contain flowers or fruit. The figures represent Music, Painting, the Drama, and Agriculture, and there is, perhaps, no school of the time that could have presented allegorical figures, at once so faithfully modelled, and so skilfully executed in metal; they are, however, in strict accordance with the feeling of Louis David, whose school was then in the ascendant. Flanking this are a pair of tripods, also intended for fruit or flowers, and equalling the centre-piece in finish, which is really not surpassed by the chased work of jewel settings. Next in order are placed copies of the Medici vases, the figures on which are worked out with the most perfect detail. The arabesques forming the bases of these vases are chased à la Goutière. At each end of this magnificent plateau is an Etruscan tripod, and, thus composed, the whole is flanked by two circular pieces containing groups of the Graces, either of which alone would form a grand and imposing centre-piece. Around the plateau, at regular intervals, are candelabra of the same workmanship. There is a second *surtout*, composed of crystal and bronze gilt, which derives a degree of lightness from the judicious combination of the materials and elegant cutting of the glass. It is composed of a plateau with a variety of dishes and accompaniments, also by Thomire—the figures are Bacchantes imitated from the antique. The whole is in admirable preservation, being almost as fresh as when new, and forms altogether the most sumptuous table-service of its period we have ever seen. The Corporation of the City of London requires a worthy and fitting "table equipage;" they could not choose a better than that we have described in this brief notice.

Litho-Photography is the name given by the inventors and patentees, Messrs. Bullock, Brothers, of Leamington, to a process by which a photograph may be transferred to stone or zinc, and impressions taken from these. It is no part of our duty to describe the process; a copy of the specification of the patent now in our hands would enable us to do this; but of its results we can judge from several printed specimens which have been forwarded to us. These pictures, consisting of landscapes and of architecture, certainly do not impress us very favourably that the invention in its present state is likely to take the place of any other mode of illustrative printing; they are, especially the landscapes, *comparatively* weak in colour and indistinct in detail; how far these defects may be attributable to the photograph itself, we cannot say, but it is just possible they may be traced to an absence of brilliancy in the original copy of the subject. There is, however, a remedy for any such, or even other, defects, inasmuch as we are informed that the stone or zinc-plate to which the picture is transferred, may be worked upon by an artist to any extent, in the same manner as if he had to draw the entire subject upon either material. The chief, perhaps we should add the only, advantage desirable from the process, so far as we can see, is cheapness of reproduction. These litho-photographic prints, which look very like ordinary lithographs, can be produced at a far less cost than photographs, and much lower than lithographs on which the draughtsman has employed his time and talents. Probably further experiments will enable Messrs. Bullock to improve upon their invention, for we can only at present see in it the elements of lasting success.

The Prince Alfred Casket, or, as it must now be designated, the Duke of Edinburgh Casket, manufactured by Mr. Benson, of Bond Street, which contains the roll of citizenship, and was presented to his Royal Highness on the occasion of his receiving the freedom of the City of London, is a most elegant work of Art. Originally it was intended to have the casket of gold, as was that presented to the Prince of Wales, of which an engraving appeared in the *Art-Journal;* but it was afterwards thought desirable by the civic authorities to have it made of oak, as symbolising, but in some measure only, the profession of the royal Duke. In order to identify the casket more specifically with the corporation of London, a block was selected from a beam of the old oaken roof of the Guildhall, recently replaced by an entirely new roof, and the wood was placed in the hands of Mr. W. G. Rogers, to carry out, so far as his art was concerned, Mr. Benson's design. It is in the *cinque cento* style, oval in shape, and about 16 inches long and 10 inches high. Minute tracery of carved work and fine gold ornaments in high relief cover all parts of the box. Gold and enamelled ornaments, forming the city arms, surmount the apex, and in the centre of the front the Prince's arms are blazoned in colours on an enamelled gold panel. Two smaller panels on either side, of dark blue, contain the Prince's monogram, with the admiralty anchor. On the back of the casket, in small raised letters of pure gold on blue enamel, is the inscription, "Phillips, Mayor. Presented by the Corporation of London, with the freedom of the City, to his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, Thursday, 7th June, 1866." On the inside of the lid is engraved the words, "This casket is carved from the oak taken from the old roof of Guildhall." Carved masques, winged sea-horses, and other appropriate ornaments, enrich the very beautiful work of manufacturing Art, both Mr. Benson and Mr. Rogers having displayed the greatest taste and skill in their respective departments of goldsmith and wood-sculptor.

Lord Palmerston.—It is proposed to erect by public subscription a statue of Viscount Palmerston in some conspicuous locality near the House of Commons. An influential meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, without distinction of political creed, has been held for the promotion of the object, when it was suggested that the limit of each subscription should be £5, in order to include as large a number of names in the list as might be found necessary to accomplish the work.

The Will of Mr. Gibson, R.A., has been proved in London; the terms of it were stated at length in the notice of the sculptor which appeared in our number for April. The personalty sworn to was under £40,000.

Garden Rock-Work.—Especially at this season, attention is directed to a means by which our gardens may yield us additional enjoyments by the aid of Art. It is only of late years that ferns have been cultivated in conservatories. They were regarded as weeds until a refined taste appreciated their grace and beauty; and now they rank foremost among the treasures we derive from nature. To arrange them skilfully, either within doors or without, is not an easy task; and our thanks are due to those who teach us how to make the most of them, and of other "borrowings" from the woods and dells that refresh the eye and gratify the mind. Our suburban homes owe much, in that way, to contributions derived from such places. We are glad to associate with our own dwellings "gems" obtained, it may be, from all beautiful Killarney, or gloomy Scottish glens, or wild dells of Wales, or the mountains and valleys of Westmoreland. Those who love such things will thank us for a word of counsel as to how they may be best cherished and most enjoyed. Mr. Pulham of Broxbourne has long made that branch of "Art" his study; his peculiar business is to make "much of little;" so to enlarge grounds as that a dozen square yards shall yield the produce of an acre; and so to construct or alter a conservatory of very small proportions as to make it appear of vast extent. We have recently seen some grounds in

Addison Road, Kensington, that illustrate this power. They cannot contain many acres, yet taste and judgment and matured skill have been so exercised as apparently to have obtained all the varieties of scenery that one might have looked for if wealth had been expended to make perfect half-a-mile of mingled wood and water with huge rocks and venerable forest trees. That is the work of Mr. Pulham; here he has had more scope than usual; generally he is limited to a few square yards of space, and it is absolutely wonderful what he can do —has often done—by representing, sometimes in natural stone, found near at hand, and sometimes by "imitation stone," caves, cascades, mimic cliffs, in a word, rock-work of all kinds, "big or little," amid which the ferns and wild flowers grow as freely as in their natural homes. When such objects are done well, they are invaluable acquisitions; when carelessly wrought, they are deformities; it is only the eye and mind of an artist on which reliance can be placed. Those who require such aids either extensively or to a very limited degree, will, we are sure, thank us for directing their attention to the "system of rock-work and ferneries," concerning which Mr. Pulham has published a prospectus.

"Helen Faucit" (Mrs. Theodore Martin) appeared during the last month before a London audience in a new character, but not for a new purpose—the cause being that of charity. A brilliant concert given chiefly under the auspices, and, we believe, at the suggestion, of Mr. Benedict, brought together a brilliant gathering of "rank and fashion" to hear the music of Gounod's *Ulysses*, and to promote the interests of the Consumption Hospital at West Brompton. *Ulysses* is a heavy drama, interspersed with music, choruses chiefly; and it was absolutely necessary that the drama should be read. The task, unusual, and it may be distasteful, to her, the accomplished lady discharged; and if she did not thus add to her own fame, she undoubtedly, by an act of self-sacrifice, greatly augmented the funds of the charity; for her name was a powerful attraction, and led many to visit the St. James's Hall, who would not have been led thither by the fame of Gounod. The reading was, perhaps, as perfect an example of the "art" as was possible. The delicious voice of the lady was never heard to greater advantage, even on the stage of which she is now almost a sole "power;" it was strong or gentle—varied as the dialogue demanded; often touching and always impressive; while the charm she derives from natural grace was never more effective. She has thus largely aided one of the best charities of the metropolis.

A Picture, assumed to be by the late Gilbert Stuart Newton, R.A., formed one of the illustrations which accompanied a notice of the life and works of that artist published in the *Art-Journal* more than two years ago; and we have only just now had its authenticity questioned. Mr. Henry Andrews—of whom, by the way, we do not remember ever to have heard as a painter of original productions—has written to us to say the picture was "designed and painted by himself more than twenty years ago." We are not in a position to demur to the claim made by this gentleman; all we can say is, it came into our possession as a veritable "Newton," and we saw in it everything to lead us to suppose it was from his hand, though, as was stated at the time, an early and a non-exhibited work.

REVIEWS.

A Century of Painters of the English School; with Critical Notices of their Works, and an Account of the Progress of Art in England. By Richard Redgrave, R.A. (Surveyor of Her Majesty's Pictures, and Inspector-General for Art), and Samuel Redgrave. 2 vols. Published by Smith, Elder, & Co., London.

If the last quarter of a century has witnessed an enormous increase in Art-works of every kind and variety, so also has it produced a vast addition to our Art-literature; the two appear to move on at an almost equal ratio of speed, the one keeping pace with the other as much as circumstances will allow them to do, and in proportion to the demand that is made upon each. And it shows the hold Art has on the intelligence of the country, when we find books that treat of the subject multiplying to an extent which justifies the belief that there must be a very large class desirous of having their minds enlightened, as well as their eyes gratified; to know something of the men whose works—whether of painting, sculpture, or architecture—are within their examination, to study in those works the principles on which they were wrought, and to learn, so far as the writer is qualified to instruct them, how to distinguish between Art which is good, and that which is bad. And it would be well for the arts of the country, if their most liberal patrons were the men who had given to the subject the closest study, and were able to judge rightly for themselves; this would at once elevate the character of the several professions, and be the means of filling our picture-galleries and other Art-collections with works really worthy of patronage, and of rearing in our cities and towns edifices to which we might proudly point as the glory of a highly civilised people. Unhappily this is not the case; purchasers of pictures buy, as a rule, not what they know and feel to be excellent, but those productions to which the greatest names are attached; having no judgment of their own, they are attracted solely by the reputation of the artist. The late Mrs. Jameson makes, in her remarks upon the sculpture in the Crystal Palace, an observation which our own experience confirms; it is to the effect that sculptors complained to her they were often compelled to deviate from their own ideas of the beautiful by the requirements of their ignorant patrons. Architects have, perhaps, less to contend with in this respect than either the painter or the sculptor; yet it is a fair presumption that, were it not for the interference of "building committees," or of the individual for whom the edifice is to be erected, we should find architecture subjected to the laws of simple elegance and graceful proportion, and not, as now it is too commonly seen, to those of a vulgar taste, which recognises no beauty but in redundancy of meretricious ornament. When Art comes to be really understood by those in whose hands its destinies are placed, that is, by the classes who support it, a mighty change will be visible in its development. But this can only be effected by the soundest Art-literature reaching the homes of its patrons.

Of such comparatively recent date is the rise and progress of the English school of painting that the annals of a century must include, of necessity, almost every name of distinction in the art. The period goes back to within two or three years of the foundation of the Royal Academy, in 1768; the earliest members of this institution, very many of whom have long been forgotten, were almost the only men who could claim any title to the rank of artist. A few, but very few, names of an earlier date are to be found in the history of British Art, as Peter Oliver, the miniature painter, William Dobson, portrait painter, John Riley, Sir James Thornhill, Hudson, the master of Reynolds, and Hogarth, greater beyond measurement than all. But, excepting these and a few others of inferior note, England was a barren wilderness as regards the production of native talent.

So much, as we have intimated, has been written within a few years about English Art and artists, that Mr. Richard Redgrave and his brother, the authors of these volumes, have had no very difficult task to accomplish; the materials for their work lying almost everywhere within their ready reach. They had but to collect and arrange these systematically, adding thereto what might be considered necessary in the way of critical comment on the most important pictures of the artists whose names are introduced. As a connected history of the growth and development of the art of painting in England, supplemented, so to speak, by a candid and tolerably impartial examination of the principal works that have emanated from the most eminent of its deceased professors, this record of "A Century of Painters" is a book we are glad to see undertaken, for it was required; while the manner in which it has been accomplished is, upon the whole, so satisfactory that it can scarcely fail of being widely appreciated.

We are by no means prepared to endorse all the opinions expressed by the writers of these volumes. As a member of the Royal Academy, Mr. Richard Redgrave would of course show a very strong bias in favour of that institution, and his brother would naturally enough share it with him. Hence we are not surprised to see them attempting to defend the Academy from the "unfair attacks to which it has been subjected," and deprecating any action suggested by the recent parliamentary Commission. "Of the recommendations of the Report generally," they remark, "we should say that the Commissioners have busied themselves with details not properly within the scope of their commission; that they have, in fact, turned aside from principles to pursue crude notions, having no practical basis, and have made numerous little meddling recommendations unsupported by the evidence, and on which they could hardly themselves express opinions which would have any weight; that their Report is for these reasons so unpractical that no Minister of the Crown could either advise its adoption as a whole, or eliminate any of its recommendations which might be dealt with separately; and we would point to it as an example and a warning of how non-professional men would undertake to treat professional questions." Mr. Redgrave and his fellow-labourer here seem not to know there are some subjects on which non-professionals are as capable of judging rightly as professionals, and certainly with more independence than any one who has an interest in perpetuating a real or alleged abuse. The authors of this book, in common with the majority of the Academy who have written or spoken on its behalf, will scarcely allow that the institution has any defects, that its working has proved so effectual for good, any alteration therein would only tend to lower its dignity and imperil the Arts of the country: in short, they argue as if the public knew nothing of the whole matter, and have no business to interfere in it. Not a word, however, do we find in answer to the two simple charges generally brought against the Academy—has it done all it could, in proportion to its vast means, as the chief Art-school of England in the work of education? and have artists of talent and reputation never had any just cause of complaint on the ground of exclusion from membership, or rejection of pictures, or unfavourable "hanging?"

There is one point in reference to the conduct of the Academy that has frequently struck us when looking over the catalogues of the annual exhibition; it is trifling in itself, yet shows a spirit by no means commendable on the part of a body of men assumed to be liberal and enlightened. We allude to the omission, after the name of the artist, of the initial letters to which he may be entitled as a member of any other "Royal Academy." For example, the Royal Scottish Academy has in its ranks men not a whit inferior to those in the sister Institution in London. Mr. George Harvey, President, Mr. Noel Paton and other members, of the Scottish Academy exhibit this year in Trafalgar Square, but except in the index at the end of the catalogue, the honours conferred upon them in the north are ignored in the south. This is miserably petty as well as unjust, and yet the Academy considers itself aggrieved when taken to task, and Messrs.

Redgrave "do not find any very cogent reasons in the arguments by which the Academy has been assailed, or in the complaints which have, in several instances, been made by its partiality and injustice." These gentlemen have, we think, gone out of their way in introducing the question of the Academy and the public into their work; it is by no means relevant to their history; but as they thought fit to do so, we have felt it our duty to say something in reply.

One or two errors, besides those the authors have detected and revised, call for correction. In the life of Sir David Wilkie, it is said (vol. ii., p. 277), "the painter learnt that his elder brother *David*" &c. &c.; we forget at this moment the name of the brother to whom reference is made. Again, David Cox did not reside at Kensington, but at Kennington, from which place he removed to the neighbourhood of Birmingham, his native place; not, as it is stated (vol. ii., p 483), because he was "weary of teaching and making small drawings," for during the latter part of his residence at Kennington, he had almost entirely relinquished teaching, even pupils who went to his studio. Many of Cox's largest and finest water-colour pictures were painted here; and not a few pleasant and profitable hours did the writer of this pass in watching the progress of his marvellous pencil. Cox left the neighbourhood of London that he might devote himself to oil-painting without such interruptions as were inseparable from living in the midst of a large circle of friends and acquaintances who loved the man and admired the artist.

Washington receiving a Salute on the Field of Trenton. Engraved by W. Holl from the Picture by T. Faed, R.S.A. Published by Virtue and Yorston, New York.

This is one of the best portrait-engravings of its kind we have seen for a long time; sound and vigorous in execution, and most effective in the manner in which the subject is displayed. The general sits on his horse firmly yet easily, his head is uncovered, and he stretches out his sword to the troops—not visible in the picture—who salute him; the animal on which he is mounted is a noble white charger of graceful action. Both it and its rider are relieved against a sky of dark rolling clouds, made heavier, it would almost seem, by the smoke from the battle-field, which has not yet quite "lifted." There is, however, nothing to show what has just taken place on the field of Trenton, but the wheel of a tumbril, or of a gun-carriage, some way off, and in the far distance lines of white tents, from which smoke is still issuing; nor is there any living object in sight but the great Washington and his steed. The work does honour to the two "Britishers" who have produced it, and cannot fail to be highly valued by the citizens of America, for whom it has been more especially executed.

Essays on Art. By Francis Turner Palgrave, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and Cambridge.

To "review the reviewer," and on ground occupied by ourselves—assuming that Mr. Palgrave classes the *Art-Journal* with the "newspapers" to which he says the criticism of Art in England has been mainly confined—is a task to which we are disinclined. Opinions always will differ upon the merits of Art and artists; and though we may not find ours in serious collision with the author of these essays, we do not care to discuss any questions which may arise between us. The papers composing Mr. Palgrave's book have already appeared in the *Saturday Review* and elsewhere, in the form of criticisms upon the last three annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, on the works of Mulready, Dyce, W. Hunt, Holman Hunt, Hippolyte Flandrin, and sundry other artists, and on various subjects connected with Art. There are few men, perhaps, better qualified than he to undertake the duties of an Art-critic; and as he refrains from setting forth his opinions dogmatically, aiming rather to render what he says pleasant and instructive, while showing a large amount of genial sympathy with the artist, he has not done amiss in gathering these scattered leaves into a collected form for public use.

Twelve Months with Frederica Bremer in Sweden. By Margaret Howitt. Published by Jackson and Walford, London.

Another of this gifted family has come before the public, to render homage to the revered friend with whom she spent nearly the last months of a very valuable life. Miss Howitt's mother, known all over the world as "Mary Howitt," has prefaced these interesting volumes. She says, "Miss Bremer's home-life appeared to her young inmate as singularly perfect, in so far that it has governed, by one prevailing sentiment, that of 'undeviating love,' every action, important or trivial: all her intercourse with others, from the crowned head to the poor orphan of the streets, was in this divine spirit." We are able to bear testimony—were testimony needed—to the truth of this, as when Frederica Bremer was last in England, she passed some time beneath our roof, making sunshine wherever she went, by the unflagging cheerfulness of her disposition, gathering the young around her, sympathising in their feelings and amusements. Ministering to the enjoyment of the old, she had the happy faculty, while maintaining her own individuality, of so mingling herself with others, that her superiority was never oppressive. She was known to the world, but was loved and honoured by her country, where her earnestness as a reformer and philanthropist were even more highly valued than her mere authorship. She was emphatically a woman for women, the helper of her own sex where they especially required help, and the women of Sweden owe her a large debt of gratitude.

One of the chief merits of these volumes is their integrity. This journal would not have been published, we are assured, during Miss Bremer's life; but now "the sacredness and solemnity of death" having separated the past from the present, the familiar and affectionate intercourse of a whole year, and the tender friendship which continued between the two to the last, has rendered it rather a duty than otherwise for her to contribute her share towards a more full biography, and to do honour to some of those admirable men and women of Sweden who have made, and are making, that northern land, both philanthropically and intellectually, great. We believe the writer of this book is the youngest of the Howitt family, and we congratulate her on having planted her first step so firmly on the literary ladder, where her honoured parents still enjoy a highest place.

Moxon's Miniature Poets: a Selection from the Works of Lord Byron. Edited and prefaced by Algernon C. Swinburne. Published by Moxon & Co., London.

Messrs. Moxon never could intend to rank Byron with the "miniature" poets of England; the term evidently is meant to be applied to the size of the book, which is small, and not to the author of what it contains,—one whose name must ever be found among the most brilliant bards of our country, though he has almost been pushed from his pedestal, if forgetfulness may be so termed, by writers of more recent date. Mr. Swinburne's selection from Byron has been made with judgment and discrimination, though he acknowledges it to "bear on its face the marks of imperfection and inadequacy; for these, the very circumstances and conditions of its existence must be in some part answerable." The confession of incompleteness seems scarcely needed, simply because to cull passages from any poem of length must of necessity tend to weaken the effect of the work as a whole.

But apart from any such considerations, this book has an especial interest and value attached to it in Mr. Swinburne's preface, which is neither more nor less than a most eloquent essay on the genius of a great dead poet, written by one of our greatest living poets; for assuredly Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" places him on a level with the highest of those among us, even if he has not surpassed them all in originality of conception and power of diction. His essay on Byron is a magnificent piece of writing; but even more than this, as an analytical sketch of the noble poet's mind as developed in his compositions, and as a critical review of these poetical works themselves, it shows the hand of a master both of thought and language.

Practical Guides. By an Englishman abroad. Published by Simpkin and Marshall, London.

Since we noticed these "handy" guide-books to the Continent, some two or three years ago, the author has carefully revised them and added the latest necessary information. The series includes France, the Rhine, Switzerland, Savoy, and Italy, in one book; France, Belgium, Holland, and the Rhine, &c., in another; the Bernese Oberland in a third; and the Italian Lakes, Milan, Genoa, Nice, and Venice, in a fourth; Paris and the Rhine in a fifth. As the present month is that when tourists are, at least, thinking about arranging their foreign travels, though the present state of the Continent will certainly be a barrier to most, we commend these guides to their consideration, as containing a large amount of information in the smallest space and the fewest words; in fact, their sententious brevity reminds us strongly of Mr. Jenks's delivery of his thoughts and opinions in *Pickwick*. They certainly fulfil the object of the author, which "is to indicate all that is really essential, and exclude all that is irrelevant." The maps attached to each route are remarkably clear and intelligible.

Recreations of a Country Parson. Illustrated by Robert T. Pritchett. Published by Longmans & Co., London.

The series of admirable papers that form the text of this book is too well known, and has had so favourable a judgment passed upon it by the reading public, that it is unnecessary for us to add a single comment of approval, though we have the heart to write many. This new edition, however, calls especially for our notice, on account of the engravings with which it is enriched. Mr. Pritchett's pencil has done good service, both in landscape and figure subjects; and if all the illustrations are not of equal merit, none are positively bad. Some, such as 'Arundel,' 'The Ferry,' 'Abbotsford,' 'Alpine Snow,' 'Egyptian Woman,' 'Baalbec,' and 'The Judge,' are of the very best kind. The binding of the volume—it is in every way well got up—is remarkable in this age of showy production for its simple elegance, both in design and colour.

Cast Away on the Auckland Islands. From the Private Journals of Captain Thomas Musgrave. Edited by John J. Shillingław, F.R.G.S. Published by Lockwood & Co., London.

A narrative as full of adventure and interest as "Robinson Crusoe;" and, moreover, a record of actual truth. It describes the wreck of the *Grafton*, a merchant ship commanded by Captain Musgrave, which sailed from Sydney for the South Sea Islands in November, 1863, and was wrecked on the Auckland Isles in the month of January following. After nearly twenty months' suffering, the captain and two of the crew reached Port Adventure, Stewart's Island, a distance of two hundred and forty miles, in a small boat of their own building, "after a miserable passage," as the captain says, "of five days and nights, during the whole of which time I stood upon my feet, holding on to a rope with one hand, and pumping with the other." In the brave seaman's story, a great trial, nobly met and gallantly surmounted, is told in a manner singularly modest yet exciting.

THE ART-JOURNAL.

LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1866.

LIBER MEMORIALIS.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

SKIES.—I. FORM.

DEALING with phenomena so very complicated as those of the sky, it may be well to proceed as prudent young artists do in their studies, and divide the matter under the four headings of Form, Illumination, Colour, and Composition. This seems the most practical way with reference to artistic work, and that is why I adopt it.

Before we begin, let me say a few words about the illustrations. If such a work as this were illustrated with the delicacy and richness which the exquisiteness of the natural phenomena it treats of would deserve, a large fortune might very soon be spent on it. Nothing short of the most laborious and costly steel engravings can imitate skies at all, and smallness of scale is a fatal hindrance to the full expression of minor curves. I had therefore to make up my mind that the illustrations could not be imitative, but they might still be explanatory. When an artist writes to a friend he often finds it convenient to help the expression of his meaning by the aid of little pen sketches. Among artists these little sketches are at once understood and accepted as what they are intended for, but to the general public they are likely to seem coarse, though much real refinement may be put into apparently rude lines, and as much dulness and vulgarity into a laboured and polished performance. The reader ought not to be offended with me if I treat him as I would treat the best informed judges. It being understood that real finish is beyond our reach, we will not put up with false finish, but try rather for a plain statement of such facts as we can get. Illustrations of this kind cannot be pretty, and are not of the class which publishers used to call "embellishments," but they may be at least useful. If they help the reader to find more readily in nature the fact mentioned in the text, their purpose is fully attained.

The most formless cloud is level mist. Every one has opportunities for studying it. The scene which spreads before me as I write, is one especially favourable to such observation. It is a plain, about three miles across as the crow flies, bounded by steep and lofty hills, on the slopes of which rise the towers and battlements of a mediæval city. My house is about forty feet above the level of this plain, but from it to the city no other elevation occurs. There are plenty of trees—poplar, oak, chestnut, and willow—and a rapid stream, which has the talent of overflowing very readily and inundating many pastures.

It happens from time to time, and more especially in winter, that the whole of this plain is covered with mist to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, or less, so that I see all over the surface of it, yet nothing under



Fig. 1.

the surface. The taller trees rise out of the mist, their upper branches quite clear and distinct, their stems invisible. The city of Autun stands on the shore of this great mist-lake. It is very beautiful in the bright moonlight to see six thousand acres of silvery mist, level and white under the clear and brilliant sky, with clumps of trees standing out of it like islands.

Now a mist of this kind can scarcely be

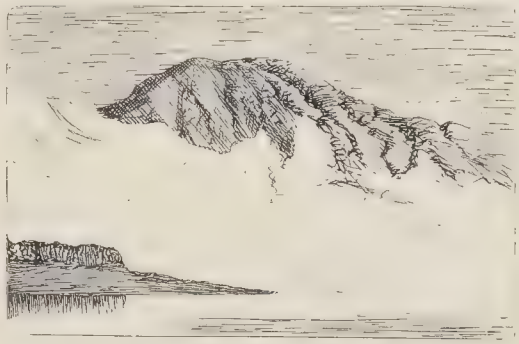


Fig. 2.

said to have any form at all, any more than calm water; it has only surface, and that level. But mists do occasionally take strong and delicate shapes. I have sometimes seen them on Loch Awe, passing slowly along the calm water in pale, upright columns; and I remember particularly one night, when, being out in my boat in the moonlight, a troop of these slowly crossed my course as they came from the



Fig. 3.

Pass of Awe. They looked something spiritual, and it was impossible to resist a certain weird feeling as they silently glided by.

The forms assumed by level mist when its surface is disturbed, are often those of gentle undulation. When you are *in* it, the definition of its surface is imperceptible, and when you are even near it, you see little more than a dim and soft

gradation as it passes into the clearer air. But at some distance mist assumes greater



Fig. 4.

apparent substance and solidity, a character which it is not very safe to insist upon in



Fig. 5.

Art, as it contradicts near observation and the knowledge of the really light and aërial



Fig. 6

character of mist, which we all obtain from actual contact with it.



Fig. 7.

When we are quite out of the mist, and can see its limits clearly, being yet ourselves below its level, so as to catch its upper outlines (as the voyager on a river sees the outline of its banks, which to a man in a balloon would be imperceptible), the fact that mist is cloud becomes clear to us. Here is a little memorandum of mist on Loch Awe side, seen from clear air, and as the air above the mist is quite clear too, it follows that the mist has the definition of a cloud (Fig. 1). The mountain rises behind quite dark and sharp. The trees on the shore which are out of the mist (those on the sloping bank to the right), come sharply against it, but those low down on the left are rapidly lost in it, receding into dim phantoms, as I have rudely indicated. But the cloud here has a very simple outline; it is in a state of almost perfect repose, and if it rises at all, does so imperceptibly. In Fig. 2 we have a cloud of the same kind in a much livelier condition.

When I took this memorandum the summit of Ben Vorich was still visible, but not the line of its base. In five minutes more the whole mountain was hidden, then the foot or lake-shore cleared, and gradually the cloud gathered itself into the common crest-cloud, of which more presently.

Fig. 3 is an effect seen on Loch Awe at 9 A.M. in October. It is a heavy bank of mist, hiding Port Sonachan and the *mamelon* opposite, but not the whole of the promontory, nor even all the hills behind, of which we get a little glimpse on the right. In Fig. 4 we have the same scene on the same morning, but just half an hour later. The mist is now livelier, and is rising irregularly, the *mamelon* is quite clear, and we see much more of the distant hills.

Finally, in Fig. 5 the mist remains only on the left, and is sloping upwards, some of it being already detached in hanging clouds, which half an hour before were on the loch. This sketch was taken an hour later than the preceding one.

The reader is especially requested to take note of the *slope* of the mist and of the shapelessness of the clouds lately detached from it. They are clumsy and awkward young cubs of clouds, not yet developed into gracefulness of deportment.

As my plan is to deal first with the most elementary forms, and advance gradually to more complex ones, we may pass to the low rain-cloud, which is one of the simplest.

Fig. 6 is a sketch of an immensely long and very unshapely cloud, seen by me one wet evening at the foot of Ben Cruachan. The summit of the mountain was all hidden in mist, in which its dark sides lost themselves by a gradation; the cloud at the bottom, however, had a rather sharp outline, and was quite genuine cloud.

Among the formless clouds are to be reckoned veils of vapour, which often enter largely into the composition of elaborate skies, and are useful, even when alone, as a white or tinted sheet against which objects are effectively relieved. These veils, or films, have not, strictly speaking, any outlines at all; they have not even an edge, but pass into the blue by the softest of all imaginable gradations. It is of no use to attempt any illustration of them here, but they are of very frequent occurrence in the works of Turner, who had a great liking for them, especially when white and rising high, so as to gradate into the deep blue of the sky near the zenith. Of their colouring we shall have more to say hereafter. It often happens that these films are isolated, and so approach somewhat more nearly to the character of clouds. They are in broad daylight what the nebulæ are in clear starlight, and may be found in

very various shapes, but most commonly in irregular ovals. Not unfrequently, however, they seem to radiate from a common centre (usually a perspective illusion), as if five or six comets put their heads together and let their tails float about in the air after the manner of fish in water, when half a dozen of them are occupied with one dainty morsel.

A kind of cloud which has little more character than sheep have among animals, and whose forms, though definite, are singularly uninteresting, is the round white cloud of middling size that floats about the sky at no great height, but in numerous companies, whose members never seem to have anything to do with each other. In Fig. 7 the reader has a few specimens of these. All they seem to have in common is, that their upper outline forms itself into lumps of some sort, not more graceful than a camel's hunch, while the lower outline is more nearly level.

Even the earth-cloud, rising after rain, is more elegant than these celestials. In Fig. 8 the rain-clouds already in the sky are a mere formless roof, but the one which is rising from the ground behind the mamelon of Port Sonachan is very lively in its lines. There is especially a pervading curve in it, something like this (, and a trailing of the skirt on the land, which give grace and motion.

In Fig. 9 we have rain-cloud rising in great commotion, and for the moment belting Ben Vorich. This is one of the most energetic of clouds, but it will not stay to be studied. It resembles nothing so much as fresh steam from the funnel of a locomotive.

Here are several varieties of the rain-cloud in one subject (Fig. 10). We have to the right the thick, low grey cloud, very opaque and substantial, with scarcely more shape than a pillow; then we have the thin mist wreath on the left, and the thicker scarf-cloud in the middle of the picture. One of the mountains to the left is crested with the ordinary crest-cloud, and the whole sky is rippled into innumerable ridges. The ridged roof-cloud, of which this is an example, is quite distinct from the waved cloud. These ridges are separated from each other by intervals marked by a line of uninterrupted shading. In the waved cloud the lines interlace, as the following sketch (Fig. 11) sufficiently explains.

What I have called the scarf-cloud in the preceding paragraph, has the quality of continuity. Here is a sketch of Ben Cruachan (Fig. 12), with a scarf-cloud on it, which extended for a mile or two to the right out of the sketch, without a break.

There is a kind of crest-cloud, of a character so peculiar, that no one who has once seen it is likely to have forgotten it. This cloud exactly resembles a wig, and shapes itself to the form of the summit on which it occurs. Here is an instance from a Scottish mountain, but the summit in this case has, tonsure-like, no covering.

The grandest of all the earth clouds are those immense rolling volumes which hide a great portion of the hills, yet leave occasional openings, wherein a crest or a shoulder is visible (Fig. 13). Fig. 14 is a sketch on Loch Awe, taken in the evening, when a perfect calm had succeeded to a tempestuous day.

In Fig. 15 we have several marked differences of cloud-form. First, a great heavy mass to the left breaks on the side of the mountain, and surges up very nearly to the top of the peak, with a fine movement. To the right rises a mass of toppling cloud of a kind intermediary between the cumulus and the rain-cloud. Finally, just



Fig. 8.

above the peak of the central mountain are two flat opaque white films, their upper edges



Fig. 9.

sharp, their lateral edges softly gradated. Here, for the present, it may be as well



Fig. 10

to stop. One difficulty, I find, embarrasses me far more than I had anticipated: it is

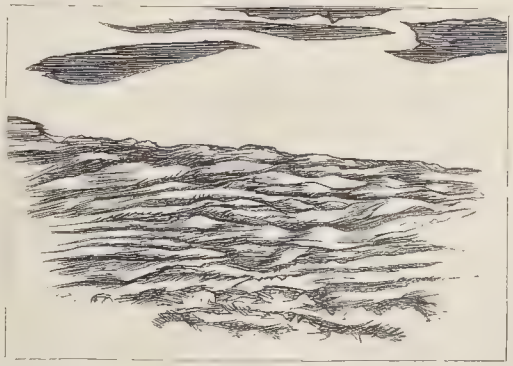


Fig. 11.

the want of a rich nomenclature for clouds. The simple nomenclature of meteorologists

is not nearly full enough for artistic purposes. Mr. Ruskin has added some names,



Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.

but they are so poetical that, although not out of place in his own ornate sentences, there is some difficulty in adopting them in ordinary language. I would not presume to offer a nomenclature of my own invention, but intend to frame one by incorporating all the most expressive names I can find, especially popular ones, and should feel most sincerely obliged to any readers of mine who would do me the kindness to inform me of any not generally known. If a sufficient supply of these is not to be had, the only way, I fear, will be to compose a complete nomenclature from the Greek, a measure to be resorted to only in the last extremity, for half the semi-interested public we are trying to attract would be for ever frightened away by it.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF J. KNOWLES, ESQ., MANCHESTER.

"HUSH!—ASLEEP."

J. H. S. Mann, Painter. J. Franck, Engraver.

ONE of a class of pictures that will ever find many admirers. Female beauty united with the innocent expression of young childhood possesses charms which few are able to resist. Our exhibition galleries annually teem with pictures of young mothers with their children in almost every form and variety, a tolerable proof of their popularity, or painters would be compelled to take up another phase of life and incident. In some instances these pictures are simply portraits treated fancifully; in others, they are imaginary compositions: to which class the work here engraved belongs we know not, nor does it matter. The subject is perspicuous enough—

"A sleeping infant
Rocked by the beating of a mother's heart."

The action of the mother indicates the approach of some one; she turns not her head from the child to enforce silence on the intruder, but the uplifted hand says "Hush!" as distinctly as if the word were uttered. All this is very true to nature, and the truth of the composition—united with an unusual degree of elegance in the disposition of the figures and with considerable beauty of expression—renders this a valuable picture of its kind. Mr. Mann is an artist who has produced several excellent works of a domestic character, and this is among his best.

It is almost a universal belief, that of all the feelings common to woman's nature, not one is so deeply rooted nor so unmindful of self as a mother's love. What sacrifices will not she make, what toil and anxieties will not she endure without a murmur for her child's welfare and happiness! How, like Rachel, she too often refuses to be comforted when it is taken away by death!

"'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth,—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

"To meet again, in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then, wakened with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss.

"Oh, these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening."

M. Franck, who has engraved this plate with a delicacy not often to be met with, is a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium.



VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

VI.

AMALFI, AND ITS PADRONE. THE COAST OF THE SYRENS. RAVELLO. THE AMALFITAN ALHAMBRAS.

THE Sorrentine Promontory between the Bay of Naples and the Gulf of Salerno is pre-eminently a "specular mount," and really wonderful for what it shows you; the southern, or Amalfitan, side being as much the ideal of romantic picturesqueness as the northern is of luxuriant loveliness. All about Amalfi quite looks as if nature and man (to man the result being here much owing) had had nothing to do but to combine and make magnificent pictures; scenical effect seeming to be the main intention. As a grand theatre of landscape display does this Gulf of Salerno strike one, on issuing forth on the carriage-road which winds along its shores; and when we first saw them, one bright afternoon, there was a light delicate mystery over all the long range of mountains aloof on the Pæstum side, which brought out the ideal character divinely. Those brigand-haunted Appenines (where *il Capitano* Manso was so soon to carry off Mr. Moens instead of ourselves, which, three days afterwards, we unconsciously gave him a capital opportunity of doing) were barren, obviously, yet to the eye softened by silvery lights and violet shades, which lent them an aspect aërial as the tall piles of serene sunny cloud resting above. At hand, every turn of the winding coast, some *lovely* little Italian town, or village, shone into view, crowning a long terrace, like charming Vietri, or climbing the steep vineyards adventurously. But when at length Salerno appears behind, like a modest imitation of Naples, lining the hollow of the azure bay with its tiers of bright abodes, beneath Robert Guiscard's high-seated castle, then the scene (reverently be it spoken) acquires a fulness of theatric pomp, and reminds one of the artist's last grand display, which deserves, and indeed elicits, the very finest orchestral accompaniments.

And yet the light visionary colours are not on his palette, being in spirit absolutely antithetical equally to the Richardsonian and Robothamesque crudities of cobalt and pink madder, the drab quakerism of Stanfield, and the Heringian skim-milk feebleness. Indeed, they have no names, and the ordinary similitudes only dishonour their chastened splendour and reserved delicacy; the milder flushing of thy favourite shell, Panope, and the purpureal shadows on the wings of thy pet dove, Aphrodite, perhaps coming nearest! Perspicuously, we can only call them the colours of heavenly love, which truly they are. On another turn of the road, Amalfi itself appeared, with a bolder and more affluent piling up of all that makes a town romantic than I ever saw before. Lofty steeps of houses rise from the sea, and convents, green-patterned Moorish cupolas, Norman towers, and terraced vineyards, mingle together to a surprising height, among caverned rocks and mountainous precipices, themselves so like bastions and tottering turrets, that you can scarcely tell which is architectural, which geological. And yet *of itself* Amalfi, for romantic beauty and picturesqueness, is so small a part of what you meet with here, as to be but as the richly-sandalled foot, advanced to the sea, of the Monte di Sant' Angiolo.

Within, the city is as mean and positively swinish as was ever the mind and heart of Norman baron amidst all his emblazoned romantic magnificence. Nevertheless, it was here we met with the most interesting of all our landlords, the most gentlemanly, the most high-toned in his conversational principles, but I lament to add, one of the most unfortunate. The void and vacancy of his portal for a long while which left us in the possession of a still increasing mob of beggars, tempted me to some strong expressions against his establishment; but when he came at last, his looks at once won me over. He was a slender young man, with a positively *cavalierish* look, fine lively dark eyes, a Vandyke pointed beard and moustache, and altogether such a physiognomy as Vandyke would have deemed it a privilege to paint; though I think, after all, there was more of Velasquez in it. Taking the carpet bag (which I scarcely liked to see him carry), he frankly accounted for his tardy appearance by the fact of his never being wanted. "It is just a fortnight," said he, "since any one honoured this hotel." In such a dearth of demand he hardly knew—but such a dinner as he could provide should be forthcoming, if only we would give him a couple of hours, meanwhile making a little excursion. And the dinner *did* forthcome, to the minute named, and in quality and liberality incomparably the best since Paris. There was mutton, such as ought to impart something of its tenderness to the hearts of those who eat it; there was maccaroni pudding finely tempered with cream, and in which that very difficult element cheese, was treated in a masterly way; there was a *soufflé*, which the *Trois Freres* themselves never surpassed. And there was the young landlord (the only individual we saw in that hotel during a three days' sojourn) to wait upon us. The office may be thought beneath him; yet no, he went through it with such an easy dignified precision, that he raised it. He was, simply, the gentleman acting the domestic in an admirably finished manner; mere function could not get the better of such a mind and such feelings as came out frankly and freely in the conversation now drawn from him unintentionally—a recital of misfortunes, but misfortunes so borne as to merit a decoration for each of them.

His good things thawing much of the inevitable ice between us, I began by telling him that his maccaroni pudding was a work of Art, and begging him to present my compliments to the *cuisinier*. "*Un bon cuisine*," he remarked, with a slight air of melancholy, in French, for he had taught himself that language entirely in his native place, and our very lame Italian made it the only medium—"*Un bon cuisine, mais pas de travail.*" Nobody came; there were, in fact, three of them, a sister and two brothers, who began life with a little patrimony now changed into a large debt, so that they scarcely knew what to do for themselves, or where to turn. Formerly, they held as an hotel the suburban convent on the hill, which answered well, from the fine airy situation; but the new reforms reinstated the monks—as of an order which devotes itself to educational purposes. And of the present establishment, to which they were thus driven down, it may be said that every part was commonly empty—except the larder, which, from the impossibility of procuring supplies more frequently, had to be stocked with a whole week's almost desperate providence and decidedly pathetic forethought. Though liberal in his principles, and "an admirer of philosophy," needs must he date their ruin from the Revolution of 1848; and steadily it had advanced in exact proportion to the great national regeneration, which had doubled taxes, and consequently prices, and excessively taxed innkeepers, forgetting that the unsettled state of the country, and especially the prevalent fear of the brigands, kept almost everybody away. "Instead of taxing our poor advertisement-boards," he added, "which no one comes to read, why do they not levy a tax on the peasants, who are carrying on, meanwhile, such a magnificently prosperous trade with the brigands, getting from them a ducat for every half-franc's worth of the necessaries of life they supply them with, so as, in the end, to pocket by far the greater part of their plunder, and, moreover, meanwhile rendering the lord of the soil just such an account as they please; for *he*, poor man, in some places by no means far from here, scarcely ventures beyond his garden wall, for fear of being carried off. In fact, the system is so much in favour with the priests, and certain others of power and influence attached to the Bourbon cause, that the government hesitates to proceed thoroughly against it, for fear of making the whole *Principato* enemies."

"At any rate," said I, interested in some information just acquired from our driver on the road, "they might tax the delicacies brought by his mistress to the brigand in prison, the fastidious cutlets, warm from the *trattoria* (purchased with intact plunder), the choice tobacco and wine she ministers daily in his cell, where, when about to be hemmed in, or starved out on the mountains, he retires from professional life, and leads an easy existence, the distinct anticipation of which can never have been the slightest discouragement from any barbarity his hot blood ever boiled for. On the contrary, this light and lazy captivity must often have been quite tempting, amidst such horrible privations, as one almost pities, even in them, noxious vermin though they are, rats rather than men. The thus fascinating them into custody, no doubt, lessens the existing number of brigands, but tempts others to follow their example, therefore is but short-sighted policy. These ingenious little buttresses of the system contrived by your government must, however, soon give way to increased intelligence. This is merely local mismanagement; and, meanwhile, you do not undervalue the great national change?"

"*Pardon, monsieur*, some consider it a mere change of masters—the Emperor of the French instead of the Emperor of Austria; and a friend who binds you down from the just desire and pride of your heart by the silken ties of gratitude, is much more vexatious and tormenting than an open undoubted enemy; especially when he may become this himself to-morrow, and make his former favours a pretext for not only severity, but slander."

"Nay, he will scarcely do this," I pleaded; "we have a delightful faith quietly winning upon us in England, that our great antithesis to Napoleon Buonaparte, Mr. Cobden, is, for all the traditionary intents and purposes, as much the conqueror of Napoleon III. as the Duke of Wellington was of his uncle; and Italy, too, will escape unmolested, from the peaceful influence of that benign victory, and scarcely dissoluble treaty, effected by the power of no metal less base than gold. Besides, after all, he has surely a generous admiration of true glory, which he has gained in Italy more than in France. All that he has done for France may be sub-

verted in a day. All that he has done for Italy is likely to endure. He will never himself destroy, or permit others to dash to pieces, his purest, sublimest monument.—And all these little local matters settled, then—"

"*Il sera fini pour nous;* our grandchildren will be benefited." There was a touch, a shade of melancholy in his cadence and fine handsome face, from which a lady would probably have inferred that he did not anticipate the possession, or eventual sequence, of those dear little contingencies: an affair of the heart she might have set about conceiving, vexed, humiliated, all but tired out by niggardly fortune. "There are three of us," he continued, "a sister, and two brothers, who undertake the entire management and service of the house. My sister is the *fille de chambre*, my brother the *cuisinier*, and the *bureau* and *service particulier* fall to my share. But how long can we continue to live on expectation?—If you are content, sir, perhaps you will have the complaisance to say so in the visitors' book; there are not many entries in it since the rising of the national fortunes."

"But surely the new railway should have brought you more visitors."

"No; and it takes them away much faster; the English being no less hurried than the rest. They just look about them for a morning, and then go back again."

"When Amalfi itself is but as the great toe of what they ought to see here. Just like our indifference and inconsideration!"

"*Pardon, monsieur*, I have found no people so considerate and just. I prefer them to all others, because of their superior humanity. The Germans, French, and the Italians too, in an inn, think it their right to give trouble, make a noise, and find fault, merely to show their superiority and altitude. Besides, they never know how to travel, arrange nothing, so that confusion and disturbance attend them at every step. The Englishman alone knows how to travel, at once gives his orders for the day so far as he can, without troubling you again; so that in serving him you proceed with your work undistracted. He is quiet, and in finding fault, prefers having a distinct idea of an occasion for it. His orders being according to his means (and it gives us as much pleasure to attend to the simplest as to the most expensive), his criticisms on the *note* are calm and reasonable: it is not necessary to fortify one's temper in presenting it." After thus expatiating on the "humanity" of the English, to a degree that refreshingly surprised me, he inquired whether a young man of some experience and good intentions might hope to gain a living among us: for England would be nearer than America to his mother, whom it was hard to leave—as her eldest son, the one she must always look to. He *had* thought of becoming a maccaroni manufacturer; but it was the roughest work, night and day, with the roughest underlings, who need incessant watching; the maccaroni, which they could not afford to buy, being an object of passionate desire with them. On that account, soap making, the other manufacture of Amalfi, would be preferable; soap, of all articles, suggesting the least personal temptation: but this also was an occupation little suited to him. What he desired was, to earn his living *sans malice, sans avidité;* but he feared he was one of the too many in the world—a peculiar kind of commodity for which there was little or no demand. "*Mais nous eeperons,*" he added after a pause, with a wonderfully lively and gallant air, as he moved away towards the door.

The very next moment I overheard him singing a beautiful Italian air with a beautiful voice, and in a peculiarly buoyant, light-hearted manner; and this reminded me of his wide reputation for delightful singing, though we never heard more of it, for, after these melancholy disclosures, it seemed scarcely delicate to ask him. He must be something more than merely prosperous in his worldly affairs who is in a position to pity such a man, I thought, one of so fine a temper, so just in his notions, and liberal; his sentiment, too, so noble when gently admonished of the *unnecessary* liberality of his supplies. "*In all things my only consolation is to do the very best I can;*" though, to be sure, his circumstances were most meanly and contemptibly unworthy of such magnificence of soul. Yet wait a little, interposed my modicum of worldly experience, before you pronounce—till you see the bill, that last test, the final *accompt rendu* which you have found so often (in every walk of life) to dispel delightfully generous surmises. But when it came, I could not look so low as to the items. "*Etes vous content, monsieur?*" he inquired, evidently prepared to entertain any reasonable objection. "Not only so, but I believe that your hotel is simply the best in Italy." And indeed, the total alone convinced me that he could not have made it a cent less without seriously wronging *monsieur le cuisinier* and *mademoiselle la fille de chambre.*

He left me alone with the visitors' book, in which, but for the profane, I could have added every syllable that follows:—"Would I were, Matteo Vozzi, a travelling duke for thy sake. Then would I invite to stay with me, at thy admirable *albergo*, as many distinguished persons as it could comfortably accommodate, *for a whole season.* Lord Ward, I see, brought ten; could we not at least double that number? Thy culinary art, Francesco, should not then lack highest appreciation; no, nor the subtlest exercise of its ideal aspirations. And thou, Seraphina, or Sigelgaita, or whatever else thy name, who now with a moral grace and loveliness the premises so meekly dustest, shouldst have the benignant ordering of several chambermaids. At which, *O Signor Cavaliere Padrone,* those vocal strains whose melody, immediately after thy tale of anxious care, we had not the heart to elicit by an abrupt request, as by the mere dry winding up of one of thy national barrel-organs, would surely rise spontaneously from pure lightness of spirits, in celebration of the fact—the consummation devoutly to be wished—that this hotel, now of neglected comfort and daintiness, had become irresistibly, imperiously fashionable. Or if this were not, then would his luxuriously benign Grace take thee away as his major-domo in Portman, or in Grosvenor Square. And yet—and yet, methinks, I well might hesitate, fearing that flunkeyism, subterranean impertinence and peculation, cabals, conspiracies, and perquisiteness, might prove as little suited to thy delicately honourable feelings as the surveillance of a maccaroni mill, which thou so touchingly didst deprecate. What, then, should ducal benevolence be lightly thwarted? No, not the least of it; and, indeed, other perspectives of imaginative graciousness do open themselves luxuriously, supplied from resources so ample that even generosity itself could not reduce them inconveniently." Assuredly, when I saw the maccaroni mill next day, and noted its impish operatives (nearly nude, by-the-bye, and one of Proto-Praxitelean beauty of form), with lively, thievish countenances, seated on its rotatory machinery—the vertical action of which they aided by gently bobbing up and down as they sat in a row—it did occur that the superintendence of such a set, by one so like the cavaliers of Vandyke or Velasquez as our landlord, would be nothing less than ludicrously piteous.

I never saw anything comparable to Amalfi, except one or two scenes at the opera, in a grand chivalrous fairy piece, *harmonised by beautiful music.* As ordinarily painted, such combinations would certainly seem melodramatic, and highly improbable. A most spirited mediæval people, whose country was but a narrow edge of precipitous steeps rising from the sea, whence they gained an adventurous living, had to build their towns by a vertical rather than horizontal extension of the streets, and to perch their villages, and rural arcaded mansions, their ever-present churches and convents, on any shelf of the precipices, or practicable steep, how steep soever. The way in which they have done this says wonders of their energy and skill, but sometimes looks like rashness; since convents and clusters of dwellings are raised on rotten-looking cliffs, undermined by those spacious, open, airy caverns, into which the rock everywhere shows a tendency to crumble. Sometimes little societies of dwellings are insinuated into a deep hollow, where the sun can never reach them, or seem *let down* to the sea, where they shine far below, like flakes of snowy foam along its heavenly azure, or stand forth a glittering promontory. Turning some corner of the coast, suddenly you find the buildings scattered surprisingly all over the abrupt and riven shore, like an innumerable flock of white sea-birds settled but for an instant. The domes and the deep precipitous clefts of the Monte di Sant' Angiolo look down upon these wondrous steeps; and when we were there, the floor of the calm sea ranged away from them below, streaked only with the reflex of the sun, with just one wavy line of shadow amidst the spangles; as if some mysterious invisible being were silently fishing, and that were the trail of his nets. Oh, Amalfi, in form and composition, no less than in colour, as already remarked, by far out-Stanfields Stanfield, out-Herings Hering, out-Robothams Robotham. Robothamism—properly allowable only as a background to Fechterian displays—has no harmonious elimination, lofty and refined; does not distinguish the stealthy principle and system of these extra-geological, more than *picturesque* lines; and our landscapists must have souls more impassioned, and by nature or by culture, a finer sense of beauty, ere they can trace their shapely energy, climbing, and then riven, wounded, hindered for a while, but still climbing on, finally to rest in calm domes and peaks in the heights of the blue ether.

Such were the objects of our first excursion along the coast west of Amalfi, by dint of donkeys and of staircase-paths, ever up and down, at some height above the sea, the well-known Melloni being guide; a man as excellent in his way as our landlord himself, genial, honest, and intelligent. Such men are more than guides, for they do the honours of their country in a spirit of manly hospitality and large-hearted sympathy. And thus in our remotest rambles in Italy, it was ever our lot to meet with companionable men, with whom one felt at home more perhaps than with the same class in England, from their superior vivacity and conversation. Soon we came

to the convent of Conca, crowning with little cupolas a precipitous promontory undermined by an immense cavern, hollow as the monastic principles, which yet do support that overlying institution. It is very Moorish-looking, suggesting dervises rather than nuns. Without, all was bright and beautiful; but within, waiting in a dirty little reception room, we began (as usual) to fancy how stale religion must become in such bare and dull seclusion, with apparently so little fresh humanity to inspirit and enliven it. Seemingly, however, we did the nuns common *in*justice; for they were preparing a plaster for an old woman who had fallen down the cliff in a little puff of wind; and, with countenances in which the humanity had been by no means wholly washed out by the waters of purification, they placidly smiled away our supercilious generalities, whilst gently ministering to us some confectionary, in the composition of which they are deft hands. It is their pastime, it seems, to make it; each having her day set apart to compound some different sort, as her treat, her something to look forward to. However censurable the system, we should not forget sweet lingerings of humanity that sustain themselves amidst it, even when manifested by nothing weightier than ministries of pastry, and the offering of such pretty pieces of home-made lace as they endowed us with—sweet sisters, whose tender spirit obviously lives on in a corrupt body of prescribed mortification.

The architecture, like that of sea-faring Venice, is drawn from foreign rather than Italian sources. Cupolas like those of Conca recall the adventurous people who had factories at Bagdad and Alexandria; and pointed arches here and there *remember* the Normans, who, for a time, like birds of prey and passage, settled along these cliffs. Nay, Nature herself sometimes seems to be regretting their high qualities in the very aspect of a Norman ruin, when you overlook rock pinnacles singularly like those of a Gothic cathedral, with the blue sea shining like a sky through their fretwork. Descending to the sea, beneath the *carouba* trees, with their numerous single-rooted stems and silvery lichen-like bark, between which the green peninsular knolls peeped, ruin-crowned, we went by water to Positano, where the rocky wonders of the coast fully appear. The overhanging ridge of mountains, which, on the north, slopes so as to sustain the olive and orange luxuriance of Sorrento, on this side becomes giddy and confused of form, descending to the sea in a grand succession of jagged and pinnacled rock-profiles, towards the veritable Isles of the Syrens, which have shapes worthy of their name; the east cliffs of Capri closing the long perspective. The mainland precipices at hand here seem falling down together in some places, and in others to be recovering themselves into their ancient stateliest order, with a marvellous complexity of lines, and most ideal results. But this is the actual *Ulyssean* coast.

In an amphitheatrical retirement of these cliffs stands Positano, a wonderful little town in aspect, as thus approached. A pyramidal steep rising from the sea is wholly covered by some twenty or so tiers of houses, one but slightly behind the other, like the gradines of the Great Pyramid; a lesser pyramid of houses nestling beneath, crowned by a handsome Romish dome; the whole (with several flying wings of houses fluttering up the cliffs as well) being circled aloft by the precipices of Santa Maria di Castello. The plan was to look down thence on Positano; but those heights being by general report brigand-haunted, the place could only be visited by water. Its upper houses we found accessible just as the upper stories of single dwellings ordinarily are, that is, by staircases within running up through the whole mass; the general appearance, looking from them into the several habitations, being little better than some dirty ruin. Cavern-like places they were, thinly inhabited, and with few indications of civilised life. Two Englishmen we met with, struck by the ultra-romantic look of Positano, found lodging in a private dwelling there, as there is no inn, but in the middle of the night were aroused by thundering demands at their door for *un forte buono-mano*. On their presenting pistols, however, their visitors gently retired; courage indifferently seconding knavery.

The return in the evening was a continuance of the antique ruinous solemnity of the eastern cliffs of Capri; with *this* deepening of the impressiveness, that the wonderful long perspective of loftier steeps, so like chaos withdrawing into order with utmost majesty, rose purple-black, against a pale clear yellow sky, with many aërial modulations of clear darkness—a calm monumental mournfulness; a glassy sea, all silvery light, scarce rippling at their feet. Their forms in twilight were of the kind which makes imagination creative, and would have endowed such thought as Shelley's, or Flaxman's, or Beethoven's, with beautiful and pathetic conceptions; from mere solitary phantasmal shades thus issuing invaluable boons to mankind for ever, verbal, linear, and purely musical symphonies, in which whatsoever is solemnly lovely in nature is made to enforce and give new grace to the most tender and noble human emotions. A dim red light lingered on the jutting cliff of Capri alone, the Salto, *the Eye of Tiberius*, ranging imperially long lines of coast, both right and left. All the way back to Amalfi caves abound in the cliffs, at every height, fringed with rude stalactites—ragged old caves (the yellow rock being much distintegrated), of every size, from the dimensions suitable to an owlet or a single hermit, to amplitude enough for numerous societies of Capuchins. And Melloni took us into a dim gap (that of Furore) little less than Alpine, with a flying bridge, and clusters of dwellings hanging over one another, and tower above tower perched most aspiringly. If we want scenery more extraordinary, we must, I suppose, go to the moon for it. And such occurs all the way, on this mere *shelf* of an old mediæval republic, whose 'Mariner's Compass' and transmitted 'Pandects,' and charitable endowments in the East (whence rose the knights hospitallers, and their successors, those of Malta), merited more gratitude from other civilised and Christian nations than they met with. And Norman and Pisan, who in turn subjugated sacked and plundered Amalfi, were followed by a more dreadful natural visitation, in which the sea, with a peculiar spite, wreaked herself on those who, by their great discovery, had illimitably extended man's dominion over her. A sinking of the shore, probably in no slight degree caused by the vast voids in the earth left by the eruptions of Vesuvius, gave her the opportunity, in the fourteenth century, with storm and inundation, to inflict a catastrophe here, only inferior to that of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The greater part of Amalfi, a city of 50,000 people in its best days, was submerged; so that nothing of its famous quays, arsenal, and mint, its theatre and several of its principal churches, can be traced. The fine Gothic arcade of the Exchange alone partly remains, yawning blankly on the sea, like the maw of the great fish out of which Jonah had just slipped away. It was over the site of the busiest part of "the Athens of the Middle Ages," as it was once called, that our boat returned to the poor decayed place, which now can scarcely keep open an hotel.

The last excursion at Amalfi was up the Vale of the Dragon to Ravello, a decayed, nay, a deceased little city, on a lofty height, founded by a number of noble families who, in the ninth century, separated themselves from the Amalfitan republic. Here they erected their palaces and cathedral in an exquisite style of Romanesco-Byzantine architecture, the remains of which, combined with a site and prospects of extreme beauty, make it one of the most romantic spots I have visited. The road was through Atrani, a very *flying* wing of Amalfi, set off with semi-Saracenic domes and minarets, impatterned green and yellow. The ascent, as through Positano, was by a rude alley, half stairs, arched overhead like a cavern, and rising from house to house; the effect being frequently almost catacombical, and the look-in exceedingly rude and nasty. Whenever the sky appeared, it was seen that Atrani is tremendously sheltered by a huge projecting shelf of rock, "which, with its own weight, seems slowly coming down." Here continually passed by troops of Amazonian young women, exceedingly handsome (quite as usual), the pedestrian carriers of the neighbouring country, with alpen-stocks and smooth brown legs, Lysippan, and raiment of a diversity of fine colours, but, with respect to arrangement, very much according to the capability of the various odd pieces, and, on the whole, inclining to the Egyptian, I should say. The smile, extorted by their extraordinarily lively mischievous eyes, was usually answered by a mercenary archness. But by the time they loosened my too slow *centissimi*, the nut-brown belle had passed, and there was none to receive them but a yellow crone, mewling piteously, "They cry *Viva Garibaldi!* but nothing has he done for me; so no *Viva Garibaldi!* from *me*."

A rocky vale wound still up, with magnificent retrospects of the sea far below, beyond Norman and Saracen ruins. Level with the path sometimes lay terraced roofs, on which the grain for the maccaroni was drying; and picturesque cisterns, of an oriental look, received the bubbling bright springs that came runnelling down the rocks. Continuing up paths more solitary, where morning sunshine was alone with the wild trees and the blue sky, one moment we looked deep into a dell full of the humming of bees, and the next into another full of the murmuring of waters; and above were large caves of rock singularly like the twisted roots and fibrous convolutions of pine-trees. Verily, I believe these suggested the notion of the dragon from which the valley is named, so speakingly draconian, so claw-like, and so fangy is their grotesqueness.

And thus was gained the high-seated level of Ravello, a city, in its palmy days, with thirteen churches, thirty-six families of nobles, and 32,000 people, now dwindled to 1,500 very obscure beings. Its ruins, nevertheless, are exquisitely interesting, abounding in details of finest Byzantine and Romanesque. In an open place is a fountain whose water comes of deli-

ciously quaint little bulls; and the cathedral has a fine bronze door of the twelfth century, a grim and gaunt granddam of the "Beautiful Gates" of Florence and Pisa. And on proceeding within, by this time all of a flush with your old mediæval delight, your penultimate æsthetic love, once more revived, you find an equally fine pulpit of the thirteenth century, supported by most admirable architecturalised lions; the details of these creatures being all symmetrical patterns, yet the expression full of spirit and life—most prowlly and growlly they look. The celebrated lions by Canova in St. Peter's, with all the pretensions of consummate Art, boneless, nerveless, parboiled, softly elegantly ugly creatures, have nothing of the essential truth of character and spirit of this iron-handed archaic work; whose sculptor, Niccola di Foggia, in his rudely-classical bust of the fair Sigelgaita Rufolo, the donor's wife, equals, and indeed much resembles, the work of his illustrious contemporary, Niccola di Pisa. That Pisan has commonly had the credit of originating the revival of the antique in sculpture; but here, in the south of Italy, we find a simultaneous Nicholas, and others, who might perhaps dispute that honour with him. Here is likewise at Ravello much earlier mosaic, delightful for its quaint simple grace and fine deep-toned green purple and gold glistenings. But alas! the entire upper part of the church has been restored, that is to say, the Romanesque displaced by the sickly modern Romish, all vapid relaxed flourishing, and whitewash.

Even more interesting are the remains of the palaces, giving a high impression of the magnificence and refined art of that unknown Ravellitan nobility of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who, I shrewdly suspect, have been grievously wronged by oblivion. Manifestly these structures have been stripped violently of every ornament purloinable; for nothing remains but the columns, and some few details which could not be displaced without endangering the whole fabric; and, indeed, here and there, the commonest houses are seen to be built and patched up with those exquisite objects. Especially beautiful are the Byzantine capitals, of much variety, reminding one of inmost old Venice, in that fresh grace of fancy, which, accepting the general plan of the Corinthian capital, has renewed and varied its foliage with a sweet and true simple feeling for nature. The Palace Rufolo, however, has an arcaded loggia round a quadrangle, with strange tracery of a decidedly infelicitous conceit; the scrolls that form the pointed arch diverging at its apex. The fine old Romanesque tower looking down here has lost its own proper ornaments; but instead, the scarlet traceries of a most splendid parasite run all about it in slender and delicate loving lines; and out of its more luxuriant clusters and bowers numbers of doves were looking—living ornaments, which the mediæval artist would have longed to copy for his work, giving each little niche a holy dove in lieu of a saint. The only English pope, Nicholas Breakspeare, dwelt in this palace, and another Englishman has bought it for his high nest of peace. In his garden, seats, little fountains, and flowery rock-work are composed of fine relics of Romanesque architecture. With the aid of the government he is making a road up to his aëry; Ravello having hitherto been accessible by a mule-path only: even its nobles, in the palmy days, had no other seat than the saddle, on mounting to their magnificent abodes from the world below. The devastated beauty of these lonely unlooked-for mansions, the neglected luxuriance of their gardens, with pillared cloisters of the vine, and avenues of old classic busts running out to the brow of lofty cliffs, and looking far down over the supreme loveliness of the earth and sea, gave a delicious air of romance. Hardly a Romanesque Alhambra is it; no, that is too much to say, but an Amalfitan Generalife. It may be likened to that lesser summer-palace which the Moorish king raised higher in the hills, in its pathetic impressions of a gifted race of beings who have passed away; the thoughts of them being deepened and softened by the sight of the imperishable nobleness and loveliness of nature, which (whether with full consciousness or not) raised higher their chivalrous hearts, and brightly graced their fancies.

Most beautiful of pigsties, I wis, was that—I see it still—in the cliff-crowning garden of the Palazzo degli Affitti, being composed of prostrated marble columns, with some very venerable Romanesque still lingering on them, and crimson and golden flowers flourishing out of their interstices. A little porcine palace it was, worthy of Circe's piggiwiggies, and pathetic too to contemplate, being a type of many an Italian town, nay, of the Roman Forum itself, where, nauseated, I have had, oh, reader (that is, if I have one), to muse upon *such* things!

And the terrace of the same garden looks down on one of the most beautiful landscapes I saw in Italy, on one of her most beautiful days. Beneath, opening to the sea, ranged a smooth-sloping valley, a maze of mantling tangled luxuriance of all the fruit-trees, with dark little galleries of the vine traceable descending amidst it, and the terraces, arcades, and towers of the chivalrous old city, and its dependencies, crowning it on the hither side, as with bright broken cornices most variedly picturesque. And that romantic mountain opposite, *Il Capo di Cava*, the eastern crown of the Amalfi prospects, may here best be looked into. Romantic is the very name for it, such being the associations inevitably awakened by its fantastic forms; the summit, the image of some Santa Sofia-like dome, neighboured by minarets Norman-demolished, with, lower down, green likenesses of towers and bastions in their turn dismantled and forgotten, But everywhere else on the mountain, and on its sisters retiring along the Salernian sea, soft minute folds slope down, all green to their depths, a very drapery of green luxuriance, with little white villages nestling in their hollows. Far up, a silver dot *shining* amidst the leafage, is indeed a dwelling; a tiny bright line is a path trying to find its way, but lost, seemingly quite lost, high on Elysian steeps. And, far beneath, the mountains in succession descend in little orderly timid steps of vineyard-terraces, to the calm heaven-enamoured sea. And all along the remoter distance, the Pæstum range of mountains extends, in that serenest day looking like the last of the vapours becalmed into those fine faint-azure forms. The holiday sea must be added, like misty ether streaked all across with pearly light (the reflex of a cloudless heaven in that freshest forenoon); and then, I think, it may be clearly perceived to be a prospect not often paralleled.

The things are so different; but nothing less than our beloved Lakes seen from their finest points, when morning or evening find their pride and their delight in setting them off, can rival it.

W. P. Bayley.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS
BY THE
LATE MR. GODFREY SYKES.

The exhibition of the works of the late Godfrey Sykes, which is now held at South Kensington, while it does honour to the reputation of that artist, shows us exactly on what that reputation rests. To Mr. Sykes's powers we have already done cheerful homage in testifying to the excellence of those of his designs that have come under our notice. These, however, did not suggest that the grasp of his genius was so comprehensive. It now appears that he might, at will, have been not only an ornamental artist, but a sculptor, or a painter of portraits, *genre*, or landscape. Some of his productions on canvas are worked out in "running hand"—others have the care and neatness of his drawings on paper; but we regard them as they are, essays apart from a main purpose, and though not disqualified by grave infirmities, still presenting a base for high operations which must, had he lived, have conferred distinction.

Mr. Sykes was a pupil of the Government School of Art at Sheffield, and had been a pupil-teacher and pupil of that institution. His first works of any magnitude were the capitals, the tondi, and the details in the arcades of the Horticultural Garden, the drawings for which appear in this exhibition. Nothing can be more true than that the original conception of subject-matter is less common than the power of dealing with it judiciously in composition. Too often, therefore, have we to lament that the lustre of brilliant thoughts is obscured by a vulgar exuberance of accompaniment. Neither knowledge nor taste is necessary to the fulfilment of a crowded arrangement, but both are especially taxed in determining what should be omitted. Mr. Sykes's drawings for the Horticultural Garden are rich without being in anywise loaded; thus every object and line has its function in the composition. This is the department to which he has devoted his best energies; he was what is called a designer—a term, by the way, of limited meaning among us. Two of the large panel-figures, Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, are by him: the former is extremely effective, but it is an objection to the latter that it reminds us of Horace Vernet's figure. As these challenge criticism, it may be observed that they show imperfections in the drawing of the figure, which are also elsewhere conspicuous. Among the designs is an alphabet, intended perhaps for execution as tiles. With each letter is associated a figure engaged in some intelligible act—the whole abounding in pretty winter and summer fantasies. One of his most ambitious works is a column with three bands, presenting the subjects—Childhood, Manhood, and Old Age. In the modelling, perhaps, the predilection for Michael Angelo is too pronounced; there are, however, some charming passages in the aggroupments, especially in that of Infancy. That which, however, is remarkable in the column is the isolation of these subjects by fluted intervals, broken only by a rose sprig with buds and leaves.

The pictures, drawings, sketches, and designs amount in number to upwards of two hundred, and show, as has been already remarked, great versatility of talent. Setting aside those which partake of the character of excursuses, there is enough to form a reputation in design—as the Department of Science and Art alone have contributed working compositions for columns, ornamental letters, architectural details in great variety, mosaics, bronze and iron-work, plate, tiles, panels, ceilings, fountains, &c. Mr. Sykes could have no better examples for imitation than those of the Cinquecento, and we feel everywhere whence he has drawn his inspirations. The contemplation of the really great works he has left affords no consolation for his loss, which will be long felt at South Kensington, and the more deeply as he has been cut off before "the summer of his prime." To the particular department of Art-design to which his attention was given, he has left no worthy successor.

MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. VII.—FLORENT WLLEMS.

NOT until about the seventeenth century was the class of painting known as *genre* practised to a considerable extent. It would indeed be difficult to point out a picture, coming strictly under that denomination, of a date much anterior to this. During the best periods of Italian Art, it seems to have been entirely unknown, and its origin and successful growth must be traced to the schools of Holland and Flanders in the century referred to, whence it soon found its way into other European countries. New thoughts and ideas about Art had penetrated into the minds of the various continental nations, so that the scenes and occupations of domestic and ordinary life, when presented by the painter, became in time as popular and as much sought after for "home" purposes as the more pretentious subjects taken from sacred or profane history.

"And very low Art it is," say some speakers and writers in allusion to any kind of *genre*-painting; but the charge against it is both senseless and untrue. Art is low when debased in subject; this determines its character, but not its quality. "The principles," wrote Hazlitt, "are the same in painting an angel's and a butterfly's wings: we have a great respect for high Art, but a greater for true Art." Teniers, and Ostade, and Breughel, with others, were sometimes more than low, more even than absolutely vulgar; but their Art was good in itself notwithstanding, regarded from a point of view which looks only for technical excellence, though it could descend to outrage propriety. Hazlitt's theory is right which assumes that a work, if it is true to nature, does not deserve the epithet of "low" simply because it exhibits no grand or elevated ideas; he is right, too, when he goes on to say that "the finest picture in the finest collection may be one of a very common-place subject." A man need not write an epic in order to entitle him to be called a poet, a short lyric may suffice to establish his claim to the position; so an artist whose canvas or paper shows nothing, perhaps, but a vegetable stall, or a bird's nest, or a sprig of apple-blossom, is certainly not a Raffaelle nor a Teniers, but as certainly he is not of necessity a producer of low Art. Who would apply such a term to William Hunt?

Though the remarks we have made on *genre*-painting have no special reference to the artist whose name appears at the commencement of this paper, they cannot be deemed out of place as introductory to the consideration of his works, for he is a true disciple of the schools in which this class of Art had its origin, and shows himself faithful to the traditions that have come down to the present time from the studios of Terburg, Metzu, the elder Mieris, Gerard Douw, G. Netscher, and others—artists whose pictures, whatever adverse criticism may say of them, will always hold their own in the most celebrated galleries, whether public or private.

FLORENT WILLEMS was born at Liege in 1824: he is son of Martin Adrien Willems, formerly one of the professors of the Lycée Imperial in that city. After studying drawing in the Academy of Malines, he took up his residence in Brussels, where circumstances induced him to work for M. Héris, a picture dealer, at the restoration of paintings. He had not yet reached the age of eighteen when he was so fortunate as to gain the notice of Sir Hamilton Seymour, our ambassador at the court of Belgium, whom M. Willems gratefully acknowledges as his earliest patron, Sir Hamilton having given him a commission to paint the portraits of Lady Hamilton and their children. Instances are indeed rare



Drawn by W. J. Allen. THE VISIT. *Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.*

of young artists meeting with such success in the very outset of their career as fell to his lot, for of two pictures, 'Le Corps-de-Garde,' and 'The Music Lesson,' exhibited at Brussels in 1842, the late King of the Belgians purchased the second, while a medal was awarded to the painter for the talent he had displayed in both.

From this time he began to exhibit with tolerable regularity both in Brussels and Paris: the first pictures sent to the latter city were—'The Visit to the Nursery' and the 'Conqueror of the Cross-bowmen,' for which he obtained a gold medal of the third class. The latter work was afterwards, in 1845, exhibited in Brussels, where it gained a gold medal of the first class. In the same year he removed to Paris, where he has since resided.

In 1846 M. Willems exhibited at the *Salon des Beaux Arts* 'A Water Party in the time of Louis XIII.,' for which a gold medal of the second class was presented to him. Between that year and 1850 we have no record of his labours, though it is not to be supposed that he was idle; in the latter year he sent to the triennial exhibition in Brussels 'A Public Sale of Pictures at Antwerp in the Seventeenth Century,' for which he was decorated with the cross of a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold of Belgium. To this honour was added another in 1853, when he was nominated Chevalier of the French Legion of Honour for three pictures contributed to the Paris Exhibition of that year, 'A Painter in his Studio,' 'The Sale,' just spoken of, and 'The Widow.' The last-named work was purchased by M. Jules Van Proet, one of the Belgian ministers of state, and it forms a portion of his splendid collection. To the Paris International Exposition of 1855 he also sent three pictures, 'The Interior of a Silk Mercer's Shop in 1660,' 'Coquetry,' and 'The Hour of the Duel.' The merit of these respective works may be assumed from the fact that the first was bought by the Emperor of the French, the second by the Empress—both are now in the imperial palace of St. Cloud—and the third is in the possession of M. Achill Fould. At the close of the Exposition the artist obtained a first-class gold medal for the Belgian school, and was promoted to the rank of officer of the Order of Leopold; distinctions which he justly merited.



Drawn by W. J. Allen. LOVE'S MESSENGER. *Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.*

M. Willems has occasionally exhibited pictures in this country. In 1863 he sent to the French Gallery in Pall Mall the first of the three paintings we have selected to illustrate his style. 'THE VISIT' represents a young cavalier in the costume of the seventeenth century introducing himself to two ladies, the younger of whom rises to receive him, while a servant is about to place a chair at his disposal. The interest of the composition is entirely limited to the figures, for the apartment is singularly deficient in accessories that would enrich the general design. The figures have somewhat of a constrained air, almost inseparable from the position; but the actions are natural, characteristic of the manners of the period, and are painted with great delicacy of touch.

'LOVE'S MESSENGER' may be placed in the same category as the last-mentioned picture. A young girl has just released from her hands a bird bearing a little *billet-doux* tied round its neck. The attitude of the lady is easy and graceful as she stands watching its departure on the errand of love. Though the scene is evidently out of doors, the entire background is kept in shadow to give force and effect to the figure. The point of colour is a broad scarf, of deep yet brilliant blue, tied across the waist, and flowing down the side; it adds considerably to the richness of the satin dress.

The next engraving, 'CONFIDENCE,' is a remarkably elegant composition. Two graceful girls, one of whom appears older than

her companion, both of them quaintly but most picturesquely habited, are reading a letter—its contents may be readily surmised—as they walk on the terrace of an ancient mansion. As a painter of silks and satins, M. Willems here proves himself to be a cunning workman in the school of Terburg. The richness of the ladies' dresses is enhanced by contrast with a shawl—such it appears to be—of various dark colours thrown across the balustrade, which also relieves the figures. In all these pictures the artist shows great refinement of feeling, pure taste, and a complete absence of affectation and sickly sentimentalism. His models are the upper classes of society; his females are ladies in the true sense of the word, and cannot be ranked with the *demi-monde*. Costly apparel alone would not thus distinguish them, the marks of their lineage, so to speak, and their moral virtues, are written in the expression of their faces and in their general bearing. In one respect certainly Willems has the advantage of his prototypes of the Dutch school, to whom reference has been made—he has been more successful in meeting with models characterised by feminine beauty.

We have before us a number of photographs taken from pictures by M. Willems:—'La Visite à l'Accouchée,' a bedroom handsomely furnished; the bed is occupied by a lady, and by the side of it stands a young lady-friend, who looks somewhat disconcerted on two visitors, a fashionably-dressed female wearing a jaunty little hat, and a cavalier with a rapier at his side and his



Drawn by W. J. Allen. CONFIDENCE. *Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.*

feathered hat in his hand; 'The Letter,' two *youngish* ladies seated in a handsome apartment, one of whom is reading a letter to the other; 'Indecision,' a young lady standing at a table, and leisurely sealing a letter, which a page behind her waits to deliver; 'The Doll,' a little girl hushing her "baby" to sleep; 'Maternal Solicitude,' a young mother watching her child asleep in its cradle; with others to which it is unnecessary to refer. To the same class of works belongs 'The Toilet,' hung in the French Gallery, Pall Mall, in 1864, and 'The Convalescent,' exhibited last year in the same room. The chief merit of all these pictures consists in the refined and delicate treatment of the figures, and in the truth and perfection of the draperies, which, nevertheless, are painted with a free and vigorous pencil, far removed from the miniature-like finish of Meissonier and Plassan.

In that particular department of Art to which M. Willems has almost entirely limited his practice, he certainly takes rank with the foremost men of the modern continental schools. His pictures are in much request, and, as may be inferred from what we have stated, they find their way into the best collections both in his own country and in France. Subjects of a character so generally pleasing, and placed with such artistic skill and such persuasive beauty on the canvas, can never fail of finding patrons in men of taste and judgment.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

OBITUARY.

T. M. JOY

THOMAS MUSGRAVE JOY was born in 1812, in the village of Boughton-Monchelsea, in Kent, where his father, Thomas Joy, was possessed of considerable landed property. He was an only son, and, perhaps on that account, his father gave him little encouragement in the predilection which he showed very early in life for the career of an artist; it was only in the hope of eradicating this bias that the latter acquiesced in his son's being sent to London as a pupil of the late S. Drummond, A.R.A. But the labour and drudgery necessary to the early study of painting had not the effect of damping his enthusiasm; on the contrary, in 1839, Mr. Joy, by ability and perseverance, was enabled to change his condition, and married, after an engagement of seven years, Eliza Rohde Spratt, daughter of Charles and Frederica Spratt, of Salisbury. Soon after his marriage he won the friendship and patronage of Lord Panmure, at whose suggestion he undertook to direct the studies of John Phillip, now R.A.

In 1841—43 he executed many works by command of the Queen, among which were portraits of the infant Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. Perhaps his labours, best known in this direction, were those which produced his portraits of Sir Charles Napier, and the Dukes of Cambridge and Norfolk. Mr. Joy excelled in subject-painting, and his pathos and humour are nowhere more happily displayed than in his memorable essays, 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' 1842; 'A Medical Consultation,' 1853; and 'Prayer,' 1863. The subject of one of his latest works was the meeting of the subscribers to Tattersall's before the races, painted in 1864. It is one of the most important pictures ever painted in connection with racing, as it contains portraits of all the most celebrated living patrons of the turf. Mr. Joy worked very diligently, so that his health was much impaired by his sustained exertions. While suffering from prostration occasioned by overwork he was attacked by bronchitis, and expired suddenly, on April 7th, at the age of fifty-three. He has left a widow and two daughters, the eldest of whom, M. E. Joy, inherits her father's talent, and is this year an exhibitor at the Royal Academy.

JEAN LOUIS NICOLAS JALEY.

The French paper announced the death, in the month of June, of this distinguished French sculptor. M. Jaley was born in Paris in 1802, studied under Cartellier, and entered the Schools of the Beaux Arts in 1820, where in 1827 he gained the grand prize of Rome. In 1833, and again in 1848, he gained a medal of the second class, and in 1836 a medal of the first class. In 1837 he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, and in 1856 was elected a member of the Academy of the Fine Arts in the Institute, in the room of David d'Angers, deceased.

Among his principal works may be pointed out 'A Bacchante,' 'Reverie, Souvenir de Pompei;' belonging to the Imperial government of France—the latter statue was exhibited at our International Exhibition of 1862—'Prayer,' and 'Modesty,' two statues in the possession of the Emperor. Other statues and busts by Jaley are in the galleries of Versailles and the Luxembourg.

ART-NEWS FROM CANADA.

THERE has lately been on view in the city of Quebec, what may be termed a novelty, at least to us Canadians; namely, a portrait of Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles II., which has been pronounced by Mr. Theophile Hamel, a very eminent local artist, to be in all probability a Vandyck. It was brought to this country many years ago by Lord Hamilton, commander of the forces, who presented it to one of his friends, a Mr. Murrough, merchant in Quebec. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Rev. Dr. Jackson, and was by him given to the late C. Gethings, Esq., the property of whose heirs it now is. A Quebec newspaper, the *Canada*, remarks, it is somewhat singular that Lord Hamilton, who valued the picture so much as to bring it with him to Canada, should have given it away to a merchant.

In "The Canadian Handbook and Tourist's Guide," a publication recently issued from the Montreal press, appears a series of photographic illustrations from the renowned studio of Mr. William Notman. They are ten in number, and represent severally the following subjects:—'Natural Steps, Montmorenci,' 'Montmorenci Falls,' 'A Calm in the Saguenay,' 'Lake St. Charles, near Quebec,' 'Montreal Harbour, with Victoria Bridge,' 'The Habitant Berry Gatherer,' 'Barrack Hill and the new Parliament Buildings, Ottawa,' 'The Squaw Basketmaker,' 'Indian Camp on the road to Lake St. John,' and 'General View of Niagara—from the American side.' These photographs are beautifully executed, and are a credit to the gentleman who produced them.

Mr. A. Vogt, a young Montreal artist, has recently painted two pictures, which have won for him the name of "the Canadian Landseer." One is a single figure, about half the size of life—of a cow; the other is a view from Mount Royal: in the foreground of the latter is a group of sheep; while in the distance we get a glimpse of Montreal, and the shining river St. Lawrence. These are works of real merit.

At the last meeting of the Committee of the Fine Art Association of Montreal, one of the members asked what had been done with the money which was collected for the purpose of erecting a statue in honour of Her Majesty. In answer to this question, the Lord Bishop of Montreal, President of the Association, said that he had received a letter from Mr. Marshall Wood, the sculptor, stating that in consequence of his having, since he was in Montreal, risen considerably in his profession, his charge would have to be augmented. His Lordship remarked that if nothing further was to be done in the matter, he would be most happy to receive back his subscription in order that he might devote it to some other Fine Art-purpose. Certainly Montreal, the commercial capital of Canada, stands greatly in need of some monument of the sculptor's powers. It is completely barren in this respect, possessing only *one* monument, and that is such an indifferent work, that the immortal hero of Trafalgar, to whose memory it is erected, would, could he but behold it, drop a tear out of compassion for the citizens of Montreal. It is not for want of having talent within our reach that we are so backward as to Art-matters, for even Montreal can boast of possessing at least two sculptors of real worth. Mr. Henry W. Sohier and Mr. Reed are these two. A bust of one of our most prominent citizens executed by the former has won the admiration of all those who had the pleasure of seeing it; and a statue of 'Hope' lately finished by Mr. Reed, gives evidence of much dormant genius, which the "merchant princes" of Montreal should foster.

The *Canadian* states that a magnificent monument is about to be erected in the Catholic Cemetery of Montreal, to the memory of the late Daniel Tracy, a Canadian patriot previous to the rebellion of 1837, and founder of the *Vindicator*. His brother, who is one of the most wealthy capitalists of Albany, United States, has set aside 10,000 dols. (£2,000 sterling) for the erection of this monument.

Montreal. W. J. .

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE FOUNTAIN.

C. L. Muller, Painter. C. Cousen, Engraver.

CHARLES LOUIS MULLER, the painter of this agreeable little picture, is one of the most distinguished artists of the modern French school. He is a native of Paris, and studied under Gros and Léon Coignet. In 1838 he gained, at the French Academy, a third-class medal; in 1846, a second-class medal; in 1848, a first-class medal; and at the *Exposition des Beaux Arts*, in 1855, another medal of the first class, all for historical painting. He is also decorated with the ribbon of an officer of the Legion of Honour.

Muller's two most famous pictures—both of which were hung in the French International Exhibition of 1855—are 'Vive l'Empereur!' illustrating the reception in Paris of Napoleon after his escape from Elba, and 'The Appeal of the last Victims of the Reign of Terror;' the latter, especially, a great work. But besides subjects from history, Muller has painted a large number of smaller pictures of a *genre* character, rural scenes of Italy and elsewhere, and pure landscapes, some of which are considered his best works: in the second of these classes 'The Fountain' must be placed. If the artist is acquainted—and perhaps he may be—with the writings of Rogers, it might almost be supposed he had taken our poet's description of a fountain near Mola di Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples, as a suggestion for his picture:—

"It was a well
Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry,
And richly wrought with many a high relief,—
Greek sculpture;—in some earlier day perhaps
A tomb, and honoured with a hero's ashes.
* * * * * *
The sun was down, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the *Angelus;* and now approached
The hour for stir and village gossip there,
The hour Rebekah came, when from the we
She drew with much alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard
Footsteps; and, lo, descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appeared."

The difference between the poet's description and what we find in the picture has reference principally to the building; this, certainly, has no appearance of having been a tomb, it rather seems to have originally been erected as a bath, to judge from the sculptured figures which occupy the niches at each angle; between the niches is a bas-relief representing a procession of nymphs. In front of the fountain is a group of village maidens and young matrons, with their picturesque water-pitchers, holding a social gossip ere returning to their respective homes. These figures are arranged with much taste, and the chequered sun-light falling on them through the masses of foliage on the left,—it is evident from the deep shadows cast over the foreground, that there must be a dense thicket to produce them,—brings out the group in strong relief, and with vivid effect against the old building.

These classic scenes form a strong contrast to the landscapes of our own country. Place a group of English peasantry beside an ancient English edifice, and the whole seems "out of keeping," as an artist would say; but the peasantry of Italy or Greece similarly circumstanced in their own land appear almost in perfect harmony with their surroundings: at least, they offer no strong opposing element to the associations connected with classic ground.



HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES.

BY MRS. BURY PALLISER.

PART V.

THE LITERARY ACADEMIES OF ITALY.

AMONG the numerous literary academies established throughout Italy we give the whimsical devices of some of the most celebrated.

ACCESI. A fir cone placed over a fire (Fig. 1). Motto, *Hinc odor et fructus*,



Fig. 1.

"Hence fragrance and fruit." Fragrance and fruit combined; the heat causing the cone to send forth a sweet odour, and its scales opening, the fruit or kernels (*pignoli*) drop out.

AFFIDATI. A nautilus (Fig. 2). Motto, *Tutus per suprema per ima*, "Safe both above and below." Pliny thus describes the habits of this animal:*—"But among the greatest wonders of nature is that fish which of some is called nautilos, of others pompilos. This fish, for to come aloft above the water, turneth upon his backe, and raiseth or heaveth himselfe up by little and little; and to the end he might swim with more

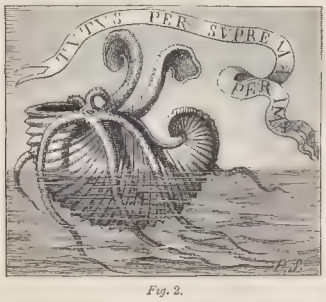


Fig. 2.

ease as disburdened of a sinke, he dischargeth all the water within him at a pipe. After this, turning up his two foremost clawes or armes, hee displaieth and stretcheth out betweene them a membrane or skin of a wonderfull thinnesse; this serveth him instead of a saile in the aire above water. With the rest of his armes or clawes he roweth and laboureth under water, and with his taile in the mids, he directeth his course, and steereth as it were with an helme. Thus holdeth he on and maketh way in the sea, with a faire shew of a foist or galley under saile. Now if he be afraid of anything in the way, hee makes no more adoe but draweth in water to baillise his bodie, and so plungeth himselfe downe, and sinketh to the bottome."

To this academy belonged the Marquis Pescara, Vespasian Gonzaga, Bottigella, &c.

AMOREVOLE OF VERONA. The hedgehog is said to pull the grapes from the stalks and gather them into a heap, into which it rolls itself, to carry the grapes on its prickles or spines to its young.*

"Quand les raisins commencent à meurir en esté et en automne, l'herisson va aux vignes, et s'addresse aux grappes qui touchent terre, pour en faire tomber les grains avec ses pattes, puis se mettant tou; en une boule se veautre dessus pour ficher ses pointes dedans, et les porter à sa tanière. Par mesme finesse il emporte à sa caverne les pommes sauvages abbatues du vent, ou tombées d'elles mesmes estans meures."—MATTHIOLE, *Commentaire sur Dioscoride.* Lyon, 1572.

This suggested the device of the Amorevole (Fig. 3), a hedgehog with its spines laden with grapes. Motto, *Non solum nobis*, "Not for ourselves alone."



Fig. 3.

ANIMOSI OF MILAN. Stags passing a river resting on the heads of each other (Fig. 4). Motto, *Dant animos vicis*, "Mutual help gives strength."

Pliny says that stags "passe the seas swimming by flockes and whole heards in a long row, each one resting his head upon his fellow next before him; and this they doe in course, so as the foremost retireth



Fig. 4.

behind to the hindmost by turnes, one after another."—Book viii., chap. 33.

ARCADI. This academy was instituted at Rome, in 1690, by Crescimbeni,† with the view of restoring a better taste in literature. The members adopted the names of the shepherds of antiquity. Their device was a Pan's pipe, surrounded by a wreath half olive, half pine.*

ARDENTI OF PISA. Incense burning over hot coals, with the motto, *Ni ardeat*, "Unless it burns,"—useless unless inflamed. Without an ardent desire after great and virtuous things, men can never arrive at distinction, or leave a name behind them.

ARDENTI OF NAPLES. A sacrifice upon the altar, lighted by fire from heaven. ΟΥΡΑΝΟΘΕΝ, "From heaven,"—every good gift comes from above.

ARDENTI OF VITERBO. A bar of gold in a crucible. *Donec purum*, "Until clean."

CATENATI OF MACERATA took for device the chain of gold of Jupiter, described by Homer; the

> "golden everlasting chain,
> Whose strong embrace holds heaven and earth and main."
> *Iliad*, book viii.

with the motto, AMA ΟΡΕΓΟΜΕΝΟΙ, "Pulling together."

CHIAVE OF PAVIA. On the death of his father, the Marquis Pescara left Milan and settled at Pavia, where he established an academy styled Delle Chiave, composed entirely of noble and illustrious persons, who wore a golden key suspended round the neck, and also bore the same *impresa*, with the motto, *Clauditur et ad aperitur liberis*, "It is shut and opened to the children (free men)." "He that hath the key of David, that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth."†

CITY OF CASAL DI MONTSERRAT. The sun rising in the east, and the full moon setting in the west. Motto, *Lux indeficiens*, "Light never wanting."

COSTANTI. The sun shining upon a column; the shadow moves with the sun, the column remains unmoved. Motto, *Tantum volvitur umbra*, "The shadow only revolves."

CRUSCA (ACCADEMIA DELLA). The Accademia Platonica, founded in Florence about the middle of the fifteenth century by Cosmo de' Medici, flourished greatly under the auspices of his grandson Lorenzo, but

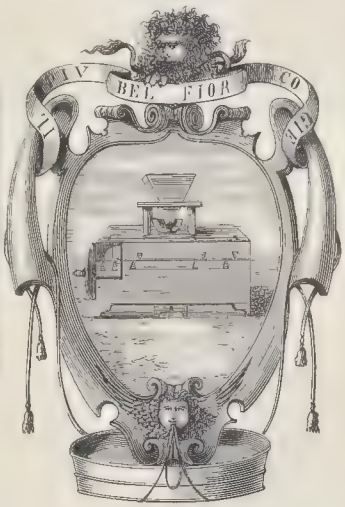


Fig. 5.

was supplanted about a century after its birth by another society called the Sacra

* Pliny's Natural History, translated by Philemon Holland. London, 1601. Book ix., chap. 29.

"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale."
POPE.

* "Hedgehogs make their provisions beforehand of meat for winter; in this wise they wallow and roll themselves upon apples and such fruit lying under foot, and so catch them up with their prickles, and one more besides they take in their mouth, and so carry them into hollow trees."—PLINY, book viii., chap. 37.

† Crescimbeni died in 1729, and was buried at Rome, in the basilica of S. Maria, in a tomb which he had built in his lifetime. On the stone were sculptured the arms of his family, with the pastoral flute of the Arcadians, and these letters, I. M. C. P. ARC. C. (*Joannes Marius Crescimbenius pastorum Arcadum custos.*)

* See Storia del' Accademia degli Arcadi in Roma, da Gio. Mario Crescimbeni. Lond., 1804.

† Rev. iii. 7.

Accademia Fiorentina, instituted in 1542 by Cosmo I. The attention of the academy was wasted on the most fanciful commentaries upon the earlier Italian poets; and, on the death of Cosmo, five of the academicians, joined by the famous Leonardo Salviati, seceded, and formed another society, which professed to cultivate the Italian language by winnowing the flour (*il fiore*) from the bran (*la crusca*). They chose for their device a boulting-mill (*frullone*), and the motto, *Il più bel fior ne coglie*, and assumed the title of Accademia della Crusca, the members taking the appropriate names of *Infarinato, Rimenato, Gramolato, Insaccato, &c.* Their sittings were held in the Palazzo Ricardi: the backs of their arm-chairs were in the form of winnowing shovels, the seats representing sacks. Unfortunately the first undertaking of the academy was the disgraceful war it carried on against Tasso; but it afterwards acquired some claim to the gratitude of Italy by the compilation of a great dictionary of the Italian language, of which several enlarged editions have been made under its care. Fig. 5 is a representation of the device of the academy, taken from the frontispiece of the first edition of its "Vocabulario."

The "Marzocco," or lion of Florence, the city's emblem and its war cry, appears at the top of the shield.

In 1783 Leopold I. united the academies of Florence, the Della Crusca, and the Apatisti into one, under the name of the Royal Florentine Academy. Alfieri wrote a bitter sonnet on the occasion.

"L'idioma gentil, sonante e puro,
Per cui d'oro l'arene Arno volgea,
Or giace afflitto, mesto e mal securo,
Priva di chi 'l più bel fior ne coglia.'
Boreal scelto, inesorabil, duro:
La Madre ha spento e una Matrigna or orca.
Che un di farallo vilipeso, oscuro.
"Quanto caro un di l'altro, e bello il fea.
L'Antica Madre è ver, d'inerzia ingombra,
Avea gran tempo l'arte sue neglette;
Ma per lei steva del gran nome l'ombra.
Oh Italia a quai ti mena infami strette
L'esser da Gote ancor non ben disgombra
Ti sono le nude voce anco interdette!"

Elevati of Ferrara. Device, Hercules and Antæus, the motto from Horace, *Superat tellus, sidera donat*, "Earth conquers us, yet gives us Heaven;" in Scripture language, "Our light affliction worketh for us a far more exceeding weight of glory."

Eterea of Padua. A charioteer in his car in the air, drawn by a white and a black horse, the one endeavouring to touch the earth, the other striving to ascend to heaven. Motto, *Victor se tollit ad auras*, "The victor mounteth to the sky."

Florimontana. Established at Annecy in 1606. Device, an orange-tree. Motto, *Flores fructusque perennes*, "Flowers and fruit perennial."

Granelleschi. In 1740, some of the most distinguished literary men of the age formed themselves, at Venice, into a society to oppose themselves to the torrent of bad taste, and to the corruption of the Italian language. They called themselves the Society of the Granelleschi, granelli meaning a fool or simpleton, and each member took for his device two "granelli." Their president, entitled Arcigranellone, was installed in a chair, on the back of which was an owl holding in its right claw two granelli. At each sitting they began by the most ridiculous productions, either in prose or verse, and then passed on to the graver discussions on the literary principles they wished to develop. These joyous *sçavans* continued for many years their noisy and puerile *sottises*, but contributed, at the same time, to reform the public taste by their useful and profound labours.*

Infiammati of Padua. Hercules upon the funeral pile on Mount Ætna. Motto, *Arso il mortal, al ciel n'andrà l'eterno*, "The mortal burned, to heaven will go the eternal." "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."†

Infocati. A bar of hot iron upon an anvil, beaten by two hammers. Motto, *In quascunque formas*, "Into what shape he will."—"Hath not the potter power over the clay?"—"There's a divinity that shapes one's ends, rough-hew them how we will."

Insensati of Perugia. A flock of cranes, arranged in order, flying across the sea, each with a stone in its foot, and sand in its mouth (Fig. 6). Motto, *Vel cum pondere*, "Even with this weight,"



Fig. 6

implying that its members, even under the weight of business, private or domestic, yet found time for literary pursuits. Cesare Gamba used the same device, with the motto, *Iter tutissima*, "The safest journey,"—Le voyage est plus sur. That the cranes used stones and sand for ballast is recounted by Pliny. In the 23rd chapter of his tenth book he says, "When they mind to take a flight over the sea Pontus, they will flie directly at the first to the narrow streights of the said sea, . . . and then presently they ballaise themselves with stones in their feet, and sand in their throats, that they flie more steadie and endure the wind. When they be halfe way over, down they fling those stones, but when they are come to the continent, the sand also they disgorge out of their craws."

Again, Drayton writes:—

"The crane to labour, fearing some rough flaw,
With sand and gravel burthening his craw;
Noted by man which by the same did find
To ballast ships for steadiness of wind.
And by the form and order of his flight,
To march in war, and how to watch by night."
Drayton, *The Owl.*

And an old French writer says:—

"Pour n'élever son vol ny trop haut ny trop bas,
La grue a des cailloux qu'en ses pieds elle porte;
Et par ce contrepoids elle se rend plus forte,
Pour s'empescher de choir enbas."

The Insensati had also another device, a



Fig. 7.

swallow passing over the sea with a stick in its mouth, which, it is said, she lays upon the water, to support her when she requires rest (Fig. 7). Motto, *Difessa non diffisa*, "Weary not wavering."—Faint but pursuing—"I bate no jot of heart or hope."—Toute lasse qu'est, elle est pleine de cœur.

Intronati of Siena. A gourd for containing salt, with two pestles over it. Motto, *Meliora latent*, "The better part is hidden."

Lesina. An awl (Fig. 8). *L'assottigliarla più meglio anche fora*, "The more it is sharpened the better it penetrates."



Fig. 8.

Occulti. A thrush. *Taciturnus turdus*, "A silent thrush." A steel striking fire. *Exilit quod delituit*, "Out leaps what was hidden"—Opportunity shows the man.

Lincei, Accademia de', founded in Rome in 1603, by Prince Frederic Cesi, with the object of encouraging a taste for natural history. It is the most ancient academy in Italy that had not poetry and literature for its end. The name they adopted was the Lynx Academy, because the academicians should have the eyes of a lynx, to penetrate into the secrets of nature. They adopted the lynx for their device, and wore a golden ring with an emerald, upon which was engraved a lynx, the name of the founder, and that of the academy. The number of its members was small; among them were Galileo, Fabio Colonna, and in the Neapolitan branch was Giambattista Porta, who used the device of the academy, with the motto, *Aspicit et inspicit*, "Looks at and looks into." To this celebrated philosopher and mathematician we are indebted for the invention of the camera obscura.

Offuscati. A bear* attacking a hive

* Guinguené. † Eccles. xii. 7.

* "Subject they are many times to dimnesse of sight, for which cause especially they seeke after honey-combes, that the bees might settle upon them, and with their stings make them bleed about the head, and by that meanes discharge them of that heavinesse which troubleth their eyes."—Book viii., chap. 36.

(Fig. 9), that the stings of the bees may stimulate and rouse him from the heaviness which oppresses him. Motto, *Aciem*



Fig. 9.

acuunt aculei, "Stings sharpen his appetite," Opposition animates.—Les oppositions fort croître.

Ostinati. A pyramid blown from all quarters by the winds. Motto, *Frustra*, "Vainly."—"It stands four square to all the winds of heaven."

Rinovati. Three serpents coiled together issuing from the ground, and rearing their heads towards the sun to revive and invigorate them after the torpidity of



Fig. 10.

winter (Fig. 10). Motto, *Quos bruma tegebat*, "Which winter hid." Thus Ariosto—

"Un gran drappel di bisce,
Che dopo il verno al sol si goda e lisce."
Orlando Furioso, Canto xiii., st. 31.

"So when in clustering knots a snaky brood,
Reviving joyful with the spring renew'd,
Bask in the sun."—Hoole's *Translation*.

Sonnachiosi of Bologna. A bear, which, according to Pliny * and Aristotle, sleeps six continuous months of the year, with the motto, *Spero avanzar con la vigilia il sonno*, "I hope by vigils to make up for sleep;" implying that as the members had hitherto been lazy and indifferent to fame, henceforth they would strive by study to make up for lost time.

Trasformati of Milan. A plane tree, with the verse of Virgil, "*Et steriles platani malos gessere valentes*," "The barren plane hath borne a worthy fruit."—Cut out of a wild olive tree and grafted in.

Travagliata. A sieve (*vaglio*) (Fig 11),



Fig. 11.

with the motto. *Donec purum*, "Until clean."

Unanimi. Bees flying round a hive. Motto, *Omnibus idem ardor*, "One spirit fires them all."

As bees work with the one end, that of making honey, so the academy unite in the one aim that the whole world shall profit by their labours.

Bees formed also the *impresa* of another literary society, that of the *Mouche à miel*, instituted in 1703, at Sceaux, by the Duchess de Maine, for women as well as for men. The ensign of the order was a medal of gold, bearing on one side the portrait of the foundress and her title,* on the other a bee flying towards the hive, with the motto, *Piccola sì, ma fà gravi le ferite*, "Little,† it is true, but it makes deep wounds."

The initiatory oath taken by the knights was framed in the following words,—"Je jure, par les abeilles du mont Hymette, fidélité et obeissance à la directrice perpétuelle de l'ordre, de porter toute ma vie la médaille de la Mouche, et d'accomplir, tant que je vivrai, les statuts de l'ordre, et si je fausse mon serment, je consens que le miel se change pour moi en fiel, la cire en suif, les fleurs en orties, et que les guêpes et les frelons me percent de leurs aiguillons."

Mandruccio Cristoforo. Cardinal Trent +1578. A phœnix on the funeral fire (Fig. 12). Motto, *Ut vivat*, "That it may



Fig. 12.

live," *i.e.* ready to die in the body, to live with Christ. Tertullian makes the phœnix an image of the resurrection: it is also that of the Christian.

As the phœnix, when old and wearied, seeks the rays of the sun to consume its body,‡ again to be revived in life and vigour, so the Christian, worn and exhausted by worldly labour and suffering, turns to the Sun of Righteousness for regeneration and newness of life.

Ariosto alludes to the phœnix in the voyage of Astolfo:—

"Arabia, ch' è detta Felice,
Ricca di Mirra, e d' odorate incenso,
Che per suo albergo l' unica Fenice
Eletta s' ha di tutto il mondo immenso."
Orl. Fur. C. xv., 39.

"Arabia, nam'd the Happy, now he gains,
Incense and myrrh perfume her grateful plains;
The virgin phœnix there in seek of rest,
Selects from all the world her balmy nest."
Hoole's *Translation*.

But the ancient fable of the phœnix is most fully given by Ovid, thus translated by Dryden:—

"All these receive their birth from other things,
But from himself the phœnix only springs;
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same;
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence Amomum drains;
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dews they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palms: and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers: on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of Cassia, Cynamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his funeral bed is rear'd.
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd.
On this incumbent, till ethereal flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies:
He liv'd on odours, and on odours dies.
An infant phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain;
He lightens of his load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch."
Dryden.

And again—

"So that lone bird in fruitful Arabia,
When now her strength and waning life decays,
Upon some airy rock or mountain high,
In spicy bed (fir'd by near Phœbus' rays)
Herself and all her crooked age consumes;
Straight from her ashes, and those rich perfumes,
A new-born phœnix flies, and widow'd place resumes."
P. Fletcher, *The Purple Island*.

We have already alluded to the phœnix as the device of Eleanor, Queen of Francis I., and also as that of Vittoria Colonna. It formed likewise part of the badge given to Queen Jane Seymour, a phœnix in flames, issuing from a ducal coronet, being the crest of the family. Her son, Edward VI., added the motto, *Nascatur ut alter*, alluding to the nature of her death. Queen Jane Seymour lies buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with a Latin epitaph by Bishop Godwin, which has been thus translated by his son Morgan:—

"Here a phœnix lieth, whose death
To another phœnix gave breth,
It is to be lamented much
The world at once ne'er knew two such."

Queen Elizabeth also placed a phœnix upon her medals, with her favourite motto, *Semper eadem*, "Always the same," and others. She is often compared to the phœnix. Sylvester, in his "Corona Dedicatoria," says—

"As when the Arabian (only) bird doth burne
Her aged bodie in sweet flames to death,
Out of her cinders a new bird hath breath,
In whom the beauties of the first return;
From spicy ashes of the sacred urne
Of our dead phœnix (deere Elizabeth)
A new true phœnix lively flourisheth."

* "After the first fourteen daies (after they have taken up their lodging) they sleepe so soundly that they cannot possibly be wakened, if a man should lay on and wound them. In this drowsinesse of theirs they grow wondrous fat."—Book viii., chap. 36.

* The legend ran thus—L. BAR. D. SC. D. P. D. L. O. D. L. M. A. M. "Louise, Baronne de Sceaux, directrice perpétuelle de l'ordre de la Mouche à miel."

† "The bee is little among such as fly."—Eccles. xi. 3.

‡ "He (Manilius) reporteth that never man was knowne to see him feeding; that in Arabia hee is held a sacred bird, dedicated unto the sunne; that he liveth 660 years, and when he groweth old and begins to decay, he builds himselfe a nest with the twigs and branches of the canell, or cinnamon, and frankincense trees; and when he hath filled it with all sort of sweet aromaticall spices, yieldeth up his life thereupon. He saith, moreover, that of his bones and marrow there breedeth at first, as it were, a little worme, which afterwards proveth to bee a pretie bird. And the first thing that this young phœnix doth, is to performe the obsequies of the former phœnix late deceased; to translate and carie away his whole nest into the citie of the sunne, near Panchæa, and to bestow it full devoutly there upon the altar."—Pliny, book x., chap. ii.

ART-UNION SOCIETIES.

THE Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the operation of the laws which regulate the proceedings of Art-Union Societies has published its Report. These laws were passed with a view to the encouragement of Art, by creating a market for the sale of pictures, &c.; but objections have been taken to these societies on the ground that the Art which, as a rule, is fostered by them, is of a comparatively inferior character; and, moreover, that they promote a spirit of gambling, and, also, are sometimes instituted by individuals as speculations for their own individual benefit. There have been instances, without doubt, which justify this last charge, one that is unquestionably contrary to both the letter and the spirit of the primary establishment of Art-Unions.

The Committee in question sat four days during the month of May. The witnesses examined were Mr. W. M. Bucknall, Librarian of the Board of Trade, under which department the Art-Union laws come; Mr. J. Pelham, Jun., formerly honorary Secretary of the Liverpool Academy Art-Union, one of the "shilling" societies; Messrs. Henry Cole, C.B., R. Redgrave, R.A., M. A. Hayes, G. Godwin, F.R.S., the Right Hon. H. Waddington, Secretary of the Home Office, Messrs. W. Agnew, W. P. Frith, R.A., and Professor Donaldson. The general balance of the evidence given by these gentlemen was, that, with the exception of those of London and Glasgow, Art-Union societies did not carry out the objects for which they were founded, and were not worthy of countenance by the legislature or support from the public. The Committee came to the conclusion that an attempt should be made to abate the existing abuses, without going the length of absolutely prohibiting Art-Unions by leaving them within the Lotteries-Act—a law which, though much evaded, still operates as a check, and in reference to which Mr. Waddington said that, without a restrictive law, "the spirit of gambling would be tremendous." The Committee recommend an improved surveillance, and the transfer of the jurisdiction from the Board of Trade to the Department of Science and Art. They propose it be required that the scheme for distribution of prizes must be in accordance with the regulations approved by the Department, and on any departure from the regulations the Department may declare that the protection of the Art-Union Act is forfeited. Every person taking part in the management, who authorizes or permits any departure from or non-compliance with such regulations should be liable to a penalty. The protection of the Act should continue only while there are at least six persons on the committee of management, who are approved by the Department, and who have not given notice to the Department of their intention to cease so to act. It is also proposed that after every distribution a statement shall be published and a copy sent to the Department of Science and Art, giving the names and addresses of the committee of management, the names of winners of prizes, the receipts, the amount paid for each object distributed, the expenses, and the appropriation of the surplus.

If we had time and space to give an analytical report of the evidence, it would present some curious features; for example, Mr. Cole would "send all Art-Unions to limbo," considering that "schools of design and picture galleries have pushed them out of their place." Mr. Redgrave is of opinion that many of them foster "a system of slop-work." We presume he does not rank the Art-Union of London in this class, for a subscriber has this year selected one of his pictures as a prize. Mr. Frith has a word or two to say in their favour; he thinks they have done much to spread the desire to possess pictures, and have been of material service to young men of merit; and while he has nothing to say for abuses of the shilling Art-Unions, he does not desire to see such associations as the Art-Union of London or the Art-Union of Glasgow put down: these two associations are of a superior class.

The recommendation of the Committee to transfer the jurisdiction of these societies from the Board of Trade to the Department of Science and Art we believe to be most injudicious; the latter has quite as much on its hands as it can manage—many say far more than it can manage—to the entire satisfaction of the public. While so long as there seems a disposition to concentrate the interests of our Art-institutions in the hands of the South Kensington authorities, there will always be a prevailing feeling that every new addition to its influence and power will be of local and not national benefit. Mr. Cole himself stated, on being pressed in his examination, that, out of £161,000 voted last year for the Science and Art Department only £15,000, a mere fraction of the whole, went to the provinces in direct money payments for the encouragement of Art! Of course, the difference, or the lion's share of it, is used "at home,"—that is, at Kensington.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE following is a list, not yet completed, of the pictures selected by prizeholders:—

From the Royal Academy.—Drawing Timber in Picardy, R. Beavis, 250*l.*; Happy Idleness, Mrs. M. Robbinson, 100*l.*; Eventide, E. N. Downard, 75*l.*; Louis XI. and Marie de Commines, E. Kennedy, 73*l.* 10*s.*; Returning from Market, W. Fyfe, 63*l.*; The Doomed Tree, R. Redgrave, R.A., 57*l.* 15*s.*; The Invalid's Friend, S. G. Pollard, 52*l.* 10*s.*; On the Conway, North Wales, J. Uwins, 50*l.*; The Tomb of Grace Darling, C. W. Nicholls, 50*l.*; Out of the Lifeboat, A. Farmer, 50*l.*; Cavaliers and Roundheads, A. Cooper, R.A., 36*l.* 15*s.*; A First Lesson, C. Rossiter, 36*l.* 15*s.*; The Prisoner of War, J. A. Fitzgerald, 35*l.*; Rest—study for a larger picture—F. W. Hulme, 30*l.*; View in Nottinghamshire, J. Thors, 25*l.*; Rough Pastures, W. S. Rose, 10*l.*

From the British Institution.—Luzern, from the Lake, G. C. Stanfield, 100*l.*; Whitby Harbour, E. J. Niemann, 75*l.*; Frozen Out, G. D. Leslie, 63*l.*; A Rough Road over the Heath, G. Cole, 63*l.*; Fruit, Miss E. H. Stannard, 50*l.*; The Tangled Thread, M. Claxton, 50*l.*; In the Lledr Valley, J. Godet, 40*l.*; Making the Bouquet, J. C. Thorn, 35*l.*; Shorthorns, A. Corbould, 30*l.*; The Pool of London, F. Moltino, 25*l.*; Uncle Charles's Favourites, G. Hepper, 25*l.*; Croquet in the Time of Charles II., J. Barker, 25*l.*; Highland Stage, R. Cleminson, 20*l.*; Mumbles Lighthouse, H. K. Taylor, 15*l.*; Waiting for the Tide, A. Webb, 20*l.*

From the Society of British Artists.—Resting at Plough, J. Tennant, 150*l.*; Dutch Vessel entering Shields Harbour, E. Hayes, 100*l.*; Scene on the Little Neath, J. C. Ward, 105*l.*; Gipsy Girls, W. Shayer, 85*l.*; A Carp Pond at Ockham, E. J. Cobbett, 84*l.*; Near Bettws-y-Coed, J. Syer, 73*l.*; Blackberry Gathering, E. J. Cobbett, 75*l.*; View in Richmond Park, J. Tennant, 70*l.*; Three Bluebottles, C. Stuart, 50*l.*; On the Teign, Chagford, W. Williams, 60*l.*; Near Weald, Essex, J. E. Meadows, 50*l.*; A Welsh Spring, E. J. Cobbett, 45*l.*; A Vessel ashore on Whitley Rocks, E. Hayes, 45*l.*; Ullswater from Patterdale, J. T. Walton, 40*l.*; The Harbour and Pier of Watchett, H. K. Taylor, 40*l.*; The Fern Gatherer, S. B. Godbold, 40*l.*; Coast Scene near Eastbourne, J. Tennant, 40*l.*; The Calf Shed, J. Henzell, 40*l.*; Gleaners, W. Shayer, 35*l.*; The Present, J. A. Fitzgerald, 35*l.*; On the Fal, Cornwall, W. Pitt, 30*l.*; The Mumbles Light, H. K. Taylor, 30*l.*; Dunstanborough Castle, H. K. Taylor, 30*l.*; A Summer's Afternoon, Isle of Man, J. T. Peele, 30*l.*; The Weald of Kent, W. S. Rose, 25*l.*; Whistling through the Wood, W. Bromley, 25*l.*; Farmyard at Carlton, J. F. Herring, 25*l.*; A Breton Interior, A. Provis, 25*l.*; Haymaking, near Bolton Abbey, C. Earle, 22*l.*; A Mountain Stream, N. Wales, A. Barland, 21*l.*; Near Vevey, Switzerland, S. R. Percy, 20*l.*; A Lane in Summer Time, C. L. Coppard, 20*l.*; Near Walton-on-the-Naze, J. E. Meadows, 20*l.*; Stepping-stones on the Lledr, J. J. Curnock, 20*l.*; On the Thames near Henley, C. Pearson, 15*l.*; Enerdale Lake, T. C. Cracknell, 15*l.*; Amongst the Mountains, J. Carlisle, 15*l.*; "Will he buy?" W. Pilsbury, 10*l.* 10*s.*; The Mouth of the Thames, C. Danby, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Great at Cards, C. P. Slocombe, 10*l.*; Old Toll-house, Setzel, on the Rhine, A. H. Vickers, 10*l.*

From the Royal Scottish Academy.—In Kirkdale Glen, J. Faed, 30*l.*; Southwick Water, Dumfriesshire, Miss F. Stoddart, 12*l.* 12*s.*

From the Water Colour Society.—Lago d'Iseo, C. Smith, 52*l.* 10*s.*; Corufield at Streatham, C. Smith, 52*l.* 10*s.*; In the Pass of Llanberis, D. Cox, jun., 50*l.*; Ro, near Conway, D. Cox, jun., 42*l.*; Ophelia, Mrs. H. Criddle, 36*l.* 15*s.*; Canale della Posta, Venice, W. Callow, 31*l.* 10*s.*; The Dacres Monument, Hurstmonceaux, J. Nash, 15*l.* 15*s.*; Capri, Bay of Naples, P. J. Naftel, 15*l.* 15*s.*

From the Institute of Painters in Water Colour.—Deborah sitting in Judgment, H. Warren, 150*l.*; On the Cornice, Gulf of Genoa, C. Vacher, 52*l.* 10*s.*; Looking across the Gulf of Suez, C. Vacher, 50*l.*; The River Tees, near Rokeby, J. W. Whymper, 30*l.*; At Srudland, Dorset, J. H. Mole, 30*l.*; A Pleasant Look-out, C. H. Weigall, 25*l.*; The Tower Rock, Mewslade, J. G. Philp, 23*l.*; On the River Avon, Shipley Bridge, P. Mitchell, 26*l.* 5*s.*; The Outlet of Llyn Idwal, J. C. Reed, 20*l.*; The First Tarantella, A. Bouviers, 16*l.*; Changing the Pastures, H. Mapleston, 15*l.* 15*s.*; A Mountain Road, H. C. Pidgeon, 15*l.* 15*s.*; The Old Eschenheimer Tower and Gate, at Francfort, T. S. Boys, 15*l.*; A Grey Evening, Dockray, T. Sutcliffe, 11*l.*; Returning from the Harvest-field, H. Maplestone, 15*l.*; A Music Lesson, H. Warren, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Cullercoats, Northumberland, E. Hayes, 10*l.*

From the General Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings.—On the Thames at Hurley, F. Walton, 17*l.* 17*s.*; Fosse Rofin, on the Conway, T. Pritchard, 20*l.*

THE ROYAL MUSEUM AT MADRID.

THE long series of photographs of the Art collection in the Royal Museum at Madrid—published by Messrs. Marion & Co.—contains reproductions of famous works of which very many persons, having only read, may desire to obtain a more accurate knowledge than is obtainable from written description. Few things in photography are more difficult than the production of a good "plate" from an oil picture, especially if that picture be not fresh from the easel. Thus the merit of these is so much the greater. It is but of late years that we have substantially known of what the Art-treasures of Spain consist, certain names of celebrities of the Spanish schools having become familiar to us only through a few productions of rare excellence distributed in private galleries, while with those of others we became acquainted only historically. The painters here represented are exclusively "old masters," and the prints whereby they are commemorated describe their labours as still in singularly good preservation. But this is not surprising, as we know that the paintings which were executed by Titian more than a century before those of Murillo and Velasquez, are yet in their virgin state, never having been subjected to any process of restoration.

The photographs are one hundred and sixty-four in number. Of Murillo there are not less than twenty-five examples, all of which, except two, are sacred subjects. Of Velasquez are thirty-eight, of which many are portraits, the rest being biblical subjects. It is only by the contents of the museum at Madrid that we are enabled to estimate these painters individually and in contrast—that we can determine the character of their aspirations and the limits of their genius respectively. Portrait painters are so frequently fastidious in respect of the personal points of their sitters that the taste of Velasquez for painting dwarfs and idiots is the more remarkable when he had around him, whence to choose, all the blue blood of Spain. He was fully appreciated as the Titian, or Vandyke if you will, of his school, in evidence of which nearly the half of his works in the museum are royal portraits, among which is recognisable the long pale face of Philip IV., just as we see it in the National Gallery. Murillo and Velasquez are followed by Pareja, two subjects; Ribera, six; Alonso Cano, three; Juanes, nine, particularly the Life and Martyrdom of St. Stephen; Blas del Prado, Moro, Autolinez, Carreno, and Lopez, one each; Pantoja and Coello, two each. Then succeed the Italian painters, at the head of whom is Raffaelle, three of whose pictures here are known wherever Art is understood. These are the different versions of the Holy Family, known respectively as The Rose, The Pearl, and the Agnus Dei. There is a fourth rendering of the subject, but it is very small, as measuring only seven inches by six, the three named being three and four feet in length. The others by Raffaelle are portraits. By Coreggio there are two, by Bellini and Giorgione one each, and one by Leonardo da Vinci; three by Paul Veronese, and not less than four by Andrea del Sarto, of whose pictures not many are seen out of Florence. Titian is represented by sixteen examples, many of which were painted in Spain, where he spent some years in the reign of Charles V. Some of his subjects contrast strongly with those of the Spanish artists, much of whose severity is due to the austerity of the Spanish priesthood, and in many cases to the rigorous lives of the painters themselves. The difficulties of photographing such a collection of pictures is incalculable; it is not difficult to conceive the number of failures which, under adverse conditions, may have occurred, or the number of repetitions undertaken in the hope of better plates. The photographer is Mr. J. Laurent, of whose enterprise it must be said that it is one of the most arduous which could well have been undertaken. To all, therefore, who desire to become acquainted with the works of the great Spanish masters, we commend those reproductions.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: HERO WORSHIP.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



AT Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770, the great Poet, William Wordsworth, was born. The house in which he first saw the light that cheered and gladdened him for more than eighty years, and from which came the light that will cheer and gladden hundreds of millions, as long as man endures—the house is still standing, and I have pictured it. It is a gentleman's residence now, as it was then; for he was of a good family; was educated at Hawkshead school, and graduated at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1787.

His is not a "full" life in the ordinary sense of the term; and it may be told in a few sentences. He has said that "a poet's life is written in his works;" of himself it is especially true.*

He was never "at home" at the University; and he has left few records of his residence there.

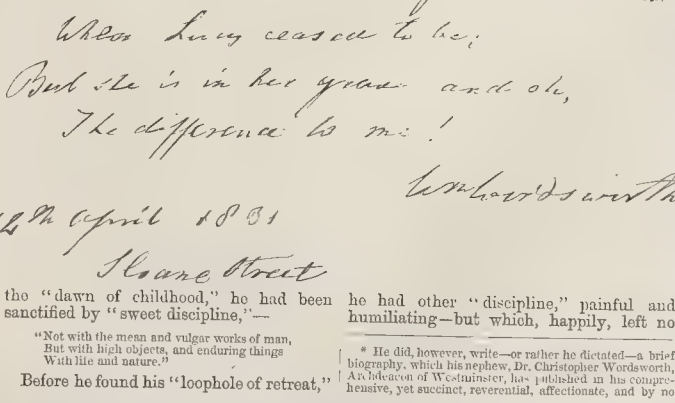
"He was not for that hour nor for that place." Feeling

"How gracious, how benign is solitude,"

he ever yearned for his native vales. Visiting them in 1788, his heart was won to his first love, and with few brief intervals they became his "home" till death:—

"When to the attractions of this busy world,
Preferring studious lessons, I had chosen
A habitation in this peaceful vale."

"The child is father of the man;" from



the "dawn of childhood," he had been sanctified by "sweet discipline,"—

"Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, and enduring things
With life and nature."

Before he found his "loophole of retreat," he had other "discipline," painful and humiliating—but which, happily, left no evil influence on his heart and mind. While little more than a youth, he was tainted by that which tainted also Southey and Coleridge; he avowed himself a republican, an enemy to hereditary monarchy and hereditary peerage. On his return from a residence in France, he writes,—

"I brought with me the faith
That if France prospered, good men would not long
Pay fruitless worship to Humanity."

He was soon taught, however, by a merciful Providence, that a house "mortared with blood" must inevitably fall; he had seen the wicked Republic only begin her "maniac dance;" while the "sleeping snakes were covered with flowers;" when "the atheist crew" were preparing their foul orgies, with smiles and greetings in the holy name of Liberty;

"When blasts
From hell came sanctified like airs from heaven!"

and he mournfully, and in a deeply repentant spirit, writes, that when thanksgivings for victories gained by the arms of England were offered up in her churches,

"I only, like an uninvited guest
Whom no one owned, sate silent."

Yet it was he, who, in after life, so heroically addressed the

"Vanguard of Liberty—ye men of Kent!"

when threats of invasion came across the narrow strait that divides England from France; and who, in 1803, exclaimed with all his heart and soul—

"Shout! for a mighty victory is won."*

He was not, indeed, as Southey was,—branded as "a renegade;" for the even tenor of his way was such as to create no personal or political enemies; but, happily for himself and for mankind, the Laureate Wordsworth was as thorough an "apostate" from the devilish faith of his youthhood as was the Laureate Southey.

There is not much to tell of the earlier years of the poet; he was drinking his fill from the pure fountain of Nature; grounding himself to become her great High Priest; learning from the Book that cannot be closed to the student; preparing to spread for Humanity a feast that never satiates, and to make millions after millions his debtors for delights enjoyed, instruction received, and benefits, incalculable, conferred on the whole human family.

Just at the most critical period of his life, when his prospects were so little cheering, that, it is said, he was seeking employment in connection with the London press—a friend died, and left him a considerable sum of money. That "event," for such it was, no doubt determined the after career of the poet; it gave him vigour for the race that was set before

* He did, however, write—or rather he dictated—a brief biography, which his nephew, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Archdeacon of Westminster, has published in his comprehensive, yet succinct, reverential, affectionate, and by no means over-enlarged, "Memoirs of the Poet." "The Prelude" also, a poem published after his death, but commenced at a very early period,—"is designed to exhibit the growth of his mind, from infancy to the year 1799, when he, so to speak, entered upon his mission and ministry, and deliberately resolved to devote his time and faculties to the art and office of a Poet." But in fact, there is hardly one of his poems that does not give us some insight into his thoughts, feelings, hopes, and aspirations—"the inner man."

* "It may, perhaps, be interesting to you, to be informed that the very evening before I received your last letter, Mr. Coleridge and I had a long conversation upon what you, with great propriety, call jacobinical pathos, and I can assure you he deeply regretted that he had ever written a single word of that character, or given, directly or indirectly, any encouragement whatever to such writings, which he condemned as arguing both want of genius and of knowledge. He pointed out as worthy of the severest reprehension the conduct of those writers who seem to estimate their power of exciting sorrow for suffering humanity, by the quantity of hatred and revenge which they are able to pour into the hearts of their readers. Pity, we argued, is a sacred thing that cannot and will not be profaned. Mr. C. is as deeply convinced as myself that the human heart can never be moved to any salutary purposes in this way, and that they who attempt to give it such movements are poisoners of its best feelings. They are bad poets, and misguided men." (From a letter—inedited—from Wordsworth to John Taylor, dated Grasmere, April 9, 1801, in Mr. Dillon's collection.)

him, armed him for the fight of life, enabled him to array

"His temples with the Muse's diadem."

"That friend bore the name of Calvert"—Raisley Calvert—and no memory of the poet can be without an expression of gratitude to him:—

"He cleared a passage for me, and the stream
Flowed in the bent of Nature."

Other aids came from other friends; good Sir George Beaumont, who some years before had warned the painter Haydon against "the terrific democratic notions of William Wordsworth," bequeathed to him an annuity; he was appointed to the office of "stamp-distributor" for his native county, was placed on a list called a "Pension list"—the record of England's meagre boons to her worthies; ultimately he became Poet Laureate, and throughout his long life was, in a word, INDEPENDENT.

"Blessed be the God
Of Nature and of Man that this was so!"

He never felt, as so many poets have felt,

"The influence of malignant star,"

never toiled for the bread that is often bitter to the high of soul; it was not his destiny to

"Learn in suffering what he taught in song."

In 1799, Wordsworth first found a home at Town-end, Grasmere; a comparatively humble cottage. In 1802, he was married to Mary Hutchinson; they had known each other from childhood, and had been playfellows in youth. In 1808, they removed to Allan Bank, near at hand, and in 1813, to RYDAL MOUNT, a house that any pilgrim to English shrines may yet visit; a house that if it perish can never be forgotten. There, for thirty-seven years, they lived, and there, on the 23rd of April, 1850, his spirit was called from earth.

There was another light in his home, beside that which was sent to be the darling of his heart; a "phantom of delight," his "second self;"—

"A creature, not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food,"

his companion, his friend, his adviser, his encourager, his comforter, his trust, his hope, and his wife.* They had five children, two of whom, Thomas and Catherine, died young; "sweet Dora" became the wife of Mr. Quillinan; and of his surviving sons, William, the eldest, is now distributor of stamps residing at Carlisle; the second, John, is the Rector of Plumbland and Vicar of Brigham, Cumberland.

That other light was his sister Dorothy,—"Dorothea, given of God." Matronly duties never called her from his side; from his earliest boyhood, from the time when his mother's prophecy was uttered, "William will be remarkable, either for good or for evil," she had been ever near him:—

"The blessing of my later years
Was with me when I was a boy."

To the poet, who loved her with devout affection, she was a perpetual blessing; it was she who, in his early days of peril—

"Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self."

To her he owed much, and to her, therefore, mankind owes much. "She gave me," writes the poet,—

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."

She did more than that; she dispelled foreboding shadows; "softened down an over sternness;" planted the rock with flowers; and the heart that might have been biassed to evil—indeed, at one time, the peril was great—she led—God guided—into the pleasant paths of Peace, and Love, and Hope, and Joy. We have not the poet's tribute only to this guardian and ministering angel. De Quincey, who knew her well, and it is said worshipped her as "a star apart," testifies to her quick and ready sympathy with every living thing. And when Wordsworth brought his wife to be the house-mate of his sister, she became the true friend of the one as she was the true friend of the other.

There are few of what are termed "leading incidents" in the poet's after life. In 1842, he resigned his office of stamp-distributor in favour of his son William, who still holds it, and received from Sir Robert Peel one of the crown pensions, £300 a year—"part of the limited fund which Parliament has placed at the disposal of the Crown, on the condition that it shall be applied to the reward and encouragement of public service, or of eminent literary and scientific merit."

On the death of Southey, in 1843, he was appointed Poet Laureate; the office was at first declined, but Sir Robert Peel pressed its acceptance, writing him that "the offer was made, not as imposing any onerous or disagreeable duty, but as a tribute of respect which is justly due to the first of living poets." And Wordsworth's reply was—"The being deemed worthy to succeed my lamented and valued friend, Southey, enhances the pleasure I receive."* In 1845, he visited London to "kiss hands," and it must have been a touching sight when the venerable white-haired man bent his knee to the young Queen, then barely commencing a reign which has been so fruitful of blessings over a realm on which "the sun never sets."

Soon after his eightieth birthday, his warning came.

When his mind was losing consciousness, his venerable wife said to him, "William, you are going to Dora"—his beloved daughter. The words were at the time unheeded, but next day, when some one drew aside the curtain, he murmured, "Is that Dora?" And who will venture to say it was not Dora, "sent of God" to companion him from earth to Heaven, who



THE HOUSE IN WHICH WORDSWORTH WAS BORN.

stood, in the spirit, at that moment, by the side of him to whom Death was giving Freedom and Life?

"Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,
The dark way never hath allowed return?
That all, which tears can move, with life is fled
That earthly love is powerless on the dead—
Believe it not!"*

He died on the 23rd of April, 1850, passing away almost insensibly, while the cuckoo clock was striking the hour of twelve at noon.

Thirty years before, the poet had received high promptings from that familiar sound—the cuckoo clock; and such thoughts as he breathed then—so long ago—may have solaced the last moments of his earthly life:—

"Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come
Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
With angels when their own untroubled home
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
To visit earthly chambers—and for whom?
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
And those who seek His help and for His mercy sigh."

"So lived he till his eightieth year was past." In venerable age, as in energetic youth, labouring to give "delights" that will be healthy stimulants† for ever.

Such is an outline—and it may suffice—of the long, yet comparatively undisturbed, even, and uneventful life of the poet, William Wordsworth.

His person and his character have both been abundantly portrayed by his contemporaries. In middle life, Hazlitt thus pictured him: "He reminds one of some of Holbein's heads, grave, saturnine, with a slight indication of sly humour." At a period somewhat later, Wilson in the "Noctes," says, "The eyes were dim and thoughtful, and a certain sweetness of smile occasionally lighted up the strong lines of

* Of the wife of Wordsworth, De Quincey thus writes:—"She furnished a remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman, neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigour of criticism, to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensating charm of sweetness, all but 'angelic,' of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart, speaking through all her looks, words, and movements."

* "I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this; and that, absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, they are not always false, but that the spirits of the dead have sometimes been permitted to appear. I believe this, because I cannot refuse my assent to the evidence which exists of such things, and to the universal consent of all men who have not *learnt* to think otherwise. Perhaps you will not despise this as a mere superstition, when I say that Kant, the profoundest thinker of modern ages, came, by the severest reasoning, to the same conclusion. But if these things are, then there is a state after death; and if there be a state after death, it is reasonable to presume that such things should be."—*Robert Southey.*

* Wordsworth, in a letter to James Montgomery, says, "It has afforded me a melancholy pleasure to be thought worthy of succeeding my revered friend."

† Wordsworth, writing of himself in 1845, when his poems were to him as so many "memories," speaks of "the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances."

his countenance with an expression of courteousness and philanthropy." Lockhart, in "Peter's Letters," notes "his large, dim, pensive eye," his "smile of placid abstraction," and "his long, tremulous, melancholy lips." And thus De Quincey writes: "Many such heads, and finer, have I seen among the portraits of Titian, and in a later period among those of Vandyke, but none that has more impressed me in my time." "It was a face of the long order." "His eyes small, rather than large; not under any circumstances bright, lustrous, or piercing," yet often "solemn and spiritual;" sending forth "a light that seemed to come from unfathomed depths;" "the nose a little large and arched." He was tall—five feet, eleven inches; but seemed taller when he stood or sate; although "in walking he had a slouched or sidling gait that took from his height." Thus Leigh Hunt pictures him: "I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes." He adds, "He had a dignified manner, with a deep and roughish, but not unpleasing voice, and an exalted mode of speaking." In later life, one of his acquaintances writes of "his venerable head; his simple, natural, and graceful attitude in his own chair; his respectful attention to the slightest remarks or suggestions of others in relation to what was spoken of; his kindly benevolence of expression as he looked round now and then on the circle." His nephew, Archdeacon Wordsworth, writes of "the broad, full forehead, the silver hair, the deep and varied intonations of the voice." An American writer describes his eyes in his eightieth year as giving to his countenance its high intellectual expression.*

Such, according to these authorities, was the "outer man," Wordsworth. Having quoted them, I scruple to give my own portrait, yet I must do so, as I drew it in 1832, during one of his brief visits to London.

His features were large, and not suddenly expressive: they conveyed little idea of the "poetic fire" usually associated with brilliant imagination. His eyes were mild



RYDAL MOUNT.

and up-looking, his mouth coarse rather than refined, his forehead high rather than broad; but every action seemed considerate, and every look self-possessed, while his voice, low in tone, had that persuasive eloquence which invariably "moves men."

Perhaps, it was impossible to find two men whose "faces" more thoroughly differed than did those of Southey and Wordsworth.

Wanderers in Westmoreland will see the same type in every third peasant they meet; a face long and narrow, a forehead high, a long and rather aquiline nose, with eyes meek and gentle, expressing little strength, and nothing of strong passion. There are many portraits of him. He "believed he had sate twenty times." That which I prefer, excepting perhaps the bust by Thrupp, which brings him more thoroughly before me, is by Pickersgill, painted for St. John's College, Cambridge, and which Wordsworth himself greets in some lines—

"Go, faithful portrait," &c.

It is the portrait I have engraved at the head of this Memory, and which I also engraved (full length) in the Book of Gems; it was painted sitting under a rock at the side of a mountain. That by the American artist, Inman, seems to have been the one he and his family liked best. It was the one, or rather a copy of it, that hung in his own dining room. Wordsworth writes about "an engraving from a picture by Mr. Haydon, of me in the act of climbing Helvellyn." I have never seen it. Southey says that Hazlitt painted a portrait of Wordsworth so "dismally," that on seeing it, one of his friends exclaimed—"At the gallows, deeply affected by his deserved fate, yet determined to die like a man."

To "the inner man," Wordsworth, there are abundant testimonies. Coleridge, when he first knew Wordsworth in early youth, at Allfoxden, says, "Whose society I found an invaluable blessing, and to whom I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, and a man;" and he writes to Cottle, about the same period, "He is one whom, God knows, I love and honour as far beyond myself, as both morally and intellectually he is above me." Thus Lockhart—Peter's Letters—"His poetry is the poetry of external nature and profound feeling, and such is the hold which these high themes have taken of his intellect, that he seldom dreams of descending to the tone in which the ordinary conversation of men is pitched." Haydon thus speaks of Wordsworth, "With his usual cheerfulness, he delighted us by his bursts of inspiration;" and adds, "His purity of heart, his kindness, his soundness of principle, his information, his knowledge, and the intense and eager feeling with which he pours forth all he knows, interest and enchant me;" and again, "He follows Nature like an apostle, sharing her solemn moods and impressions." This is the testimony of his old and familiar friend, Southey: "The strength and the character of his mind you see in 'The Excursion'"—"The Prelude" then existed only in MS.—"and his life does not belie his writings, for in every relation of it, and in every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man."

Dr. Wordsworth wrote these lines in a volume of his brother's poems:—

"In diction, in nature, in grace, in variety, in purity, in philosophy, in morals, in piety, does he not surpass all our writers?"

This is Mrs. Hemans's compliment to Wordsworth:—

"True bard, and holy! thou art even as one
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie."

She also describes him in prose. "There is an almost patriarchal simplicity about him, an absence of all pretension, all is free, unstudied,—

'The river winding at its own sweet will,'

in his manner and conversation. There is more of impulse about him than I had expected; but in other respects, I see much that I should have looked for in the poet of meditative life; frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. . . . . His reading is very peculiar; but to my ear, delightful, slow, solemn, *earnest* in expression, more than any I have ever heard; when he reads or recites in the open air, his deep, rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit voice, and belong to the religion of the place; they harmonise so fitly with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls." And again she says, "His voice has something quite *breeze-like* in the soft gradation of its swells and falls." "His manners are distinguished by that frank simplicity which I believe to be ever the characteristic of *real* genius; his conversation is perfectly free and unaffected, yet remarkable for power of expression and vivid imagery." She speaks also of his gentle and affectionate playfulness in his intercourse with all the members of his family." "There is a daily beauty in his life which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed and felt it."

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

Sir John McNeill, proposing the health of Wordsworth at the Burns Festival, thus spoke of him: "Dwelling in his high and lofty philosophy, he finds nothing that God has made common or unclean; he finds nothing in human society too humble, nothing in external nature too lowly, to be made the fit exponent of the bounty and goodness of the Most High." I

* Another American, Emerson, in 1833, styles him "a plain, elderly, white-haired man, not prepossessing, and disfigured by green goggles." Emerson saw him again in 1846, and says, "he had a healthy look, with a weather-beaten face, his face corrugated, especially the large nose." But it is clear that Wordsworth excited no reverence in the mind of Emerson; if that clear-sighted and cold reasoning man had hero-worship, it was not for the poet.

copy these lines from a poem by Laman Blanchard:—

"Who looked on common life, with all its care,
And found a beauty and a blessing there,
Who storied his course by Nature's sacred chart,
And shed a halo round the human heart."

And Talfourd, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, in 1837, thus spoke of him: "He has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age, and while he has done justice to the poetry of greatness, has cast a glory round the lowest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest." His habits were almost those of an anchorite; he had no artificial wants; his luxuries were those which abundant nature supplied—

'Rich in the wealth
Which is collected among woods and fields.'"

It may be that his intense love of nature induced forgetfulness of that eternal truth—

"The proper study of mankind is man!" *

for he mixed but little with society, and his happiest hours were those he passed "at home," in the bosom of a family by whom he was reverenced as well as loved; and among a few chosen friends by whom he was almost adored.

I may, perhaps, venture to give my own appreciation of his character as I wrote it (Book of Gems) in 1837.

The style of Wordsworth is essentially vernacular, at once vigorous and simple. He is ever true to nature, and therefore, if we except Shakespeare, no writer is so often quoted; passages from his poems having become familiar as household words, and are perpetually called into use to give strong and apt expression to the thoughts and feelings of others. This is, perhaps, the highest compliment a poet can receive; it has been liberally paid to him even by those who knew little of the rich mine of which they are but specimens. With him, the commonest objects—

"Bare trees, and mountains bare,
The grass, and the green fields,"

are things sacred; he has an alchymy of his own, by which he draws from them "a kind of quintessence," and rejecting the "gross matter" presents to us the present ore. He sees nothing loftier than human hopes—nothing deeper than the human heart; and while he worships nature, he so paints her aspect to others, that he may succeed in "linking to her fair works the human soul." His poems are full of beauties peculiarly their own, of original thoughts, of fine sympathies, and of grave, yet cheerful wisdom.†

My readers will not consider out of place some touching and eloquent lines, written on visiting the scenes of the poet's triumphs, by John Dillon, Esq., a gentleman, who, in the active discharge of duties connected with commercial life, has had leisure to cultivate and cherish the arts that refine and elevate; and did not find the labours incident to trade antagonistic to the enjoyments derivable from intercourse with the Muses.

"I understand him better, that I've seen
His mountains and his valleys, and those lakes,
The near lake and the distant; sate me down
In his own garden, where he thought and felt;
For thought to him was feeling; seen his house,
Tasted the freshness of the air he breathed,
And knew the world he lived in, sung, and loved;
Beheld that purple mountain, those green hills.
. . . . . .
Nature to him was faith, and earth a heaven.
Man was to him a shepherd on the fells,
And human life the grey and winding path
That wanders up the mountains, and then fades
In mist and distance. . . . . .
His mind was as that flying cloud of light
Which rushes o'er the mountains and the plains,
Then mingles in the waters like a dream.
The earth and skies, the sunshine and the storm,
The mighty mountain and the gurgling stream,
Fell on his vision, till his sense became
All eye-sight. . . . . .
A mind like his
Sees in the merest nook where verdure dwells
The smallest flower that springs there, and the dew,
The single dewdrop that weighs down its lids,
Rich specimens of nature, to be kept
And hoarded 'mid the treasures of his thoughts
Even as a wonder, and a proof of God."
. . . . . .

The poet's "ways" were, of course, familiar in the neighbourhood where he had lived so long. A good walker, he was acquainted with every spot within twenty miles of him,* and he was often found a stroller at night; the people used to hear



THE CHURCH AT GRASMERE.

him "maundering" about the roads, talking to himself—composing, of course; but much of his poetry was produced while moving up and down "the poet's walk,"—the walk that led from his hall-door to the end of the plantation.

Neighbours, when they saw him pacing the floor of his "study," that was ever out of doors, used to say, as they listened to his solemn voice, "Ah! there he is—maundering about again!" Ay, he was drinking deep draughts from that eternal fountain which furnished living water to mankind. His mind was ranging over the whole domain of nature, while on-lookers thought him an idler on the waste of life; intensely enjoying all that met his eye or ear, and revelling in sights and sounds to which those about him were blind and deaf.†

It is notorious that the poet lived to be



THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

an old man before the world had learned to appreciate his genius. Yet so early as 1804 this is the opinion of Southey, the soundest and safest, while the most generous, of critics:—"He will rank among the very first poets, and probably possesses a mass of merits superior to all, except only Shakspere." Again he writes, in reference to Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads, "I do not hesitate to say that in the whole compass of poetry, ancient or modern, there is no collection of miscellaneous poems comparable to them, nor any work whatever which discovers greater strength of mind, or

* Yet Mrs. Hemans tells us that when "pestered with albums" he found it convenient to administer the same line to all patients—

"The proper study of mankind is man."

He did not so summarily dismiss Mrs. Hall's album, writing there the lines beginning—

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,"

writing them, I am proud to say, when seated at her own library table.

† In a letter to me (dated December 23, 1837), he writes, in reference to my memoir of him, "Absurdly unreasonable would it be in me, if I were not satisfied with your notice of my writings and character. All I can further say is, that I have *wished* both to be what you indulgently say they are."

* "I calculate," writes De Quincey, "that Wordsworth must have travelled 180,000 miles on his legs; a mode of exertion which, to him, stood in the stead of alcohol, and all other stimulants whatsoever to the animal spirits."

† Yet in Wordsworth nature was, at one opening, quite shut out. Southey tells us that "Wordsworth has no sense of smell. Once, and once only, in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom; and he says it was like a vision of Paradise to him; but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has since continued torpid." Mr. Charles Kent, one of the later friends of Leigh Hunt, tells us he had a similar defect—the joy that is given by sweet scents having been denied to him.

higher poetical genius." And again, "It is by the side of Milton that Wordsworth will have his station awarded by posterity."*

But Southey was alone, or nearly so. Charles Lamb did, indeed, greet him with the

"All hail, hereafter!"

and De Quincey, when a youth, worshipped at his shrine. Yet, although from the beginning he "fit audience found, though few,"† and was ever, emphatically, "a poet for poets," Fame was slow with acknowledgment, and tardy with reward; and he was aged before his recognition as a poet for universal man. For many years, with a consciousness of power not to be suppressed, he lived with a knowledge that he was "scorned." The word is not too strong to express the general sentiment with which he was regarded. *All* the critics were "down upon him." The "oracles" were not merely dumb: they jeered, they pitied, and thought they paid him but fairly and dealt with him only leniently, when they gave him contempt for the "puerilities" and "absurdities" that most of them lived to see immortalities.‡

No wonder that intercourse with humanity became distasteful to him; that he sought, instead, converse with nature—the vales, and skies, and—"common things."

Not only were the critics his foes; even loving friends often shook their heads, and smiled at the poet's simplicity in fancying the world could ever accept verses such as his. One of them ventured to intimate that among the lyrics there was a piece that at all events ought to be cancelled, as the printing of it would make the writer "everlastingly ridiculous." It was the poem "We are Seven," which is now placed among the most touching and delicious poems in the language of our land.

The Lyrical Ballads, published originally in 1798, was an edition of five hundred copies. "The sale was so slow," arising from "the severity of reviewers," that its progress to oblivion seemed certain. When the publisher, Cottle, sold his copyrights to Longman, that copyright was valued at *nil*, and was given back to Cottle for nothing, as of no worth, who gave it to the author on the same terms. "This will never do," wrote Jeffrey, with admirable prescience, when reviewing "The Excursion;" and in reference to the critic's opinion of the poet, Lamb writes to Southey, "Jeffrey is resolved to crush it." "He crush 'The Excursion!'" exclaimed the Laureate; "tell him he can as easily crush Skiddaw!" That most wonderfully sweet and powerful poem (there are tens of thousands who consider it fulfils the prophecy of Southey, and gives him rank with Milton), the result of many years of labour, thought, reflection, knowledge, observation, study, not from books, for like his own "Wanderer,"

"He had small need of books,"

was pooh-poohed away among "rubbish." Even Giffard, although he yielded to Southey's wish, and let Lamb review it in the *Quarterly*, clipped the friendly critic's wings, erasing so many laudatory passages, that the very soul of "gentle-hearted Charles" was wrung with anguish.

He was in the estimation, or, at least, according to the description, of those whose business was to lead and guide public opinion, neither more nor less than "one of the school of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes."

Such were his reviewers—as Coleridge writes,—

"Disinterested thieves of our good name,
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbour's fame."

It would have been opposed to Nature had the self-conscious poet in no way murmured against this dispensation of the critics—representing the public. He did murmur, no doubt, and very frequently complained,—even so late as 1831, when I knew him,—at the miserable recompense that rewarded his many years of labour; but at the period to which I refer, indifference was gradually giving way, the fruit was ripening to reward toil, and the "hereafter" that was to bring the "All hail!" was gradually looming into sight.

When "The Excursion" was "crushed," Wordsworth wrote to Southey:—"Let the age continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write, with, I trust, the light of Heaven upon me."

Critics will do well to bear perpetually in mind that a not far off *thereafter* may reverse a sentence that will, at the moment, be accepted as just. A hundred modern instances may be quoted: that so generally pronounced against Wordsworth will, perhaps, suffice. I cannot say if Jeffrey repented him of the evil; probably at the last, as at the first, he was unable to comprehend the great High Priest of Nature—the poet who, next to that of Shakspere, has his name written in the book of British Worthies. He did not "crush the Excursion," neither did he extinguish the poet; but no doubt he so thoroughly "stifled" his aspirations, as to extort a brief resolve to write on, but to print no more—to leave the benefits of publication to his heirs and assigns. Is it

"No public harm that Genius from her course
Be turned: and dreams of truth dried up, even at their source?'

Yes, the history of authors is full of "calamities" of that kind; unhappily, there is ever a strong temptation to unsympathising and ungenerous and harsh criticism. Though it may be rare—perhaps it has never been—that an author has died of a review, at least it is certain that the "this will never do" of the critic has depressed and saddened, nay, blighted a whole life, and deprived generations of the fruits of labour that might have been productive of much good. I speak from my own knowledge when I say this; and I could, if I pleased, describe a score of such cases that are within my own experience. If critics could witness the agonies that harsh judgment has brought to a working home, when hands have been shackled and brain has been paralysed by heedless injustice, or even by justice ministered not with reluctance but with relish, there would be less of misery among those whose "sensitiveness" is proverbial—authors and artists.

In estimating the full effect of unjust or severe personal criticism, we must not confine our thoughts to the author attacked. Often it affects literature. Some scholars in easy circumstances have ceased to write rather than be the butt of ignorant critics. Such was the case with Francis Douce, whose illustrations of Shakspere are a text-book for students. He was so bitterly assailed, that he determined never again to publish. He gave his manuscripts to the British Museum, locked in iron-bound boxes, with a legal proviso that they should not be opened until a century after his death. His valuable and curious library he left to the Bodleian at Oxford.

No book is better known and appreciated than Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. It had, too, a salutary effect on popular literature, by substituting simple nature in ballad poetry for foolish conventionalism. Yet the bishop was so bitterly attacked, particularly by Ritson, that it embittered his life. He never ceased lamenting that he had ever published the book, and in his later days could not bear to hear it named.

It would be easy to multiply examples.

Even so it was with great Wordsworth; very nearly he had resolved to write, or, at all events, to print no more. But, as I have said, he lived to see his faith in himself gradually but surely becoming the faith of all mankind.

One morning, in 1830, when Mr. Wordsworth honoured me with his company at breakfast, our talk fell on his lack of popularity. I, who was among the most devout of his worshippers, sought to argue him out of so depressing a belief, and I showed how I had become so familiar with his writings by placing before him a copy of Galignani's edition of his works, collected in a form, and at a price, that brought the whole of them within my reach. I expressed a belief that of that book many hundreds, probably thousands, were annually sold in England. That led to an appointment with a view to inquiry, and next day I accompanied him to a bookseller's in Piccadilly—a firm with the encouraging and ominous name of "Sustenance and Stretch." The sale of the work, as of all English reprints, was strictly "prohibited." I asked for a copy of Galignani's edition: it was produced. I asked if I could have six copies, and was told I could; fifty copies? yes, at a month's notice; and further questions induced conviction that by that one house alone between two hundred and three hundred copies had been sold during the year. I believe Wordsworth was far more pleased than vexed to know that although he derived no profit from them, at least his poems were read.*

(To be continued).

* Southey was, however, as fully aware as any critic that the friend he loved was not without "fault." In a letter from Southey to Miss Seward (dated December 10, 1807), lent to me by Mr. Dillon, from his rare and extensive collection of autographs, I find the following remarks on Wordsworth:—"You speak of Wordsworth's poems as I should expect, fairly appreciating their defects and excellencies. William Wordsworth is a most extraordinary man, one whose powers as a poet it is not possible to overrate, and who will stand in the first rank of poets. It is the vice of his intellect to be always upon the stretch and strain—to look at pile worts and daffodowndillies through the same telescope which he applies to the moon and stars, and to find subjects for philosophising and fine feeling, just as Don Quixote did for chivalry, in every peasant and vagabond he meets. Had I been his adviser, part of his last volume would have been suppressed. The storm of ridicule which they would draw down might have been foreseen; and he is foolishly, and even diseasedly, sensible to the censure which he despises, like one who is flea-bitten into a fever. But what must that blindness of the heart be, which is dead to the noble poetry contained in these volumes?"

† In a letter to Moxon, in 1833, he states that not a single copy of his poems had been sold by one of the leading booksellers in Cumberland, "though Cumberland is my native county."

‡ Among the "few" was Professor Wilson, a mere youth and "stranger" to the poet. In a letter, warm to enthusiasm, he lauds the "Lyrical Ballads." "He valued them next to his Bible," and felt for their author "an attachment made up of love and admiration." The letter was not signed by the writer's name, but Wordsworth answered it. It cheered the great poet by its evidence that there were some to appreciate his genius. He had given to the writer "no cheap nor vulgar pleasure," for it was plain that his poems had been thought over and studied, and that his correspondent was no common youth.

* In a letter addressed to me, by Leigh Hunt, in 1831, he writes:—"Wordsworth's lack of popularity was owing partly to that taste for the French school of poetry which was still lingering among us from the times of Dryden and Pope, and partly to the excess to which he pushed his simplicity, as if in scorn of it; which naturally enough irritated the wits and others, who had been bred up in its conventional elegancies. He has since given indications of a consciousness of having gone a little too far; and they, on the other hand, are very sorry and complimentary, and so all is well at last. Meanwhile, he waited patiently for the turn of the tide, that was to bring to him a crowd of devoted admirers." They who knew Wordsworth may conceive the delight he would have felt at examining the edition of *all* his poems (700 pages), published by Moxon, not long after the poet's death. It is a beautifully printed volume, in sufficiently large and clear type, infinitely preferable to that of Galignani, so long the only "collected" edition of his poems, but most unsatisfactory and incomplete.

LITHOGRAPHY AN AUXILIARY TO PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE.

Messrs. Southwell, in Baker Street, have just patented a process whereby lithography is made to assist the artistic character of photographic portraits. The results that we have seen have been effected on vignettes, of which the head might measure, perhaps, two inches, and the effect is that of a very spirited drawing on tinted paper. The tint thrown round the head may be at pleasure warm or cold, in imitation of any one of the endless variety of colours communicated to paper for drawing. On examining one of these prints, although it is clear enough that the perfectly flat and even field is not worked with the brush, it does not immediately occur that it has been produced by the stone.

The process of Messrs. Southwell is as follows. The vignette intended to receive the tint is carefully traced on the stone, and the head, to its extreme outline, is bitten or cut out, so as, in printing, to leave the features clear as pure photography. The roller charged with any tint is then passed over the stone, whereby colour is imparted to the print, which then comes forth as an effective drawing on grey, drab, or blue paper. This treatment of the vignette, however, shows the head deficient in something to bring it up to the decided and conclusive character of the background. This, in its present state, would be simply colour, and from the hands of an accomplished miniature-painter one of these portraits would be an all but insoluble enigma not only to a painter, but also to a photographer, as to the means of its production. In speaking of the progress of photographic device, we have frequently remarked that it is extremely slow of development. So simple is this application of lithography to photographic portraiture, that it is marvellous it has not been tried before, and the more especially since the popularity of the photograph *per se* has declined. We have not ascertained whether the flat tint can be worked upon with chalk or water-colour, but it is probable that neither can be employed, as the vehicle used for the tint appears to contain a proportion of oil. It cannot be doubted that this invention will be carried much further, and we believe that Messrs. Southwell are experimenting in various directions. The immediate suggestions, however, thrown out by their invention are two—the production of a perfect imitation of a chalk-drawing even freely hatched, or that of a very softly worked water-colour drawing. Both of these effects we believe to be obtainable by carrying the process further; but, as in all things, a higher degree of excellence can only be obtained by a renewal of labour—the accomplishment of such results can be effected only by means more complicated. Thus, if a photograph be worked over by a skilful hand as a chalk-drawing—say with red and black chalk—or even touched with pastel, and the finish, touch for touch, be transferred to the stone, and prepared for printing, we cannot help thinking that by perfection of registering, and the use of several stones, an entirely successful reproduction could be obtained. By another method might be completed a fully coloured portrait—that is, by a succession of stones and means similar to that of chromolithography; we see, however, in this much greater difficulties to be overcome than in the other process, as softness and gradation of tint are indispensable.

Messrs. Southwell have patented their invention, and intend to grant licenses for working it, which of course pre-supposes a process readily intelligible and practicable. Or, they are prepared to finish vignettes with a flat tint, at a small charge, for photographers who may decline to complicate their practice with lithography. It is probable that the larger the portrait is the more easily will it be worked, as the adjustment of the stones will be determinable with less difficulty, and the colouring may be less delicate. We now allude to that advance which we hope to learn the inventors will have shortly achieved.

HINDU ARCHITECTURE.*

Any one turning over the leaves of this splendid volume would at once come to the conclusion that a work so costly in production, and so peculiar in character, could scarcely be the result of individual enterprise; and the opinion is not wide of the truth. It has been published for the Committee of Architectural Antiquities of Western India, under the patronage of Premchund Raichund. Its history is thus pointed out:—The Government of Bombay has at various times taken steps towards portraying and presenting to the public portions of the magnificent architecture with which the Presidency and the territories bordering on it abound. About ten years ago, Captain (now Colonel) Biggs and Dr. Pigou were employed to take photographs at Beejapoor, and in Dharwar and Mysore. Subsequently a series of plans and drawings of Beejapoor, which had been prepared under the superintendence of Captain Hart, were published for the Government under the editorship of Mr. James Fergusson; and more recently still, Colonel Biggs took for the same authority a number of photographs of Ahmedabad. Early in last year a committee composed of English and native gentlemen, residents in the Presidency, was requested by the governor, Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, to undertake the publication of the materials already collected, with such additions as might hereafter be procured, the whole to form a comprehensive series of volumes on the Architectural Antiquities of Western India. The question of cost was yet a stumbling-block in the way of carrying out the project, so, at least, as to bring the work within the reach of any but the really opulent; this difficulty was ultimately surmounted by certain native gentlemen volunteering,—for the honour of their country, coupled with a desire to extend to other lands a knowledge of the architectural wealth it contains,—to take, each one, a single volume under his patronage, and to contribute £1,000 towards its publication. Mr. Premchund Raichund, a Jain and a native of Goozerat, took two volumes under his care, of which the first is now before us; the second, illustrating some of the principal edifices in Dharwar and Mysore, may be shortly expected, and a third is considerably advanced. The committee hope that these may be followed by three more.

Hindu, or, to adopt a more general and comprehensive term, Mahomedan, architecture is but imperfectly known in this country, so far as its distinguishing characteristics are concerned; for although its origin may be traced back to the ancient Egyptians, and the more modern Egyptian and Hindu styles still present some common points of resemblance, especially in their constructive forms,—as, for example, in the use of the pyramid, or pagoda, towers erected over the gateways leading to the Hindu temples,—the architects of India overlaid their work very frequently with ornamentation of a Saracenic kind, distinguished by chasteness and beauty of design, coupled with rich and most delicate finish. It is impossible to examine the illustrations in this volume,—one hundred and twenty photographs, besides numerous woodcuts—without a conviction that the people whom, perhaps, we have been accustomed to regard as semi-barbaric, possessed a thorough knowledge of the art of construction, a marvellous perception of the beautiful, and the skill of most cunning workmen. The forms of their edifices may sometimes appear strange to eyes accustomed to European architecture; but there is no disputing the boldness, combined with elegance, of their designs, and the richness of their decorations, both internally and externally. One of the most notable examples of such work is seen in 'The Queen's Mosque in Mirzapoor,' of which several plates are given, all of them showing the most elaborate ornament; and it is curious to observe how the principles of Gothic architecture appear to have found their way into India, for we find here in one of the plates (No. 31) a gateway with a pointed arch flanked on each side by projecting windows, similar in construction to Gothic oriels. A window of perforated marble in 'Seedee Syed's Mosque' (No. 36) is remarkable for the exquisite delicacy of its tracery, and the singularity of its design; its form is almost semicircular, the top, however, terminating in a point; from the centre of its base springs the trunk of a tree whose branches are bent into the most graceful curves on each side, but not uniform, and between these is introduced the tracery work, bearing a resemblance to an infinity of sprigs; it is very beautiful. We may remark that, although we have spoken of this design as "singular," this truncated form of ornament seems to have often been adopted by Hindu architects; there is another fine, but bolder, specimen of it in 'The Shápoor Mosque' (No. 107).

The photographs, eleven in number (Nos. 71 to 81), illustrating 'Mochafiz Khan's Mosque,' erected in 1465, perhaps surpass in interest any other series in the book; the mosque appears in excellent preservation, and certainly, in beauty, is second to none in Ahmedabad; it is entered by three doorways of Saracenic type, and on each side of these is a pagoda tower, or minaret, not of great height, but most elaborately sculptured, as several of the photographs of details testify.

We must leave to those journals which treat more extensively of architecture than does our own to deal with this volume in a manner which, as appears to us, its merits and importance deserve; we can but express our own pleasure in the examination of these wonderful examples of human skill and ingenuity; and, strange as the opinion may seem to some, we cannot but think that our own architects may borrow from them some ideas which might not inaptly be applied to the structures of our own country, and which will, at least, have the recommendation of novelty. Mahomedan architecture, regarded in its assumed affinity to the Gothic type, has no more right to be considered an exotic among us than the classic styles of Greece and Rome, which are as little of northern growth as is the Hindu.

It is to be hoped that the success of this volume may lead to the publication of the whole of the others, as contemplated by its promoters.

* Architecture at Ahmedabad, the Capital of Goozerat. Photographed by Colonel Biggs, R.A. With an Historical and Descriptive Sketch by Theodore C. Hope, Bombay Civil Service; and Architectural Notes by James Fergusson, F.R.S., M.R.A.S., &c. &c. Published by John Murray, London.

PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF 1867.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

The *Journal of the Society of Arts* has published the annexed statement having reference to the awards to be distributed at the Exhibition to be held next year in Paris; it is from official documents issued by the *bureau* of the Minister of State.

1. General Dispositions.—A sum of 800,000 francs (£32,000) is devoted to the purpose of rewards to be given on the occasion. These prizes to be awarded by an international jury, whose labours are to be performed between the 1st day of April and the 14th day of May, 1867. The public distribution of the prizes to take place on the 1st of July.

2. Special Regulations concerning the Class of Works of Art.—The prizes placed at the disposition of the jury for works of Art are as follows:—

Seventeen grand prizes, each of the value of 2,000 francs (£80).
32 First prizes, each of 800fr. . . . .(£32)
44 Second „ each of 500fr. . . . .(£20)
46 Third „ each of 400fr. . . . .(£16)

Exhibitors on the jury are excluded from receiving any prize.

3. Arrangements respecting the nine groups of agricultural and industrial products:—

Grand prizes and rewards in money to the amount of 250,000 francs (£10,000).

100 Gold Medals of the value of 1,000 francs each (£40).

10,00 Silver Medals.
3,000 Bronze do.
5,000 Honourable mentions, at the utmost.

All the medals will be from the same die.

The Grand Prizes are intended as rewards for inventions or improvements which have produced considerable improvement in the quality of productions, or in the processes of manufacture.

The award of the prizes in these groups will be by the successive operation of juries of classes, juries of groups, and a superior council.

4. Special arrangements respecting the new series of rewards (already described above).

10 prizes, of a total value of 100,000 francs (£4,000); 20 honourable mentions; 1 grand prize of 100,000fr. The special jury appointed to award these prizes will determine the distribution of the values and the form of the reward. The claims and documents intended to point out any person, establishment, or locality, for recompense under this new group, must be sent in to the Commission before the first day of December in the present year.

FINAL REGULATIONS RELATIVE TO THE FINE ART GROUP.

The Imperial Commission has settled the conditions relating to the Fine Arts, the purport of which is as follows:—

Art. 1. The works of French and foreign artists admissible, are such only as have been executed since the 1st of January, 1855, and were not exhibited in the Universal Exhibition of that year.

Art. 2. The following works are excluded:—1. All copies, except engravings and lithographs, even those which reproduce a work in a style different from that of the original.—2. Works without frames.—3. Clay models not baked.

Art. 3. French works are to be admitted by a jury of fifty-seven members, in four sections: Painting and drawing, twenty-four members; sculpture and die sinking, fifteen members; architecture, nine members; engraving and lithography, nine members. One-third of this jury to be elected by French artists, members of the Legion of Honour, or having received a medal at the Exhibition of Fine Arts in Paris; one-third by the Academy of the Beaux Arts; and one-third by the Imperial Commission.

Art. 9. The works of French artists are to be sent in to the jury before the 15th of October, 1866. But the jury reserves the right of admitting works of incontestable value without requiring them to be submitted to the jury.

Art. 10. The admission of the works of foreign artists is left to the care of the Commission of each country.

Art. 11. The works of foreign artists are to be delivered at the Exhibition building between the 15th of January and the 10th of March, 1867.

Art. 12. Each foreign Commission is to supply its catalogue of works to be exhibited to the Imperial Commission before the 1st of February, 1867.

The following information may prove serviceable to our readers who purpose contributing to the Exhibition.

An ordinance of the prefect of police regulates the prices of transport for articles destined for the Universal Exhibition of 1867. All goods (objects of Art excepted), carriages, animals, and rolling stock, capable of circulation on French railways, and intended for the Exhibition, are to be conveyed by rail at half the usual price. By virtue of this reduction the companies will be exempted from all responsibility as to any accidents that may happen to the articles so transported, whatever be the cause, and even in the case of mishaps in loading or unloading. The carriage of objects of Art and value will be charged at the usual prices and on the usual conditions. The conveyance in Paris is to be effected either by the exhibitors themselves, or by the railway companies at the rate of 10 fr. per ton.

Great progress has been made with the building itself during the last two months: more than one-half of the works are completed, and it is expected that September will see the principal part of it finished.

THE GHOST OF AN ART-PROCESS,

PRACTISED AT

SOHO, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ABOUT 1777 TO 1780,

ERRONEOUSLY SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY GEORGE WALLIS,
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

ABOUT the latter part of the year 1862, Mr. Frederick P. Smith, of the Museum of Patents, South Kensington, requested me to examine and give an opinion upon some very interesting and curious pictures on paper, which had just come into his hands from the former works of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, at Soho, near Birmingham, supposed to have been produced by some process analogous to, or identical with, photography. With these paper-pictures were also two silvered plates, on which were faint impressions of a similar character to those produced by Daguerre, and known as Daguerreotypes, and it was confidently stated that one of these pictures represented Soho House as it existed in 1790.

That the pictures or impressions on the plates were "sun-pictures," no one could doubt; but that the pictures on paper were photographs appeared to me to be very unlikely, and I gave certain reasons to Mr. Smith for this conclusion; although I did not then think it absolutely impossible that they could have been produced by some photographic or heliographic process.

In November, 1863, Mr. Smith brought the question before the Photographic Society in a paper, which he illustrated by producing the pictures, both on the silvered plates and on paper, for examination, and by the quotation of correspondence also discovered at Soho. The latter did not, however, throw much light upon the subject, especially in relation to photography.

The purpose of the exposition was to suggest, if not prove, that both the silvered plates and the paper-pictures were produced by some photographic process practised at Soho before 1790, and thus, whilst the former clearly anticipated Daguerre, the latter anticipated the calotpye process, and were examples of a system of polygraphy, by which pictures were produced with great accuracy, and at a cheap rate.

The correspondence brought forward by Mr. Smith showed, on the authority of a Mr. Edward Price, who had been for some years a clerk in charge of the works at Soho, that an old man named Townshend, who had died some eight years before "at the age of eighty-nine according to his widow's account, but ninety-two by his own" (Letter No. 2, *Photographic Journal*, November 16th, 1863, page 387), who had acted as messenger, or "cad," for Mr. Matthew Boulton, of Soho, had stated that the members of the Lunar Society, which was composed about 1770 to 1790, of most of the leading literary and scientific men of Birmingham and its neighbourhood, were in the habit of meeting on the lawn at Soho House, and experimenting with a dark tent, and "used to have pictures on a table (not the pictures themselves, but the likeness of the pictures)," (*Photographic Journal*, November 16th, 1863. Letter No. 8, p. 389). Also that Sir William Beechey, R.A., who painted Mr. Matthew Boulton's portrait, was so alarmed at the proceedings of these gentlemen, that he went back to London and got the artists to memorialise the Lunar Society, or Mr. Boulton, or both, to stop the process, for if it went on, it "would be the means of *shutting up all the painters' shops*." (*Photographic Journal*, November 16th, 1863. Letter No. 2, p. 387.)

This remarkable tradition fitted well into the discovery of the two silvered plates; and the fact that a cheap mechanical process for copying pictures was really practised at Soho about 1780, and afterwards given up, which was unmistakably proved by the correspondence, together with some statement, or assumption, that these works were called "sun-pictures," formed a very curious and interesting groundwork for speculation as to whether or not photography was practised at Soho in the last century, and afterwards abandoned.

The subject, as might be expected, created a good deal of interest in the artistic and scientific world. For myself, I must confess that, while I could not believe the paper-pictures were photographs in the ordinary sense of that term, all my Art-experience, and knowledge of Art-processes as applied to manufacture, which, from rather exceptional opportunities, is tolerably extensive, failed to enable me to do more than *guess* what these pictures were. I suspected, however, that they were impressions from metal-plates, produced either by the aquatint process, or by some method analogous to my own invention of autotypography; as, strange to say, certain peculiar effects, to be alluded to hereafter, are similar to the impressions from my autotypographic plates. The great size, however, of the Soho pictures at once contradicted the notion that they were produced by a similar process, at least so far as the mechanical action is concerned.

Foreseeing much uncertainty and consequent controversy before coming to any definite conclusion on the subject, I did not attend at the reading of Mr. F. P. Smith's paper at the Photographic Society's meeting, but on perusing the report of the discussion which ensued upon it, I was more puzzled than ever by the suggestion reported to have been made by Dr. Diamond, as to the probability of an identity between the paper proofs or impressions under consideration, and certain works exhibited by the Polygraphic Society at 381, Strand, the catalogue of which appeared to date about 1792.* There were, however, certain peculiarities about these pictures on paper which seemed to contradict the theory that they were final results, inasmuch as all of them appeared to be reversed, or "left-handed," and had a crude unfinished look to the artistic eye, although the tints in which they were produced were very smooth and even. Indeed, there was little or no appearance of the granulation, or unevenness, of ordinary impressions from aquatint plates, but a closeness and perfection which seemed attributable only to the use of the brush in washes, or to a staining or discolouring process similar to that of photography. The only conclusion I could arrive at, at the time, was that they were only *means* to an *end*, whatever that *end* was; and I mentally "pigeon-holed" the statements made, and might have docketed them as an "Art-mystery awaiting solution."

The recent publications by M. P. W. Boulton, Esq., the grandson of Matthew Boulton, of Soho, of "Remarks on some Evidence recently communicated to the Photographic Society, 1863," and "Remarks concerning certain Pictures supposed to be Photographs of Early Date, 1865" (for

* This process of copying pictures by "chemical and mechanical means," was invented by Mr. Joseph Booth, a portrait-painter of Lewisham, Kent.

private circulation),* reopened the question in a new form, and the quotations from the Soho correspondence brought forward therein, when collated with that published in the *Photographic Journal*, gave what appeared to me to be a practical clue to the mode of production and use of the pictures on paper.

In these pamphlets, Mr. M. P. W. Boulton effectually disposes of the assumption that the pictures, or rather the remains of them, on the silvered plates found at Soho in 1862 were produced before 1790, by showing that the picture said to be that of Old Soho House, is in reality a Daguerreotype of a house at Winson Green, near Birmingham, produced about 1840 by Mr. Alston, who inhabited the house, and who instructed Mr. Boulton's aunt, Miss Wilkinson, in photography; the latter having deposited the silvered plates in the library at Soho, as shown by Mr. F. P. Smith's correspondent, Price, since the latter states that Miss Wilkinson gave them to him on the occasion of clearing out the library, or at least some portions of its contents.

The question, however, of how the pictures on paper were produced, and what they were for, remained unexplained by Mr. Boulton; but there was so much in the correspondence he quotes, which, when collated with that published in the *Photographic Journal*, November 16th, 1863, as an appendix to Mr. F. P. Smith's paper, to arouse my attention and recall to mind certain reminiscences of my boyhood and early manhood, in connection with the Art-manufactures of Soho and the district around it, that I am tempted, after a very careful re-examination of the paper pictures still in the possession of Mr. F. P. Smith, at the Museum of Patents, to undertake what I trust may prove a complete solution of the whole question, and to show—

1. How the pictures on paper were produced.
2. For what purpose they were produced.
3. How they came to be called "sun-pictures," and
4. The probable cause of the manufacture they were employed in being abandoned.

For convenience of illustration, I shall discuss the *four* points here suggested in *five* distinct propositions; but, before commencing, it may be as well, in order to prevent misconception, to state that there has been so much speculation among "experts" of various degrees and kinds of knowledge on the special points concerned, that I am not surprised a gentleman like Mr. M. P. W. Boulton, who avows that he has himself no technical knowledge, should feel "puzzled by the very different opinions which have been pronounced by experts in reference to these specimens." ("Remarks," &c., 1865, by M. P. W. Boulton.) Some of these opinions, however, correctly cover, at least, a portion of the ground, and, as a matter of course, my explanations will confirm them. Thus it was suggested by some persons that the process by which the paper-pictures were produced was aquatint; but others equally capable of judging denied this, because they did not recognise in the specimens the usual amount of hand-work with which ordinary works in aquatint were generally supplemented; thus ignoring the fine tint produced by the aquatint process, "pure and simple," because they had probably never seen an example without the addition of etched lines, or dots, to give force to the tints and intelligence to the drawing.

The use of the camera-obscura was also suggested as having had something to do with the operation by which the works were produced, and as accounting for the name of "sun-pictures:" but no one appears to have suggested the *kind* of camera-obscura, and all seem to have overlooked the fact that the powerful and complete instrument now in use for photographic purposes had no existence prior to the advent of photography.

Even the "camera-lucida" was suggested as the instrument used for the reduction of the pictures, and that, strange to say, in connection with the "*dark* tent;" but as Dr. Woolaston, the inventor of this instrument, was not born until 1776, about the time when it appears the process first came into operation, it could not have been the use of this instrument which suggested the name of "sun-pictures."

That the paper-pictures had some connection with the cheap and ready production of oil-paintings at Soho, about 1780, seems to have been surmised by many; but how they were used in this connection appears to be even more vaguely suggested, if possible, than the process by which they were themselves produced. Some persons even maintained that the albumen, or white of egg surface, *covered* the colouring matter, instead of being, as it really is, *under* it. This fact alone would make all the difference between a true and false explanation of the use to which these pictures were put. In short, there has been plenty of speculation and surmises from the *special* standpoint of each individual expert, without any sufficient general knowledge of the peculiar arts practised at Soho and Birmingham during the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century to bring these "guesses at truth" into a focus as a system.

This is what I purpose to do, and therefore preface my arguments with these admissions that certain clever guesses have been made, in order that when their authors see their own "thunder," they may not be surprised, or charge me with saying nothing but what they have already said, only that they did not happen to fit the "say so" into its right place.

I now proceed to consider the propositions under the head of which the question will be discussed in its various phases.

1. That the proofs, or impressions on paper, are printed from copper-plates engraved, or rather "bitten in," after the manner of aquatint.

The process known as aquatint was invented by Le Prince, a native of Metz, in 1723, and was greatly used in the latter part of the last and beginning of the present century for coloured illustrations of books, and even large landscapes, &c. As a process it is easy of execution, no special skill, like that required in etching and line engraving, being required in the process of aquatint *proper*, although both of these processes may be, and were generally, used to give force and character to the impressions, qualities which the "polygraphs" under consideration generally lack.

That Mr. Francis Eginton, the chief operator in the method used in the production of these works, had the reputation of being a most ingenious man is well known to all persons taking an interest in the various Art-manufactures of Birmingham and the surrounding district, as practised during the last century. His reputation and that of his family, however, is chiefly connected with glass-painting, and several of the churches in Birmingham are embellished with windows executed by the firm of Gee and Eginton.* But in addition to the talent of the family in this direction, as also as die-sinkers, one or more of the Egintons were engravers. This is clearly shown by a remark made in a letter dated March 13, 1780, from the elder Eginton to Mr. Boulton, in which he proposes that his son shall "employ part of his time in engraving and mechanical painting." ("Remarks," &c., by M. P. W. Boulton, 1865, p. 23.)

Mr. John Whessell, an engraver of some repute, who settled at Oxford, and, practising there during the early part of the present century, died in the neighbourhood of that city in 1849, at the age of eighty, was a pupil with Eginton. This artist was a family connexion of mine by marriage, and was a most ingenious man. As a youth he worked at Soho as a die-sinker. He afterwards turned his attention to painting in oil and aquatint engraving, which he studied with one of the young Egintons. He also studied glass-painting. Much of this I had from himself during a visit to Oxford in 1836. Mr. Whessell's skill as an aquatint engraver was very great, and he produced some very large works in this manner, chiefly portraits of celebrated race-horses, from pictures painted by himself, and also of prize oxen.† He painted in oil with no ordinary skill, and it must be borne in mind that the aquatint process is one of repeated "stopping out," in other words, painting "out," with a brush, and "biting in" with aquafortis (rather than "scraping out," as in mezzotint), and then finishing with the etching point or the graver. Thus, so far as the aquatint process *proper* is concerned, it would be peculiarly adapted to the kind of skill which Eginton had at his command as a tray-painter, and subsequently as a glass-painter.

The inference I draw from these facts is, that Eginton practised the aquatint process; and as the works under consideration have all the imperceptible gradations, and also the peculiar fine granular effect of early aquatint impressions, I think I am warranted in concluding that they were produced under Eginton's directions (if not by himself), by this process. The list given at page 47, "Remarks," &c., by M. P. W. Boulton, 1863, of the principal materials supplied to Eginton confirms this opinion: "the gum, oil, beeswax, resin, aquafortis, and copper plates for printing," are the principal materials used in the process of

* I was not aware of the publication of the first-named until July, 1865, when, at my request, Mr. Boulton kindly supplied me with a copy, and more recently with the last-named publication.

* I may specially quote the one over the altar at St Paul's.

† As a further evidence of Mr. John Whessell's connection with Soho, I find on inquiry from Mr. John Fisher, the curator of the University Galleries, Oxford, who was at one time a pupil of his, and continued a personal friend until his death, that he always spoke of Soho and the Egintons with great interest and respect; made tracings for the Egintons from some of the college windows, restored, probably with their assistance, the windows of St. Ebb's Church, Oxford, and when one of the young Mr. Boultons was at Christ Church, painted portraits of horses for him. Mr. Whessell told me, in 1836, that on leaving Eginton's he went with the late Thomas Phillips, R.A., also a native of Birmingham, to London. There he practised engraving in aquatint, and painted occasionally in oil. I find that in 1807 and 1808 he exhibited portraits of racehorses belonging to the Earl of Egremont and Earl Grosvenor at the Royal Academy. These he probably engraved in aquatint, supplemented with etching and "dot" to give the work proper force, as was certainly his subsequent practice. In 1816 he settled in Oxford. Late in life he took a fancy to go to the Staffordshire Potteries, and engrave transfer plates for porcelain, &c. I endeavoured to dissuade him from this, but he tried it, and had to return to Oxford. Some early reminiscences seemed to have fastened upon him about transfer work. Was it the remembrance of Eginton's polygraphs, as used after Mr. Boulton had abandoned the process? Old people take strange fancies sometimes, arising out of early pursuits, which come vividly before them, and look like new realities. Mr. John Whessell was a man worth knowing and remembering; and in connection with the question under consideration, his experience, and my knowledge of his Art-practice and his early career, appear valuable.

aquatint. Of the other materials also named I shall speak in due course.

On more minutely examining the impressions in the possession of Mr. F. P. Smith, of the Museum of Patents, South Kensington, than I did in 1862-3, I find an ordinary engraver's glass shows unmistakably that, in addition to the tints produced by the aquatint process, they are touched in parts with the etching needle, and in some instances are rather rudely stippled in the more decided portions of the shadows with a "dot" effect.* I say "rudely," because artistically the stipple contrasts badly with the free and skilful "dot" of Bartolozzi, from engravings by whom two or three of the smaller works are copied, although reversed, or "left-handed." The special purpose of this reversal will be explained presently.

In the remarks of Mr. Davenport at the Photographic Society's meeting, January 5th, 1864 (*Photographic Journal*, January 15th, 1864, p. 437), the probability that the aquatint process had been used was suggested, but the very fine grain of the tint was looked upon as a difficulty. It must, however, be remembered that the impressions are on a surface of white of egg (albumen), and thus the result is the same as that of a photograph printed on albumenised paper, and a smooth effect is produced, and all the detail secured. The granulation which exists in ordinary impressions from aquatint plates, which is due to the surface texture of the paper, is avoided by this means. Even photographs printed on "salted" paper have a granular appearance and loss of detail, which is certainly not due to any other cause than the grain of the paper. The albumen is evidently to prevent the colour used in printing from sinking into the paper, as that would have been fatal to the use for which the impressions were intended.

I confess, as already stated, that it was this extreme fineness of grain in the tints which puzzled me at my first examination; but when on a more recent and deliberate inspection the hand-work in certain parts was detected, and I considered the effect of a smooth albumenised surface to print upon, my doubts fled. The paper being somewhat rough in itself would not signify, as the force employed in printing would bring up the albumen surface to the plate. Indeed the stout paper, when damp, would be rather an advantage than otherwise, for it would act as a "pad" to drive the substance into the tinted parts of the plate.

Artistically the shadows want firmness, and look "dragged," while the outlines, such as they are, seem broken and uncertain. This would be just the effect produced by inexperience in "stopping out" the aquatint ground, as the various "*bitings in*" progressed from the light to the dark tints. Strange to say, the effect is in parts, singularly like the photographic shadows of such works as the cartoons of Raffaelle; as in these the continuity of touch in the painted shadows of the work has been broken by the play of light and shadow in the actual projection on the surface, occasioned by the unequal manner in which the paper sections of the originals have been remounted after the cutting up for the purpose of execution in tapestry. Thus the two projections—the *painted* and the *real*—became mingled in the photographic reproduction. The same effect is frequently seen in the photograph of a picture in which the *impasto* gets copied, and interferes with the effect of the artistic light and shadow. This has misled many who have examined these polygraphs. To myself the conclusion that, with one exception, they are aquatints, is irresistible, although, as I have already mentioned, these "dragged" effects are also very like the results produced in the metal plates by my autotypographic process, arising out of the dragging of the colour in the execution of the original drawing on gelatine.

The exception above alluded to is the impression of the 'Stratonice,' printed in two parts in Mr. F. P. Smith's possession. This has all the appearance of a mezzotint executed by a novice in that style of engraving. One side is very much fainter than the other, but as the whole differs in size (as will be seen further on) with the 'Stratonice,' entered upon the list of works given by Mr. M. P. W. Boulton at p. 38 of "Remarks," &c., 1863, it might have been only an experiment in mezzotint. The plate-mark down the edge of the right hand part shows that it is printed from a metal plate. I am satisfied, however, it will be found that mezzotint would be too costly for the purposes intended.

It may possibly occur to some one to ask, "Were none of the copper-plates in existence at Soho at a recent date?" It seems to me more than probable that there were not. The copper-plates, from their size and weight, would be valuable for their metal, and being of no use, when the process was abandoned, would be treated as old copper. As, however, it will be subsequently shown that Mr. Boulton wished the thing forgotten, it is quite reasonable to suppose he would utilise the material of the plates as soon as possible after Eginton ceased to require impressions, and himself gave up the picture trade. Even if the copper-plates existed at the time of the sale at Soho, in 1850, they would not in themselves attract attention, as they would simply have the appearance of worn-out aquatint plates, which no one would care to purchase, except for the value of copper.

I now proceed to my next proposition:—

2. That the pictures on paper are not, nor were ever intended to be, considered complete works in themselves, but as a "mechanical" *means* of transferring to canvas, or other properly painted surfaces, the outline, light, and shadow, and in the more perfect form of the process the "dead colour" of copies of pictures intended to be reproduced or copied as the *end* of the process.

In a letter to Sir Watkins Williams Wynn, Bart., dated Soho, June 12th, 1779 ("Remarks," &c., 1863, p. 39, and "Remarks," &c., 1865, p. 4, by M. P. W. Boulton), Mr. Boulton states that he is "engaged in painting as a manufacture," and he then goes on to mention "some peculiar contrivances" which give him a great advantage in "multiplying those copies" (*i.e.* copies of good pictures) "when once obtained." Possibly the production of copies of popular pictures commenced by adopting ordinary methods in the first instance, which would naturally lead to efforts to shorten, and consequently cheapen, the process, and at the same time render the important question of outline and light and shadow a matter of greater certainty than it would be in the hands of the class of artists employed. For although these were clever men in many respects, yet, as the history of Art in England shows, the power to draw with accuracy was possessed by very few at the date these works were produced. The drawing, even of the originals by Angelica Kauffman, so freely quoted in the list given of the subjects executed at Soho ("Remarks," &c., 1863, p. 37, by M. P. W. Boulton), would scarcely pass muster in this respect in a second class school of Art at the present time. A ready and accurate mechanical method of obtaining outlines at least, and if possible something more, and repeating these as often as might be required, would therefore be an object with the producers of such works as Mr. Boulton states he was engaged upon in 1778.

I think it will be readily acknowledged that neither Mr. Boulton nor Francis Eginton were men likely to overlook the comparatively new process in 1770 to 1780 of the transfer of designs from copper-plates to porcelain and earthenware, said to have been first discovered by the proprietors of the Battersea Pottery Works in 1750, and which was introduced at Worcester by Dr. Wall in 1756. It is now shown that John Sadler, an engraver of Liverpool, practised this system in 1752, and probably invented it, and that Messrs. Sadler and Green printed ware very largely for Wedgwood from 1768 (if not sooner) and through subsequent years is undoubted.*

That Francis Eginton had a good chemical knowledge of vitreous and enamel colours appears to be certain, since he was personally acquainted with Josiah Wedgwood, and assisted him in the improvement both of the body and glaze of the wares he was manufacturing.† Such being the case, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he would become acquainted with the system of transfer, and would seek to apply it, or something analogous to it, to the decoration of other substances and objects of manufacture, and he would certainly find encouragement in so quick-sighted a man of business as Mr. Boulton is recorded to have been.

I think it likely then that Eginton commenced the operations which resulted in the polygraphic process of copying pictures in an attempt to transfer suitable designs in vitreous colours to sheets of glass, and then supplement the work by hand-painting. An allusion to "the picture of Penelopy" on glass, in his letter to Hodges, dated May, 1782 ("Remarks," &c., 1863, p. 42, by M. P. W. Boulton), though of a later date than some of the recorded operations of the polygraphic process, is a proof that Eginton was working in the same direction on glass at that time.

It is quite true that the 'Penelope' may have been a painting on glass, without any use of the transfer process; but in either case it accounts for the supply to Eginton of such materials, in addition to those already quoted from p. 47, "Remarks," &c., by M. P. W. Boulton, 1863, as "gold, fine silver, borax, and glasses for paintings." Even the "cement" would be required to fix glass-panels in proper frames, to protect them.

I had in my possession some years ago, and probably have still, a list of vitreous colours copied from one which Mr. John Whessell obtained from Eginton, in which

* I regret to have thus to contradict Mr. William Smith, Deputy-Chairman of the National Portrait Gallery, as quoted by Dr. Diamond in the discussion on Mr. F. P. Smith's paper, read at the Photographic Society's meeting, November 3, 1863 (*Photographic Journal*, November 16, 1863, p. 396), that they bore no traces of hand work whatever; and I must also differ in opinion with my friend, the late Mr. F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., as expressed in his letter to Dr. Diamond (*Photographic Journal*, January 15, 1864, p. 431), that "there is no trace of any of the usual modes adopted by engravers to produce such tinted copies as these."

* See Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt's paper in the *Art-Journal* for August, 1865.

† "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," by Llewellynn Jewitt, 1865, p. 349.

gold and silver are named as the materials for making certain colours, and borax is quoted as a flux. All this is now common knowledge to all concerned or interested in glass and porcelain-painting, as gold in a state of chloride is used for making purple; indeed I have heard old glass-painters call purple "gold," and "gold colour." Pure silver produces yellow, silver with a slight alloy of copper dull red, and gold and silver produce a rose tint.

I have no doubt, then, that Eginton or Mr. Boulton, or both, became acquainted with the process of transfer to porcelain from copper-plates, which, from the connection of the Soho firm with Wedgwood and Bentley, is not a very astounding assumption to make; since, in spite of the jealous care with which all such processes were generally guarded at this date, from supposed rivals in trade, the manufacturer of porcelain and earthenware would not be likely to carry his jealousy so far as to be afraid of such friends as the Soho firm, engaged in a totally different branch of manufacture.

It is, however, clearly shown that Josiah Wedgwood was above the usual jealousy of his compeers, and the best possible evidence exists that he and Francis Eginton were on intimate terms.*

The readiness, accuracy, and beauty of the method of transfer would at once suggest an attempt to employ a similar process for the production of pictures, or, at least, as the basis of such pictures as Mr. Boulton finally "engaged in." Size would be the first difficulty, and it is possible that the early attempts would be made to reproduce works which could be easily traced in outline, such as copies or adaptations from Bartolozzi, already quoted, which bear unmistakable evidence of weakness and timidity, not found in some of the larger, and, as I believe, more advanced, works. The subjects are 'Nymphs waking Cupid,' and 'Nymphs adorning the Statue of Pan,' after Angelica Kauffman. The engravings by Bartolozzi are round, and the copy, a polygraph of the first-named, is the same, but that of the other is oval, one of the two nymphs represented in the engraving by Bartolozzi being left out, and the other placed a little more distant from the terminal bust called 'A Statue of Pan.' This is to make the composition suited to an oval, and I have no doubt the nymph and bust were traced separately, and then arranged for "*tracing transfer*" in their present position. There are other alterations of arrangement from the engraving, such as a change in the form of the base of the terminal bust, which is smaller than in the engraving, and quite plain instead of being ornamented. These alterations were, no doubt, made by the draughtsman after he had obtained the outline, by tracing the portion he desired to copy, the changes —I cannot call them improvements—being made by hand, before getting the outline on the plate or prepared aquatint ground.

I need not say how inconsistent these changes are with any theory of reproduction by photography. Everyone acquainted with the painted decorations of what are called "Birmingham Tea-trays" of the last century, knows how much this class of subject was in vogue for oval tray-centres. Circles, too, were frequently used on oval trays, where the subjects required that form. The difficulty, however, would be to use the plates, when produced, for the purposes of transfer to the trays. I doubt if this could be effected in a satisfactory manner, without the power of a roller-press, and suspect that even the mechanical ingenuity then engaged at Soho could not overcome this; but a flat piece of copper, sheet tin, or canvas would be just as easy to do, as a tea-tray, with a high rim or border, would be difficult.

From this would probably arise the determination to attempt to execute large copies of celebrated pictures on canvas or sheet-copper, as alluded to in a letter of Boulton and Fothergill to Samuel Devon, secretary to the Society of Arts, Adelphi, London, dated June 6, 1788 (p. 38, "Remarks," &c., 1863, and p. 4, "Remarks," &c., 1865, by M. P. W. Boulton), that if the portraits of Lord Romney were done on copper instead of canvas, they "will be the price of the copper a-piece more."

It does not, however, follow that the mechanical difficulty suggested was insuperable as regards the tea-trays, as an expedient analogous to that adopted with porcelain, &c., might have been followed, and which must have been practised in transfer to glass—the impression might have been "rubbed" on. If, however, these transfers ever were used for tea-trays, I believe the process would be quickly abandoned, for reasons to be given in due course.

The value of such a system of transfer, in the then condition of the reproductive arts, would *appear* to be very great, and will account for the readiness with which an enterprising man like Mr. Boulton, who had evidently a great respect for the talent and ingenuity of Eginton, would take up and enter into the plans of the latter, without being at all aware, or suspecting what they would lead to.

This brings me to the use of the plates. It must be evident to any person acquainted with Art, that the "polygraphs" in Mr. F. P. Smith's possession at the Museum of Patents, at least, are not, nor ever were, intended by their producers to be considered as finished works in themselves, since the effects would contrast so miserably with the works of Bartolozzi in "dot" or "stipple," and Earlom in "mezzotint," to say nothing of those by Strange, Sharp, and others in the "line" manner; but even if they were artistically complete, the fact that they would *wash off* would certainly not be a desirable quality in such works of Art. If, however, they are considered simply as mechanical *means* of facilitating an artistic result of another character as the *end*, they are very ingenious, and, at this time, highly interesting, while the quality of being easily removed when wet, or properly damped, would be not only desirable, but necessary.

I believe, then, that the paper-pictures in the possession of Mr. F. P. Smith, of the Museum of Patents, are impressions from copper-plates prepared in the manner of aquatint, and that they were intended for use as "transfers." The impressions were taken off in suitable pigmental ink, either in monochrome or polychrome, on properly prepared paper, in the ordinary way, at a roller-press of suitable dimensions. In Mr. Boulton's letter dated February, 1781 (p. 5 of "Remarks," &c., 1865, by M. P. W. Boulton), it is stated, "We make some rolls two feet long for the purpose of copying architecture and other large drawings." And John Hodges, in writing to Eginton, "p. Boulton and Fothergill," under the date of Soho, 10th January, 1781 (p. 34, "Remarks," &c., 1863), says, "Respecting the rolling press, if you do not think well of taking it at eight guineas, please re-deliver it." This appears to show that Eginton had, in 1781, possession of a press previously in use at Soho; and, no doubt, this press was for use in making the transfers, as it will be seen the "impressions" from the plates were supplied to him, and were no doubt still worked off at Soho; for in another letter dated January 29, 1782 (p. 42, "Remarks," &c., 1863), he says, "If it is convenient to Soho, Madoks will be hear (? there) this afternoon, to take off a few impressions for me."

The character of the ink would be such as would transfer easily, possibly by some ready process of damping; for the polygraphs, as will be seen in due course, are certainly not printed in ordinary copper-plate-printing ink. Placing such impressions in a damp cellar for a night would effect the purpose. The surface-preparation of the paper being albumen (white of egg), would prevent the ink or colour sinking into, and cause it to readily leave, the paper under suitable pressure. The impression thus obtained would form a "key" for the artist to paint upon, in fact, would give the outline, and light and shadow of the subject in a brown ink, not unlike the effect produced on canvas when a picture is outlined, and the sketch "made good" with Vandyke brown, or other suitable pigment.

Hodges, in a letter to Eginton, dated "Soho, 17 Xbr., '81" (*Photographic Journal*, November 16, 1863, p. 395), says, "Inclosed are two impressions of Penelope and Calypso, which you are requested to transfer to the two copper plates herewith." He says further on, that they are to be "finished in a masterly style."

This seems to show that the impressions could be taken at one press, and, being carefully packed to protect the surface, be *transferred* in another press at a distance; or probably in small examples, as already suggested, without a press at all, by friction on the back, as is the case in the present process employed for transferring impressions in oil or varnish colour, from copper plates to japanned toilet-ware, battes, &c. I doubt, however, if the delicate tints of the polygraphs could be transferred to painted canvas or copper, without very considerable pressure.

It appears desirable to state here that the copper-plates used for giving off the impressions, and which were practically engraved in aquatint, must not be confounded with the copper-plates used for the finished works, the latter being simply a more durable and costly substitute for canvas. It is a singular confirmation of the views under discussion, that no mention is made in any part of the correspondence of any of the copies of pictures being executed on wood—a material quite unsuited to the operations employed in their production.

In an advanced stage of the process, varied tints of colour were got upon the plate before printing, as in the aquatint

* In Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt's interesting "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," mention is honourably made of Francis Eginton and his family. He says (p. 349):—"Francis Eginton was a man of great ability as an artist, and his productions were much esteemed in their day, as, indeed, they are now. His acquaintance with Josiah Wedgwood was productive, it is believed, of some improvements in the colours and body of wares, which his intimate knowledge of chemistry, of colours, and fire, made him capable of experimenting upon." Wagler's "Kunstler Lexicon," 1837, states that "Mr. Eginton died at Handsworth in 1805, in his 68th year. Mr. Jewitt states that "Francis Eginton had a son, Francis, who was also, like his father, a clever engraver. He had also another son, William Raffaelle Eginton, who inherited his father's talents as a glass stainer, and produced many exquisite, indeed matchless, works." The descendants of this able artist, according to the same authority, was the late Mr. Harvey Eginton, architect, and two daughters who survive, "the youngest of whom inherits to the fullest extent the exquisite taste, the ability and artistic excellence, of the family."

engravings of the same period. Impressions in these varied tints, red, blue, flesh tones, &c., are to be seen in the Museum of Patents. These tints, when transferred, would form the "dead colour," as it is technically called, so often mentioned in the correspondence, and give the bases of the colouring of the work, as well as the outline, and light and shadow, thus saving a considerable amount of time in painting. This, an extract of a letter to Hodges from Barney* (p. 41, "Remarks," &c., 1863, and p. 6, "Remarks, &c., 1865"), goes to prove; for the latter evidently excusing the charge made for painting up the 'Telemachus,' practically says, "Had it been mechanised," time would have been saved, as "at present the outline and dead colour occupies nearly half the time." Incidentally this proves that works were produced without "mechanising," and it is probable that several of the large works named in the catalogue of paintings (p. 37, "Remarks," &c., 1863, by M. P. W. Boulton) may be placed in this category from their price.

This opinion is confirmed by the fact that the impressions of the polygraph (for it is in two distinct pieces) of the 'Stratonice,' in the Museum of Patents, is much smaller than the size quoted at p. 38 of "Remarks," &c., 1863, where the dimensions are given as 4 feet 6 inches long by 3 feet 9 inches high, the polygraph being 40 inches by 30 inches.

In a letter from Hodges to Barney, dated August 25, 1781, quoted in the *Photographic Journal*, November 16, 1863, p. 395, allusion is made to two blanks for painting the subject of 'Telemachus' upon, and Hodges says, "Mr. Boulton desires they may be well executed," and that they be "exactly alike, for they are to go as mechanical paintings."

In another letter to Barney, dated "Soho, 15th August, 1781" (Letter No. 27, *Photographic Journal*, November 26, 1863, p. 395), the writer, on behalf of Messrs. Boulton and Fothergill, says, "I shall prepare the straining frames, canvas, &c., ready to begin the 'Telemachuses,' and hope for your answer about sending them to Wolverhampton, to be ready for your arrival."

As a matter of course the canvas would be properly mounted on a straining frame for the operations of the painter, *after* the transfer of the polygraph, and it had become sufficiently dry to admit of that operation.

In confirmation of the conclusions thus far arrived at, Lewis's Topographical Dictionary, article "Handsworth, Staffordshire," may be quoted.* Among other manufactures stated to have been carried on at Soho, this article states, "The art of copying pictures in oil-colours, called polygraphic, was also invented and pursued under the direction of Mr. Francis Eginton, to whom it was subsequently resigned, and who became celebrated for his paintings on glass."

The next question to consider is why the polygraphic impressions are reversed or "left-handed."

Any one acquainted with the conditions necessary in the preparation of plates for transfer purposes, will see at once *why* the impressions are reversed. So far as I can ascertain, they are all so, and Mr. Boulton states, in the extract from a letter dated February, 1781 ("Remarks," &c., 1865, p. 5, by M. P. W. Boulton; see also letter from Mr. J. J. Cole, *Photographic Journal*, January 15th, 1864, p. 434), quoted in the *Photographic Journal*, that the "engine drawings" too were reversed in the impression. This might be awkward in this kind of illustration, and was evidently a necessity of the process, if these mechanical drawings were engraved, which is very doubtful;† but in the process as applied to the pictures it was of great value, for if the work had been engraved, as is now usual, the reverse of the original, in order to print right in the paper-impression, the transfers on the canvas would have been the reverse of the original, or "left-handed;" a result fatal to their accuracy as copies of the original pictures. Hence all transfer plates for pottery or porcelain are engraved as the subject is to appear on the ware.

The ink or colouring matter with which the prepared "transfers," for such I must now call them, were printed, is a matter of some speculation. When slightly damped with the finger the colour comes clean off to the albumenized surface, and Mr. F. P. Smith informs me that it has a sweet taste. The preparation of albumen is not *above* the colour, as it appears to be at first sight, or the colour would not come off so readily. There would be no difficulty in transferring an ordinary impression from an engraved plate to a painted surface, such as canvas or copper, immediately after the impression is taken off. This is now done, as already named, in certain classes of japanned tin ware, but this was not the course with the transfers under consideration, and we must seek for some other explanation of the preparation used.

I have already noticed the probability that Eginton got his first hints of his process from that used for the transfer to *glazed* ware as done by and for Wedgwood. The vitreous colours in this case were no doubt prepared, as they are in this day, for the "bat" process, that is, in an essential oil, say oil of spike or lavender. This material, added to the proper pigment, when ground in water and mixed with gum and honey, would give a holding quality to the colour when laid upon the plate for printing. When the impression was obtained, the essential oil would evaporate, leaving all the other materials to be transferred, after damping; which the honey and gum would facilitate. Both the latter materials had already been in use before the date of this process in the preparation of water-colours, and it would appear that these polygraphic transfers were really printed in water-colour. This was also hinted at by Mr. Davenport at the meeting of the Photographic Society, January 5th, 1864 (*Photographic Journal*, January 15th, 1864, p. 437); but Mr. Davenport assumed that the hardness of the paper prevented the absorption of the colour, whereas it was the surface coating of albumen.

The modern process of Decalcomane is a transfer process similar in principle to that under consideration. The impressions are first printed from lithographic stones in the varied tints desired, and when treated with spirit in lieu of damping, the pigment easily leaves the paper when laid upon the surface of the object to be decorated.*

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—A museum destined to contain all objects of interest connected with the history of the city is, it is stated, about to be established in the Hotel de Ville. The municipal authorities already possess the nucleus of such an institution.—A marble statue of the Empress Joséphine for which M. Vital Dubray has received a commission, is to be placed at the junction of Rue Galilée, the culminating point of the Avenue de l'Imperratrici Joséphine, which leads from the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile to the Quai de Billy.

STOCKHOLM.—The Scandinavian Industrial Exhibition was opened in this city on the 15th of June, in the presence of a vast number of people, who not only filled the interior, but also crowded the neighbourhood to a considerable distance. The structure rises between the avenues of Carl XIII. "Torg." The principal building covers a space nearly half as large as that occupied by the Exhibition Palace erected in Paris in 1855, though in exterior decorations it cannot pretend to compete with either the Paris, the Hyde Park, or the Kensington Exhibitions. The Scandinavian Palace of Industry is a wooden building. It does not lay claim to any architectural beauty. The queen opened the exhibition in the name of the king.

MELBOURNE.—The Intercolonial Exhibition, which is to be opened in Melbourne this month, attracted much attention in Queensland, and preparations were being made for having that colony fully represented. Among the principal specimens that will be sent are gold, silver, copper and other ores, coal, marble, wood, granite, &c. The gold fields of the north are gradually becoming more productive, and giving employment to a larger population. The Peak Downs copper mines bid fair to rival some of the rich mines of South Australia. There are extensive coal measures in Queensland, and large quantities of tolerably good coal have been produced from a short depth below the surface. Fine granite has been obtained at the site of the new waterworks reservoir at Enoggera, and some specimens of a hard description of stone, admirably suited for building purposes, have been found on the ranges on the Brisbane side of Enoggera. Marble of fine quality has been discovered at Gladstone. The manufacturing industry of Queensland will also be fully represented. South Australia, almost the only colony which has failed to take up the proposal of the Victorian government, has at last entered the lists and adopted the preliminary steps to secure a representation of the products of that colony at the exhibition. At Ballarat an effort was made to have a local exhibition of the contributions of that district before they were forwarded to Melbourne. The same thing was done in South Gipps Land. In New South Wales the initiatory step appears

* To be continued.

* Mr. Joseph Barney was a native of Wolverhampton. His father was proprietor of a japan manufactory in North Street in that town, subsequently carried on under the title of Barney and Bevans. About the date at which the polygraphic process seems to have been in operation, he still resided at Wolverhampton, as the altar-piece in St. John's Church, painted by him, appears, from a minute in the church books, to have been executed in 1780-1. In my boyhood Mr. Barney's name was frequently mentioned in the family circle with great respect for his talents, as he periodically visited Wolverhampton for the purpose of settling the business accounts of the japan factory, in which he continued to retain an interest after the death of his father. According to the Royal Academy catalogue, he commenced exhibiting in London in 1784, and was a constant exhibitor until 1827, a period of forty-three years. The address given in 1784 is "Summer Hill, Birmingham," but in 1786 he had evidently settled in London, and subsequently at Greenwich, where he no doubt resided for the convenience of attending to his duties as figure drawing master in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, to which post he was appointed in 1793, and retired on reduction in 1820. I am indebted to the courtesy of General Sandham, the present governor of the Royal Military Academy, who was himself a cadet pupil of Barney's, for these dates, taken from the records of that institution. About 1815 Mr. Barney was appointed "flower and fruit painter to H.R.H. the Prince Regent," afterwards George IV. As a boy I always heard him spoken of as "flower painter to the king." Out of a list of seventy-three pictures exhibited by him at the Royal Academy from 1784 to 1827, the majority of the subjects correspond to those produced by the process practised at Soho. Mr. Barney was born in 1750, and died in 1832. His son, Colonel Barney, R.E., was at one time surveyor-general of New South Wales.

* This article is stated, by Edward Price, the late clerk in charge of the works at Soho, in his letter to Mr. F. P. Smith, dated 26th November, 1862, *Photographic News*, 20th November, 1863, to have been written by the late Mr. James Watt, of Aston Hall, son of James Watt the engineer, and partner of Matthew Boulton, of Soho.

† The invention of the copying press, about this period, by James Watt, for the purpose of copying letters, mechanical drawings, &c., will be alluded to in due course, in its probable connection with this polygraphic process.

to have been taken by the municipality of Grafton, the mayor of that place having responded to an address forwarded by the Melbourne Commissioners by giving promises of hearty co-operation in that district. The Exhibition Commissioners are endeavouring to obtain the co-operation of the neighbouring colonies in the preparation of a series of tabulated statistics, with a view to the ultimate collection and a collation of the whole—a scheme which, if properly carried out, will furnish a most valuable and exhaustive record of comparative statistics: with this idea is that of the preparation of vocabularies.

Bombay.—An Art Institute is being formed in this city, the object of which is to further the interests of the Fine Arts generally and the science of engineering.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—The success which attended the recent industrial exhibition in Glasgow, says the *Building News*, has suggested to an enterprising citizen the idea of creating a permanent establishment bearing the title of the "Museum and Industrial Exhibition." The building in which the Industrial Exhibition was held is being altered and fitted up in a permanent manner, and already a great number of contributions of works of Art, models illustrating the local and other industries, and of scientific apparatus, have been announced, and arrangements have been made for showing certain manufacturing processes in progress. The object of the promoters is to provide a profitable place of resort for young men especially. A large hall has been constructed, in which entertainments similar to those of the London Polytechnic Institute will be given.

Cork.—At the late International Horticultural Exhibition, held at South Kensington, three prizes were offered to the students of the various schools of Art in the United Kingdom for the best water-colour drawing of any plant, British or exotic, of its natural size, with the usual magnified dissections. Out of a large number of competitors the second prize was awarded to Mrs. Henry Hill, of the Cork School, for drawings of the *Vanda suavis* and *Oncidium Papilio*. Numerous prizes were awarded to pupils in this school at the last examination held at South Kensington by the inspectors, Mrs. Hill gaining one for ornamental designs, painted in oil-colours.

Dublin.—Three colossal statues, by Mr. J. Kirk, R.H.A., have been placed on the architrave of the Roman Catholic church, Arranquay, Dublin. They represent respectively St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. Patrick, are executed with great boldness in design, and contribute greatly to the handsome appearance of the edifice.

Cambridge.—The statue, by Baron Marochetti, of the late Mr. Jonas Webb, the celebrated breeder of "South Downs," was placed on its pedestal in the Market-place, on the 21st of June, in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation of Cambridge.

Dudley.—An Exhibition, Fine-Art, Scientific, and Industrial, was opened in this populous manufacturing town last month. It originated in a somewhat similar exhibition which took place about two years ago under the auspices of the committee of the Geological Society, to which the Earl of Dudley contributed a few paintings. This exhibition was eminently successful, and it was resolved to carry out a project on a more enlarged scale, his lordship having liberally offered to place the whole of the Dudley Gallery, or such portions of it as might be selected, at the disposal of the committee. In common with many other great undertakings, the project grew into magnitude as it proceeded, until it was determined that, in addition to the Fine-Art collection, it should embrace illustrations of the industry of South Staffordshire, supplemented by that of other localities. The result is a vast gathering, in the rooms of the Mechanics' Institute, of paintings lent by Earl Dudley and many other collectors, of geological specimens of a vast variety of kinds, of scientific instruments, metallic and ceramic wares, carvings, photographs, &c. &c., far too numerous for us to point out in detail.

Southampton.—Fourteen prizes and twenty-one certificates were awarded to the students of the School of Art in this town, at the last examination held by the inspectors.—Prior to the closing of the school for the midsummer vacation, the pupils presented the head-master, Mr. W. J. Baker, with a handsome purse containing the sum of fifteen guineas, "towards defraying the expenses of his summer tour," as the address which accompanied the gift stated. The lady-pupils of two private schools joined their contributions to those of the others.

Torquay.—A testimonial in the form of a valuable gold watch has been presented to Mr. Henry H. Bridgman in recognition of his services in promoting the establishment of a School of Art in this place, which now numbers about one hundred and twenty pupils.

THE MUSE OF PAINTING.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

Shortly after the death, in 1859, of Mr. James Ward, R.A., the "Paul Potter of English Art," as he has been not inappropriately called, his son, Mr. George Raphael Ward, the well-known mezzotint portrait-engraver, resolved that a memorial worthy of the genius of his father should be erected over the grave in Kensal Green Cemetery, where the remains of the veteran painter lie. The commission for the work was given to Mr. Foley, and it could not have been entrusted to any sculptor better, if so well, able to execute it. The tablet, for we can scarcely call it a monument in the true sense of the word, takes the form of a plain pedestal, above which is a slightly recessed slab: in a niche of this is the figure here engraved, representing the Muse of Painting.

As a rule, allegorical sculpture is, except in the hands of a true artist, very apt to degenerate into the pictorial or the florid. Sculptors have often too great an inclination to allow their fancies to go forth unreined when they seem to have free course to do as they list; or, in other words, where there is nothing which legitimately fixes them within prescribed limits. There is no fear that Mr. Foley could ever so mistake the dignity of his art, for no sculptor of our times has worked more successfully to maintain the elevated, severe, yet graceful, character properly belonging to it. Had he chosen to present the Muse of Painting as a nude figure, we should have seen one based on the best model of the Greek type; but he has clothed it, and the drapery shows us that even the hanging of the robes cannot conceal the elegant form of the figure. These, moreover, are thrown over it with a grace of arrangement that is very striking, and most agreeable to the eye.

In her left hand the "Muse" holds a painter's palette and brushes; her head is wreathed with a band of laurels—emblem of the distinction the deceased artist's long life of labour won for him; the expression of the face is remarkably sweet, bent slightly forward, with downcast eyes, in the attitude of thought, as if the mind were engaged on some work in hand, or contemplated.

This beautiful figure is not executed in the "round," but in a kind of *alto-relievo* springing from the back of the niche. It is considerably under life-size.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

While maintaining in full vigour its long-established reputation as the London headquarters of the advance and development of science in special connection with subjects of pre-eminent interest and importance. The visitor to the well-known galleries finds himself, as of yore, in the midst of "machinery in motion;" in its own proper place beside (or perhaps below) the clear green water of its basin is the veteran diving-bell; models of shipping are afloat at their ease, or are apparently in the act of taking to their "proper element," as the phraseology of launches is wont to express itself: fountains are playing, and all goes on pleasantly, with the quiet energy of successful experience. But it would be a very great mistake indeed to suppose that the Polytechnic of to-day accomplishes no more than a completely satisfactory repetition of what it has been doing thoroughly well from year to year. It is the happy characteristic of this institution to combine in the most agreeable manner new things with old. If you go in search of fresh objects and fresh subjects for consideration, you find, in addition to what you are seeking, in every direction something that reminds you of many things that you are not disposed to admit that you had almost forgotten; and so, on the other hand, the visitor who contemplates only another examination of familiar objects, is certain to see and hear what has the charm of the freshest novelty.

We are, as we have ever been, disposed to regard the Polytechnic as possessing peculiar claims for popular approbation and public support. The Polytechnic makes science amusing, and amusement it causes to become scientific. And much more real good is thus accomplished than probably is ever contemplated by the great majority of visitors to this institution; they are instructed by a pleasant and unforeseen kind of accident, but they are instructed nevertheless; and this is just the kind of instruction that is productive of beneficial results. It is a suggestive species of instruction also, which prompts and leads the way to the most useful, and often the most important inquiries and investigations.

At the present moment the all-important subjects of the armaments of our ships of war, and our soldiers and volunteers, are discussed in a popular form, and at the same time with the most strictly scientific truth and comprehensiveness: and thus the public may become familiarised with what is a matter of such vital interest to the nation at large. Breech-loading, capless rifles, however, and turret-ships, are not permitted to exhaust the exhibiting and descriptive resources of the Polytechnic. Mr. Pepper is true to himself and to the optical phenomena which he has associated as well with his own name as with the institution that is identified with him; and so, from the armaments of fleets and armies, he passes, with equal zeal and equal effectiveness, to fresh applications of the optical illusive impersonations that now are expected to be displayed at the Polytechnic. And certainly the last in the series of Mr. Pepper's shadowy forms are endowed with a truly marvellous semblance of living substances. "Lifeless, but lifelike," these illusions possess one quality of animated reality which was wanting to the real living but luckless Peter Schamil—they possess *true shadows* of their own, shadows of shades indeed, that appear as if they were projected by veritable solids. The head of Socrates is thus made to present itself, uttering words of wisdom. Then there are the heads of a group of Shakspere's living creations, Hamlet, and Lear, and others, all of them speaking as the great master-spirit taught them that they should speak; and, after all, a cluster of winged infantine heads, floating bodyless and limbless in mid air, as Renaissance cherubs float amidst light fleecy clouds, and singing as such cherubs are supposed to sing. The "exhibition," if so we may term it, is one of much interest, yet by no means the only one that forms the attraction of the Polytechnic Institution.



THE MUSE OF PAINTING

(THE MONUMENT OF JAMES WARD R.A.)

ENGRAVED BY R. A. ARTLETT FROM THE SCULPTURE BY J. H. FOLEY R. A.

MODERN ENAMEL MOSAICS,
AND THE
REPRODUCTION OF VENETIAN GLASS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Venice has been the cradle of all other glass works established in modern states. The decline of the art of glass-making took place, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, from a combination of causes, foremost among which was the political decay of the Queen of the Adriatic, and the extinction of the Republic. The world-renowned glass-works of Murano fell into inactivity, and the more meretricious style of ornament adopted by the Germans on *wiederkoms*, and similar vessels, luxuriating in exuberance of colour, without any pretension to elegance of form, being mostly cylindrical, became the fashion, and superseded those of Venice. About this time, too, great improvements were made in the manufacture of glass in Bohemia; the quality and pureness of the white glass, and the art of cutting it with the lathe, caused it to bear a strong resemblance to rock-crystal, from which it derived its name. In Bohemia glass was made in great perfection, and it is to that country we owe the highest progress in the fabrication of ornamental glass; but the Bohemians were in their turn doomed, by improvements in other countries, to witness the gradual derogation of their crystal glass by the manufacture in England and France of what was called *flint-glass*, originally made of ground flints; but the great improvement consisted in the introduction of a metallic oxide, giving it a superior brilliancy, and rendering it susceptible of a higher polish. The Bohemians, nothing daunted by this innovation, strove to impart a higher value to their works by the addition of careful and intricate engravings, at first upon the pure crystal, and afterwards upon medallions with a yellow tint. Still improving, they produced beautiful works by placing one or more layers of coloured glass upon the white, and cutting away the outer coating in patterns, exhibiting some pleasing combinations; at the present day an extensive trade is carried on in this particular manufacture. Other countries, with more or less success, have copied them, but the Bohemians have always, since the decline of the art in Venice, taken the initiative in the fabrication of coloured glass. Both in Bohemia and France the Venetian has been imitated. In the former, manufacturers have revived the art of introducing twisted filligree canes of glass with great success, but the texture of the material being different, the imitation is not complete, and can easily be detected. In France, at the manufactory of Choisy le Roi, under the able superintendence of M. Bontemps, have been produced some clever imitations of *millefiori* fused in crystal glass; in one article alone, viz., paper weights, they have distributed over Europe hundreds of thousands of these elegant table-ornaments. Flint-glass, which is now generally used for ornamental purposes, contains, of purified Lynn sand, 100 parts, litharge, or red lead, 60 parts, purified pearlash, 30 parts; thus the metallic oxide forms more than a third of its total weight, and it is consequently of much greater specific gravity than the Venetian, of a more brittle character, and does not possess the same elasticity.

Venice has, from remote times, been the home of glass-making. The mosaics with which the churches of Italy were decorated form almost imperishable pictures, and were made to a great extent in that city. In the cathedral of St. Mark its magnificent results are exhibited; the cupolas, vaults, architraves, and walls, are covered with small pieces of coloured and gold enamels produced at Murano, and here the mosaic artists found a field to display their marvellous fancies, in depicting Scripture history and incidents of Holy Writ. Mr. Ruskin, in his valuable work, "The Stones of Venice," speaking of St. Mark's, says:—"They were compelled to bring artists from Constantinople to design the first mosaics, but they rapidly took up and developed under more masculine conditions, the system of which the Greeks had shown them the example.

We will briefly advert to the peculiar styles of mosaic used during the middle ages; they may be divided into two classes. 1. When the mosaic is so made that the surface is ground down perfectly smooth and polished, the various pieces of stone or enamel having their edges perfectly close and adherent to each other; this class is known as *inlaid mosaic*, or *Marqueterie mosaic*, and is used for personal ornaments, decorative furniture, and small pictures of landscapes, fruit and flowers, &c. Of this character are the Florentine and Roman mosaics. 2. The other kind of mosaic is composed of irregular *tesseræ*, put together so that the cement between is seen; the surface, therefore, is rough, and is styled *Byzantine or monumental*, and was used by the ancients for architectural decorations on the interior and exterior of buildings.

Specimens of enamel-mosaic are in existence from the fifth to the seventeenth century, commencing with those of Constantine's reign down to the seventh century, which are doubtless the best. From the eighth to the eleventh they are much inferior, but with the eleventh commence the beautiful mosaics in the Byzantine style, which were continued for four or five succeeding centuries. Then in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we come to the remarkable epoch when mosaics were executed from the cartoons of Titian, Tintoretto, Palma, Bassano, and others, by the most eminent mosaicists.

We will now proceed to show that although the art may have lain dormant for a series of years, it has never been extinguished, but that Venice still possesses in an eminent degree the material elements which, under scientific and careful supervision, have within the last few years been revived. The art was never extinct at Murano; they had the knowledge of making the coloured enamels, and had supplied foreign nations with the leading colours. Their variegated beads were sent all over the world, and in these they retained a monopoly against all competitors. It remained for Dr. Salviati to develop their hidden resources. He tells us that, although many years of his life were devoted to far different pursuits, he could not resist the temptation to endeavour to be of use to his native land, and to its almost indigenous art, by bringing about, in Venice itself, the revival of the mosaic art. So abandoning a lucrative profession, he directed his exertions and his capital to the attainment of this object, by enlisting the aid of the eminent skill, practical aptitude, and long experience, of Laurent Radi, of Murano, who had spent his life and fortune in making continual experiments, and who at length thoroughly succeeded in maintaining and improving upon the ancient method of making enamels, as well as of reviving the forgotten, peculiar art of imitating the rich stones called chalcedony agate. By the formation of a school of mosaic he subsequently founded in Venice the establishment known as Salviati's Venetian Enamel Works, instituted in 1860. In 1861 he executed his first commission of importance for the late Viceroy of Egypt. Most of our readers will remember his beautiful display of mosaic work at the International Exhibition in London in 1862. His works needed but to be seen and were at once appreciated; they could be so expeditiously executed, and at such comparatively small cost, that the art was brought within the reach of all classes. His assistance was eagerly sought to decorate several of our national edifices. We will briefly give an account of the principal mosaics executed by Dr. Salviati, or which are now in progress, in this country.

1. The spandrils beneath the dome of St. Paul's. One of these is completed; it measures 250 superficial feet, and was finished in two months, at a cost of no more than £600.

2. The groined roof of Wolsey's Chapel at Windsor Castle, comprising ninety-two angelic figures with inscriptions, foliage, coats of arms, crests, &c., covering 2,100 superficial feet, executed in ten months at a cost of £4,725; he has now in hand the large blank west window, &c.

3. The decorations of the new courts of South Kensington Museum with figures, life-size on gold ground; three are completed, viz., Pisano, Apelles, and Gozzoli; others in hand.

4. The vaulted roof of the canopy of the Prince Consort memorial in Hyde Park, and mosaics to adorn the exterior.

5. The decoration in gold enamel, of a pavement to be laid in front of the altar at Westminster Abbey, subject, The Last Supper.

A visit to the establishment just opened by Dr. Salviati, at 431, Oxford Street, will give some idea of the effective and durable nature of these Byzantine enamel-mosaics, and as they can never be tarnished or affected by the atmosphere or any external influences, the colours will retain their brilliancy three hundred years hence. It is a decoration peculiarly adapted to our English climate, capable of resisting the destructive influences of coal-smoke and gas, as well as of damp. Beside this important discovery the visitor to the International Exhibition may remember the examples of Venetian Schmeltze glass, termed *Chalcedony agate*, and the beautiful blocks of gold *avanturine*, some of which were fashioned into *marqueterie* mosaic slabs for decorative furniture.

These are the more important of the works of Dr. Salviati, but the demand for them, though greatly increasing of late years, must be, to a certain extent, limited. Not so with other productions which, though comparatively "minor," are for general, or rather universal, use; to these we have the pleasure of drawing the special attention of our readers.

Dr. Salviati having perfected his manufacture of enamel-mosaics, has recently turned his attention to the production of ornamental table-glass for domestic purposes in the style of the old Venetian, and within the last few months he has established in one of the ancient workshops of Murano a manufactory of these articles. The artists he employs are descended from families, who, in the palmy days of glass making at Murano, were famous for their skill in manipulating these beautiful wares, and who have been engaged in making objects of a less artistic character, but, at the same time, one requiring care, viz., Apothecaries' bottles, retorts, chandeliers, and lustres, &c. His imitations of the old Venetian glass are the most successful we have yet seen, and he has accomplished some of those difficult processes which have hitherto defied the powers of modern artists; especially, we may note, the delicate specimens of reticulated glass, called *vasi à reticelli*, described by Mr. Chaffers in his paper on Venetian glass, its manufacture and examples (*Art-Journal*, pp. 58, 181, *ante*), and other varieties there referred to. Not only is the ornamentation correctly copied, but the extreme legerity of the material which constituted one of the chief beauties of the old Venetian has been accomplished, owing probably to the absence of metallic oxides in the composition of the glass. Hence we have not only the elegance of form and lightness of material, but actually the very imperfections observable in glass of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The opal and ruby glasses are equally successful, and all these pieces are so close an imitation, that it behoves collectors of ancient glass to be on their guard, for it is difficult for any but the most expert judges to discriminate between the new and the old.*

Dr. Salviati has not confined himself entirely to ancient forms, for M. E. Rimmel, a man of taste, and a veritable artist in his peculiar profession of providing elegancies for the toilette and the boudoir, has with his usual tact secured the services of Dr. Salviati's most skilful artificers to produce some exquisite centre pieces for the table and fountains for dispensing redolent essences. These are enriched with all the decorations of the old Venetian glass, and can be made to any design. Specimens of them may be seen at the establishments of M. E. Rimmel, 128, Regent Street, and 96, Strand.

W. C.

* The object of Dr. Salviati being to extend the use of this style of glass as much as possible, he has produced a most extensive assortment, embracing, at the same time, the simplest and most elaborate forms and designs while the prices are so low as to place them in a most favourable position with respect to modern manufactures; indeed, the most graceful, beautiful, and effective of his productions may be acquired at the cost of a few shillings each.

MR. SIMPSON'S DRAWINGS OF INDIA, THIBET, AND CASHMERE.

Since a notice of a portion of these drawings, that appeared some time ago in the columns of this Journal, an addition of fifty has been made to the catalogue, which now numbers two hundred and fifty. In the production of these very instructive sketches, Mr. Simpson seems to have been actuated by the worthy object of giving to the public a pictorial history of India, as he deals not only with material having reference to recent events that shook our Indian empire to its foundations, but has interspersed his series with subjects which take us far back into the history of the mystic religions of the natives. In order to make it understood that the artist has enjoyed advantages and opportunities befitting the fulfilment of such a task, it becomes necessary to state that, in pursuance of his object, he has travelled 23,000 miles. Shortly after his arrival in Calcutta he was invited to join the viceregal camp and a company Lord Canning on a visit to the scenes of the principal events of the mutiny. The hot season of 1860 he spent on the Himalayas, and in the succeeding winter he again had the honour of attending Lord Canning to Jubbelpoor, and subsequently traversed Central India and the whole of Rajpootana, where some of his most attractive studies were made. In 1861 he again went to the Himalayas, and on this occasion ascended the Ganges to its source at the "Cow's Mouth," a glacier 13,000 feet above the sea. From the heights of these mountain ranges he descended on the thirsty plains of Thibet, where rain seldom falls. In short, referring to maps, we trace the artist's devious course from Bengal to Cabool, through Central India and Rajpootana, and across the Himalayas. There are also contributions from the flat shores of the Carnatic, the wood and mountain of Ceylon, the hilly regions of Bombay; and with the famous rivers are signalised others less celebrated: thus with the Indus, the Ganges, Jumna, and Sutlej, are also the Khelna, Chenab, Krishna, and Ravee. It is scarcely necessary to say that the principal cities are not forgotten; we have, accordingly, the remarkable features of Delhi, Lucknow, Agra, Allahabad, Lahore, Mirzapore, Muttra, and even of Leh, the capital of Thibet, and Srinuggur, the capital of Cashmere.

Every drawing has its especial point, and to each attaches its particular story. The architecture, from the most ancient to the most modern, is fully set forth; and if our inquiries turn on the subject of the religions of India, the illustrations comprehend the Buddhist, Hindoo, Jain, Mahommedan, and Parsee, as also the river-worship at Gangootree, on the Hooghly, and at Muttra.

Of the additions may be mentioned—'The Dilkoosha at Lucknow,' the palace of the kings of Oude; 'The Shah Nujeef, Lucknow;' 'The Slaughter Ghaut, Cawnpore,' where our people were fired upon by the disaffected Sepoys; 'Gwallior, Central India,' a remarkable hill fort, the capital of Scindia's possessions; 'Severndroog, another rock fortress in the sea, a hundred miles south of Bombay;' 'The Elephant's Quarters, Holcar's Camp;' 'Leh, the Capital of Ladák;' 'Entrance of Sir James Outram into Lucknow;' 'Buddha Caves of Ellora;' 'Varaha, or Boar Avatar of Vishnu, Ellora;' 'An Indian Railway Station;' 'The Khelna River and Field of Assaye.' A view of this battle-field without the river would have deprived the site of half its interest, as it was by fording the river and taking the Mahrattas in flank, that Wellington, with his 4,500 men, was enabled to rout the enemy, 40,000 strong.

Mr. Simpson has been occupied unremittingly for three years in the accomplishment of his labours, and few interesting traits of Indian life or history have escaped him. It is intended by Messrs. Day and Son to publish these drawings in chromo-lithography, under the title of "India, Ancient and Modern."

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Art Season may now be considered as closed; the Water-colour Societies and the Society of British Artists have terminated their exhibitions, and very soon the Royal Academy will give its evening reception. It is needless to say, that the season has been productive and prosperous; next month we may be able to give some details, at present it will suffice to say, that very few really meritorious works will be returned to their producers. As usual, the dealers have been the large "buyers," connoisseurs and collectors not having yet learned the wisdom of giving to artists direct commissions, preferring to pay fifty or seventy per cent. of profit to the agent-intermediate.

The Pension List.—It is to be lamented that in the pension list—the £1,200 which the country annually "doles" out to its worthies—there does not appear the name of a single artist, unless Lady Eastlake is to be considered in that light; she receives a pension of £300 a year—a sum equal to that which is divided among four of the other recipients. Happily, she does not need this boon from the country; it merely augments by so much a somewhat large income, Sir Charles having died wealthy, and bequeathed to his lady all, or nearly all, he possessed.

Turner's Hidden Drawings.—More than eight years ago Mr. Ruskin, to whom was entrusted the duty of examining and classifying Turner's drawings, reported upon them in these words:—"The remainder of the collection consists of miscellaneous drawings, from which many might be spared, with little loss to the collection in London, and with great advantage to the students in the provinces. Five or six collections, each illustrative of Turner's mode of study, and succession of practice, might easily be prepared for the academies of Edinburgh, Dublin, and the chief manufacturing towns of England." These drawings and sketches—with some paintings, we believe, which have never been hung—are the property of the country, and are carefully stowed away in sundry rooms in the National Gallery. We are at a loss for a reason why works of such relative value and interest are still kept in concealment. They might, at least, be lent in accordance with Mr. Ruskin's suggestion, even if it is ultimately determined to give them a public position in the new National Gallery we are looking for. Perhaps Mr. Boxall, now Director of the National Gallery, may consider it a matter to which it would be well to call the attention of the Trustees. Some such movement would not be an inappropriate inauguration of his new official duties.

Ancient and Modern Rome.—Under the respective titles of "Rome as it was," and "Rome as it is," Messrs. H. Graves and Co. have recently published two large chromo-lithographic prints, taken from drawings made by Mr. A. Ashpitel, F.S.A., architect, and exhibited by him a few years ago at the Royal Academy. The view of Ancient Rome was sketched on the spot known as the terrace of the Palace of the Cæsars, on the summit of Mount Palatine: it shows the Capitol and the Tarpeian Rock, the old Forum, the Fora of the Cæsars, &c. &c., as they stood when the city was in all its architectural glory; the restorations having been carefully made from studies of existing remains from the Capitoline marbles, from bas-reliefs, medals, manuscripts, &c. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of this picture as developed in the long ranges of palatial edifices, its temples, &c., backed by the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the other buildings on the Capitoline Mount. 'Modern Rome,' sketched from very nearly the same spot as the preceding, looks across the terraces of the Farnese Gardens, upon the Capitol, the Forum, the Via Sacra, the Quirinal, the Colosseum, &c., but compared with the other, the scene has a desolate, melancholy, and deserted appearance, a place with the word "Ichabod" engraven on it, and involuntarily calling forth the exclamation, *Roma fuit!* But the two prints in juxtaposition possess remarkable interest by the contrast of beauty with decay, of the life and magnificence of a people who claimed, and justly, to be masters of the world, with the servility and death-like torpor of a state existing only by the sufferance of a foreign ruler. If Italy should ever, through its length and its breadth, fall again into the hands of her own children, Rome may once more become a city fit for the habitation of a race of modern Cæsars, the Augustuses and Constantines of a noble future. Mr. Ashpitel, whom we are bound to compliment on the accuracy and beauty of his drawings, has published with them an excellent descriptive "Key," which renders the views perfectly intelligible.

The Portrait of the Queen for Mr. Peabody is now to be seen at Messrs. Dickinson's, in Bond Street—that is, the likeness on cardboard from which the enamel is to be painted, for be it understood this is the step preliminary to the working of a careful enamel picture. The occasion which has called forth this really admirable work, and the circumstances in association with its production, render it one of the most interesting portraits of the Queen that has yet been seen. It is in the form of a large vignette of exquisite finish. The size is fourteen inches long by nine or ten in width, dimensions beyond those of any panel that has yet been attempted in enamel portraiture. In order that the likeness should be wanting in nothing as far as her Majesty was concerned, she gave the artist, Mr. Tilt, the number of sittings necessary to its perfect completion, and she has been pleased to express her entire satisfaction at the success of the drawing, which will be added to the royal collection. The Queen's attire consists of a black silk dress, trimmed with ermine, a Mary Stuart cap over which is the demi-crown—the only ornaments are the Koh-i-noor and a cross richly set with jewels, a gift of Prince Albert. The enamel will be effected on a plate of gold, a long and tedious process, the conduct of which is a source of incessant anxiety. It is the intention of Mr. Peabody to place it in his native town, Boston, where the public can have access to it. There is also at Messrs. Dickinson's a portrait of Mr. Peabody in progress for the trustees of the Peabody Fund, which we shall have much pleasure in describing when completed.

Poisonous Slate Pencils.—The government authorities at Cologne have issued a circular cautioning the public against variegated slate pencils. Schweinfort green, which contains arsenic, is used for the green, chromate of lead for the yellow, and red lead for the red varieties. The circular points out the danger of this practice, especially to children, by whom slate pencils are chiefly used.

Mr. W. G. Rogers has been commissioned by Lord Monson to restore the magnificent wood-carvings by Grinling Gibbons,

in his lordship's mansion at Gatton, Surrey. We presume they will be subjected to the same elaborate processes which Mr. Rogers carried out so successfully in similar carvings at Chatsworth and elsewhere.

THE HALL BY THE SEA.—This is a new public building which has sprung up at Margate, almost as quickly as if in obedience to the command of Aladdin, while in its decorative character it partakes largely of such attributes as we are disposed to consider in association with the potent and obsequious slave of the lamp. In the first instance intended to be a station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, but found to be unsuited for some requirements of such an edifice, this building, in a single month, has been transformed into a sea-side place of public amusement of truly extraordinary attractiveness. The decorations are in excellent taste, as well as rich and well executed; and the intention is to provide a succession of musical entertainments of the highest order, under the direction of M. Jullien, in this happily situated "Hall by the Sea."

FIREWORKS AND FOUNTAINS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—In their recent simultaneous displays of fireworks and fountains, while providing a spectacle of almost unrivalled magnificence and beauty, the authorities of the Crystal Palace showed that at length they had learned to understand and appreciate the rare qualities and the comprehensive capacities of the institution over which they preside. Very charming is the effect that may be produced by the combination, under artistic influence and guidance, of the opposing elements of fire and water. Each one, alone, can be taught to accomplish what is certain to be esteemed a pre-eminently popular exhibition. Fireworks are always attractive, and so, in like manner, are fountains; how potent, then, the attraction of a twofold display of both fountains and fireworks together, the two having been trained to act in harmony with the single object of enhancing each the value of the other. However highly expectation may have been raised by the publication of announcements of these displays, which were promised to be of "unsurpassed splendour," the reality more than justified the most confident expectations of complete success; and, without a doubt, the very highest expectations must have been more than satisfied. We willingly and gladly concede to the designers and producers of the Crystal Palace fireworks a right to their claims on Art; they are masters in their certainly very peculiar departments, and, as masters, they have a right to be called and esteemed as artists. It is but an act of simple justice to add, that the producer of the fireworks and fountain illuminations on these occasions is Mr. Brock, of Whitechapel, who had the all-important advantage of working under the general direction and supervision of Dr. David Price, the learned Curator of the Crystal Palace Industrial Museum, and the able scientific officer of the Institution.

PICTURE SALES.—The small but valuable collection of modern cabinet pictures formed by Mr. Robert Martin, of Manchester, was sold by Messrs. Foster at their gallery in Pall Mall, on the 23rd of May. It contained among other works the following:—'Le Journal Illustré,' and 'The Picture-book,' E. Frère, 175 gs. (Agnew); 'The Order of Release,' a small *replica* of the larger work, J. E. Millais, R.A., 315 gs. (Lefevre); 'The Connoisseurs,' Ruiperez, 120 gs. (Lefevre); 'Interior of a Chaumière,' E. Frère, 175 gs. (Holmes); 'The Pursuit of the Butterfly,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., 110 gs. (Lomax); 'St. Valentine's Morn,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 130 gs. (Crofts); 'Irish Flower Girl,' T. Faed, R.A., 315 gs. (Holmes); 'The New Boy's first Entrance into the School-room,' G. Smith, 148 gs. (Agnew); 'A Summer's Day in the Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 155 gs. (Crofts); 'Windsor Forest,' J. Linnell, 565 gs. (Vokins); 'Home,' T. Faed, R.A., 300 gs. (Lusby).

THE NIAGARA.—Of the many views of the Falls that have been exhibited, from time to time, there is not one which shows the state of the "rapid" just before the final plunge so perfectly as M. Mignot's picture, now in the gallery of Messrs. D. Colnaghi and Co. In the prospect from below, there is so much to tempt a painter, that this, from some striking point, is, nine times out of ten, the view presented. Inasmuch, therefore, as compared with the stupendous fall, there is a lack of the picturesque in association with the surface of the rapid, it is an enterprise requiring some courage to adopt the latter as a subject, and work it out as has been done in this case. But M. Mignot has been amply sustained in the fact that there yet remained something peculiar to the famous cataract that had not been described. Our first impression on seeing the picture was, that the grass-green colour of the water is an exaggeration; but, in justification of the tint, it is asserted by persons who have seen the current above the Falls, that the colour is quite true. The picture has been painted from studies made in 1862 from the top of the Terrapin Tower, which is joined to Goat Island by a wooden bridge. It sets before us, therefore, the expanse of the river looking over to the Canadian shore and the immediate crest of the cataract, with the bend of the Horse-shoe Fall. It is seen at once, from the peculiarity of passages in the description, that the painter has been most conscientious in dealing with detail. The dense column of spray that ascends from the tumult below is here seen to rise above the upper level of the river. A careful examination of the work teaches us that every touch has a significance in the description of certain features of the Niagara, which have never before been set forth.

PAPIER MACHÉ.—Some of the observations concerning *papier-mâché* which occur in the course of our report on Art-progress in Birmingham, have been objected to on the ground that justice has not been accorded to Mr. John Bettridge, of the old and eminent firm of Jennens and Bettridge. Our remarks concerned the state of that "trade" generally; but no doubt we ought to have given Mr. Bettridge credit for having in a measure foreseen our objections, and for having of late made much exertion, and some sacrifice, to attain comparative purity of style and ornamentation in many of the articles of his produce. Certainly when, not long ago, we visited his manufactory in Birmingham (and we believe the same may be said of his establishment in Cheapside), we found among "showy" goods much also that was in good taste; we presume the former to be the suggestions of his customers, the latter to be his own. At least we are quite sure that Mr. Bettridge desires that in *all* his productions he may avoid those glaring absurdities of colour and pearl-shell that manufacturers less intelligent consider to be absolute requirements of the art; and it is, therefore, but just to exempt him from much of the censure to which "the craft" has been properly subjected.

REVIEWS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF RECENT AND LIVING PAINTERS AND ENGRAVERS. Forming a Supplement to Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, as edited by George Stanley. By HENRY OTTLEY. Published by H. G. BOHN.

This dictionary differs from that to which it is presumed to be an *addendum*, inasmuch as it professes to include living painters and engravers, as well as those who have died since the appearance, in 1849, of Mr. Stanley's edition of Bryan's work. We heartily wish we could with justice repay Mr. Ottley the compliment he gives us for the assistance afforded him by the pages of the *Art-Journal*, but truth obliges us to say that the work does not fulfil the expectations we had formed of it. His errors, however, are more those of omission than commission; the book is woefully incomplete. We have searched in it, but in vain, for a few names that occurred to us at random; among them those of J. G. Gilbert, R.S.A., W. J. Grant—both painters recently deceased; among well-known painters of the Belgian school, Slingeneyer, one of the most distinguished, Coomans, Claes, De Jonghe, the figure-painter, Dillens, Willems; among English engravers, R. Graves, A.R.A., R. Wallis, O. Barlow, G. R. Ward, H. Lemon, Lightfoot, Greatbach, the brothers John and Charles Cousen, J. B. Allen, Vernon, C. Rolls, E. Goodall, and others, many of whom have, within the last twenty years, been the main support of our school of line-engraving. Not one of these names but ought to have found a place in Mr. Ottley's list. It is only right to remark that he acknowledges in his preface his inability to procure information from many artists to whom he had applied; our own experience bears ample witness to the existence of such a difficulty: and this will probably account for some omissions, but not for so many as could readily be pointed out.

We noticed, while turning over the leaves, that J. S. Prout, whom we presume to be James Skinner Prout, is spoken of as if deceased,—"was a draftsman who produced a series of drawings,"—&c. This artist has long been, and still is, a member of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters.

Mr. Ottley's "Supplement" must be soon followed by another; the publisher of the volume promises as much.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE AND ART. By Mrs. ELLIS, Author of "The Women of England." Published by HURST AND BLACKETT, London.

Mrs. Ellis deservedly holds rank in the highest class of our female authors who write not merely to amuse, but to instruct, their readers. She is an authority on educational matters having special reference to her own sex, and this last production of her well-directed pen is a worthy supplement to all that has preceded it. We are glad to see it employed on a subject for which, notwithstanding the mass of Art-literature the present age has brought forth, there is still ample room. "We are rich," she says, "in books innumerable, and well adapted for the purposes of school teaching, but we are not so rich in books calculated for helping those who are endeavouring to help themselves. Especially in the department of the Fine Arts such books are rare as would rank between the merest details of material and execution, and that higher range of artistic and poetic intelligence which it requires a very mature understanding to appreciate."

This new work of Mrs. Ellis is ostensibly addressed to young ladies; but the services it is capable of rendering are equally available for the benefit of young men. The smattering of knowledge, as regards the "beautiful in nature and Art," possessed by the vast majority of the youth of both sexes who have had the advantage of what is called a "liberal education," is of that surface-character which generally leads them to nothing beyond attempting, or criticising, what they do not understand.

The eye has not been educated to see aright, nor the mind to think aright; so what else can be expected but failure over the drawing-paper or canvas, and pretentious ignorance when discussing the contents of a picture-gallery. It is to remedy such lamentable evils as these that Mrs. Ellis has set herself to the task of teaching what is necessary to be learned to enable young people to do both satisfactorily; in other words, to develop the mental faculties even more than the mechanical ability which makes a good copyist of a picture but can never create one; in short, to open up the book of nature and Art in such a way that it may be easily read and as easily understood.

Her volume is divided into twenty chapters, each treating of a particular subject; as, for example, "Truthfulness of Art," "Love of Beauty," "Conventional Art," "Ancient Typical and Symbolical Art," "Grecian Art," "Revival of Italian Art," "Learning to Draw," "Form," "Colour," "Ladies' Work," &c. &c. In the discussion of these and other kindred topics, we find the author applying to a most useful and healthy purpose that matured judgment and knowledge, even upon Art-matters, which might be expected from one who has aforetime thought and written well. Her book is no dry essay, but a most interesting volume, that cannot fail to be of essential service to others than the young friends "who may be able to associate her thoughts with pleasant recollections of their school days at Rawdon House." We cordially and earnestly commend it for general perusal to those who are yet in their "teens;" and may we not also add, to many who are beyond them, and still require such teaching as these pages give them?

A Painter's Camp. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "The Isles of Loch Awe." Second Edition, Revised. Published by Macmillan & Co., London.

More than three years ago, when noticing Mr. Hamerton's "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art," we began our remarks thus:—"We are quite at a loss why these subjects have been made to constitute one publication, for they have little or no connection with each other," &c. &c. The "reason why" is explained by Mr. Hamerton in his preface to the book now before us; he says:—"The chapters relating to the Camp were merely intended as a vessel to float the Essays into circulation." The author's *ruse* succeeded, and we are told that he attained, by a combination which seemed to many critics inexplicable, the kind of position he aimed at. As there is now, however, no motive for keeping the two distinct parts in union, each will henceforth exist as separate works; and we think this a wise conclusion, for, as we stated in our previous notice, "each is addressed to its own special class of readers, who will find but little interest in the perusal of the other."

A "second edition" of a book that differs from its predecessor only in such corrections as a careful revision, and perhaps, a more practised pen and a more mature judgment would naturally suggest, calls for little comment from those who have once had it under review. Whether Mr. Hamerton pitches his "camp" in England, Scotland, or France, it is set down in places which he contrives, by description, anecdote, and general incident, to enliven and make pleasant; he is observant, and sees the world and its occupants in a light of his own, and not often with such eyes as other people use, but always—except with an occasional tint of cynicism, to which, nevertheless, modern society too frequently renders itself amenable—in an amusing, varied, and most "readable" manner.

The title, "A Painter's Camp," would lead to the supposition that this book is the story of an artist's campaign, and that, consequently, its contents relate principally to Art-matters; but such is not the case: there is very little, comparatively, about Art in it, but much of agreeable gossip concerning what the painter saw, and heard, and did, in his camp and around it.

A Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature. Originally Edited by John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Third Edition, greatly enlarged and Improved. Edited by W. L. Alexander, D.D., F.S.A.S., &c. Vol. III. Published by A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.

The appearance of the third volume brings the publication of this comprehensive and most valuable work to a conclusion. Some idea of the pains taken to render it a complete guide to the study of the Bible may be gathered from the fact that it is the joint production of about seventy contributors, the majority of whom are men well known either for their theological or their literary attainments, and, in many instances, for both; nor are there omitted from the list the names of those who have earned a reputation in the field of natural science. Sectarianism has offered no barrier to associateship in the work, so long as the faith professed is not antagonistic to the generally accepted truths of Scripture; the divisions which, as to ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies, place the Christian world on a variety of distinct and separate platforms, have not been recognised by Dr. Alexander in his selection of able coadjutors, and thus we find Churchmen and Nonconformists, divines English, Scottish, American, and German bringing the results of their learning and study to elucidate the history and the vocabulary of the Bible.

It would be beyond the province of a journal like our own to devote much space, even could we afford it, to a lengthened notice of such a work as this Cyclopædia. It must suffice to say that, from something more than a mere cursory turning over its pages, we are led to the conclusion that it adequately fulfils the conditions which a dictionary of so important a character requires. As a matter of course, where so many heads and hands have been engaged on the undertaking, an absolute uniformity of views and opinions could not be expected; and it certainly was the better course to adopt the plan which has been followed, without distinction of country or religious party, "that the field might be more thoroughly swept, and the greater wealth of illustration obtained from men of different lines of reading and various habits of thought," than to limit the task of production to a few whose opinions and sentiments were altogether in common. Theological science, if such a term may be applied to the contents of the Bible, is as much, if not more, open to a diversity of idea and judgment than any other branch of knowledge.

Biblical introduction and criticism, the natural history, geography, topography, and archæology of Scripture, the history of nations and tribes, have all their places in this work; nor must we omit to mention a new feature in this edition, that of biographical notices of the lives and writings of biblical scholars, in addition to the biographies of the principal individuals whom we read of in Scripture, and which are to be found in Dr. Kitto's original work, but are here considerably amplified, if our recollection serves us right. These additions must prove of great service to the student by directing his attention to books which he may desire to consult.

Dr. Alexander may be congratulated on bringing his arduous labours to a close which, as a whole, will, it can scarcely be doubted, give general satisfaction. His work will find greater favour with the educated student, for whom it is more especially intended, than with those who lack scholarship, but even these may profit by referring to its pages.

Gossip about Portraits. Principally engraved Portraits. By Walter F. Tiffin. Published by H. G. Bohn, London.

Lord Derby's suggestion, which has resulted in the exhibition of the vast and interesting gallery of portraits now at South Kensington, gave rise to the idea carried out in Mr. Tiffin's book, though there is not otherwise the slightest connection between the two. The latter is little more than a desultory gossip—rightly so termed by the author—about the men and women whose portraits have come under his notice, and for this he has in a great degree found ample materials in what other writers, both in prose and verse, have said, some of them long since. And very pleasant "talk" it is, reviving old stories which one had almost forgotten, and introducing others that sound new to us. Mr. Tiffin advocates the collecting of engraved portraits as a pleasant and instructive occupation, leading to the study of books of various kinds, and introducing the collector to "a great deal of knowledge suggested by that which he principally seeks. In a chapter of some length he discusses the subject of collections and collectors, prints and printsellers, which contains many valuable hints as well as some amusing histories of prints. The book is well-timed, and affords an hour or two's very agreeable reading even for those who take no special interest in portraits for their own sake.

A Little Book about Learning the Pianoforte. Written and composed by Emanuel Aguilar. Published by Groombridge, London.

This is one of the most useful and simple *manuals* for the pianoforte that has ever come under our observation. Mr. Aguilar states in his sensible preface that "the little work is intended as a guide and reference to those who, by place of abode or other circumstances, are debarred from the advantage of efficient or regular instruction; but it is not designed as a means of self-instruction to those altogether ignorant of the art, nor to supersede the necessity of the assistance of teachers."

The first part of this valuable little volume gives the rules and remarks of Emanuel Bach, Mozart, Clemente, J. B. Cramer, Hummel, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Czerny, and Thalberg. That is succeeded by the author's own observations on the art of teaching, and the best mode of acquiring the command of the instrument, which may be said to have become a domestic institution in England. We feel assured that the volume will find a place in every English home, containing, as it does, a vast amount of information. It is a model of arrangement, while the language is clear and comprehensive. Mr. Aguilar has thus conferred a boon on our juvenile *pianists*, as well as added considerably to the information possessed by the general teacher.

Awake or Dreaming: a Dog Story. Written and illustrated by the Brothers Wagtail. Published by Day and Son, London.

Here is a delight of a book for all children and all grown-up people who love dogs; despite the present crusade against them, their number is by no means "limited." "Old Benbow," a water spaniel, recounts his life and adventures to two little impatient pert puppies, whom he treats "in a fatherly way," telling of all he did, thought, suffered, and enjoyed. This is overheard and chronicled by his young master, who, at the time, is either "awake or dreaming." The book is beautifully "got up," and the illustrations are full of spirit and variety. Some of them are wood-engravings, others are productions in chromo-lithography by Messrs. Day.

Sussex: its History, Antiquities, and Topography. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London.

This is another of the series of Topographical County Guides published by this enterprising firm. Like its predecessors, it professes to be nothing more than a popular itinerary for the tourist, giving just the amount of information which the majority of travellers, having no special object in pursuit, would care to know. It appears to be carefully and accurately compiled; but a list of "distances" would have rendered it more practically useful, especially to the pedestrian, who might desire to use it as a guide.

THE ART-JOURNAL.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

ETNA AND VESUVIUS, CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THE PICTURESQUE.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

IT is not necessary to point out to the reader who has studied the principles of Art in the representation of landscape, that each special variety of material of which rocks are formed possesses its own peculiar characteristic. In previous numbers of the *Art-Journal* I have endeavoured to illustrate this, and it is a subject that has always had for me a very great attraction. With regard to active volcanoes, my experience has been small till within the last year; but recent visits to the great volcanic districts of Southern Europe have suggested some thoughts which may perhaps possess an interest for those who have not yet followed my example, or whose memories of the south will bear refreshing.

The distant approach to a great volcano is perhaps more strikingly characteristic of its origin and history than the view obtained from the country immediately adjacent. Thus the view of Etna from the sea as one passes along the Sicilian coast is extremely simple, exhibiting a single cone rising from the shore, and terminating apparently by a small jet of steam at the highest point. We see, indeed, nothing of the crater, nothing of the lava currents, nothing of the small cones; there is no vegetation in sight, and no break in the line. Looked at from a distance of thirty or forty miles, as the mountain must be from the sea, the pure, simple form would be monotonous if it were not so grand. A steady, uninterrupted slope, twenty miles in length, rising to a height of 11,000 feet, possesses elements of grandeur that defy monotony. There is nothing at hand to compete with it, nothing to approach it in height or proportion. The Calabrian mountains on the other side are both more distant and much less lofty. They are quite distinct in form. The hills terminating at Taormina are picturesque and broken, but low in comparison; and thus the noble volcano presents itself as one object, owing its form, and magnitude, and proportions, to itself alone, the monument of a hundred great and many thousand less important eruptions of ashes and lava—layer after layer of rock and cinder, all proceeding from the bowels of the earth, and all together forming only one brief chapter in the history of the earth. The general idea of a volcano is thus readily communicated to the eye, and one recognises the cause in the result obtained. The accompanying earthquakes are forgotten, the devastation is now out of sight, and the elevation and upheaval are neglected, or rather all these parts of the story are overlaid by the more recent and latest event:—the accumulation of the soft carpet of fine dust by which the smooth outline has been caused.

The volcanic district of Etna occupies nearly five hundred square miles of country, and this large area is almost circular. Within it there is no intrusion of any foreign rock, and hardly a fragment of other than volcanic matter is to be found there. The lava of Etna also is, on the whole, singularly slow in being weathered and converted into a vegetable soil. For the most part, all the lavas of the last thousand years are still black and barren. It is true that there is a belt of forest, once consisting of noble trees, surrounding the mountain within certain limits of height; and below this is a cultivated zone, rich in corn, and wine, and oil; but the district is so large that the combined lavas of several centuries occupy little space in comparison with the results of older eruptions, only producing barren belts, crossing the cultivated and forest regions at right angles. Thus the lava of last year was a large and important outburst. It overwhelmed and burnt up miles of forest, but except from the charred and mutilated trunks of trees near the new craters erupted, it cannot be found to have made any impression on the mass of the mountain.

Etna, when seen from a distance, is a model volcano, a simple cone rising with a gradual slope from the sea and from plains on either side. Seen, however, from the land, as from the glorious old Greek theatre at Taormina, its outline is more broken, although still markedly conical and characteristic. But no one can question its picturesqueness, in spite of this simplicity of outline; and every landscape-painter who has seen it has certainly sketched it, if he has not made a finished picture. One reason of this may be found in the varied atmospheric effects that in fine weather never fail to present themselves in relation to it. Morning after morning while at Catania I opened my window before sunrise to watch the first blush of pink light warming the cold snows of the cone, and tinging with a mellow orange the light puff of steam rising from the crater. Evening after evening, either from the town of Catania, or from various parts of the country around, returning from visits and excursions, have I watched the deeper pink often only lighting up the cloudy cap of the summit, but sometimes exhibiting the familiar and always beautiful outline of Etna. It is impossible to watch the mountain without being struck by the extreme variety of the atmospheric effects, changing with every hour of the day, with every shift of wind, with every variation of temperature. In this way the very simplest form, entirely dependent on its majestic proportions, and its lofty height piercing the upper atmosphere, and receiving and exhibiting changes not recognised nearer the earth, assumes a peculiar picturesqueness of its own.

But if we approach this Etna more closely, if we tread upon its lavas, and visit the site of some eruption whose history is known, the beauty is of a different kind. Even from Catania the cone is seen so much interrupted by the form of the crater and the irregularities of its summit, that there is no longer any monotony. The steep uniform slope of the soft ashes is covered in winter with snow, which melts in patches where the ground is hot. The rounded, graceful curve of the first terrace is composed chiefly of very old lavas, covered apparently with innumerable mounds, looking at a distance like mole-hills, but which have all contained subordinate craters. The vents of the thousand eruptions are all before us. These are the characteristic features of the upper slopes of Etna, when seen from lower parts of the mountain itself. They are wonderfully striking to the traveller, but except under very unusual conditions of weather, of light and shade, of vegetation, or of some other circumstance almost personal to the artist, they would hardly be selected as affording material for many sketches.

Vesuvius is much better known than Etna to artists and the lovers of Art. Placed as it is near the sea, in the very bosom of the beautiful Bay of Naples, it may either serve as a background to the great and picturesque city, seen from the heights of St. Elmo or the ridge above the grotto of Posilipo, or it may be looked at as the principal object of a picture taken from Sorrento, Castellamare, or others of the many familiar spots on the bay. But Vesuvius is as unlike Etna as a hill is unlike a mountain. On the slopes of Etna are many cones, whose summits are more than a thousand feet above the summit of Vesuvius; but there is no single cone on the slopes of Etna that approaches in size the cone of Vesuvius; and thus dwarfed by the great cone itself, rising from very elevated slopes, seen from a considerable distance, and in themselves smaller, all these subordinate cones of Etna are lost, as it were, and reduced to insignificant proportions; while Vesuvius, rising not far from the sea to its height of four thousand feet, and having no loftier elevation within range, possesses all that is required to be an important and commanding object. Vesuvius thus ranks as a great volcano, and not undeservedly. It possesses also its form, its groups of smaller surrounding cones, and its own central dominant cone.

But Vesuvius is unlike Etna in an important point. The great crater rises out of the ruins of one wall of a much older, and, perhaps originally, a much larger and loftier crater. Two-thirds at least of this old crater were thrown into the air during the great eruption of A.D. 79, and spread over the plains and slopes below. Only the remaining third remains, and under the name of Monte Somma, it presents a narrow long ridge, rising nearly to the height of the present cone of eruption. The distance apart of the summits of the two ridges is about a mile, and the valley between them is sixteen hundred feet below the top of Vesuvius. There are thus the elements of a broken and varied outline, seen differently according to the point of view selected; and the monotony which the simple form of the cone of ashes would certainly present if there were no Monte Somma, has done more to render Vesuvius a picturesque object for the artist than those who visit the country without thinking of its geology are aware. It is not only that a double cone seems to be shown, but that the older ridge is less formal than the modern cone, and serves as a contrast to it. There is, indeed, no other relief so far as the great outline is concerned, for all the subordinate cones of eruption on the slopes of Vesuvius are extremely small in proportion, and scarcely enter into the general view from any point.

There is another reason why Vesuvius is so interesting as a point of view for the artist. Beyond Castellamare, on the

south side of the Bay of Naples, are picturesque hills of limestone, which give ample contrast of form whenever the eye is turned towards them. There is in this direction the beautiful Island of Capri, which terminates the bay, forming its extreme horn in that direction. Capri also is calcareous, and its form shows it. It is true that on the north side of the bay everything is volcanic, although, as we shall see presently, the volcanic ash and *tufa* are not always shaped into formal cones; but on the south side is the mountain of St. Angelo, with its triple crest nearly a thousand feet higher; then Vesuvius and the exceedingly picturesque chain of the Abruzzi, covered far down with snow during the winter, and always presenting their characteristic forms. There is no such rivalry in Sicily, where Etna rises in its majesty, and looks down proudly over the whole island.

I do not know any point where the character of volcanic scenery is better seen, as far as regards the picturesque, than from the terraces of the monastery of Camaldoli, a few miles out of Naples. These terraces are on the extremity of a long broken ridge, formerly itself a part of a volcanic cone. On one side we look down on the large ancient crater, across which, at a distance of more than two miles, rises the ridge pierced by the grotto of Posilipo, and that reaches to the pretty little extinct volcano of Nisita. Breaking the monotony of this otherwise flat plain is the charming lake of Agnano, green and smiling in the broad sunlight, even in mid winter. To the eye of the ungeological observer this might pass for a slight depression in a sandy plateau. It is nothing but the remains of the ashes erupted from beneath the bottom of the present lake, a large proportion of which have been carried away by rain and weathering. Beyond this is the singular and most picturesque depression, the "Caccia degli Astroni," so called because here the wild boars can be retained within a natural park, enclosed by rather lofty hills, the park being some two thousand acres in extent, covered with vegetation, and containing several pieces of water and two or three hills within the enclosure. Still beyond are other plains and hills, the broken outline of the Gulf of Pozzuoli, the headland of Miseno, and the islands of Procida and Ischia. The educated eye wandering over this wide and varied scene, cannot fail to recognise everywhere a peculiar tendency to form cones and craters, cliffs of soft *tufa* and ridges of lava, all indicating the volcanic nature of the rock. A few small formal cones and craters, like the Monte Nuovo, suggest the history very pointedly; but everything tells the same tale, and reminds one of the time when the ashes were thrown up into the air from throats vomiting fire and flame, and in falling accumulated the heaps that now form the cones. It is of little consequence whether the point of view be from below, or on a level, or from above—whether it be near or distant. The peculiarities of structure are always to be made out, and the physical features are, without a single exception, of the same nature.

But while these details are so peculiar and recognisable, it must not be supposed there are no varieties of form. Vesuvius itself exhibits very different appearances from different parts of the great gulf of Naples. From Sorrento and various places on the road beyond Castellamare, the twin form is lost, and the modern cone is seen rising as if out of the hollow of the broken old crater, which here presents an irregular and jagged outline. It is from Sorrento that the mountain is seen in its most simple form, and from this point alone it recalls Etna to the recollection, although the effect is less striking owing to the vicinity of other mountain forms of equal magnitude and much greater variety of shape. As one visits successively the different parts of the coast, while proceeding by land from Naples towards Sorrento, it is impossible not to be struck by the singular changes of form that even this one conical mountain seems to assume. And these are real in a certain sense, for although all have been caused by showers of ashes and currents of lava, no two eruptions exhibit identical phenomena, and even the distribution of the ashes depends on accidents of wind. The burying of Pompeii, one of the most celebrated instances on record of a town rendered invisible and inaccessible for nearly two thousand years, by an event that was remediable, seems to have been caused by an accumulation precisely similar to that frequently produced during a heavy fall of snow. The ashes no doubt fell to some thickness over the whole plain at the foot of the volcano, but the lighter and finer powder were drifted towards the south-east by the set of an upper current of wind. In falling these ashes were still drifted, but by winds touching the earth, and were thus heaped around the only obstacle at hand, namely, the walls of Pompeii, and buried the unhappy city enclosed within them. Everything seems to show that there was ample warning of danger, and that the bulk of the population escaped. The stragglers—those who endeavoured to save some cherished object, some unlucky prisoners, and perhaps some crippled and infirm wretches, were caught and stifled, some by the ashes, but more because they endeavoured to penetrate covered ways which became stopped up at each end. The drift of ashes on Pompeii is still a low mound whose shape agrees with that of the walls of the old town, and the mound is too low to affect the features of the landscape.

The scenery seen around Naples, and in the excursions made from the city, is not altogether volcanic. On the western side indeed it is so, except from the few heights such as the Camaldoli convent, where the chain of the Apennines come into view. All on the east side beyond the foot of Vesuvius is calcareous except that at and near Sorrento there still remain patches of some very old *tufæ*. But the heights above the cape of Posilipo, the hills enclosing the pretty lake of Agnano, those of the Astroni where are the wild boar preserves in a natural amphitheatre, perhaps unrivalled in the world, those surrounding the Campiglione and Avernus, the Monte Nuovo, the Monte Barbaro, the cliffs enclosing the bay of Baia, Misenus, Procida, and Ischia, are all strictly volcanic, most of them being either perfect cones of eruption or imperfect craters. The fragment of an imperfect crater is always ridge shaped, and owing to the softness of the *tufa*, and the occasional presence of hard lava, is generally irregular, water-worn, and precipitous.

Looking down from any of the heights on the western district, or that of the Phlegræan fields, the crater-form of all the hills is very strikingly seen. These hills are, generally, independent of lava currents, and thus the appearance differs much from the aspect of the country as seen from the summit of Vesuvius, or the heights of Etna. This, however, is more curious than pleasing. The result is rather grotesque than picturesque in the odd twisted forms and deep black colour of the patches that spread out like distorted limbs from the dwarfed cones whence the eruption commenced. Viewed closely, the effect is more striking, but still it shows little of the true picturesque.

Let us pass on now to the question of colour. It is singular that while the lavas of Etna are without exception black, and sometimes remain for ages unaltered, those of Vesuvius are generally grey, or bluish grey, and are very easily decomposed, serving almost immediately after eruption as the basis of vegetation of some kind or other. Even the sands and *scoriæ* partake of this difference of colour, giving a peculiar tone to the landscape and a kind of gloom which is characteristic of Etna. It must not be supposed indeed that all the lavas and ashes of Etna are of this kind. Nothing can be more brilliant and lovely than the occasional contrasts produced by the almost tropical vegetation in some places, and the dead, hopeless barrenness of others immediately adjacent. On the slopes of Etna, however, the vegetation is chiefly on a large scale, consisting of forests of chestnut, beech, birch, and pine—the latter of course surmounting the former, and terminating at the height of five thousand feet or more above the sea; beyond these all is barren. The chestnuts are of enormous antiquity, but do not at all impress one with their age. There is good reason for this, inasmuch as the only parts that are of any age are buried in the earth. Thus the celebrated chestnut of one hundred horsemen, celebrated in guide-books and visited by tourists, is in fact a number of trees of very moderate antiquity and dimensions, the stems being all sprouts or branches from one ancient stock, quite out of sight. Many similar examples in various stages may be seen around, and all the trees are cut down when they reach a certain size to encourage this kind of growth. Thus these celebrated chestnuts are really pollards, only instead of the main trunk being allowed to grow to a certain height before being pollarded, it is cut off close to the ground. Still the wooded and cultivated regions of Etna are very fine, and being broken through occasionally by the lava currents, offer many fine contrasts of colour by the vegetable growth on them. But the lavas are very little clothed with lichens, and are thus inferior to granites. Vesuvius is more covered with young vegetation than Etna, and being smaller in all respects, and the lava as well as ashes more yielding, the stern character of the material is less evident.

There is another source of colour that has been less noticed by artists, though it is worthy even the pencil of Turner. I allude to the appearances, seen during volcanic activity, whether in the principal craters of the great volcanoes, or in the smaller craters where there has been recent eruption or in the small, old, and broken craters where chemical action is still taking place. They have hardly been sufficiently appreciated by artists, some of whom could certainly find in these phenomena objects worthy of their greatest efforts. The interior of the crater of Vesuvius affords a fine instance of this, and is remarkable also for the extraordinary wildness and grandeur of the forms of the broken lava and the deep broad fissures intersecting the floor. It is chiefly, however, the colour to which I now refer, and this is seen best on the inner walls. Every variety of yellow passing into white on one hand, and red on the other, may be seen brought together in broad and narrow belts, intersecting the walls in various directions. Beautiful and

striking, however, as the appearance of the crater of Vesuvius was at the time of my visit, it was as nothing compared to that of the inside of the crater that erupted last year (1865) on the eastern slope of Etna. It would seem that the chemical action to which these appearances are due is chiefly efficacious within a short period after an eruption has been completed. However this may be, the result is glorious beyond all imagination, and can only be compared to the richest hues of the setting sun. There is nothing formal in these belts as they run one into another and cross each other. They mark crevices through which gases and vapour are issuing or have recently proceeded. They terminate abruptly and wildly, and their effect is often much heightened by great masses of vapour rolling incessantly above and around them, now concealing and now revealing an abyss which the imagination readily fills with fire and flame. The principal crater of the eruption alluded to is open to the bottom on one side. Entering it from here we come at once on a floor of the richest orange tint, and this colour, streaked with vermilion, passes up into the crater wall to the left.

Beyond is a small low cone, the throat of the crater. Heaped around, in the wildest confusion, are innumerable angular fragments of rock of all dimensions. Beyond this heap the opposite wall of the crater is seen half concealed by steam, painted with colours if possible more vivid than those on the floor below. I regretted that such a combination of colour should not have been studied by some of our artists, who are so capable of representing it, or at least of rendering it available for use in pictorial art.

The old walls of some craters are remarkable, and worthy of the study of artists for the same reason, though not in so striking a manner. They are, however, rarely visited, as they do not come within the range of objects shown to tourists around Naples. Absolutely pure white, interrupted by varieties of blue and brown as well as red and yellow, is not unknown, and are apparent in the valley between the Solfatara and the lake of Agnano, only about three miles from Naples. Brilliant and soft colours may be seen combined in the crater of the Monti Rossi, near Catania. These effects are not indeed common, but there are always places where they are visible, and although the actual state must vary, and probably does not remain the same even for a few days, it will generally be possible to find good illustrations by seeking for those spots where chemical action is still traceable, or where moderate volcanic activity has recently been exhibited. The neighbourhood of fumaroles and the last eruptions are the most likely spots for such phenomena.

The two great active volcanoes of Southern Europe are fortunate in being situated in climates and under skies which generally soften and relieve their naturally formal outline, and the sombre and savage nature of the phenomena presented by them. In this respect they contrast strikingly with Hecla, which can only depend on its own form, and surrounding circumstances derived from volcanic activity, for its picturesque effect. The artist in South Italy or Sicily can easily turn away from the gloomy features of the landscape, or escape from its monotony. He is surrounded with natural beauties of all kinds, and the land is covered with hallowed objects of antiquity, with ruined temples and fragments of old towns, the very mention of which is enough to provoke enthusiasm. It is thus that nature is best seen and most appreciated, and no one can avoid being affected by such influences. In the winter, Etna crowned with snow, and Vesuvius backed at a distance by the snow-clad Apennines, only indicating their nature by small puffs of white vapour lazily issuing from their summits, are perhaps hardly less striking and beautiful than in the spring and summer. At these times, however, there are beauties of another and different kind. My own experience is confined to the former period, so far at least as near views are concerned, and I can safely assert that even then, when the sky has not its deepest blue, nor the sea its most brilliant clearness; when the trees are bare, and the hill-sides are brown and grey, there still remains enough to justify the warmest admiration, and suggest the need there is of these beauties being done more justice to than has hitherto been the case, by our painters of nature in her special and exceptional features.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

For some time past it has been understood that the lease of the premises in Pall Mall is about to expire. The interest of the lessees terminates in March, 1867; therefore the exhibition of ancient pictures on which the doors of the establishment have just closed, terminates, according to present appearances, the career of the British Institution. The following circular has been addressed to artists and proprietors of collections who have contributed to the exhibitions:—

"Sir,—I am desired by the Directors of the British Institution to inform you, that, in consequence of the lease of their premises terminating on Lady-Day, 1867 (when it is understood the property will be sold by auction), and from their having been unable to obtain any temporary extension of the occupation thereof, the Directors are obliged, though with sincere regret, to give notice that no exhibition, either of the works of British artists or of ancient masters, can take place in the gallery next year.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"George Nicol, *Secretary.*

"52, Pall Mall, *July*, 1866."

This communication has been received, not only by painters, but by lovers of Art, as the announcement of a twofold misfortune. Year by year, crowds of sight-seers turn their backs upon Art-exhibitions with an affectation of disrelish; but it has been rarely so with respect to the collections of "ancient pictures" that have now been seen here for nearly sixty years. It matters little whether this Exhibition were attributable to a pardonable vanity, or a real desire of benefiting the student; we looked annually to these pictures for refreshment after the parti-coloured distractions of the year. The second annual opening of the doors of the Institution was a happy thought—indeed so felicitous as to be unique—and has exerted influences much more penetrating than could have been contemplated by its projectors. It has afforded a source of gratification to circles widely exterior even to those comprehending the third and fourth social removes from the proprietorship of the paintings; and by these alone, setting aside the modern Art-relations of the Institution, its lapse will be sincerely deplored. Of all the European schools, ours is the best-abused; but for this we should be profoundly grateful. Our consolation is, that we are better than our reputation, and we have replied to unmerited aspersion by the production of works inimitable by any other school. And with respect to private collections of ancient Art, this country is richer than any other. The annual public exhibition of selections from these during two generations, has not exhausted their novelty, and we may ask in what other capital periodical assemblages of the productions of the best times could have been gathered from private sources in steady succession for the last sixty years. By these works the whole of the available space was covered, and had more pictures been wanted they would have been forthcoming. Between the years 1813 and 1859, the number exhibited was 7,673, of which very few have appeared a second time on the walls. Such re-appearances have taken place only at long intervals; exceptional repetitions having been made in favour of remarkable works.

The first effective movement towards the establishment of the gallery was made on the 30th of May, 1805, when a meeting was held, and it was announced by the chairman, the Earl of Dartmouth, that the king had graciously condescended to accept the patronage of the Institution. It was resolved:—

"That a meeting should be held at the Thatched House Tavern, on his Majesty's birthday, the 4th of June, 1805, at ten o'clock, A.M. That it be proposed on that day to establish on a great and extended basis the British Institution, and to appoint a committee to prepare a draft of regulations, to inquire after a local situation, and to make a report to an adjourned meeting of subscribers of fifty guineas and upwards."

At the meeting of subscribers held accordingly on the 4th of June, 1805, it was moved by Viscount Lowther, seconded by the Duke of Bedford, and unanimously resolved:—

"That the British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom, under his Majesty's most gracious patronage, do commence and take place this day, being his Majesty's birthday."

At subsequent meetings by-laws were framed and passed, but those which regulated the affairs of the Gallery in its early years have been modified according to circumstances. The local situation of the British Institution has never changed; the rooms which it will occupy until March are those in which the first and the last exhibition will have been held. Thus it was reported by a select committee that, in pursuance of authority given them, they had agreed to purchase for £4,500 the Shakspere Gallery in Pall Mall, held for a term of sixty-two years from Lady-Day, 1805, under a rent of £125 a year; and that in consequence thereof, and of the resolution, the Earl of Dartmouth had, at their request, called this meeting, in order to receive the report of the said purchase, and to consider the election of Committee of Directors and Visitors. The whole of these proceedings is detailed in "Recollections of the British Institution," by Thomas Smith; a collection of interesting matter, to which we are indebted for much information relative to the Institution.

The Shakspere Gallery, which gave its name to the premises in question, had been established by Alderman Boydell in 1789, for the reception of pictures intended to illustrate scenes from the works of our immortal poet, which were afterwards engraved to embellish the edition known as the "Boydell Shakspere." The gallery was built on the site of Mr. Dodsley's house in Pall Mall. The idea of this great work

originated in a conversation at the table of Mr. Josiah Boydell, at West End, Hampstead, in November, 1787. The company consisted of West, Romney, Paul Sandby, Hayley, Horle, Brathwaite, Alderman Boydell, and the host. By them the project was discussed and highly approved; the real object of the promoters being the establishment of a British School of Historical Art.

As it cannot be otherwise than interesting to know whence the funds were collected for the purchase of the gallery and contingent expenses, the first annual account shows:—

Receipts—From 56 hereditary governors at 100 guineas each, £5,722 10*s.*; 27 life governors at 50 guineas, £1,312 10*s.*; 9 subscribers at 10 guineas, less 10*s.* unpaid, £94; 2 annual subscribers at 5 guineas; 6 at 3 guineas; and 9 at 1 guinea, £38 17*s.* Making a total of £7,167 17*s.* The payments were—For purchase and fitting up gallery, &c., £5,330. Balance in hand, £1,837 17*s.*

For the first time the gallery was opened to the public on Monday the 17th of February, 1806. The admittance then, as now, was charged one shilling, and the catalogues sixpence. In 1815 the catalogues were printed on fine paper, in 4to., and charged one shilling each; but in 1853 they were reduced to 8vo., with a return to the former price. On the application of Lord Dartmouth, an order was made by Major-General Thornton, at the Horse Guards, that two sentinels be stationed at the entrance of the gallery daily during the exhibition: a privilege which, on the part of the directors, was acknowledged by the presentation of a ticket of personal admission to General Thornton, and an order for the free admission of the officers actually on guard at St. James's. This arrangement continued until the year 1865, when the sentinels were withdrawn.

The exhibition of 1806 consisted of two hundred and eighty-seven works of Art, including paintings, sculpture, and enamels. Among the contributors we find Sir William Beechey as the author of two mythological subjects and 'A View of Margate;' Henry Bone, the enamellist; Sir F. Bourgeois, Sir A. W. Callcott, John Singleton Copley, Thomas Daniell, George Dawes, Henry Fuseli, Henry Howard, Thomas Lawrence, James Northcote, John Opie, Philip Reinagle, J. F. Rigaud, Paul Sandby, Olivia Serres, Robert Smirke, Thomas Stothard, George Stubbs, J. M. W. Turner, James Ward, Benjamin West, Richard Westall, Thomas Banks, "the late," and Joseph Nollekens, besides many others of the class who have not written their names in the annals of their time. To the majority of these we look back with much respect—to many of them with real admiration. The first exhibition, therefore, could not be other than a success—generally, perhaps, compared with the inspirations of these times, low in tone, but most earnest in its appeal to nature. Thus, the first catalogue connects a period long gone by with a time which may be called recent. All to whom the progressive phases of our school are familiar know well what the Art of Turner, Lawrence, Callcott, Copley, Fuseli, Howard, and Beechey, was at that time. It has been seen again and again on these walls, to which we are as much indebted for a knowledge of the history of our own school as for such an acquaintance with ancient Art as could not be acquired from means other than the principle of the British Institution. The Olivia Serres mentioned in the catalogue is the same person who, in 1821, attracted some attention by calling herself Princess Olive of Cumberland, daughter of the Duke of Cumberland.

At the close of the exhibition of 1806, the gallery was opened for the reception of pictures by ancient masters as subjects of study for young painters, and among the first applicants we find David Wilkie, B. R. Haydon, R. R. Reinagle, John Jackson, T. Stothard, Jun., H. W. Pickersgill, John Constable, J. Stephanoff, and H. Sass. There were in all thirty-three applicants to whom permission was granted to copy. The subjects lent for study were—'The Woman taken in Adultery,' 'Head of Christ,' and a 'Magdalene,' all by Guido; 'An Old Woman,' Rubens; 'St. Francis,' Murillo; 'The Rape of the Sabines,' Rubens; 'Theodosius,' Vandyke; 'Children,' Poussin; 'Interior of a Mill,' Teniers; 'Dido and Æneas,' Poussin; 'Madonna del Gatto,' Baroccio; 'St. George,' Rubens; and 'A Landscape,' Salvator Rosa — all noble pictures, some of which are well known to the public. It is not, therefore, surprising that such men as Wilkie, Constable, Jackson, and Haydon, should desire to become more intimately acquainted with them.

The school of painting thus commenced was continued for six years, the subjects for study being lent by directors and governors. In 1813, however, it was resolved to hold summer exhibitions of the works of ancient masters; and that admirable series which has been continued uninterruptedly to the present summer was inaugurated by a magnificent assemblage of the works, not of old masters, but of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and for many years afterwards this collection was rapturously spoken of by persons who saw it.

If the establishment of a school of what is called historical painting were possible by the exertions and encouragement of a private society, it surely would have been accomplished by the British Institution. For a series of years the sums given by the directors for the development of "high art" surpass in liberality the supplies granted by some national governments for the like purpose. The enterprise was at once such a success, that even after two seasons the directors considered themselves justified in offering as premiums £100, £60, and £40, for the encouragement of original composition; and three pictures were selected from the summer collection —that is, the so-called ancient pictures—as models of spirit and aspiration. But our muse of historical painting is dead. Even at best she was never more than the sick woman of our school. At the time of which we write there was much said about historical painters, under the impression that it was but necessary to will and to do. When Stuart Newton was showing one of his light works to a lady, she coldly said, "Oh, I see, you are not, Mr. Newton, a historical painter?" "I shall be a historical painter next week, madam," was the quick reply; and his view of the matter was that commonly prevalent in the profession even before his time. The premiums given by the British Institution were a powerful stimulant to practice, but not to study in the direction intended by the donors. History and allegory are nowhere, and poetry is all but mute. Could the authorities of the British Institution have foreseen that painting would lapse into the scenery of society and familiar life, they would probably have cultivated their banking accounts in such wise as to make their successors masters of the present situation. Yet, although the Institution has striven ineffectually against fate, it cannot be allowed that the large sums of money disbursed have been awarded in vain. Although the patriotic purpose of materially promoting high Art has not been effected, the successful competitors for the premiums offered by the Institution were undoubtedly cheered and supported in their labours.

The great benefits conferred on the profession of Art by this institution may be set forth in a few figures. From its foundation to the year 1860, 23,150 works of British artists were hung in the winter exhibitions, of which sales (without any charge to the painters) have been effected to the amount of £150,000. The sum expended in premiums, complimentary donations, the purchase of pictures, and in charitable contributions, is £28,515. Under the authority of certain members of the directory, pictures of merit have, undoubtedly, been misplaced on the walls; but this is intrinsically nothing as an off-set to such inexorable facts as we have stated. The British Institution has *ab ovo* been a labour of love on the part of its rulers, who have shown extraordinary zeal, patriotism, and disinterestedness, in the administration of the affairs. A very long acquaintance with the Institution enables us to say that we have seen on its walls the works of perhaps every eminent British artist of our time.

By the last report, that of 1865, we learn that the two exhibitions of that year, as compared with those of the preceding, show in the receipts a decrease from the modern exhibition of £180, and an increase from the ancient exhibition of £91. Hence, in the total amount there is a falling off of £99. The number of pictures sold in the modern exhibition was 150; the year before it was 147. The capital of the Institution consists of £15,000 consols, and £400 exchequer bills. The present balance at the banker's is £1,057 10*s.* 5*d.*, to which will have to be added half a year's interest on exchequer bills, and the proceeds of the exhibition which closed on Saturday the 25th of August.

A requisition very numerously signed by artists has been received by the directors: it concludes in these words—"The undersigned cannot let this opportunity pass without acknowledging the many obligations under which they rest, and expressing their warmest thanks for the inestimable service rendered to Art for so many years by the disinterested patronage extended to this institution."

In 1846, we believe, the premises might have been purchased for £10,000; but since that time house property, both in the City and at the West End of town, has risen so much in value, that at least £25,000 will now be required for the gallery, together with an increase of rent.

The public interest in the modern exhibition has much declined of late years; yet we cannot help thinking that the *prestige* which it has enjoyed is not irrecoverable. If, however, the modern exhibition cannot be sustained, means might be devised of maintaining the ancient exhibition, the extinction of which will be a real calamity; but this could only be effected by the present directorship, or persons in a like position. We have before us ample materials whence might be detailed a long account of the benefits and enjoyments which the British Institution has procured for the profession. Upon this we cannot now enter; but we have said enough to show that the maintenance of, at least, the ancient exhibition is a public necessity.

MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. VIII.—J. H. F. VAN LERIUS. C. DE GROUX. C. CLAES.

MANY of our readers will probably remember an engraving which appeared in this Journal some few years ago, from a picture called 'The First-born,' in the Royal collection at Windsor. The picture is by the first of the three painters whose names stand above, and we refer to what was then stated respecting the artist's career for some of the following remarks.

Joseph Henri Francois Van Lerius was born in 1823, at Boom, a village not far distant from Antwerp. As he showed in his early years a decided inclination towards Art, it was thought desirable, after he had learned the elements of drawing in the Academy of Brussels, to place him in the schools of the Antwerp Academy, which he entered at the age of fifteen. There he made such progress that he carried off several prizes, and so won the favour of Baron Wappers, who at the time was president of the Academy, that he took the young student into his *atelier* as an assistant. He remained there five years, and then commenced to work on his own account, chiefly in portraiture, in which he met with great success, his female heads especially being distinguished by much delicacy of feeling and expression. The first subject-picture painted by M. Van Lerius was a scene from Scott's *Kenilworth*, an interview between Leicester and Amy Robsart. It was followed by 'Milton dictating *Paradise Lost* to his Daughter,' 'Paul and Virginia crossing the Stream.' This last picture was purchased by, or, at least, soon found its way into the collection of, the Baroness Wykerstoot, of Brussels.

In 1848 Van Lerius exhibited at the Brussels Exposition two paintings, for which a gold medal was awarded him; one of these, called 'L'Esmeralda,' is now in the Brussels Museum. The other represented 'Adam and Eve.' The former of these, a large work, was purchased for some one in England, and exhibited here, where it attracted considerable attention. A gold medal was adjudged to him, in 1851, for two pictures contributed to the Brussels Exhibition that year, 'The Four Ages,' a large allegorical composition, intended for the panel of a saloon, and 'Paul and Virginia,' an entirely different version from the former subject. 'The First-born,' which, as we have remarked, was engraved for our Journal, was painted and exhibited in 1852 at Antwerp, where it was seen and purchased by the Queen, then visiting Belgium.

Towards the close of that year M. Van Lerius set out for a tour into Germany and Italy, but was arrested on his journey, and compelled to return to his country by an affection of the sight, which condemned him for nearly three years to complete inactivity. This was a terrible trial to a comparatively young artist, enthusiastic in his profession, and on the high road to honourable distinction. As soon, however, as he was able to resume work, the appointment of Professor of Painting in the Antwerp Academy, which he still holds, was bestowed on him, and shortly afterwards he was elected "Effective Member of the Royal Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts," established in Antwerp.

In 1857 Van Lerius sent to the Brussels Exhibition a large picture, which he called 'Volupté et Dénouement.' It was purchased by Prince Saxe Cobourg of Gotha, and forms part of his Royal Highness's collection at Vienna. In the studio of the artist we had an opportunity of seeing the original sketch of the work.



Drawn by W. J. Allen. *J. Van Lerius, Pinxt.* *[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

JOAN OF ARC AT THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

On a wide river, the distant banks of which show some edifices of Venetian character—the scene is probably intended for Venice—are two gondolas, one almost crossing the path of the other. In one of them reclines a young man, richly costumed, but evidently in a rapid decline. His head rests on cushions, and his hand, white and attenuated, hangs languidly over the side of the boat. Three monks accompany the invalid, who, it may be presumed, is about to end his few remaining days in a monastery, the early victim of a life of excess. The other gondola, which is gaily decked out, contains a party of young men and maidens, attired in dresses of brilliant colours; amid soft dalliance and joyous songs they pursue their voyage, all heedless, apparently, of the lesson taught by the death-struck occupant of the neighbouring boat, except one young girl, who directs the attention of a male companion to the sick man. The moral of the composition is conspicuous enough; the idea is in every way well worked out, with spirit in the design and skill in the drawing of the figures. A large lithograph of this picture, by Billoin, was executed by order of the directors of the Exhibition.

The next picture of importance painted by this artist was

'Cinderella;' it was exhibited first in Antwerp in 1858, and subsequently in Dresden, Vienna, the Hague, and Liège. On its appearance in Dresden, the King of Saxony conferred on the painter the diploma of honorary member of the Royal Academy of Saxony. As we have not seen this work we are not in a position to give an opinion upon it; but a Belgian writer, who saw it when exhibited in Antwerp, intimates that much of the spirit of the design was lost by undue attention to details. 'The Golden Age,' exhibited in Antwerp in 1861, procured for its author the cross of a chevalier of the Order of Leopold, and in the year following he was nominated honorary member of the Rotterdam Academy, and was awarded a gold medal for a picture of a young Swedish girl he exhibited there.

'Joan of Arc,' the picture we have engraved, was exhibited in Brussels in 1860. It represents an incident which tradition records of her when she held a command in the army that besieged Paris. While going the round of the camps, as she was accustomed to do, she came upon a party of her troops carousing with some followers of the army; the sight so incensed the "Maid of Orleans," that she reproached them indignantly for their misconduct, and in the heat of anger struck at them so violently with the miraculous sword, which had been sent her from Fierbois, as to break the weapon in two. Though the scene, as represented by the artist, has in it somewhat of melo-dramatic action, it is yet forcibly delineated, Joan's figure is dignified, and her countenance shows a severity of expression justified by the circumstances. The cowering attitudes of the men, and the shrinking forms of their female companions, evidence the impression her sudden appearance and her bitter taunts have made upon them. Most of our readers will probably remember this picture and 'The Golden Age,' in our International Exhibition of 1862.

In 1863 Van Lerius was nominated a *Membre Agrégé* of the Antwerp Academy; to the Exhibition held in that city the following year he contributed a picture, entitled 'Virtue Triumphant,' a work we have not seen. It was subsequently exhibited in Paris and in Amsterdam with two other paintings. In the latter



Drawn by W. J. Allen. | *C. De Groux, Pinx.* WINTER IN BRUSSELS. | *Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

city the artist obtained a gold medal for his productions, and was elected an honorary member of the Academy.

In the French Gallery in Pall Mall this season were two pictures by M. Van Lerius, one a small one, 'Venice;' the other a portrait of a 'Swedish Girl.'

Charles Corneille Auguste De Groux was born at Comines. Of his history and early artistic life we have been unable to procure any information, except that he studied under Navez, formerly the director of the Brussels Academy. *Genre*-painting seems from the first to have occupied his attention, at least, if we may judge from the earliest works exhibited by him, so far as we have been able to trace them out: these are—'The Last Adieu,' 'The Sick Infant,' and 'The Promenade,' contributed to the Paris International Exhibition of 1855. In 1857 he exhibited three pictures at Brussels, two representing what one of his critics, M. Adolphe Von Soust, calls "two pilgrimages to the environs of that city, one to Dieghem, the other to St. Guidon at Arderlecht." The third is 'A Winter Scene in Brussels,' engraved here. In a street in which the half-trodden snow still lies thick and dirty; a group of poor creatures who are the earliest wanderers in every populous town and city, surrounds the movable "shop" of an itinerant coffee-seller, to warm their frozen limbs by the heat of his fire, and, perhaps, to talk over their miserable condition; while, as if in mockery of their poverty, the artist has placarded the wall of a house close by with announcements of a ball and other amusements. Certainly in this subject M. De Groux did not select an inviting theme, but he has treated it with a power and a truth which justify the popularity the picture acquired in Brussels.

Constant Claes is a Belgian artist of no ordinary talent, though his name has not extended beyond his own country, and is but comparatively little known even there. This, it may be pre-

sumed, arises from his contributing but rarely to the exhibitions of Art, and also to his residing at a remote distance from all the Art-centres of Belgium, namely, in the small city of Tongres, not far from Maestricht.

M. Claes was born at Tongres, in 1826, and is descended from a noble family. He was intended for official life; but a love of Art induced him to enter the academies of Brussels and Antwerp, where he had the benefit of studying under, while he obtained the friendship of, MM. De Keyser, Madou, and Baron Leys. He first appeared as an exhibitor in 1850.

We have remarked that this artist has produced but few pictures; but in the majority of his compositions he has aimed at "painting a moral." Thus in his 'Country Curate' we see a young priest taking care of a family of juveniles, while their parents are busy outside the cottage securing their little crop from an approaching storm. As a pendant to this he painted 'The Doctor,' comforting the wife of a sick workman. 'Give drink to those who are thirsty,' represents a kind-hearted milk-woman offering to a sick woman and her little child a draught from her milk-can. 'L'Enfant Charitable'—a young shepherd sharing his breakfast with an old itinerant musician. At the Exposition of Brussels, in 1860, M. Claes exhibited 'The Good Priest sheltering the Wandering Orphans.' 'The Peace-maker' represents an elderly priest reconciling two country youngsters, a boy and a girl, who had quarrelled over their games. It was a commission from M. Meyer, of Vienna, and sold well somewhat recently in Paris, at the dispersion of M. Meyer's collection. Another of his pictures is 'The Lost One Found,' a child who has



Drawn by W. J. Allen. | *C. Claes, Pinxt.* | [*Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

THE ARREST.

wandered into a forest, and is being led home by the gamekeeper. A different subject from any of the preceding is 'The Harvest,' of which an excellent photographic copy is in the possession of the writer. The scene is a large expanse of fields, barren of hedges, but flanked on the right by a belt of trees. In the middle distance are groups of labourers, male and female, "lifting" potatoes; in the foreground is a man wheeling a barrow in which is a huge basket filled with the esculent roots; a number of children of various ages, and barefooted, have harnessed themselves to the front of the barrow, and pull merrily and vigorously at it. The action of the whole group is most truthful; the figures are well drawn, and full of spirit.

'The Arrest,' which we have here engraved, is another very attractive picture. An old *garde champêtre* has in custody a young culprit who seems to have committed some petty theft in a field or garden, for he holds in his hand what appears to be a turnip, and his captor carries a fork with which, in all probability, the dire offence was perpetrated. The boy struggles hard to free himself, while his sister, perhaps, implores his release with uplifted hands and tearful eyes. Other children, evidently sympathising with the unhappy *gamin*, follow in the wake of the inexorable guardian of the property of the villagers, who is deaf to all entreaties on behalf of his prisoner, and strides onwards dragging him in his vigorous grasp. The three principal figures are capital in motive, action, and expression. From this picture a good idea may be formed of the style and manner of treatment adopted by M. Claes.

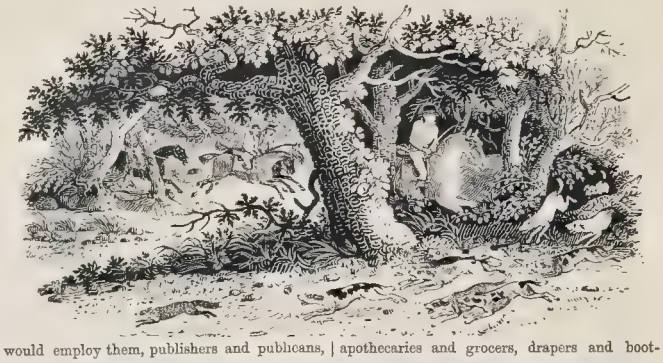
James Dafforne.

THE BEWICK COLLECTOR.*

Every one who knows anything of the early history of wood-engraving in this country, is familiar with the name of Bewick, and must also be acquainted with some of the works executed by the two brothers, especially those of the elder, Thomas Bewick, which are by far the most numerous and the most popular. Yet, except it be some enthusiastic collector, like the Rev. Thomas Hugo, it may be questioned whether any person possesses an accurate idea of the extraordinary range of operations over which these labours were extended. A perusal of the title-page of Mr. Hugo's book, printed as a foot-note to this column, will reveal about as curious and miscellaneous a record of artistic work as, it may be presumed, the life of an engraver could furnish. Wood-engravers of our own day find abundance of diversified employment, but they have few such patrons as helped to give bread and reputation to the Bewicks.

Admitting the genius shown by these men as designers and engravers, we cannot join in the chorus of exalted eulogy which writers, both of their time and our own, have raised in their almost exclusive favour. To them, or at least to Thomas Bewick, is justly due the merit of reviving the art of wood-engraving in this country, and they laid the foundation of the structure which Harvey, and Clennell, and Jackson, and a host of later men, have triumphantly reared. But to compare the majority of the Bewicks' prints with those of a large number of engravers who succeeded them—we are speaking only of *wood-cutting*, not of *designing*—is, in our opinion, to place the pictures of the early mediæval painters on the same level, in all the technicalities of art, with the works of Raffaelle, Titian, and other great ancient masters. Would any publisher now undertake to bring out a book illustrated in the style adopted by the old Newcastle wood-engravers?

Mr. Hugo is, as we have intimated, an enthusiastic admirer of their works, which he appears to have accumulated in every shape and form presented to him. His book, entitled "The Bewick Collector," is little more than a *catalogue raisonné* of his vast gatherings. He tells us that the collection of which he has "the happiness to be the possessor is one which a number of circumstances that cannot occur again have contributed to make unique. It was originally commenced by a tradesman in Newcastle, an intimate friend and associate of Thomas Bewick"—who died in 1828—"and has been successfully increased by additions from the stores of all the best known collectors in the north of England." Mr. Hugo's "hobby" is a right worthy one, and we honour any man who seeks to surround himself with Art-works of any kind, though we may not participate in his ardent admiration of them. But as the collectors of "Bewicks" are not numerous, the author of this volume can scarcely expect to penetrate far beyond this limit. He evidently undertook the task of compilation as a labour of love, and we are glad to have the opportunity of making it known within the circuit of our subscribers and readers, and to introduce, which the courtesy of the author enables us to do, examples of the woodcuts. The first and third are respectively 'Hunting' and 'The Home of the Otter,' both from the illustrations of Somerville's "Chase," the second—one of Bewick's most famous prints—is 'The Hermit, Angel, and Guide,' from Parnell's "Hermit." To eyes accustomed only to the modern style of wood-engraving these "old-fashioned" cuts will appear strange; but there is wonderful power of expression in them, and absolute truth of nature. The Bewicks worked for any one who



would employ them, publishers and publicans, apothecaries and grocers, drapers and boot-



makers, and benefit societies: a collection of their works must, therefore, necessarily prove



an *olla podrida:* a most amusing record of the style of illustration adopted in times past.

* A Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of Thomas and John Bewick; including Cuts, in various States, for Books and Pamphlets, Private Gentlemen, Public Companies, Exhibitions, Races, Newspapers, Shop Cards, Invoice Heads, Bar Bills, Coal Certificates, Broadsides, and other Miscellaneous Purposes, and Wood-Blocks. With an Appendix of Portraits, Autographs, Works of Pupils, &c. &c. The whole Transcribed from the Originals contained in the largest and most perfect Collection ever formed, and Illustrated with a Hundred and Twelve Cuts. By Thomas Hugo, M.A., F.R.S.L., F.S.A., &c. &c. Published by Lovell, Reeve, and Co., London.

THE GHOST OF AN ART-PROCESS,

PRACTISED AT

SOHO, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ABOUT

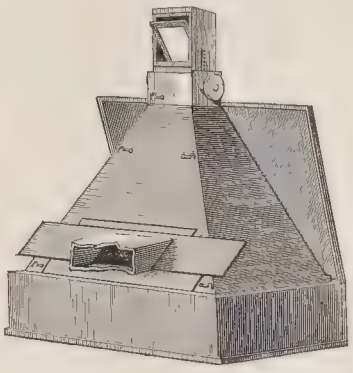
1777 TO 1780,

ERRONEOUSLY SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN PHOTOGRAPHY.*

BY GEORGE WALLIS,
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

HAVING discussed the method of producing the "polygraphs," and the use to which they were applied when produced, I proceed to consider the next proposition:—

3. That in most instances when the copy was reduced in size from the original picture, the instrument used was a camera obscura acting *vertically*, and not as in the modern photographic camera, *horizontally*; and that the optical arrangement was similar to the instrument stated by Mr. M. P. W. Boulton to have been sent from Soho, in 1848, to Haseley Court, a house of his in Oxfordshire, and represented in the illustration to note 1, page 62, of "Remarks," &c., 1863.



On this point I may premise that I do not consider the method of reduction here stated was the only one used, as Eginton must have been well acquainted with the method for reducing and enlarging any subject by the geometric method technically called "squaring off," in common use by all engravers long before his time.

I have no doubt the larger works, such as the 'Rinaldo' and 'Stratonice,' mentioned in the list sent from Soho to "Baron de Wattville, Captaine de Dragons à Berne in Suisserland," on 23rd Dec., 1780 (p. 37, "Remarks," &c., by M. P. W. Boulton, 1863), were reduced from the originals by the last-named method, on account of their size. The pantograph, too, must have been in use at Soho, for James Watt based his "perspective drawing instrument," now in the Museum of Patents, South Kensington, upon the principle of this instrument; and subsequently, in another form, applied it to his last invention for the reduction of large sculptured works, with which he was amusing himself at the period of his death in 1819, as this pantograph machine still exists as he left it in his workshop at Heathfield House. This room has been recently opened, after having been closed for a period of about forty-five years.†

In reality, all that was required to start the artist with the aquatint process was a tolerably correct outline. Of course, the more correct the better, as in other engraving processes,—the light and shadow being a question of the skill of the operator.

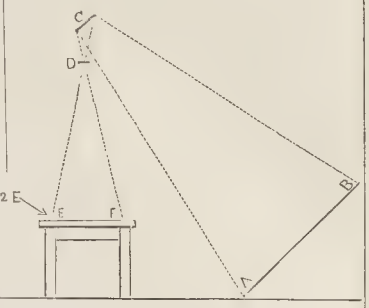
I think the reduction for the polygraph of the 'Stratonice' at the Museum of Patents was effected by the camera, and that this accounts for the two sizes already alluded to, although the most convenient size for the copper plates would have to be considered, and the capacity of the press at which the impressions had to be taken off. Not but that this might also have been reduced by "squaring off," or have even been enlarged from an ordinary engraving, if one existed, by the pantograph, if the camera was not of sufficient dimensions to admit of the reproduction of an outline of such a size from the original picture. It must, however, be borne in mind that this polygraph is printed in two pieces, and from two plates, for the two sides differ materially in force, and the square of each of these plates, say thirty-two inches for thirty inches of dimension, as already given, would not, I think, be outside the range of such an instrument as I assume was used.

This instrument was a vertical camera obscura fixed in the apex of a tent, instead of in the roof of a room. These instruments have been in comparatively common use for the best part of a century at least, and it will be at once seen that if, instead of a conical box into which the observer looked through the side opposite to the object to be viewed, a tent was constructed with four poles, one at each angle, supporting the optical part of the apparatus in the vertex of the cone, a table could be placed inside, upon which the reduced forms represented in the picture would fall. This would be an extemporised room,* capable of being placed at any point, and at any suitable distance from the picture to be copied, so as to take advantage of the facilities afforded for illuminating the surface with the full rays of sunlight at any suitable hour of the day.

To render this quite clear, I give a diagram, divesting it of all the superfluous structural lines to avoid complication.

Let A B be the section of the picture to be copied, placed at an angle of 45°, and C, the mirror of the camera obscura, also placed at the same angle, or parallel to the plain of the picture, A B to receive its image. Let D be the lens of the ordinary camera, and E F the horizontal plane, or table-top on which the paper would be placed, to receive the reduced image of the picture. On this paper the draughtsman would follow with a pencil the outline of the work to be copied, standing at the table.

Of course, the size of the image falling on E F would be in proportion to the distance at which the picture A B was placed from C. The size of the lens and its focal



length would regulate the dimensions of the apparatus.

Some may object that this assumes the production of a larger lens than would be available at that time; but I apprehend that in the palmy days of Dolland, with the men who composed the Lunar Society to consult with and give aid, Mr. Boulton would find no difficulty in getting such a lens as would be necessary.* Still, I think the size of the picture would be limited, probably to about three feet square. That the instrument did not go beyond this size appears to be proved by the size of the two plates used to print the 'Stratonice.' I have already named that this shows thirty-two inches as the probable square of the plate. This would give the square of each portion of the reduction, or thereabouts, and the picture would be traced at two operations, the joining down the centre being arranged so as to fall in with the lines of the composition, as the two impressions are so united, somewhat after the manner pursued in executing the different portions of a fresco painting. Of course the transfer would probably be made at as many operations as there were pieces, or these could be united with gum down the seams prior to the transfer to canvas. The fact that these joints must show in the final transfer would be of little consequence, as the final operation of finishing the work by painting would remedy this, by obliterating the inequality, or seam.

It is proved by the correspondence that some of the subjects were on more than one plate, for Eginton mentions in a letter to Hodges, dated January 29, 1782, (page 42, "Remarks," &c., 1863, by M. P. W. Boulton), about impressions of the 'Stratonice' and the 'Rinaldo:'—"There are two plates of the former, and three of the latter."

In a note, p. 264, of his "Lives of Boulton and Watt," Mr. Smiles seems to assume that "three plates," being thus mentioned by Eginton, it is probable that the process was analogous to more modern systems of colour-printing with different plates, or, as in the case of chromo-lithography, with different stones. The varied tints of colour, however, in these works, were evidently got upon the same plate as in ordinary aquatint, and there can be little doubt that the "three plates" of the 'Rinaldo' were similar to the "two" plates of the 'Stratonice;'—that is, three plates of as many portions of the subject.

* Continued from page 255.

† I was aware, some years ago, when residing in the neighbourhood of Handsworth, that this room, with its contents, remained in its original state, as left by the great engineer. Heathfield House was then, as now, occupied by my friend Thomas Pemberton, Esq. When the silvered plates and these paper impressions were discovered in 1862, I believe I suggested to Mr. F. F. Smith the possibility that, if this room could be searched, especially if photography had anything to do with the production of the latter, something might be discovered which would throw some light upon the subject. At all events, Mr. Smith, either from such a suggestion, if he noted it, or information received when at Soho, obtained, after considerable trouble, permission from the present representative of the Watt family, Gibson Watt, Esq., to open the room. Subsequently I had the privilege of visiting it. The lathe, with the last unfinished experiment, was there as the busy fingers, so long still, had left it, and the tools employed were laying beside it. The stove, with the ashes of the fire as it went out when the last day's work was done, the dutch oven for cooking the frugal midday meal, the novels with which the great inventor amused himself, were all there as he had closed the door upon them nearly half a century ago.

* In fact, a movable arrangement of the camera obscura, as used in many public gardens, and at seaside watering places, for the purpose of showing the visitors a picture of the outside scenery on the white table placed in the centre of the room; an aperture in the roof being fitted with the requisite apparatus.

* It should be distinctly understood that the power of lens required to project such an image of the picture as could be easily traced in the manner named, would be as nothing compared with that required to photograph such works as the cartoons of Raffaelle, the larger ones in this series being done in two pieces, or negatives. Anyone who has ever attempted to produce a photograph with an ordinary camera obscura, such as used prior to the invention of photography, knows this.

Some persons have hazarded the conjecture that this process might have been the commencement of the art of printing in colours; but Jackson practised this as early as 1735. Some examples in the print room of the British Museum prove this. Jacques Gautier and J. C. Le Blon also produced very beautiful examples. The latter came to England, according to Walpole, and settled at Chelsea. He published a work on the subject, a copy of which, with illustrations, and printed palettes of the tints of colour used, is also in the print room of the British Museum. This work is entitled "L'Harmonie du Coloris dans la Peinture reduite en Pratique Mecanique, et à des Regles Sure et Facile avec des Figures en Couleur pour en Faciliter l'Intelligence non seulement aux Peintures, mais à tous ceux qui amient la Peinture. Par J. C. Le Blon." This work was dedicated to Mr. Secretary Walpole.

It is not too much to suppose that a lover of Art like Matthew Boulton, of Soho, should have been in possession of a copy of this book, or that Eginton would be likely to be acquainted with it. Many of the printed coloured effects would be suggestive of the effects in the polygraphs, although the latter are very crude, when compared with the prints of Le Blon.

The next point to consider is why these polygraphs were called "sun-pictures" as alleged, and I now proceed to show:—

4. That it was the use of the vertical camera-obscura, and the necessity for strongly illuminating the surface of the picture to be copied, whilst the copyist or person tracing the outline, &c., was at work, which led to the supposition by non-professional and unscientific persons that *sunlight* was a *direct* agent in the production of the pictures, instead of a necessary condition of the projection of the *image* of the picture in its reduced size, to enable the copyist to see every portion of such projection clearly. Hence the name of "*sun-pictures*."

I think it now must be pretty clear that the "alleged practice of photography by the Lunar Society," or the operators at Soho in a dark tent, "with pictures on a table, not the pictures themselves, but the likeness of the pictures," as given in Price's letter (Letter No. 8, *Photographic Journal*, Nov. 16, 1863, p. 389), may be resolved into the reduction in outline of the pictures it was intended to copy, for the purpose of preparing the copper-plates in aquatint from which to print the polygraphic transfers. This statement of Townshend to Price, of which so much has very naturally been made, might reasonably be considered as the description, by an uneducated man, of what he saw of the reduction of the pictures in the grounds of Soho about 1780; for Townshend, as Mr. Boulton's messenger, or "cad," as Price calls him, may have been good-naturedly taken into the tent to see the projection of a picture upon the table, as a matter of wonder and curiosity, which, indeed, such an operation would be at that period.

I have already stated it does not follow that *all* the pictures produced at Soho were reduced to suitable dimensions by the camera; but as this operation would be the only one seen outside the workshops, and that to which the most importance would certainly be attached, the popular notion would at once be adopted that the agency of *sunlight* was necessary for the production of the *whole;* and thus, while the "likeness of the picture" on the table in "the dark tent" was a veritable "sun-picture," the fact that it was only useful in the preliminary operation of reducing the outline would not be taken into account so much as the wonderful "likeness" of the coloured projection, the forms of which could only be secured by tracing with a pencil. The transition from the name given to the *means*, and the adoption of that name for the *final* result, is not a violent one, but just such as could be readily quoted when applied to other novelties which get *popular* rather than *accurate* names.

Possibly the polygraphs might not have been called "sun-pictures" until after Miss Wilkinson's operations in photography in 1840, and then the remembrance by incompetent witnesses of the operations of 1780 would lead to the inference of some identity between the two processes. Again, the title may only date from the period when James Watt was in correspondence with Thomas Wedgwood, in 1799, about the "silver pictures," to be noticed presently; but I think the weight of evidence is in favour of the polygraphs, and the pictures which resulted from their transfer, being called "sun-pictures" at the date of their production, say 1778 to 1780. For in a letter to the editor of the *Photographic Journal*, January 15, 1864, page 433, Mr. M. P. W. Boulton quotes the statement of Mr. J. Hodgson, F.R.S., the eminent surgeon, that his (Mr. Boulton's) father told him that certain oil pictures, which will be quoted in due course, were produced by "*sunlight*;" and in his recently published "Remarks," &c., 1865, he says (page 26), "I have found persons who, when at Soho, about 1830, heard the pictures there spoken of as 'sun-pictures.'" He also again alludes to Mr. Hodgson's statement by saying, "I believe Mr. Hodgson heard the title used at an earlier period." And in "Remarks," &c., 1863, page 53, he alludes to "the statements which Dr. Lee heard from his mother, to the effect that an art was practised at Soho for procuring representations of objects by sunlight;" that the pictures so obtained were called "sun-pictures," &c.

It will be now seen, if the deductions made from the facts stated are correct, that this polygraphic process was the preliminary step in the production of oil-paintings on canvas and sheet-copper, in which the time usually occupied in outlining and "making the sketch good,"—in other words, indicating the light and shadow, was saved by the transfer process; and that at an advanced stage of the process a *quasi* "dead colouring" was also effected by a system of colour-printing analogous to that employed in the production of coloured aquatint prints.

Critics may object that all this was not much to obtain a mere beginning in the execution of a picture, considering the amount of labour and art-skill necessary to obtain the result; and probably the practical mind of Mr. Boulton enabled him to come to the same conclusion. But it must be borne in mind that at this period *labour-saving* processes of all kinds were in their infancy, and that in the dearth of skilled draughtsmen of even ordinary power, the effects produced would appear, at least in the first instance, something wonderful. Experience, no doubt, showed that, commercially, little was gained after all; but *experience only* would do this. If Messrs. Boulton and Fothergill had calculated upon selling pictures by the score,* and only sold them in ones and twos, or by the half-dozen, the result would be just what occurred—the process would drop out of use, and those subjects, the polygraphic plates for which were in hand, would only be executed.

In the palmy days of a new demand Barney may have been induced to leave Wolverhampton and reside near Soho, as he certainly did in 1784, to be at hand for the execution of these works; or he might only have been employed by Eginton for a short period after the trade had fallen into his hands. Barney certainly left soon after this date, and was living and painting in London in 1786; and I doubt very much if the demand continued to any extent worth naming up to that date.

Although I have suggested a limited demand and a probable inadequate return for the capital invested as a cause of the Soho firm giving up the production of these pictures, yet I am strongly inclined to adopt another theory, which I give as my last proposition:—

5. That the process and manufacture was abandoned at Soho, although it may have been afterwards carried on for a time by Eginton, in consequence of the probable failure of the oil-paintings by the cracking and peeling off of the colour with which they were finished.

The old man Townshend is said to have stated (*Photographic Journal*, November 16, 1863, Letter No. 2, Mr. Edward Price to F. P. Smith, Esq., page 387) that Sir William Beechey interfered to stop the progress of the invention, that is, of the "sun-pictures," and "went amongst all the artists and got up a petition, or memorial, to Matthew Boulton and the Lunar Society," &c. Now although this appears to be referred by Townshend to the date at which Sir William Beechey was painting Mr. Boulton's portrait (about 1798-9), yet little reliance can be placed upon the old man's memory as to the precise period, since it is more than probable that Mr. Boulton knew Beechey many years before the portrait—that is, the portrait exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1799—was painted. The latter began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1776, when there were comparatively few artists who were admitted to this privilege. Mr. Boulton associated with artists and men of science all his life, and although at first sight it may appear improbable that Beechey interfered at all, yet if he did interfere, then, I think it would be with this very process, and in 1780. For no artist or intelligent lover of Art can doubt that Beechey would quickly convince so perceptive a man as Mr. Boulton certainly was, that the wholesale production of inferior oil-paintings—copies, too, of works in which the painters of the originals, Angelica Kauffman and Benjamin West, mistook the *big* for the *grand*—would be really injurious to the best interests of Art, that is, the education of the people in a true knowledge and appreciation of the beautiful instead of the showy and meretricious; and that no credit, but the very reverse, could attach to such a manufacture.*

But there is another and graver aspect of the question, for probably Mr. Boulton became alarmed for his credit and reputation. Sir William Beechey was a very practical man. Although originally articled to his grandfather, a solicitor in London, he soon forsook the law, and while a student supported himself by coach-paint-

* See page 22, "Remarks," &c., 1865, by M. P. W. Boulton. Extract from a letter of Mr. Fothergill to Mr. Matthew Boulton, dated February 10, 1778:—"Suppose Moscow, Petersburg, Paris, London, &c., would take six dozen of paintings weekly."

* In our own day we have seen an act of parliament passed to prevent the copying of pictures without the artist's consent, if still living.

ing, at that period an artistic and profitable employment. In this practical school he learnt what varnishes and vehicles really were, as the durability of his works prove; and in this respect was in advance even of his contemporaries, at a time when artists generally knew much more about the materials they used than they do in this age of artists' colourmen. If, therefore, my surmise as to the composition of the printing materials used in the polygraphic transfers is correct, he would very quickly prove to Mr. Boulton that pictures in oil, painted over such materials for the "dead colour" as gum and honey, with probably the residuum of an essential oil to help the process of cracking, would never "stand" for any length of time, but would crack, and the colour would peel off. Possibly Mr. Boulton might not take Beechey's opinion as final; or if he did so himself, might desire to convince Eginton of this radical defect of the process, and thus Beechey would seek the co-operation of his brother-artists in London, who would quickly pronounce against the manufacture—on the one hand as inimical to the true progress of Art, and, on the other, as to the means employed being derogatory to the character of a first-class house like that of Boulton and Fothergill. This may account for the tradition of the "petition or memorial." *

I have already alluded to the probable use of these transfers for "tray centres." If they were so used, I have little doubt the system was quickly abandoned, for the pictures would frequently, if not always, crack in the course of "stoving." † No doubt Mr. Boulton would note and remember this as a confirmation of Beechey's warning as to the rapid destruction of the pictures, since this was only an illustration of the effects of sudden and violent change of temperature acting upon two unsympathetic bodies on the surface of the tray; whereas, though the change in pictures would be gradual, it would be quite as inevitable.

We are all pretty conversant with what frequently takes place on newly-painted doors, &c., which have been "grained oak." The material used for imitating the "grain" of the wood is a soft and viscid compound, to facilitate the operations of the workman. Practically it never dries, except sufficiently to allow the varnish to be got upon it. In a few months the "graining" and the varnish give way, and the ground of the oil paint beneath presents itself through the reticulated chasms. Just such a result would follow in an oil-painting executed upon a polygraphic transfer, after it had been subjected to the hot and cold temperature and occasional damp of most ordinary rooms. As to the tea-tray, the centre of which might be so executed, if it escaped cracking in the manufacturer's stove, a few doses of hot water from the kitchen maid's kettle, when "washing up," would ensure its destruction.

The "couch" of glutinous matter between the canvas and the painting would also give a fatal brilliancy to the colours which would mislead the operators, as it would prevent that sinking in, or, as it is technically called, the "going down" of the colour, which all painters in oil understand so well, and sometimes seek to prevent by means that cannot be too highly reprobated, when viewed in relation to the chemical endurance of the work. We all know the obloquy which Turner incurred for mingling water-colour tints with his oil pictures, probably to prevent this very going down, but certainly to obtain artificial brilliancy, and we all know the result.*

I doubt very much if one of these pictures, that is, with a veritable polygraphic transfer as a basis, is in existence now. Pictures painted at the same time, but not "mechanised," as it was termed, certainly may be, as the "couch" of water colour, &c., between the original ground on the canvas, or surface of the copper, would not be there: and therefore they would be in the same position as any ordinary work in oil.

Against this assumption that none of the veritable polygraphs as completed are in existence now, it may be urged that the pictures quoted by Mr. M. P. W. Boulton as in his possession at Tew Park (*Photographic Journal*, Jan. 15, 1864, page 433), are stated to have been produced by this process; but I doubt this, as in all probability they are the copies from the originals used for the guidance of the artists who afterwards executed those disposed of in the way of trade. The letter to Sir Watkins Williams Wynne, Bart., dated 12th June, 1779, already referred to ("Remarks," &c., 1863, page 39, and "Remarks," &c., 1865, page 4, by Mr. M. P. W. Boulton), shows that such copies had to be made as a preparatory step, for Mr. Boulton asks Sir Watkin to allow the young painter whom he introduces by the letter to copy "your 'Cecilia' or your 'Orpheus.'" It is, therefore, most probable that Mr. Boulton retained these *first* copies in his own possession for the adornment of Soho House, rather than *copies* of the copies.

Of the pictures named by Mr. M. P. W. Boulton, viz., 'Rinaldo' and 'Armida,' after Angelica Kauffman, 'Offering of the Wise Men,' after West, and 'Faith,' 'Hope,' and 'Charity' (three pictures), after Sir Joshua Reynolds, only one, the 'Rinaldo,' appears in any of the lists of subjects painted for sale, as given either in "Remarks," &c., 1863, page 37, or in the *Photographic Journal* of November 16, 1863, pages 390 and 391. It seems probable, therefore, that the other four were copied for mechanising, and never so treated.

The statement of Mr. J, Hodgson, F.R.S., the eminent surgeon, quoted by Mr. M. P. W. Boulton, in his letter to the editor of the *Photographic Journal* (January 15, 1864, page 433), that his (Mr. M. P. W. Boulton's) father told him that the pictures were produced by sunlight, as already quoted, simply fits into the tradition about the "sun-pictures," since we are quite sure the oil paintings were *not* produced by "sunlight," although there can be little doubt that the elder Mr. Boulton had told his son, the father of the present Mr. M. P. W. Boulton, enough of the process *for* which they were produced, to lead him to infer that they were produced *by* that process.

If Mr. Boulton declined to go on issuing the "mechanised" works in consequence of being convinced of their defects as works of Art, especially in the important quality of endurance, then I hold that such a course was most honourable; but it will be at once seen that this cause of the abandonment of the process at Soho could not be made public. Hence the reason given that Mr. Boulton's time was so much occupied with the steam-engine business, in the letter to Messrs. Clark and Green, dated "Soho, the 22nd May, 1781," and to Richard Barwell, Esq., dated "30th Jan., 1781" (pages 44 and 47, "Remarks," &c., 1863, by M. P. W. Boulton), and also to Mr. James Garnett, dated "13th March, 1781" (page 7, "Remarks," &c., 1865, by the same).

Thus we can readily understand that Mr. Boulton would desire to forget, and have the whole thing forgotten, even by Eginton, and for Eginton's own sake. At all events, it would appear that after 1781 Eginton alone supplied the pictures, and, therefore, he only was responsible to his customers for them and their future "behaviour," chemically and mechanically. The letters of Eginton to Hodges, dated respectively 29th May, 1781, and Jan. 29, 1782 (page 7, "Remarks," &c., 1865, by M. P. W. Boulton), show that Eginton simply obtained "impressions" from Soho for transfer on his own account.

If this theory of the cause of the abandonment of the business at Soho be correct, it is easy to account for Mr. Boulton's repugnance to see Eginton rewarded at the public expense by a pension of even £20 a-year for the invention of a process the practice of which he, Mr. Boulton, had given up on such grounds; although Eginton himself might not see the matter in the same light, since it would be a very difficult matter to convince a man who had devoted much time and labour to what must certainly be regarded as a most ingenious Art-process, that it was defective on the point alluded to, especially as his knowledge was evidently that of the chemist and engraver, and he probably knew more about vitreous or enamelled colours than he did about pigments and varnishes.

Nor could Mr. Boulton give the true reason why he objected to the pension, on the ground that it "*will only serve to keep up the remembrance of that business, and therefore it is impolitical;*" and why, to

* Prior to finally preparing this paper for the press, I thought it advisable to communicate with the son of Sir William Beechey, the Rev. W. Vincent Beechey, M.A., Worsley Parsonage, near Manchester, President of the Manchester Photographic Society, and inquire if he had ever heard his father allude to any mechanical process for copying pictures. That the matter might be quite clear to him, I sent the MS. for his perusal. Mr. Beechey was so much interested that he prepared a paper on the subject of his father's probable connection with, or knowledge of, certain experiments at Soho, which he subsequently read at the Manchester Photographic Society's Meeting on April 12, 1866. In this paper he describes a camera obscura which he discovered about 1820, when a boy, stowed away in a cupboard in his father's house in Harley Street. This camera is described, and a drawing given, in the *British Journal of Photography*, May 4, 1866, page 210. Mr. Beechey states that his father, Sir William Beechey, explained the use of the camera to him, and, by permission, he amused himself as a youth in copying the pictures in his father's exhibition-room, intending thus to make a sketch of every full-length portrait painted by Sir William before it was sent away. For the description of this camera I must refer to the paper as published. The main facts, however, as bearing upon the character of the instrument which I consider was used at Soho are:—1. The spherical aberration was corrected to a very considerable degree, thus securing a clear and undisturbed picture over the whole field, which in this particular instrument was comparatively small, but quite sufficient for the purpose for which Sir William Beechey had purchased it, which was a ready method of obtaining a small but correct optical representation, and by that means an accurate memorandum of any of his pictures. 2. The pictures were not reproduced upon the horizontal plane upside down, but reversed, or "left-handed." Mr. Beechey fairly infers:—"From the fact of his (Sir William) having purchased the camera, no doubt an expensive instrument in those days, and then laying it aside so soon, that he had taken up the discovery in the first instance with eagerness, and had been disappointed in the practical result." In fact, Sir William Beechey would soon find that for making memoranda of his pictures his hand and eye would serve him better than any camera, of that period at least. As regards Sir William Beechey's interference with the practice of the Soho process, his son considers, as I do, that it is very improbable, but if he did interfere it was, in all probability, on some such grounds as I have inferred.

† The temperature of a japanner's stove is very considerable, sometimes as high as 120°, in order to dry and harden the copal varnish, to allow of the surface being polished. This polishing is alluded to in the correspondence about the pictures. See page 22, "Remarks," &c., 1865, by M. P. W. Boulton.

* It was a practice of some artists, about twenty-five years ago, to wash in certain effects upon their outline on canvas with a brown tint of water colour, such as sepia or bistre. I attribute the cracking of many modern pictures, painted within my memory, to this cause, and the use of asphaltum, another soft, *never-drying* medium.

again use Mr. Boulton's own words, Eginton's "*own natural caution and prudence render me firmly persuaded that the scheme will die away in his memory, or, at least, will never be mentioned.*" (Letter to the Earl of Dartmouth, *Photographic Journal*, November 16th, 1863, p. 392).* For, had the real facts been made known, they would have practically ruined Eginton, who desired to carry on the picture trade himself, and at his own cost, risk, and responsibility, as to the future, Mr. Boulton giving him permission to "have impressions as fast as he chooses." (Page 7, "Remarks," &c, 1865, by M. P. W. Boulton. Eginton's letter to Hodges, May 29, 1781.)

Mr. Boulton's sympathy for Eginton is expressed unmistakably more than once,† and the continued connection proves that such sympathy really existed.

Whether Sir William Beechey used his influence, and induced his brother-artists to interfere at a later period, say 1799, against the practice of incipient photography, is very doubtful, since the fact that the pictures, such as they were, could not be fixed, would relieve him from any anxiety on the subject; unless, indeed, he was aware, which is still more unlikely, how near the operators were, every day they sat down to dinner, to the much-coveted means‡ of fixing their works *in* silver, not *on* silver; since there can be little or no doubt that when Wedgwood's silver pictures are mentioned (see Mr. James Watt's letter, January, 1790—afterwards corrected to 1799—*Photographic Journal*, January 15, 1864, p. 433), the term is in allusion to silver in the form of a nitrate, as used for the preparation of the paper, and not to *silver plates*.

I have mentioned already the fact that the old glass and porcelain painters called purple by the name of "gold," and "gold colour" from the use of chloride of gold. How easy, then, for the same class of men to call pictures produced by nitrate of silver "silver pictures!"

It is not unlikely that James Watt may have carried out his promise to Josiah Wedgwood, when he thanks him "for the instructions about the silver pictures," and says, "when at home, I will make some experiments;" but in the absence of proof that the pictures could be fixed, what result have we? Thomas Wedgwood and Davy failed in or about 1802, three years later, from this cause.

It would be very interesting to know how far this polygraphic process of transfer, and the roller-press employed in the operation, suggested the copying-press to the practical mind of James Watt, as that machine was essentially composed at first of two rollers. We have, too, in this polygraphic process, many of the elements of the letter-copying process, such as a glutinous colouring matter, instead of a glutinous ink, while, as already shown from Mr. Boulton's correspondence, the machine-drawings were copied, reversed, by means of a large roller-press. This might have been by a system of "counter-proof," such as was employed by many artists during the last century in copying their drawings. Gilray and Rowlandson, the caricaturists, used the method extensively.

That Watt was employed in the "wicked art" of copying letters simultaneously with the most important period of the picture-copying process, is shown in Mr. Boulton's letter to him, dated 14th May, 1780, p. 31, "Remarks," &c., 1863, in which Mr. Boulton describes his interviews with various officials, and his operations with the copying-press at the Houses of Parliament.

Possibly it may be suggested that the reverse of this is the truth, and that the process of copying letters might have suggested the polygraphic process; but it is not likely that Eginton would be cognizant of Mr. Watt's operations, but Mr. Watt would be sure to know what Eginton was doing, as, practically, a servant of the firm. Besides, the latter had been at work upon the polygraphs probably from 1770, and the process appears to have been in full operation in 1778. James Watt did not join the Soho firm until 1774. The copying-press was not invented, or, at least, not brought out until 1780, and is said to have been suggested by the Lunar Society. (See "English Cyclopædia." Art. Watt.) The "Encyclopædia Britannica" states that Watt was induced to contrive it by "the necessity for preserving accurate copies of his various drawings, and his letters containing long and important calculations, and the desire of avoiding that labour himself which he did not like to entrust to others."*

In conclusion, I cannot but think that great credit is due to Mr. F. P. Smith, of the Museum of Patents, for his earnestness and zeal in bringing these relics of the scientific and artistic ingenuity developed at Soho in the last century before the public, however erroneous his original conclusions respecting them may have been. Nor do I think that the specimens of the polygraphic process have lost much interest, if the inferences I have drawn as to the mode of their production and use are well founded. At all events, in common with all other things worth preserving, or remembering, they can only stand permanently in the light of truth. For this reason the efforts of Mr. M. P. W. Boulton, as evidenced by the two private publications so much quoted in these pages, ought to be duly recognised, as without those efforts no satisfactory result could have been possible, and it would have been a grievous injustice to the memory of Daguerre had the mere supposition been allowed to remain, that he had been anticipated in his great discovery by some sixty years.

The great manufactory at Soho, and the able men cited as having conducted some of its varied operations, had reputation enough, without doubtful honours being claimed for it, or them; and Mr. M. P. W. Boulton has given the best possible proof that he was fully alive to this point, and that the true reputation of his eminent grandfather was a matter of personal interest to him.

* This letter is also quoted at length in Jewitt's "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," page 353.

† See "Remarks," &c., 1863, by M. P. W. Boulton, p. 35. "I am very sorry for Eginton. His misfortunes will bear hard upon him, as he hath never been accustomed to combat the evils of life."—Mr. Boulton's letter to Mrs. Watt, 14th October, 1780. Again, p. 36, ibid., in a letter to his partner, Mr. Fothergill, dated December 11th, 1780, respecting the dissolution of their partnership with Gee and Eginton. He says:—"We cannot think of taking out our money, which would be their ruin."

‡ Mr. Fox Talbot fixed his earliest calotypes with common salt. The use of hyposulphate of soda was an improvement in the process of fixing.

* As the Lunar Society has been so frequently mentioned, and its doings, or supposed doings, quoted from time to time, it may be worth while recording that this society held its meetings at the residences of one or other of its members every month, at or about the period of the full moon, in order that those who attended the meetings should have light to enable them to return home, as their domiciles were so scattered as to be at considerable distances from each other. A list is given by Mr. F. P. Smith (*Photographic Journal*, November 16, 1863, p. 386), of some of the members:—Samuel Galton, of Birmingham; Matthew Boulton, of Soho; James Watt, of Soho and Handsworth; Captain Kerr, Mr. Edgeworth (the father of the Misses Edgeworth), Dr. Withering, Dr. Stoke, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Parr, Dr. Davison, Mr. Day, Sir William Herschell, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. Arelius, Dr. Small, Benjamin Franklin, Dr. Black, Mr. Roebuck, Dr. Johnson, of Lichfield, and Mr. Wedgwood. Of course, some of these could have only been corresponding members. Dr. Johnson's name is evidently inserted by mistake, for Mr. Misses Edgeworth), Abbey, as Mr. M. P. W. Boulton shows (p. 29, "Remarks," &c., 1863); and from a letter quoted by him, it would appear that in 1787 an hotel at Birmingham was the usual place of meeting.

SELECTED PICTURES.

WRECK OFF HASTINGS.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Painter. W. Miller, Engraver.

It was the chief peculiarity of Turner's genius that he held within his grasp almost every attribute and characteristic of nature. We say "almost" at the risk of differing in opinion from his great admirer and panegyrist, Mr. Ruskin, who considers—if, indeed, he still holds to the truth of what is said in the first volume of "Modern Painters," which it may be presumed he does—that Turner was the "greatest master of foliage in Europe." We do not think so, and would certainly place Harding, if not some others, before him; Mr. Ruskin ranks Harding as second only to Turner. There are very few oil-pictures by the latter, so far as we know them, in which he ever attempted to paint large masses of trees as foreground objects; and it is only when so circumstanced that the absolute truth of our remark is made apparent. Turner's 'Mercury and Argus,' his 'Dido,' 'Crossing the Brook,' 'Phryne going to the Baths,' and 'The Birdcage,' all in the National Gallery, contain examples of trees as principles; and admirably drawn they are. Still, from the manner in which they are placed, detached, rather than grouped in masses, they do not meet our objection.

But if we pass from these objects to everything else in nature, he seems to have had mastery over all; over the sky at early dawn, at mid-day, and at eve; in storm and in calm; over the mountains in their giant elevations, their diversified forms, their variegated colours; over the undulating hills, the green pastures, the leafy dells, and weedy foregrounds; over the sea, raging in tempest, or placid as a lake of glass. Here, as Mr. Ruskin truly observes, Turner "stands upon an eminence, from which he looks back over the universe of God," and we approach his works "not to be pleased, but to be taught; not to form a judgment, but to receive a lesson."

And it is not the magnitude of his canvasses which impresses us with the power of his genius; his Art is not to be measured by the extent of the surface it covers. Haydon thought that Art was only grand when it covered a large area of space; Turner has proved it can be great when compressed into a comparatively small compass. The 'Wreck off Hastings,' for example, is a water-colour drawing, the exact size of our engraving from it; and yet, within the narrow limits of these few superficial inches, how much is crowded. Look at the tumult of waters, now sweeping and surging in long ridges, now hurrying on in broken, *craggy* masses, white and seething, to hurl themselves against the iron rocks. How grandly the dark wave on the left—which has brought a dead seaman to the surface, and on whose crest appear the ribs of some wrecked vessel—rears itself against a background of white, caused by the sudden outpouring of sunlight, whose rays are reflected on the upper part of the central cliff. Look, too, at the vast mass of storm-clouds, so dark, impenetrable, and heavy, that their weight seems enough to crush the rocks on which they partly rest.

Had Turner given to his subject as many feet as he has inches only, the work would have had no higher value, except as a marketable commodity. One is apt to marvel at the high prices sometimes paid for these scraps of coloured paper; but the wonder ceases if we note carefully what they show, and what they mean.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: HERO WORSHIP.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

A FEW months ago I made a pilgrimage to the home and grave of Wordsworth,—the haunts he loved, and the places he has made familiar as household words to millions living and for millions yet to come. I will ask the reader of this Memory to visit them with me:

"In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

It is needless to say that "the Lake district" is known to every tourist. If it be not, it ought to be. Shame be to him who travels to view the scenery of the Continent and ignores the landscape-beauties of his own land. In Cumberland and Westmoreland there are charms with which, in some respects, no country of the world can compete. I limit my thoughts exclusively to the points and places familiar to readers of Wordsworth; but there are a thousand objects in that lovely and magnificent locality of which even he has made no note. When the great man lived there it was hard to reach; the traveller had days of toil before he saw "lofty Helvellyn;" he may now be at its foot before the sun sets on the day he left his home in London. The way-side inns that gave him little more than shelter, have been displaced by superb "hotels." We need not pause to inquire whether such "palaces" and roads improve the counties of hill and valley, wood and water; at least they afford more comforts to those who there seek health, relaxation, or enjoyment in delights that are derived from nature. One of the most attractive of these hotels I have pictured; it is not the one where I was "at home:" that is at Ambleside, in the centre of a town whence excursions to all "the lions" may



THE PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL.

be made, easily. "The Prince of Wales Hotel" stands on a border of Grasmere Lake, a few yards only from its eastern bank. At the adjacent quay boats are plying from morning till night, either for the pleasure-seeker or the angler, and gay visitors are at all times in the prettily laid out grounds. Perhaps there is no "hostelrie" in the kingdom more auspiciously placed "for the benefit of tourists;" it is, of course, furnished with all modern appliances, while "charges" will be found unexpectedly moderate.†

Let us, however, set out on our tour to "the land of Wordsworth," first entering the house—RYDAL MOUNT—in which he lived from the year 1813 to the year of his death in 1850. Nay, rather let us, for the moment, pass it by—closing our eyes as we pass—and, a mile or so farther on, drop down upon a little humble cottage by the road-side. "That little cottage (at Town End, Grasmere*) was Wordsworth's, from the time of his marriage, and earlier—in fact, from the beginning of the century to the year 1808.* Afterwards, for many years it was mine." So writes De Quincey. It was then a white cottage "with two yew-trees breaking the glare of its white walls." The house has undergone little change; the low rooms are unaltered; the flight of stairs to the "drawing room"—"fourteen in all;" the fire-place, "half kitchen and half parlour fire;" the small and contracted bed-rooms; the road close in front, the wide open view of mountains, and the steep hill, covered with wild shrubs and underwood that overhung the house behind—these are all as they were when the poet left them more than half a century ago. Such was his first house—his "little nook of mountain ground."

Rydal Mount is about two miles from Ambleside, on the road to Keswick, and about the same distance from Grasmere. It stands a few yards out of the main road, on high ground—a projection of the hill called "Nab Scar;"† and commands an extensive view to which I shall refer presently. Rydal village is in the hollow underneath, in a narrow gorge, "formed by the advance of Loughrigg Fell and Rydal Nab." In the immediate neighbourhood are some of the finest waterfalls of the district, in the park of Lady Le Fleming—

"Lady of a lofty line."‡

The house is comfortable, without being, by any means, grand; it is covered with jessamine, roses, and ivy.§ The rooms are many, but small; it has not undergone much alteration at the hands of its present tenant, although by a former occupier, Wordsworth's small parlour—his "study," if he had any—has been "deformed" by removing the old jutting out fire-place, in the corner of which host and guest might, and did often, sit; a little corner cupboard of oak let into the wall, remains to suggest that there the half-finished book was placed, when the sunshine or moonshine gave the poet a call to come forth. That, then, was his library; but a library was,‖ as all know, a secondary consideration with the poet; "he had small need of books," although, as his nephew tells us, "he was extremely well read in English poetry." We have also the evidence of Southey that he was intimately acquainted with the poets of Great Britain—had deeply read and closely studied them; was not only familiar with them, but knew them well, even those of whom most others know nothing.

---

* Continued from page 249.

† Wordsworth wrote and published (at Kendal) "A Guide through the District of the Lakes." It is singularly "prosaic;" apparently the poet thought it right to ignore fancy as much as possible, and felt it a sort of duty to be dull in prose.

* In 1769, the poet Gray described Grasmere Village as utterly isolated—"not a single red tile, no staring gentleman's house breaks in upon the repose of this unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its sweetest, most becoming attire." It is entirely altered now; here is Mrs. Lynn Linton's description of Grasmere, in 1865. Grasmere is "a scattered collection of human habitations, cottages, shops, houses, mansions, each with its own garden, or special plot of greenery." Some idea of its character may be formed from the fact that the postman walks some eight miles in and out and about the village while delivering letters. These are Mrs. Hemans's lines on Grasmere valley:—

"O vale and lake, within yon mountain urn,
Smiling so tranquilly, and yet so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote:
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
The place with holiest harmonies."

† At Nab Cottage, near at hand, unhappy Hartley Coleridge lived; he was but a lodger there; poor erring child of Genius, he never had, never could, with his habits, have had, a house of his own. If he was not respected, he was dearly loved by all who knew him.

‡ It is of this particular place, that Mason, the biographer of Gray, writes—"Here nature has performed everything in little, which she usually executes on a larger scale, and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner; not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, but has its picturesque meaning, and the little central stream dashing down a cleft of the darkest coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description."

§ The engraving, from a drawing by my friend Jacob Thompson, pictures the house as it was, when the poet lived there; some of the trees have since been cut down; a new *stone* porch has been introduced, and the exterior has, unhappily, been subjected to other "improvements." I have again to acknowledge my debt to the artist, Mr. Thompson, who supplied me with the sketches engraved in this Memory. I had also the advantage of his pleasant and useful companionship during my sojourn at the lakes.

‖ It is said that a stranger once asked the servant to show him "Mr. Wordsworth's study," and received this answer, as she conducted him into a room in which were many books, "This is master's library, but his study is out of doors."

The word "*salve*" still gives its welcome at the door step; it is a mosaic presented to the poet by a friend who brought it for him from Italy.*

A mound, immediately opposite the door, to reach which you descend half-a-score of timeworn steps, edged with ferns and wild flowers, commands the prospect on which the poet loved to look—the lovely vale of the Rotha. In front—to the left—is Wansfell; his household, the poet writes, has a favoured lot,

> "Living with liberty to gaze on thee!"

Underneath it, is Ambleside; to the right are the fells of Loughrigg, with its solitary crag that "daily meets the sight." Immediately in front are—Windermere to the left, Rydal Water to the right. From the summit of Nab-Scar, within ken, are Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere, and Coniston Lakes. The Tarns also of Loughrigg, Easedale, Elterwater, and Blellam; while far away, Solway Frith is distinctly visible. On the summit of Helm Crag, seen in all directions in the locality, are two singular rocks, known throughout the district as "the Lion and the Lamb;" they convey the idea—the lesser crouching at the feet of the larger animal, supplicating mercy.† Such were the sights that

> "From this low threshold daily meet my sight,
> When I step forth to hail the morning light."

Now and then, the sound of the not far off cascade greets the ear, softened by distance into melody. Immediately underneath is the modern church—Lady Le Fleming's chapel; it is there, with its holy response to the poet's prayer when first the woods embraced that daughter of her pious care—

> "Heaven prosper it—may peace, and love,
> And hope, and consolation fall,
> Through its meek influence from above
> And penetrate the hearts of all."

It is, however, the walks about—the poet's walk especially—that pilgrims will visit as a shrine; they are sufficiently "trim," but Nature is let to have her will, and they are full of wild flowers—the foxglove, the wild strawberry, and various ferns abounding. At the extremity of one of them is a summer-house lined with fir cones, which must be recruited now and then, for they supply pilgrims with relics.‡

The Poet's Walk leads from the house, through a shaded and narrow pathway; he consigned it to the care of "those pure minds who reverence the muse."§ For

> "A poet's hand first shaped it; and the steps
> Of that same bard, repeated to and fro
> At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies,
> Through the vicissitudes of many a year
> Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its grey line."

It is, I rejoice to say, carefully kept; an aged gardener, who was there in Wordsworth's time, still trims the borders, and weeds the banks. And the gentleman who dwells there—whether he reverences or is indifferent to the Muse, I cannot say—keeps the place in order, giving entrance to the public on certain days. But I could not fail, in visiting the poet's house, to quote the lines written on it by Maria Jane Jewsbury, in 1826.

> "What shall outward sign avail
> If the answering spirit fail?
> What this beauteous dwelling be
> If it hold not HEARTS for thee?"

You pass out of the grounds by a small gateway, and have a long walk that leads to Grasmere; of this walk, Mrs. Lynn Linton says, "The terrace walk along Nab-Scar, with its desolation, sometimes left bare and naked to the sky, and sometimes clothed with fern, and moss, and lichen, is very lovely; lovely, from the first step outside the poet's garden, to the last, by White Moss, and the little pool fringed with water-lilies." "Hundreds of times," writes the poet, "have I here watched the dancing of shadows amid a press of sunshine, and other beautiful appearances of light and shade, flowers, and shrubs."

The grounds slope, sometimes with a sudden and steep descent; one of the paths leads to "Dora's field." In that field, there is a venerable oak, the branches of which are thickly covered with lichens and ferns, that have thrust their roots deep into the moist bark; and at its foot, there is a spring where grow the plants that flourish best in perpetual moisture. There, too, is the stone that at Wordsworth's suit was spared: the lines he wrote are engraved on a brass tablet, let into it:—

> "In these fair vales hath many a tree,
> At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
> And from the builder's hand, this stone
> For some rude beauty of its own
> Was rescued by the Bard.
> So let it rest; and time will come
> When here the tender-hearted
> May heave a gentle sigh for him
> As one of the departed."

In this spot, it seemed to me, and no doubt it will so seem to all visitors who love the bard and reverence his memory, that Wordsworth was more palpably present than he was elsewhere; and it will demand no great degree of hero-worship to utter beside that stone, and that aged tree, his own words applied to his predecessors in his "high calling"—



THE STONE: "AT WORDSWORTH'S SUIT WAS SPARED."

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

From the house our steps naturally pace to the grave in which the mortal part of Wordsworth rests. Happily, he sleeps among the scenes he has made immortal; happily, it was not his destiny to "moulder in a far-off field of Rome." The little graveyard of Grasmere, "the Churchyard among the Mountains," was familiar to all readers of the "Excursion," before the poet was laid there. It receives mournful, yet happy interest as the place in which he "sleeps" among the dalesmen of Grasmere valley, upon whose shoulders,—"the shoulders of neighbours," in accordance with his wish, expressed long years before—he was borne to his grave. By the side of his beloved Dora he was buried.* It is a humble grave; they are plain, erect stones that record his name, and those of his immediate relatives. He reposes under the green turf: no weight of monumental marble keeps the daisies from growing there. Others, no doubt, have done as I did—transplanted a wild flower from his "walk" to the mound that rises over his remains; and others, no doubt, for generations yet to come, will do as I did, breathe a prayer of fervent and grateful homage to his memory at the foot of the

---

* In 1826, "the poet's home" was pictured by Mary Jane Jewsbury—

> "Low and white, yet scarcely seen,
> Are its walls, for mantling green
> Winding walk, and sheltered nook
> For student grave and graver book."

† Wordsworth calls these singular rocks, "the astrologer and the ancient woman." I cannot say how, why, or when their title was changed.

> "Dread pair that speak of wind and weather
> Still sit upon Helm Crag together."

‡ "He led me," says Emerson, "into his garden, and showed me the gravel-walk in which thousands of his lines were composed." Mr. Justice Coleridge writes of him—"He dealt with shrubs, flower-beds, and lawns, with the readiness of a practised landscape gardener; his own little grounds afforded a beautiful specimen of his skill."

§ "The sylvan, or say, rather, the forest scenery of Rydal Park was, in the memory of living men, magnificent, and it still contains a treasure of old trees. By all means, wander away into those old woods, and lose yourselves for an hour or two, among the cooing of cushats, and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless glowworm among the last year's red beech leaves. No very great harm, should you even fall asleep under the shadow of an oak, while the magpie chatters at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from the bough of the canopy, and then twisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage."—PROFESSOR WILSON.

* Dora Wordsworth, the poet's only daughter, was married in 1841 to Edward Quillinan, an estimable and accomplished gentleman, an author of no mean power, and a poet who might have stood, as he did stand, without shame by the side of the great bard. Dora was his second wife: his first was a daughter of the bookworm, Sir Egerton Brydges. Few men were more esteemed and respected than was Mr. Quillinan, by a large circle of acquaintances, of whom I had the privilege to be one. His beloved Dora died in 1847, and her venerable father "was never the same man afterwards." Mr. Quillinan is buried near to the grave of Wordsworth by the side of Dora, and Hartley Coleridge lies there too. The spot was selected by Wordsworth, who said in reference to poor Hartley, "I know he would have liked to be where I shall be."

grave in which his mortal part is at rest from labour—

"The common growth of mother Earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears!"

A group of yew trees throw their shadow on the grave; they were planted by his own hands, "principally, if not entirely;" and who is there that will not say, "Amen" to the poet's wish, "May they be taken care of hereafter;" and to his hope that some future generation may see them rivals to the "Pride of Lorton Vale," and the forlorn sisters that give at once gloom and gladness to Borrowdale?

The river Rothay meanders round the churchyard; it may be rude and harsh in winter, but it pursued its course to Lake Grasmere with a gentle and harmonious melody when I was there. Alone for a long half hour I stood—mute. Suddenly a group of children passed through the little gate, arranged some wild flowers under the church porch, and laid them on the poet's grave, "under the yew trees and beside the gushing Rothay," the spot "he had chosen for himself."

The subject of Religion was not prominent—certainly not intrusive—in his writings, yet it breathes through almost everything he wrote; the essentially holy mind of the poet is everywhere manifest. No writer, living or "dead," has better taught us how

"To look through Nature up to Nature's God."

I found in Mr. Dillon's collection of autographs a letter written by Wordsworth to the painter Haydon, dated January 20, 1817, which, I believe, has never been in type. I am, therefore, induced to print it.

"Thelwall, the politician, many years ago lost a daughter. I knew her; she was a charming creature. Thelwall's were the agonies of an unbeliever, and he expressed them vigorously in several copies of harmonious blank verse, a metre which he writes well, for he has a good ear. These effusions of anguish were published; but though they have great merit, we cannot read them but with much more pain than pleasure. You probably know how much I have suffered in this way myself, having lost, within the short space of half a year, two delightful creatures, a girl and a boy, of the several ages of four and six and a half. That was four



THE VIEW FROM RYDAL MOUNT

years ago, but they are perpetually present to my eyes. I do not mourn for them, yet I am sometimes weak enough to wish that I had them again. They are laid side by side, in Grasmere churchyard; on the headstone of one is that beautiful text of Scripture:—'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' And on that of the other are inscribed the following verses:—

'Six months to six years added, he remained
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained;
O blessed Lord, whose mercy then removed
A child that every eye that looked on, loved.
Support us,—teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed—and now is wholly Thine!'

These verses I have inscribed because they are imbued with that sort of consolation which you say —— is deprived of. It is the only support to be depended upon, and happy are they to whom it is vouchsafed." *

We turn from the churchyard and the church, the church that contains a memorial stone, with a medallion portrait (Harriet Martineau tells us), "accompanied by an inscription adapted from a dedication of the Rev. John Keble." Wordsworth described that church in 1790. It has been "renovated" since; but still the roof is upheld by "naked rafters," and still "admonishing texts" speak from its white walls. *

The accompanying view is of the head of Windermere, looking towards Rydal; it is engraved from a drawing by Jacob Thompson, taken before the locality was changed—dotted with villas—and represents the lovely scene as it was when Wordsworth looked upon it. There is the steep hill behind the poet's dwelling; behind the group of trees is Ambleside; the vale of Rydal is hidden by the dark mass in the middle of the dell; to the left is Loughrigg Fell; and underneath it, more to the left, is the entrance to the vale of Langdale.

You cannot walk a mile in that rugged and wild, and grand and fair, district, without quoting some passage from the poet; linking it, as it will be linked for ever, with the place or object on which you look.* Every spot is consecrated by his genius; he has left his mark everywhere; the lakes, the rivers, the hills, the mountains, the dales and dells, the rocks and crags, the islands and waterfalls, are all signed with his name:—†

"Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and dizzy crags,
And tottering towers."

"Wordsworth has himself told us that nine-tenths of his verses were murmured in the open air, and about them there is an out-door fragrance. We sniff the mountain breeze, and hear the murmur of the forest, and gaze into the clear depths of the rocky stream; and even in his loftiest mood, when raised into a purer atmosphere than we breathe on earth, his thoughtful brow is still fanned by its gales, his inspiration is coloured by its beauty, and finds a fit local habitation amidst its natural scenes." ‡

There is the Derwent, "fairest of all rivers," that blent its murmurs with his nurse's song; "glory of the vale," the "bright blue river" that was a joy to the very last; there is drear Helvellyn, with its ravines, "a history of forgotten storms"—"lofty Helvellyn," on the summit of which he stood side by side with the "Wizard of the North," when Scott revelled in "his day of strength." There they stood rejoicing; and, as Mrs. Linton writes, "Let any one haunted by small cares, by fears worse than cares, and by passions worse than either," go "stand in the midst of that great majesty, the sole small thing, and shall his spirit, which should be the noblest thing of all, let itself be crippled by self and fear, till it lies crawling on earth, when its place is lifting to the heavens? Oh! better than written sermon, or spoken exhortation, is one hour on the lonely mountain top, when the world seems so far off, and God and His angels so near."

"When inspiration hovered o'er this ground."

St. Herbert's cell is yet on an island in Derwentwater; the cell of the saint who in his "utter solitude" prayed that he and the man he loved as his own soul—a far-away fellow-labourer, St. Cuthbert—"might die at the same moment,"

"Nor in vain
So prayed he!"§

* "In this just and high sense of the word, the education of a sincere Christian, and a good member of society upon Christian principles, does not terminate with his youth, but goes on to the last moment of his conscious earthly existence,—an education, not for time, but for eternity." (From an Address by Wordsworth at the Foundation of a Schoolhouse at Bowness, May 6, 1836.)

* Another local memorial was raised to the memory of Wordsworth in November, 1853, in his native town of Cockermouth. It took the form of a church decoration—a stained-glass window (by Hardman), costing upwards of £300 and containing figures of saints and evangelists, with an inscription on a brass tablet beneath the window.

* "The brook that runs through Easedale, which is in some parts of its course as wide and beautiful as a brook can be. I have composed thousands of verses by the side of it."—WORDSWORTH.

† I have limited my notes to Wordsworth's pictures of the district in which he lived. It is needless to say, however, that his Muse had a far wider range—in Scotland, in Wales, and in several countries of the Continent. Most unhappily, Ireland had no share of the wealth given to other lands. He visited Ireland in 1829, but it was in the company of a gentleman,—John Marshall, M.P., of Leeds,—who drove him through it in "a carriage and four." No wonder, therefore, that his muse was uninspired and idle; yet he coveted a ramble in Kerry County, with an artist as his companion. He visited Killarney, but it was in October. "To the shortness of the days, and the speed with which he travelled," he writes, "may be ascribed the want of notices, in my verse, of a country so interesting." Ay, it was, indeed, a misfortune for Ireland, that he was not a traveller there, as he so often was by the banks of Windermere. "The deficiency," he adds, "I am somewhat ashamed of." Out of his Irish tour came only the lines "To the lone Eagle," which he saw at the Giant's Causeway, or rather near it, at Fairhead. One of the most delightful conversations I had with the poet concerned that brief and unsatisfactory tour. When talking of Killarney he fully conceded that the Killarney Lakes, considered as *one* lake, surpassed in grandeur and beauty any *one* of the lakes of Cumberland.

‡ John Dennis.

§ "There is beauty in the tradition that the man of action, and the man of meditation, the propagandist and the recluse, were so dear to each other, and so congenial."—HARRIET MARTINEAU.

There is bleak Skiddaw, the poet's love,—

"What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw!"

There is the Greta, giving its gently mournful voice, as it rolls onward to join the Derwent, gliding together into Bassenthwaite,

"Among this multitude of hills,
Crags, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills,"

with her sinuous banks, her "thousand thrones,"

"Seats of glad instinct, and loves carolling."

There is the mightiest of all the cataracts. Often

"O'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons."

There is still the road the Roman conquerors laid down,—

"The massy ways carried along those heights
By Roman perseverance."

There are the "piled up stones"—Druidic relics laid where they now stand, by British hands, centuries before the Romans were a power in Britain; "long Meg" and her daughters, the "giant mother" and her brood:—

"A weight of woe, not easy to be borne
Fell suddenly upon my spirit; cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past
When first I saw that sisterhood forlorn."

And still you may visit the cairn heaped over the bones of Dunmail,—

"Last king of rocky Cumberland."

We see the "rocks of St. John"—the crags that, at distance, "resemblance wild to a rough fortress bore;" and became a turreted castle when magic seduced King Arthur within its walls, to waste his time and his strength in guilty dalliance.

Here, too, is "the Eden"—a name that, though borrowed from Paradise, is borne rightfully; for here

"Nature gives the flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers."

And here is majestic Lowther,—

"Lowther, in thy majestic pile are seen
Cathedral pomp, and grace, in apt accord,
With the baronial castle's sterner mien."

There is the river Duddon, "the cloud-born stream," "cradled among the mountains"—Duddon, so often his sole listener, and here are the

"Tributary streams
Hurrying with lordly Duddon to unite."

Here are the nooks with woodbine hung, "half grot, half arbour;" and here is still "the Fairy chasm," and here

"The gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and cold."

Still Duddon shelters the startled scaly tribe, and the "dancing insects forged upon his breast;" still passing winds memorial tributes pay, and torrents chaunt their praise.

And here is his own Rydal. It hath, and will ever have, "a poet of its own," who

"Haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground flowers, beneath your guardianship self-sown."

Here are yet "the Stepping Stones"—

"Stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry;"

and here is "the Wishing Gate,"

"Surviving near the public way
The rustic Wishing Gate,"

leading to a field sloping to the river's bank. "Time out of mind" has a gate been there. May no evil chance remove it! for there "wishes formed or indulged have favourable issues."

"And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past."

The yew-tree, "which to this day stands single," "of vast circumference and gloom profound," is "still the pride of Lorton Vale;" the tree that furnished weapons to those who

"Drew their sounding bows at Azincour,"

And there flourish yet the four solemn sisters—yew-trees planted a thousand years ago:—

"Fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove."

The "golden daffodils" are still here in rich abundance:—

"Beneath the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze!"

And if we wander there in spring-time, we cannot fail to see

"A primrose by a river's brim,"



THE HEAD OF WINDERMERE.

and, it may be, an ass

"Cropping the shrubs of Leming Lane,"

to recall the gentle brute that would not leave its dead master, and taught the savage potter to be a wiser and a better man. There are violets on the same "mossy stone," "half-hidden from the eye;" and there is "the meanest flower that blows"—the meek daisy,—"the poet's darling," "the unassuming commonplace of nature," that had power to give the poet

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Still the butterflies sparkle from bud to bud

—descendants of those he chased when a boy, with "leaps and springs," while his tender sister stood by:—

"But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings."

Still we may hear the cock straining its clarion throat,

"Threatened by answering farms remote."

That, surely, is the very redbreast the poet welcomed over his threshold; the whole house was his cage. He springs about from bank to bank along the Poet's Walk,



RYDAL WATER AND NAB SCAR.

knowing well that none will make a stir

"To scare him as a trespasser."

And the lark, is it the same the poet hailed "upspringing?" "pilgrim of the sky,"

"Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home,"

"I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day."

No doubt it is the bird of whom the poet sang so sweetly and so oft. Still

"Along the river's stony marge,
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong."

There are all the mountains—"a mob of mountains," as Montgomery called them—go where we will; and the lakes larger and

lesser, that greet the eye from every hill-top; majestic Ullswater, "wooded Winandermere"—"shy Winander,"

"That peeps
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steeps;"

lovely Derwentwater, lonely Haweswater; they were, each and all, familiar to the poet almost as his own Walk above the Rotha—

"Ye know him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander;"

they all knew him, and of all he was the Laureate. The "brook" I reverently cross, is that

"Whose society the poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew."

It runs "through rocky passes among flowery creeks;" and that "little unpretending rill of limpid water" is the very one that to his mind was brought "oftener than Ganges or the Nile."

Is that "Emma's dell?" for here we can see

"The foliage of the rocks, the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
With hanging islands of resplendent furze."

Is that "Johanna's rock" by Rotha's bank, at which we pause

"To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,
That intermixture of delicious hues,"

turning to look up at

"That ancient woman seated on Helm-crag?"

Is that the cliff "so high above us;" an "eminence"—

"The last that parleys with the setting sun?"

Is that

"The loneliest place we have amid the clouds?"

Is that "the lonely summit" to which his beloved gave his name? Is that "narrow girdle of rough stones and crags" by the eastern shore of Grasmere—is that the place the poet named "Point Rash Judgment?" for that he there learned and taught

"What need there is to be reserved in speech,
And temper all our thoughts with Charity."

At least we may rest awhile at "The Swan"—

"Who does not know the famous Swan?"

The small wayside hostelrie is still a palpable reality, and if you drink nothing else at its porch, you may there take in as full and rich a draught of nature as any country on God's earth can supply.

These are the "facts" of the district: the poet has clothed them in glory and in pride—living realities—Romance unveiled by Truth. He is, as John Ruskin says, "the great poetic landscape painter of the age." He did indeed so paint with words, as to bring vividly before the mind's eye the grandest and loveliest things in nature.

But who can walk in this favoured locality without calling *Fancy* to his aid? I know that some of his pictures were drawn far away from the scenes so inseparably linked with his name; but it will be hard to separate any one of them from the district that is so especially *his*.

It is the high privilege of genius—more especially it is that of the poet—to consecrate the common things of life,

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn."

Time has changed many of them, no doubt; indeed, we know that ruthless railroad layers have swept away some of the "nooks of English ground" that genius had made sacred; but others remain associated with the poet's history. Let all who love the district, and have power there, preserve them, as they would the cherished children of their homes and hearts.

The plank that in a dell half up Blencathra crosses yonder stream, under which it glides so gently, now that summer, self-satisfied, laughs from the mountain tops—is that the plank where Lucy Gray left her footmarks half-way over, when the storm was loud and snow was a foot thick above the perilous pathway?

"But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen."

Is that "straggling heap of unhewn stones" at Green-head-gyll a remainder of the sheep-fold reared by "Michael," and "the son of his old age," ere the boy

"In the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses,"

and broke the old man's heart?

Give an alms to the "female vagrant" you meet in highway or in byway, for does she not recall to memory her whose sad story was poured into the poet's ear?—

"And homeless, near a thousand homes, I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food."

Surely charity cannot be withheld from any wayworn beggar you encounter on the roadside here. That thorn must be the very thorn—"so old and grey"—under the scant shade of which sate, at all times of the day and night, that lonely woman,

"In misery near the miserable thorn,"

whose doleful cry was "Misery, oh misery!" Poor Ruth! that may be the very "green-wood tree," by the banks of Tone, under which she sate; it overhangs the rocks and pools she loved—

"Nor ever taxed them with the ill
That had been done to her."

Will it not well repay a visit to distant Ennerdale to read the story of "The Brothers" beside a nameless grave—to see the grey-haired mariner standing there, his fraternal home desolate? Ah! if the touching tale can move us to tears—"a gushing of the heart"—beside a city home-fire, what may it not do in that lonely graveyard, where was nor epitaph, nor monument, tombstone, nor name—

"Only the turf we tread?"

Is that the fountain where, beneath the spreading oak, beside a mossy seat (we see them both), there talked a pair of friends, though one was young, the other seventy-two? Was it beside this hedge, on this highway, the shepherd mourned the "last of his flock?"

"A healthy man, a man full-grown,
Weep in the public roads alone."

That little maid—"a simple child"—is she the great grandchild of her—"one of seven"—of whom two slept in the churchyard beneath the churchyard tree?

"Her beauty made me glad."

Sitting under "Dungeon-ghyll Force," do we see in the boys who saunter there descendants of those who, having "no work to do," watched the poet—

"One who loved the brooks
Far better than the sage's books,"

as he rescued the lamb from the troubled pool and gave it to its mother?

"And gently did the bard
Those idle shepherd-boys upbraid."

Let us search for the roofless hut in which he met "the Wanderer," a poet, "yet wanting the accomplishment of verse;" who had "small need of books;" whose character was God-made; who learned from nature to worship Him in spirit and in truth? Can we see the well, "shrouded with willow-flowers and plumy fern," at which he bade the poet drink? the hut in which "the wife and widow" dwelt, a-weary, a-weary for the beloved who never came?—

"If he lived
She knew not that he lived: if he were dead
She knew not he was dead."

Is that the spot "among the mountain fastnesses concealed," where "lonesome and lost" the Solitary lived,

"At safe distance from a world
Not moving to his mind?"

Is that far-off valley, with its grey church tower, environed by dwellings "single or in several knots,"—is that the valley where the poet, the wanderer, and the recluse encountered the good priest, discoursing of things that no gross ear can hear,

"And to the highest last,
The head and mighty paramount of truths,—
Immortal life in never-fading worlds
For mortal creatures conquered and secured?"

Is that indeed "the veritable churchyard among the mountains," where rest so much of human joys and griefs, hopes and blights—records that live but in the pastor's memory; where green hillocks only mark the graves—

"Free
From interruption of sepulchral stones?"

But I might go on, page after page, touching every portion of the sublime and beautiful district where the poet had his home and haunts, for you can hardly move a step, or turn the eye on a single point, without finding something he has given to fame, some association of his glory,—

"Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand;"

ever preparing a feast for millions upon millions, who will be his debtors to the end of time.

He lived down "indifference," almost the only human malady to which he had been subjected; he lived to know that he was valued in a measure approaching desert; acknowledged by the senate and "the masses" as a benefactor of all humankind—not for a day, but for ever—in high and holy consciousness that he had done the work of God for the good of man. To WILLIAM WORDSWORTH have been, and will be given, by universal accord, as long as language can utter thought,

"Perpetual benedictions!"

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

ANTWERP.—The International Archæological Congress, which was to have been held in this city during the past month, is postponed till next year, in consequence of the unsettled state of parts of the continent of Europe, added to the epidemic that prevails more or less in Belgium and other countries.

LILLE.—The first exhibition of Fine Arts in this city was opened on the 22nd of July. The pictures, sculptures, bronzes, &c., form a collection of upwards of 1,560 works, many of which are excellent in character. The students of the Lille academy are, as might be expected, liberal contributors, and several well-known names of French artists are represented, as Dias, Gustave Doré, Ingres, Robert Fleury, Delacroix, Descamps, and others. Pictures of the Belgian and Düsseldorf schools were comprised in the collection, as well as a few from England. Many of the works of Art found purchasers, and a considerable number were afterwards disposed of by lottery, towards which the town council voted 40,000 francs.

SYDNEY.—Mr. Theed's statue of the late Prince Consort was inaugurated in this city on the 23rd of April, St. George's day, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. The statue, ten feet high, is of bronze, and stands at the entrance to Hyde Park, one of the finest sites in the city.

GLASS: ITS MANUFACTURE AND EXAMPLES.

BY WILLIAM CHAFFERS, F.S.A.

PART IV.

GAULISH AND FRENCH GLASS.

PLINY informs us that in his time the art of glass-making was known both in Spain and Gaul; and this statement is corroborated by the inscription on a tomb to the memory of a glass maker (*opifex artis vitreæ*) named Julius Alexander, a native of Africa, and a citizen of Carthage, who exercised his profession at Lugdunum (Lyons). From his age,—seventy-five years,—his numerous children and grandchildren, whose names are recorded, he must have been established there for a considerable period of time. (C. R. Smith's "Roman London.") We find also that in the latter half of the seventh century, Bede states that Benedict, Abbot of Weremouth, brought over from France workers of glass to glaze the windows of his church; and that they taught the English that art. In France, as in other parts of Western Europe, it does not appear that glass vessels of a decorative character were made in the middle ages before the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, although it was used with such effect in windows of abbeys and churches as early as the twelfth century. Theophilus only speaks of the glass made by the Greeks, and is silent as to other nations westward.

In the fourteenth century, several entries occur in the Royal Inventories, relative to the glass manufactures of France. In the Inventory of the Countess Mahaut d'Artois, in 1316, we read: "Grant planté de poz de voirre, et de voirres d'Aubigny et de Provence, et d'autre pais, et de diverses coleurs et bocaux et bariz tout du temps de Monseigneur d'Artois, qui bien valoient 1 libr;" which may be thus rendered into English: "A great quantity of pots of glass and glasses, from Aubigny, and from Provence, and from other countries, of various colours, and jugs and bottles, all of the time of Monseigneur d'Artois." The Count d'Artois died in 1302; it is therefore in the latter part of the thirteenth century that he must have purchased these glass-vases and bottles from Aubigny and Provence. The glass of "other countries of various colours," no doubt refers to those painted vases made at Damascus.

In the Comptes Royaux of the year 1382, we read:—

"A Guillaume le Voirrier, lequel avoit presenté au Roy, voirres pour don fait à luy le Roi au Louvre lxiiij^{s}."

"A Jehan, le voirrier de la forest de Dotte, lequel avoit presenté au Roy voirres par plusieurs fois, pour don à lui fait lxiiij^{s}."

"A Maistre Jehan de Montagu, secretaire, pour don fait par lui aux voirriers près la forest de Chevreuze, ou le Roy estoit alez veoir faire les voirres."

It is therefore very evident that this king (Charles V.) was a great patron of glass-making, from the interest he took in surveying the works and recompensing the glass-makers. It was early in that century, too, that the French Government made a concession in favour of glass-making by decreeing that not only should no derogation from nobility follow the practice of the art, but that none save gentlemen or the sons of noblemen should venture to engage in any of its branches, even as working artizans. This limitation was accompanied by a grant of a Royal Charter of Incorporation, conveying important privileges, under which the occupation became eventually a source of great wealth to several families of distinction.

Fig. 1 is an early French drinking-glass in the manner of Venetian, in form of an inverted cone, truncated, resting on a stem and foot, of yellowish glass. It is enamelled with a full-length portrait of a gentleman in the costume of the beginning of the sixteenth century, holding a flower, and near him is a scroll, on which is written, "*Je suis à vous.*" On the other side of the cup is the betrothed lady in singular costume, holding a heart, and a scroll inscribed, "*Mõ cuer aves.*" Between them is a he-goat attempting to drink out of a slender vase of water (Bouc Eau), being a rebus on the name; an allusion may also be implied by the vessel with a narrow neck, termed in old French *Boucel*. Around the margin in Roman capitals is written, "Je suis à vous. Jehan Boucau et Antoynete Bouc." (Slade Collection.)



Fig. 1.

This *bocale* was probably made in Provence, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Another drinking-glass, somewhat similar in style, is in the collection of M. Weisse, of La Rochelle, made for a family of the name of Pineau, of Rochelle, which bears the following Protestant maxim:—QVI · EN · CHRIST · CROY · EST · HEVERVX (Heureux); and beneath —IVES · PINEAV, surrounded by scrolls and flowers. Another glass cup, of about 1550, in the collection of M. Gabriel de Fontaine, of Fontenay, represents three halberdiers of the time painted in coloured enamel, with gilt arabesques and borders; and above is the following sentence:—EN · LA · SEWR · DE · TON · VISAGE · TV · MANGERAS · LE · PAIN.

All these glasses have quite an Italian character, and were probably made by glass-makers from Venice, under the protection of some nobleman in that part of France, as was the case at a subsequent date in Poictiers, about 1550, spoken of in a document, quoted at length by M. B. Fillon (Art de Terre chez les Poitevins), in which the Count de Lude, governor of the province, takes under his protection a glass-maker from Venice, the Sieur Fabiano Salviati, a gentleman of Murano,* his family, and his workshops, to relieve them as much as possible from the insults and annoyance of the soldiers during the religious troubles of 1572.

Under the minister Colbert, who was Superintendent of Arts and Manufactures, the manufacture of glass was much improved, especially in large plates for coach-glasses and looking-glasses, similar to that established for the same articles at Lambeth by the Duke of Buckingham, in 1673. The first grant of privileges to this manufacture in France bears date October, 1665, in favour of Nicholas du Noyer, for twenty years, renewed for thirty years longer, in 1683, to Peter Bagneux. The second, for the Manufacture Royal of large glass, was granted, in 1688, to Abraham Hivart, for thirty years. These having settled at St. Gobain, near La Fère, were, to avoid all further contest, united by order of council in 1695, under the name of François Plaistrier.

GERMAN GLASS.

From the middle of the sixteenth up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Germans, unable to compete with the Venetians in the numerous processes by which their glass-wares were decorated, produced vessels of a totally different character, altogether devoid of beauty of form, being perfectly straight cylindrical vases, differing only in their dimensions, and measuring from six inches up to as much as twenty inches in height. Occasionally we see a tankard or a goblet; but they are exceptions to the general form.

The redeeming point about them was the profusion of rich enamel colours with which they were covered; not that they possess any artistic merit, but their very quaintness and originality cause them still to be sought after and prized by amateurs.



Fig. 2.

Fig. 2 is a cylindrical bottle of blue glass, enamelled with a full-length figure of St. Peter, holding a key and an open book, dated 1650, of coarse work, with a pewter screw cover. (Slade Collection.)

Fig. 3 represents a German bocale, on a short stem and foot, ornamented with white vertical stripes. In front a royal shield of arms enamelled in colours, surrounded by a garter and "Honi Soit," &c. Above are the letters I · G · D · A · H · Z · S · I · C. V. B (Johan Georg der Aeltere Herzog zu Sachsen Iulich, Cleves und Berg), and a

* It is to a descendant of this gentleman of Murano, that we are indebted in the nineteenth century for the revival of the celebrated ancient Venetian enamel mosaics in gold and colours. Dr. Salviati, of Venice, has within the last few years succeeded in developing this almost indigenous art, and his services have been secured to decorate several national edifices in this country, among which may be especially noted the "Tomb House" at Windsor Castle, intended by the Queen as a memorial to the late Prince Consort. The imperishable nature of this enamel decoration is very suitable to the English climate, being affected neither by smoke, damp, nor any external atmospheric influences. Dr. Salviati's reproductions of domestic glass are equally successful, and may be seen at his establishment, 431, Oxford-street, or at Mr. E. Rimmel's, 128, Regent-street.

German inscription, dated 1678; on the back a target, the bull's eye pierced by an arrow. (Slade Collection.) Height, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The designs most frequent are the great imperial double-headed eagle, with the



Fig. 4.

Crucifixion on its breast, and the arms of the States on its wings, armorial bearings, figure subjects, and sometimes very long inscriptions relating to contemporary events, names, &c. They mostly, also, have the date of their manufacture.

These cylindrical vessels were called **Wiederkoms**, which means literally *come again;* and from their capacity they were fully entitled to the appellation; for they would bear repeated visits before they were emptied of their contents, and give us a good idea of the depths of the potations indulged in by the Germans. They were probably passed round the tables at entertainments, as we pass the "loving cup" at civic feasts.

Fig. 4 is a *Wiederkom*, or large cylindrical hanap, finely enamelled with the



Fig. 6.

Imperial eagle, entirely covering its surface, the arms of the States on its outspread wings, with a deep gold border round the top, with white dotted ornaments, inscribed, "Das hailig Romisch Reich mit sampt seinen gelidern:" "The holy Roman Empire, together with its members." Height, 9 inches. (Slade Collection.)

A few German artists, in the middle of the seventeenth century, assisted in decorating glass-vessels with mono-chromatic paintings, in sepia or Indian ink, of vitreous colours *en grisaille*, the lights, &c., being scratched in with a point. They usually represent battles, processions, &c., completely round the circumference of the vessels, and are drawn with great nicety, displaying considerable talent; to some the name of the artist is affixed. This style of painting lasted but a very short time, the dates on them being from about 1630 to 1680.

The most celebrated was Iohann Schappfer, of Harburg (on the Elbe). His exquisite paintings on glass, of landscapes and figures, battle subjects and processions, are mostly in sepia or Indian-ink, as before alluded to; and his name or initials, I. S., are found minutely written on some part of the drawing, scarcely perceptible without a magnifying glass. There are several in the South Kensington Museum; only one, however, is signed by him; the others are, perhaps, by his successors. He also painted on German Fayence. We here give a specimen of his work:—It is a low cylindrical cup and cover, resting on three ball feet,



Fig. 5.

beautifully painted in Indian-ink, by Johann Schappfer, representing a battle of horse and foot soldiers, the lights etched with a point; the dome-shaped cover is painted with vine leaves and grapes and a fly. Date about 1660. Height, $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches. (Slade Collection.)

Etching on glass by means of a powerful acid was practised in Germany in the seventeenth century. The lines are so minute that it is only when held up to a strong light that any traces can be perceived. Engraving with the diamond-point is essentially different; the latter leaves a jagged, uneven edge, only misplacing, as it were, the crystals of the glass, while on the other hand, the acid totally destroys that portion of the glass with which it comes in contact, in an uniform manner, leaving no unevenness on the lines. It was probably accomplished in the same manner as etching on a copper plate, viz., by covering the surface entirely with a coating of wax, and with a steel point drawing the subject to be represented; the acid was then placed upon it, and allowed to penetrate a certain depth, and on the removal of the wax the operation was complete. This discovery is said to have been made by Schwanhard of Nuremberg in the seventeenth century. There are in Mr. Slade's collection two examples of etching in this manner; but they are of such delicate execution, it would be difficult to do them justice in a wood-cut, independent of which the forms of the vessels are of the ordinary character.

The Ruby glass has by some been considered to be of Venetian manufacture; and although the Venetians had produced a colour approximating very nearly to the ruby red in the body of some of the Schmeltze vases, when seen through a transmitted light, as well as a beautiful light ruby occasionally introduced on the stems and other parts of their drinking vessels, yet the colour is not identical with that which is called ruby, and which we now ascribe to the German glass-makers. The glass is very different to the Venetian, being more compact and solid, and consequently heavier. In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Germans had greatly improved the quality of their glass, and had brought to great perfection the process of colouration, especially while the glass-houses at Potsdam were under the direction of Kunckel, chemist to the Elector of Saxony, appointed director in 1679. To him is attributed the invention of the fine ruby red, by the introduction of a proportion of oxide of gold into the molten metal, or by the purple of Cassius, as it is termed, a preparation of gold most frequently employed for colouring glass purple or ruby. In speaking of ancient glass, it has before been stated that the oxide of copper was used to colour it red. The general supposition recently, however, was that ruby glass contained a certain proportion of gold; and M. Bontems (*Peinture sur Verre, xix. Siecle*) relates that during the French Revolution, when it was proposed to melt all the ruby glass in the churches, for the sake of obtaining the gold which it was supposed to contain, the chemist, who was charged to ascertain by experiment the probable quantity of gold derivable from this source, on analyzing some ruby glass, found that the principal colouring matter was composed only of a weak proportion of copper and iron. Thus the intended destruction of the glass was arrested.

Fig. 6 is a ruby glass bottle, with vertical ribs, of elegant form, with silver stopper and foot. (Slade Collection.)

Early in the seventeenth century, the Bohemians had become noted for their glass vessels, which, although not so graceful as the Venetian, were yet well formed, of compact material, and good colour. They



Fig. 6.

attained distinction more especially by etching subjects and portraits upon the glass with a diamond point.

Towards the end of this century, they

had continued to improve their manufacture, and produced glass of a purer quality, rivalling the crystal in beauty. These vessels were cut and engraved with designs by the lathe, and the density of the material rendered them susceptible of a brilliant polish.

Fig. 7 is an example of this style of decoration in close imitation of crystal, the



Fig. 7.

cup is in the form of a shell, slightly compressed at the sides; the base painted. The mouth is cut into escallops, with a raised handle, resting on a baluster stem and angular foot. It is beautifully engraved with figures, scrolls, and ornaments. Height, $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches. (Slade Collection.)

ENGLISH GLASS.

We have stated that in the seventh century Abbot Benedict brought over artificers from France who taught the English the art of making glass, but it does not appear that they arrived at any proficiency.

Even for the windows of dwelling-houses, owing to the expense and scarcity of glass, canvas or paper was used to exclude the air and imperfectly transmit the light, and *fenestrals* were used even in the sixteenth century. In the expenses attending the execution of the will of Queen Eleanor in 1291 we read "Pro canabo ad fenestrallas ad scaccarium Reginæ apud Westmonasterium iijd.," and in the year 1500 Horman says, "Glasen windowis let in the lyght and kepe out the winde, paper or lyn clothe straked acrosse with losyngys make fenestrals instede of glasen wyndowes."

In the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries painted glass was used for churches, and in the fourteenth this art was at its height and used occasionally in rich abbeys, castles, and mansions of the nobility; but these are exceptional cases, and were attended with great expense.

Drinking-glasses were rare in the fourteenth century, but we frequently find them mentioned in inventories: at that time they appear principally to have come from the East. Damascus especially was then famed for its glass, and we find it mounted in gold and silver. It is, however, probable that an inferior sort of glass was made in this country, but of course not so much esteemed as the Oriental. In these records we frequently meet with glass-vessels without any distinguishing marks by which we can trace their origin, and they may be of foreign or native manufacture. In the time of Edward III., 1339, we read of "Un gourde de verre enlevé de limaceons," a gourd-shaped glass with snails in relief; * again, in the Kalendar of the Exchequer, *temp.* Henry IV.—

1399.—"Item un long veer ove le covercle, steant sur un peé d'argent enorrez et gravez sur le couvercle et en le peé, WITH GODDES HELP, pois ij lb."

1400.—"Item j verre de glass, ove le peé et covercle d'argent et en partie enorrez et en le sumet de la pomel un schuchon des armes."

"Item j autre verre de glass depyntez dehors."

"Item j pot de verre blanc garnis d'or, pris lxs."

One of these glasses appears to have been painted or enamelled on the outside, and may be of Venetian or Oriental origin.

Chaucer tells us that glass was made in his time of fern ashes, but leaves it to be understood that sand or stone was one of its constituent parts:—

1392.—"But natheless some saiden that it was
Wonder to maken of ferne ashen, glass,
And yet is glass nought but ashen of ferne;
But for they han yknown it so ferne (long ago)
Therefor ceaseth hir jangling and hir wonder."
(*Canterbury Tales*, 10570.)

It is evident that glass for domestic purposes was to be purchased throughout England in the fifteenth century. In 1465, among the expenses of Sir John Howard, is noted "Item paid for a bottle of glasse bout at Yipswyche, vjd."

In the records of Great Yarmouth in the fourteenth century we have the name of "Andrew le Glasswright."

In Thomas Charnock's "Breviary of Philosophy," 1557, we read:—

"As for glass makers they be scant in this land,
Yet one there is, as I do understand:
And in Sussex is now his habitation,
At Chiddingfield he works of his occupation."

It has been said that window-glass was first made in England at the Crutched Friars, London, in 1557, but a contract is quoted by Horace Walpole in "Anecdotes of Painting," which shows that this article was made in England upwards of a century earlier. This curious document is dated 1439, and is between the Countess of Warwick and John Prudde, of Westminster, glazier, whom she employed with other tradesmen to erect and embellish a magnificent tomb for her husband. John Prudde is bound to use "no glass of England, but glass from beyond seas," which not only proves that glass was made here, but assumes that it was inferior to what could be obtained from abroad. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VII., A.D. 1493, we find the following item:—"For glaysing the kinges chambre, v$_s$. iiij^d.

In 1567 Jean Quarre or Carre, of Antwerp, and others, requested permission of Queen Elizabeth to establish a manufactory of table-glass, such as was used in France, which request was granted. The workmen were brought from Lorraine, and the manufactory was in Crutched Friars (Calendar of State Papers—Domestic Series).

Of this glass-house in Crutched Friars Stow says (Survey, 293):—"The Friars' Hall was converted into a glass-house for making drinking vessels, which was destroyed by fire in 1575."

Pennant continues:—"The manufacture was set up in 1557, and was the first of the kind known in England. I may add here that the finest flint-glass was first made at the Savoy; and the first plates for looking-glasses and coach windows in 1763 at Lambeth, under the patronage of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham." The Duke had induced some Venetian workmen to assist in making ornamental drinking vessels, but it does not appear that the decorative objects ever arrived at any perfection, or at least they were never encouraged, doubtless because they could procure them cheaper and better from Venice, or even from France.

In 1635 a patent was granted to Sir Robert Mansell for glass-making, but this does not appear to have been successful in producing anything beyond ordinary domestic vessels; we may infer the contrary was the fact, for he, at the same time, obtained a monopoly for importing the fine Venetian drinking-glasses. None of these glass-houses were remunerative, and were never rebuilt.

Sometimes economy or retrenchment was the cause of the substitution of glass vessels for those of the precious metals. In Lodge's "Illustrations of British History" (vol. ii., p. 251), the Earl Shrewsbury, writing to his steward, says:—"I would have you bye me *glasses to drink in:* send me word what olde *plat* yeldes the ounce, for I wyll not leve me *a cuppe of sylvare to drinke in*, butt I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde."

We have (in speaking of the Venetian glass) given extracts from the letters of John Green, showing that in 1660 a considerable trade was still carried on with that article; and also that the art of making glass was improving in England, in fact that the looking-glasses made here by the Duke of Buckingham, assisted by Venetian workmen, at Lambeth, were in many respects superior, although they could not be produced at so cheap a rate.

English drinking-glasses, made of flint glass, much in the same way as the modern, may be found as early as the reign of Charles I. They were more brilliant in appearance, but much thicker and more brittle than the old Venetian glasses, which are light as feathers, and composed of a tough, horn-like material.

When a drop of molten glass is suffered to fall into water, it is found to possess the remarkable property of flying into minute pieces the instant a small part of its pointed end is broken off; these philosophical puzzles are called *Prince Rupert's Drops.* Of a similar character are the *Philosophical Phials* and the *Flacons de Bologne;* they are of thick glass, suddenly cooled by immediate exposure to the air without being annealed; and when the smallest pieces of flint or angular pebbles are let fall into them, they fly into innumerable pieces.

* Kal. Exch, 3, 172.

SPORTIVE INNOCENCE.

FROM THE GROUP BY G. BURNARD.

MR. BURNARD'S 'Sportive Innocence,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1864, is a group in marble; it shows that the sculptor possesses considerable humour united with his artistic qualifications. There is something almost, if not quite, grotesque in the manner in which the chubby boy, a kind of infant Hercules, *poses* his plaything, the rabbit; just as we have seen a mother set her infant on her knee. Both the child and the animal are carefully modelled, but the enormous mass of hair on the head of the former, thrown back as it is by his action, suggests the idea that its weight would endanger his equilibrium, overthrowing both him and his nursling. The group, we believe, is still in Mr. Burnard's studio.



VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

VII.

Momus, a Praxitelean æsthetical Bucolic, conceived in the Museo Borbonico, and rhythmed imperfectly, that the very eye may not be scared away from it:—or, my literary Tarantella (with verbal castanets), bidding adieu to Naples, &c.—*Prælium.*

LEAVING for Salerno, we were, I verily believe, driven out of Naples by a *Faun!* for the rusty sunburnt paletot and billicock hat of that antiquely-roguish public cabman could by no means thoroughly disguise him. No: the intense animalism of his face, a certain big dimple in one cheek (like that in the statues, where Apollo seems to have poked his finger in jest), coupled with the wild glee of the knavery with which he ultimately victimised us, were more than suspicious. The evidence of the scut—always the first thing looked for in the sculpture galleries—was, of course, out of the question; since modernism would ever expediently impantaloon it. Two thousand years and more have passed away since, fanned by unimpeded breezes, it wagged publicly with vivid glee; what time the ring-dance was unsteadily wreathing, and the disreputable, blowsy, pink-nostrilled nymphs were half in their cups. Then, no doubt, the tragical* legs of the satyrs excelled the human in difficult passages of the primitive tarantella. "But they make me laugh so," pants out Progne to Chloe, pulling her out of the dance by her flightiest tress, "that I can't go on, and must retire awhile to heave back fully my breath. Besides, this boddice, fast growing too little, hurts me when I move: my mother says I am plumping up amazingly. Three times the queer goat-legged creature, one of the six who came in drifting over the blue waves on an immense pine-log so grinningly, no one knows whence (for every neighbouring isle and parent-shore loudly, indignantly, disowns them), has made me utterly helpless with laughter; which seems scarcely safe; and the more I laugh, the more intolerable become his leering ever-varying grimaces. So, dearest, come and be with me awhile in yon dusk place, where many tangled fruit-trees make one juicy shade, and the large grapes hang low. For should he come after us, *you* never laugh, but only smile with a calm sharpness, and have a strong hand, with some deft tricks in it, besides. Oh, that he pursued me with the delicate coyness with which you follow out the slender young faun, the ever-giggling Tityrus, as he slips in and out in the wreathing ring-dance; your roguish eye distinctly bent on catching him by that neat pretty little curl of an ever-quivering tail, but your light hand withheld by maidenly prudence. For which old Dorcas never wearies praising you, and clears and tiddivates your hair in the sweet evening hour, at your own sunny door, and Corydon benymphs you in his lays."†

"Lo, here, Progne," the fawn-eyed Chloe replies, "in this dark corner, also the aloe, sharp-pointed, overrun with prickly cactus. Cheek-pinching Melibœus me here inveigled, to impart something Mopsa had been spreading about me everywhere. A slanderous hussy! morose with low vile kinds of toil; her brow pressed down into wrinkles by carrying huge stones on it; her hand with the hard goad horny; her voice screamy with crow-scaring, but more from no one heeding her unless she shouts, or says some startling, violent, beyond-truthful thing; her temper envious, spiteful—loverless! from seeing so much of inattentive young men's backs, given to backbiting with a dreary shrewdness. Well, well, if you think me ill-natured (which I perceive you do), an ill-dressing wench (to say no worse of her) is she, who wears big awkward wreaths on our yearly feast-days, and in dancing flourishes her legs out of all question; her rude family, meanwhile, even in these smooth-polished days, living in goat-smelling caves every one of them. So here, where nothing else would have drawn me, I came to arm these hands and ten nails of mine with her last slander; but as I sat down, unwarily eager, on this bare coil of vegetable snakes (a very Mopsa in thus assailing me), I felt myself so pierced and stung, my cry was enough to disturb the far-top of even quiet old wild-vined Vesuvius himself. Now could we, youngest of women, but coax this grandson of old Pan, Polybolipus, by toying with his sharp-pointed ears, or any other sweet roguery satyrs delight in, to sit decidedly down on this many-horned cushion, we might, before he affronts great Amphitrite on his pine-log again, win back the laugh of him."

"May Mercury and Hercules combine to bring you a husband for the notion," the lively child-woman replied; "but it would be useless. His capræan hide, being so tough, would mash down both aloe and cactus as easily as you and I should marjoram and sweet little forget-me-nots. Nothing could pierce him less stout than the goad with which your Mopsa dodges Darius, the monarch of her herd, whose deep lowings make the very cows tremble, and come to a stand-still with self-questioning apprehensions. Nor does his living leather alone protect Polybolipus; for over it grows strong slippery hair, tawny crimson and silvery (beauteous 'tis, certainly), like that dry mountain grass, down which the other day I nearly slid from the top of Nisida into the sea, when venturing aside for blackberries."*

"His own queer people call him Polybolipus, the Rotatory," Chloe rejoined, mildly musing, "because no circling dance, even with wine, can make him giddy. And the laughter-compelling, too, they call him, from his divine power in that which melts away hard scorn and pride from those whom nothing else will soften, and wins us women (ah, much I already sadly fear!) more than our tears can win those self-willed, self-filled men, brightening our spirits instead of the wine, with jealousy, with fear, withheld by those who keep us back to everything slavish, and timid, and dull. But *we* call him simply the Pungent, from that ambush-betraying perfume in which they say he surpasses his brethren. And this is often the timely warning of maidens; for *this*, at least, Pan's irregular children cannot hide in thicket or cave. In woods ill-reputed we are sometimes warned all at once by a strong smell of satyrs, and so have a very good start in the run for it."

"But why pry at all in those woods, nymph Chloe, misnamed the *Prudent?*"

"Because forbidden! and by those who treat us like children, or as women with bodies strong enough for every kind of load (whilst they lounge up and down on asses), but minds—virtues too weak for anything! And I may go from curiosity, and sometimes from a lonely heaviness, more hard to bear than lively peril. For when they set me on the mountains, like a watch-tower, to warn them of doubtful comers, and the day wears without living thing appearing, the loneliness sometimes becomes more dreadful than danger. The invisible and nameless gods begin to haunt me so, that I could run into infamous company to get rid of them; the more as I have nothing left for the seers of Epomeus, or the smoke-dried old women of Cumæ, who, without further offerings, but heighten the terrors they first taught us. Whenever I go wrong, it is from the desperation of these fears. Fussius, with his incessant odious *Jupiterings*, and fierce denunciations of mirth as hateful to the gods, and Purgon with his laughing hymns compulsatory, have so together penned in my spirit with strange thoughts I can make nothing of, that I have often yearned for anything of native wildness, as stifling beings long for this common air. But now this stolen jollity on the hill, and all this genuine heart-born laughter, inspired by these new comers, have cleared my spirit so, that I see brightly what weak ones they both are; and nothing is amiable but Polybolipus and his five compeers, with one or all of whom I believe I shall be ripely in love to-morrow."

"Sweet Polybolipus is not coming," meanwhile murmured to herself the love-smitten Progne, quite inattentively. "Inconstant satyr! Better than beautiful, with thy big jests, which would make Minerva hold her sides, and cry, '*For pity's sake, have done, do!*'—thy sweet songs of the happy golden age, in such as thee alone surviving (and only the more musical for thy quaint funny bleatings, thy bah-hah-hahings after them); thy *divine delicious* laughters, such as our tedious old ones hate, as hindering their dull work, and melting away all the awe of themselves. How trivial are they who perceive not that in thy—aired presence! which is higher, nobler, than the effeminate perfume of girlish flowers—breathing all primitive power. The odour of pine-forests and islands of wild thyme, that rise in morning sunshine above the rivers and lakes of milk-white mist, where my flock feeds in summer, has not, like thine, a living spirit in it, fervent and bright-winged with heart-freeing jollity. The songs of the Syrens, from their isle beneath, are often audible, ascending through the soft white down-like floor of cloud, whence perhaps some fated ship lags to them;* and these are

* From *tragos*, a goat, a word which acquired its sombre signification long afterwards, when the first dramatists preceded their exhibitions by sacrificing a goat to Bacchus. It is with some diffidence I introduce these not very reputable hybrids, and yet I do so hoping somewhat to soften an unlearned prejudice against them. Therefore, allow me—Mr. Villiers Henry Plantaganet Somerset, and Mr. Timothy Brown!—Polybolipus, and Picus!

† "One touch of Nature makes," not only "the whole world kin," but also the remotest ages. How often on the village-stair did we pass old Dorcas and Chloe, thus engaged; only their names would now probably be Elisabetta and Maria Annunziata, and their favourite goddess, Santa Lucia, instead of Ceres! Respectfully, I beg the reader to pause, and see whether there is not some vein of truth and nature running through this essentially æsthetical Bucolic; whether there may not be, fig-like, a little fruit, at once saccharine and nutritious, to be found on its grotesque fantastic stem and branches. Even so much egotism as this will, perhaps, not be pardoned; but really, in these much hurried pre-occupied days, readers commonly only find what they look for, concluding that at no time had the author more thought or feeling than they themselves have leisure, or whim for, just at that moment. From the final "pooh-poohing" of that moment must humility itself appeal, in mere justice to labour, whose result *may* be in harmony with better things than the humour which thus slights it. Surely, it is necessary that the reader should sometimes think, and feel, and make use of his fancy, as well as the writer who caters for him, even though nothing less than the accomplished fame and prestige of the latter may give him sufficient courage and animation for the purpose.

* Let not Pre-Raphaelites, or other matter-of-fact nigglers, with pen or pencil, impugn my geographical botany. The forget-me-nots administered Wordsworthian comfort to Mr. Moens when in the hands of the brigands; and the blackberries mildly tempered my own fancies in the garden of the villa of Diomed, at Pompeii.

* It is clear from this that Progne's summer haunt was somewhere above Sorrento, not far from Sant'Agata, one of the loveliest spots on the earth, to which a visit is de-

very sweet, but soften dangerously; while the ditties of Polybolipus for the first time thoroughly waken, proving we but slept before. To every sense how balmily quickening he is after the strange and unnatural Fussius and Purgon! And let old Abdomenides beat me again for coming up here; here will I steal in spite of him!"

There is in this Journal unhappily not space to show how both these girls had fallen in love with Polybolipus, and had been speaking of him, not according to their sly inner hearts, which, fascinated by a geniality of late most rare with them, and by a novelty so contrary to everything recent, thought nothing so charming, even personally, as those peculiarities popularly disrelished and disesteemed. For even in proportion as their restraints had been rigid, vexatious, and formal, were their tastes now becoming strangely eccentric and lawless, with an alarming energy of retribution. Nevertheless, as they saw more of these—what can I call them?—hoofed philosophers, their admiration of them grew on higher grounds, moral and intellectual; till it was manifest their visages did them scant justice, and seemed highly probable that they themselves in former days had scampered away from satyrs most mistakeuly; thus simply running from primitive wisdom, and the healthier joyousness of the true old grandfatherly times. For now a fuller conversation proved them not only innocently, but wisely comical; and presently it gushed out (for a few days confidentially) that they were, in sober fact, *six missionaries!* sent graciously by a god to remedy a strange blight of dull gloom, which the diviners of the Phlegræan Fields, and the mystical old women of Cumæ, had spread over this once joyous land, still indistinctly remembered as *New Hellas the Merry*. The paramount worship of Plutus (paramount scarcely even excepting that of Jupiter, with which it was oddly blended), consequent on much wealthy new commerce with the East, had filled the uppermost class with those cold joyless conceits and anxieties inseparable from it; but a dreary melancholy into which the imaginations of a great part of the people generally had been sunk, by a certain theological strictness and ethical daintiness, was more extraordinary still. It should be premised that the people (Oscan or Etruscan) inhabiting this country in those most ancient times, had far more depth and gravity of religious feeling than Romanism has left here nowadays; for not merely did they adore their Nonentities (the figments of their fancy) with a most intolerant vehemence, but with a metaphysical depth and earnestness seldom in modern times met with in so sunny and volatile a region; and this often gave their spiritual leaders enormous influence over them. Fussius, the most eloquent of their hierophants, pre-eminent in that wonderful art of making all the mere nonentities of his brain seem living all-powerful realities, and despising each vulgar modern deity as lax and superficial, revived with overpowering vividness, every austerer god who had of late years been forgotten; and, being of a morose and irritable temper, especially set up the worship of Sorrow, proclaiming her the only source of power, and, consequently, of every good thing. Full of this morbid theory (which is so far the reverse of truth that such dolefulness weakens and distorts everything), he sanctioned only bitter jests against jesting, pleasantries against pleasantness. On the other hand, Purgon—pre-eminent for rotundity of person as of periods—rolled sonorously with much of the form and measure or mirth, and even on the most sacred and solemn occasions; but it was ever merely *didactic mirth*, and only for his own austerely, gloomily-*ending* purposes; so mixing up mirth and reverence, indeed, as to spoil them both, perhaps, alas! for ever—an awful contingency and issue! And, indeed, his principles, though thus jocular, and even festive, in the teaching, were, in the subsequent carrying out, depressing and *attenuative* exceedingly, every way, to all but the teacher; who thrived on them hugely, in worldly gear as in person; for so numerous were the offerings to his gods (for his vicarious use and emolument), that his extensive premises seemed the general barn, stack, and granary of his whole neighbourhood. Nevertheless, his austerity in all things which he could not personally lead, conduct, intone, and regulate, was extreme. The old dancings on the green denounced, none but light reputations took part in them; the discreeter maids now culling flowers seriously, full soberly, for wreaths with which to draw in his luxurious chariot thus unwieldy, soothsaying, prophetic Purgon; who announced that Epomeus was certainly to destroy the earth during the second moon of the next year; when probably nothing of value would be safe except under his capacious protection. So that he became the absolute trustee of all his warmest admirers, and the almost gratuitous purchaser of the property and effects of one or two of the most timid and thrifty of them. On the impious invasion of their flocks by the horned strangers, Fussius and he, for the first time combining (for hitherto they had hated one another), would have driven them away on their log again, with all the force of foul weather and public indignation mingled together and consolidated; but Polybolipus, divining their intentions, stole occasion for a public speech, which wrought quite a revolutionary change in his favour.

"By us," said he, "Momus, the great God of Mirth and Pleasantry, by fools called God of Folly, deigns his benign greetings to you all, observing that the laughter which is his sole rite (so unexacting a god is he), rises to him strangely less than of old, and with a certain shabbiness, and poverty, or else hardness of tone, exceedingly distasteful to his ear. He looks, and lo! your preachers and your hierophants have made themselves so very dull (and chiefly by too much teaching of others) as to deny his divinity, his place amongst the gods!—reviving a ridiculous old lie, which announced him as turned out of heaven (ignominiously kicked has been the word) for some unseemly jestings on the three august great ladies of Olympus.—Ay, ay, I think I see them doing it, the lively god here smilingly muttered to himself, 'but they know better than *that*. For would not their grand councils droop into a heavy doze without me, and Jupiter's own nod become mere sleepiness; and have I not, in a moment, often smiled away things that but perplexed and knit Minerva's brows, and would baffle the brawns of even fifty Herculeses? Truly, they know better; and below, this slanderous infidelity bears its own punishment sufficiently.—Yet the god acknowledged a huge indignation against those who attempt a miserable compromise by sanctioning his image only in the vestibules of Minerva and Jupiter, as mere caterer, forsooth, of jests and drolleries for *their* solemn and indeed awful purposes; a poor self-denying drudge, ignorant that he is a god of the very highest class, great and potent as any; highly jealous, moreover; withholding his infinite blessings — preservers of the soul's youth immortally, nurses, if not sources, of divinest powers—from those who honour not his divinity simply for itself, with grateful singleness of heart. Jester to the deities! the god exclaimed, laughing, though grimly. Why, I am of *terrible* potency, the last secret terror of kings and archimages! The Assyrian king, in his vast camp of a metropolis, thinks of a great laugh as of an earthquake; since thrones may be laughed down where nothing else can reach them; and the arch priest, his brother, who overawes men with his own terrors of the other gods, turns pale, even in his lowest sanctuary under the Nile, at the name of Momus; doubting his apes, and dogs, and cats, nay, doubting even himself. And a rumour there is in heaven—another lying one, yet marking me as not inconsiderable, and making Jupiter himself look sideways, sometimes, to my sole sorrow—an antique prophecy, that Momus it is who will at last bring up Demogorgon against him, with one great irresistible choral laugh of all things. Lie number two; yet for that alone the gods scarce like me to be ever out of their immediate company. 'Tis said, is it not, reputable Polybolipus (these were his gracious words), that I was expelled from the cloud-carpeted pavilions, for remarking that Venus's steps were too loud? Quite the contrary, I protest to you. Considering that slight fault the sole defect I would conceive of her, she took my words, reasonably, for homage delicately veiled, and recompensed them with this golden apple just received from Paris; though Mars and Mercury (my only rivals with her, ever) were alarmingly urgent for it. But my reverend, discreet, dear ambassadors to Trinacria, he added, the people there, you will find first of all, have too many oracles nowadays; every paltry hillock and dribbling hole having one more positive and absolute than Delphi. And deeming, forsooth, in these fine times we are come to, plain honest clay, beech-wood, brass, and stone, no longer good enough to image the gods, their mole-eyed teachers fashion them out of their own dreary follies, vices, and vanities; thus dishonouring the inmost nature of the divinities; whilst the old images of wood and stone (against which they enrage themselves, even sanguinarily) belied their forms only. Fussius (who, I observe, in his ruralisings sours the milk in the pans when passing them) has not a fit of moroseness, or spleen, or a prejudice, which he hesitates attributing to Jupiter, or a laugh, but for some sour or grim intent. Purgon, indeed, laughs ever, but abdomenally, greedily, only, and where he should rather weep pailsfull. Leaving *me* behind withheld by reverence, he laughs in sanctuaries where I, for my part, never venture, being besides an equitable god, as careful not to intrude into the sanctuaries of the graver divinities, as jealous of their interfering with me, to blight my unanxious delights with solemn intermixtures, and steal from them that light-hearted freedom in which their youth-immortalising power consists. Intemperate men like these, drunk with self, with flattery, and the thick air of their unventilated sanctuaries, more grossly than Bacchus can inebriate, and the dull worshippers of Plutus (god of gilded wrinkles, my dull heavy-headed enemy ever), who, by so much as he stuffs care-buying wealth into their bags, will filch living wealth out

scribed, page 215 of the present volume. The songs of the Syrens are an emblem of the melodies for the eye, which breed a wish to remain there, and forget every harsh necessity and duty.

of their hearts and very brains, with his bright dross giving outweighing care for it and vain joyless conceits; these together have banished the loves, and graces, and *all me*, from this once athletically joyous land. So that even in this very New Hellas the Merry, famed of old for the brightest green happiness, they have become anxious, dull. Unnourished by true delight, by heart-born, brain-keeping laughter, never so many went crazy and mad before. Disgusted by your sordid conceptions of them, the gods have kept away, and punished you by hanging your own dull colours in the very heavens. When before (just see!) showed Phœbus himself so rarely, when before Sirocco so often, varied but by Boreal wet and chill; and all because you have tamely, ignobly, submitted yourselves to be Fussiads and Purgiads, or else been crawling dully about Plutus, in nothing honouring Momus, forgetting his high, superfine divinity. Why, have not your very cattle caught from you a strange mysterious infection? And as beauty comes of delight alone—delight, a power, a power divinest (the god here kindled into a lovely enthusiasm, actually singing the word), have not the very images of your gods and heroes become ugly, dismal, graceless,—such things, as were you such, yourselves, your friends would shun, as sourly crazed, or foolish hopelessly?"

"In that Sicilian wood where first he came to us, we snuffed him shrewdly at once, from the divine hilarity beaming through all his shape lithe, clean-built and graceful, and particularly from the little figure of a man in his hand, at which he laughed lightly, yet lovingly, whenever he looked on it.—Go, sweet kidlings, said he, across the sea, and on that great pine-tree, in which I found ye perched together, singing with such wise and gay sweetness that every bird was hushed to listen. Neptune, who is full of me, indeed altogether fascinated; and often leaps up the cliffs to take a peep at me when I sit inland, has, for *my* sake, promised reluctantly to endure ye, and if harsh Boreas opposes, will send a Triton, or a handsome, white and broad-chested Nereid or two, with tresses tinted like Juno's peacocks, to tow ye along, nimbly and ably. Go, covertly wise ones, and raise a good honest laugh amongst this people, eminently dear to the gods of old, but now benighted by many ingenious home-made anxieties. And if at first with nonsense, why so much the better. For some moons of thoughtlessness seem needed even for the best-headed of their grey beards, whose minds already are strained by too much thinking, in which they have made the great mistake of not remembering *me*, not taking *me* with them, as their best friend, and councillor, and moderator. Besides, they have not known that wisdom is a divine inspiration which loves to come (about every second time or so) as a free gift, unteased, unharassed by solicitation; and that, consequently, it is chiefly too much human thinking that hinders her. The child-like part of man, as the gods framed him, is indeed her favourite perch and love-bower and pretty little pavilion, to which it is her prime difficulty to make her way through all the bewildering mazes of thought. Man knows not that instead of raising him up to the divine object of his contemplation, much thinking, most commonly, but drags it down to himself, corrupted, soiled, by his own worst and weakest; that his first glow and flash of thought is, for the most part, his deepest, greatest, best, which, when forgotten, it were his best art to recover. Oh, in bright days of old (in the true grandfatherly times), in precious intervals of thoughtless delight, numberless kinds of pleasant and lovely things were wont to spring up to the voices, and the very fingers' ends of those who sang, piped, carved the beechen bowl. No one knew or cared to ask whence they came; only enjoyment, with much laughter, seemed to clear the ground for their light vernal upspringing. But now the Fussiadæ so restlessly turn up the soil to see whether the seeds are what they ought to be, so burden them with the egregious compost of their morality, that they grow no more; and heavy barrenness extends around. Tell their best elders who will listen, *this;* but let the Purgiads know that I am no slight deity for their patronage—no mere parenthesis of gravity; impiety against me being visited with dreary afflictions that make mad—subjection to Folly: not the light Being falsely called so, but Folly the sad, the awful, *dreary* Frivolity, *solemn* Silliness, which, with the highest language of the gods, builds up anxieties and cares that never, never cease.

"Tell the devotees of awful Nothing that there is nothing so terrible *as* nothing, and the Jupiterians, that Jupiter is fond of Momus. Tell their artisans that they who use their eyes only, behold but the masks of things; that if blinded, they might see the gods better; and tell the ignorant wealthy not to bribe them so to give shape but to their own emptiness. And tell those votaries of Plutus, the god who smothers life with gaudy luxury, drowns it in his narcotic wine, not to waste the rest of their short days in piling up means of idleness and folly in their children, and pursy oblivion of themselves; and whisper to their daughters delicately, that their pride contracts their *features*. Instead of all that Assyrian ceruse, and strange Indian ornaments without, counsel them to wear within a kindly and modest graciousness, and then not only the immortal gods, but constant men, will love them tenderly; and not to puff out their robes so, advise them with like delicacy; for that which gently retires draws after it still the better kind. On these conditions, and if they call me with my favourite hymns of heart-born laughter, and above all, if they receive you, my ambassadors, hospitably, I don't know but that I may return and dwell with them too, when every other bright-eyed deity would certainly follow; since when Momus leads the way, but melancholy Dulness lags behind. Faun-eyed maidens there are, too, where you go, whose charms outnumber the flocks they admirably tend, though these are numerous. If their sonless sires (profitable sages) would grant them to your prayers in marriage, much might ye benefit the race; for grandsons of great Pan are ye—wise, beautiful within (these are the gods' own words benignant), strong in whatsoever renews primæval power, and in sheep-breeding skilled pre-eminently."

But the time was near when, according to many predictions, now followed by earthly warnings, Epomeus—the subterranean terror of that age—was to visit the wide country with earthquake and fiery desolation. The old Sybilline volumes, confirmed by the vaticinations of Purgon, pointing out the hill where stood the temple of the fashionable god Plutus, as *the eminently fortunate, happy spot*, there his congregation retired in great numbers, and piled up their wealth and ornaments. There, as to the only place of security, the men brought their coin and flocks, and the women their Tyrian decorations, sleepily believing that their god was all-powerful beneath as well as above, and with his gold could buy off old Orcus himself. Pooh-poohing other deities as superannuated (or perhaps, rather, as bribed and bought), in *him* they trusted with all the little passion he had left them; notwithstanding a new reading by Polybolipus, who, to *his* reprobate congregation (for by this time a congregation he had) insisted that the "fortunateness," and "happiness," of that elected spot meant simply that there Purgon, and the stifling rubbish of Plutus (Pluto's vicegerent on earth) were to be swept away; divinest of clearances! And indeed so it nearly—*almost* befell. For even whilst that congregation was solemnly hymning its security, and likewise the danger of certain impious neighbours, with whom they had never been on amicable terms, a terrible clap (or crack) of an earthquake brought the columns about their ears, and the lava rolling in the very midst of them. Purgon was forgotten, and from his unwieldiness, and an excess in his "personal libations," would have perished, but that the Satyrs, having rescued Chloe and Progne (compelled by their fathers to be there), returned to extricate him, urged by their strangely imperative and clamorous solicitations. "For else," cried Chloe, "hating him so, I shall always strangely feel as if I had made away with him myself." Their living leather and strong hoofs were beyond estimation in contending with the hot mud and scoriæ. Already had they carried away the three finest women, and three most opulent old men of all the Cumæan shores, their fathers; and now soaringly ambitious to prove their completely-featured humanity to the soft-toed creatures who had despised them, and now stood tremblingly at gaze below, they scaled the boiling hill once more. And loud were the plaudits when they were seen emerging finally with Purgon and three venerable ladies on their backs, even though many thought these last had better have been left behind.

Of course, this raised the Sileni to the height of popularity; and equally, the destruction of the temples of Plutus, and of Sorrow (the latter faring no better), on spots oracularly marked as the *most fortunate*, brought down those deities to the very lowest ebb of repute. Awakening men began to see that the destruction of those gew-gaws, and idealisms of dismality, was a riddance of mere dreary rubbish. The barbaric forms and glare, the oppressive gildings with which Pluto's vicegerent on earth had been encroaching everywhere, the pettiest Egyptian and antiquely-mediæval pencillings, and the pigments which had crept up and up to the very cheek of beauty and modesty itself, the very money which, from the morbid love of it, had begun to adorn girdles and bonnets—all these involved in fiery ruin, seething and bubbling bituminously in that mere cauldron of a hill, with the sacred ban on them, appeared to their thoughts as what they truly *had* been. And when the sun burst forth as never he had been seen to do before, smiling on their desolated fanes, the very Sorrowists whimperingly smiled too, "wavery-mavery" in their belief. It was a mighty revolution, æsthetical, and theological. Sorrow and Gold, the two great corruptors of the human imagination, lost all their votaries. The worship of big-winded phrases, of Nonsense the Unknown, Nonsense in her serious and tremendous form, which saps life and brain, gave way to an enlightened and thoughtlessly pious veneration for Nonsense the *Known*, the *Gay*. And particularly to *Inter-*

stitial Nonsense, by Momus's direct inspiration, altars were raised, as the Nurse divine of brains overtaxed and wearied, round which militating mystagogues, high-flying hierophants, and grey-bearded sybils, previously nicknamed *Aunts of Jupiter*, danced hand in hand on the sunny grass in the pure life-breathing air, and grew unwrinkled rapidly—nay, bloomed into mutual affection. Even Fussius, the Phraseological, the All-wordfull, to whom the weaving of oracular sentences had been the only exquisite luxury, the sound of his own voice the only deeply touching melody, and the ceasing of his own eloquence, the inattention of others, was indeed a mere fading away of existence, finding that no one longer listened to his stately, gorgeous eulogies of sorrow, began to bleat in a pitifully small sheep-like tone on the pious duty of jocundity. But this was merely diluted Purgonism, as he must have known, had he ever attended to any one but himself; and he was simply unheard and overlooked. Whether he yet lived, nobody seemed distinctly to know.

And Purgon, the most noisily hilarious of the new converts, was kicked forth for practically not distinguishing between Momus and Bacchus—Momus and Comus, points of perspicacity which Polybolipean wisdom (now alone listened to) declared vitally needful. Thus were they taught to understand that much calumniated deity—the god of mirth and pleasantry, indeed, *but of such as last*, and therefore are not founded vilely. Not a mere god of ribald jest, and impious malicious sneer, as such slandered by solemn Fraud and dull tyrannic Power, who ever dread and hate him—no: a deity lovingly to venerate, one of humanity's last friends, a finer, more spiritual kind of Esculapius, who will spirit away, even with a smile, pains too subtle and deep for *him*, and which the graver and sager gods could but deepen. And on Olympus is he honoured seriously, because he it is who much alleviates the governmental cares of Jupiter, and often with a sudden flash or smile of a word makes peace, where wisdom only more irritates. And now, pleased with this new delight in him below, he began by inspiring these Ante-Neapolitans to laugh at themselves, and all their recent vagaries. Their favourite objects of sight so happily swept away, they reverted to their natural feelings for the means of complacency and delight, and became, in their lives and emotions even as their simply human grandsires and grandmothers had felt in their love-days. Their laugh was sound in tone—a new tone; their healthy delight trilled forth in beautiful songs, and shaped itself in plastic works, graceful and comely, actually worthy of old times! And whenever they wished to image a god, or accomplish anything divine, Momus's deep hint was not forgotten—namely, to shut their eyes, and even blindfold them, and look within, when their conceptions became incomparably more vivid, nobler, lovelier. Indeed, for their high objects, they were wont to look, not as of late, on the trivialities around them, but blandly into the somewhat irrelevant stars, and from them it was, perhaps, that the spirit of beauty came back to them, and lifted and refined their hearts once more.

Much rivalry perplexing Chloe's father, he offered her, in that æsthetical spirit which Virgil celebrated in *his* Bucolics, to Melibœus or to Polybolipus, whichever sang best of Momus. And Melibœus won; though several thought only because the Silen's verses were too simple and profound for the arbitrators' impenetrative ears. But Momus was still the stay and comfort of the hoofed bard, who, though unsuccessful, was not ungratefully forgotten; for Chloe so pondered in tender long-continued reveries on the philosopher and hero, who had not only unclouded her life, but saved it, that the numerous children she bore her devoted Melibœus were like him to a degree, which, but for his long previous return to Sicily, might have troubled the manly breast of her spouse; the faunish feature which parented this whole Bucolic being fully there. And not merely a fact was it, but a delicately dramatic movement, in infant play ever tickling the parental fancy with its waggish vivacity.

Nor would I give up the belief that our driver was descended from them, although that conclusive little fact was not in evidence—nay, probably, was worn down by sedentary unaired ages; but as already said, the wild glee of his knavery was more than suspicious. When we had fairly started, fidgetty with the fear of being too late for the last train, he suddenly drew up, and signified his intention of alighting and making a neat little pile of our luggage in the middle of the road, unless we then and there engaged to pay him treble the fare. We sat, indeed, in that cab, in the very midst of excellent laws and regulations, but having no time to apply them, we perforce submitted; and at the end of the course he caught and rattled the excessive francs with a delightful grin—a joyous expression—amounting not merely to a frank avowal of his knavery, but to a most hilarious enjoyment of it. Honesty could not have professed itself with a more open candour. My rebukes were outlaughed most triumphantly. It was the pride of superior cleverness—the good-humoured ridicule of foolish facility; and, indeed, on the whole, I felt myself considerably indebted to this very faunish cab-driver, who, for those four extorted francs, dancing to me with Polybolipus and Progne, suggested at least half this paper. May he be weaned, therefore, from such peccadilloes lightly; for they seem distempers of the sun and soil: as soon could one be energetically angry against something wrong in the vine, arising from an excess of their stimulus.

The echoes of underground Herculaneum probably deepened the rumble of the train in rattling past. Torre del Greco, the recent victim of Vesuvius, looked little better than a ruin, with its piles of skeleton houses and blackly muddy streets. Yet the inhabitants of this resort of lava would not leave it, when offered another site by their late king. Castellamare, though now almost a suburb of Naples, and frequented by the bathing *beau-monde*, is even yet scarce safe from the pounce of brigands; for not long ago they carried off some invalids of consideration out of the very baths; and still they find shelter in the woods of Sant Angiolo, which seem to overhang almost immediately all this populous civilisation. Anywhere else the guides would take us gladly; but when we wished to ascend there for the most romantic view of the Salernian gulf, shoulders were shrugged; as if from that point only an ear of us might come down again, addressed to some dear friend as certificate to the demand for a ransom. Very likely, just at first, they would treat us with all the respect and tenderness due to a valuable but most fragile property, cloaking and tucking us up within our misty bed-curtains, and handing us up and down the horrid crags, as if we were gossamer bags stuffed with Napoleons, delicate countesses near their accouchement, devoting to us every titbit. But all this would be only an anxious consideration of our money-value, or, at best, but a transient impulse of savage kindness, which, on a disappointment of their hopes, would give way to contrary and yet kindred impulses of frantic barbarity, kicks and cuffs, and making at one's features with their knives. And now, hurried from place to place, unhoused and unfed, and perhaps from something conspicuous, the favourite mark of our military pursuers, the mental refreshment—delicious exceedingly—would be the fervid realisation of the grim comedy meanwhile enacting at home, as our hat went round amongst dear friends and relatives for the £3,000, or so, fixed as the ransom. What a supremely awkward test of affection, sentiment, and character! Imagination accompanies that hat with impressions that certainly puff not up. But, after all, perhaps, reader, in *your* case, it would, after much inverse ratio of phrases and acts, be suddenly stopped in its circulation by some elderly maiden lady, your maternal relative, who, with a mute smiling tear, would abdicate all her snugness serenely (even were it to an almshouse), rather than that a hair of your head should miserably perish. And, indeed, the recent Moens case itself rebukes those cynical fancies; for the telegraphic flashes of beneficence from the corners of the earth on that occasion (the rajah's proferred lac of rupees, and the Cornhill £8,000), were sublime, and admonish me that, after all, my circulated "wide-awake" would, in its little round, bestir much dozing humanity divinely. So that it were worth while to exchange an ear for a rheumatism in those miserable mountain bivouacs, for the sake of awakening and drawing to oneself so much dormant liberal love, whose existence may not have been known even to its possessors, morally unfortunate hitherto, in having lived without a sufficiently touching appeal to their feelings; which, at last, these profoundly useful brigands, sharp provocatives to virtue (every posthumous blessing on them!), minister.

The terrace-road above the bay on to Vico is all landscape enchantment. On one side overhang those Pompeii-overlooking mountains, curly with silvery shrubs; villages peering at a height, and near their rocky summits. And on the other hand, all the beauties of that bay of bays still accompanied us, beyond the yellow cave-split cliffs beneath, and beyond the pale blue calm of the sea, then razed into streaks of soft warm purple by the light breeze. And wherever a painter would wish it, just there, were those vine-pillared terraces, and long flat-roofed buildings, in one delightful idealising word, so Italian. Some primitive-looking dell, wound through too rapidly, reminds one of Gaspar Poussin, who, in his unsophisticated old way (of late so superciliated by our graphic greenhorns), takes back the thoughts with solemn quietness to the earliest rustical ages; but when such a town as Vico appears, or some stately monastery and church are seen crowning a mount of orange and citron groves, then Turner, elegantly, splendidly lovely in his conceptions, graphic poet of Augustan Italy, is the only painter thought of.

Pæstum being now the object, in the evening we arrived at Salerno, a city magnificent in its position as seen aloof, but internally of little interest. The figures from the neighbouring Appenines, however, were exceedingly picturesque, especially some men in peaked hats, and long

brown cloaks, so dirty, or rather of such a tone, that they seemed to have evaded justice through a sewer. Their appearance suggested thoughts of the secret knife and insect. There had been some questioning about brigands; and this was only a few months before the capture of Mr. Moens on the very road from Salerno to Pæstum; but the protestations of its safety, supported by a printed manifesto, dispelled every doubt. And so to Pæstum we went, over a solitary open country like a Scotch heath, but for the wild vines wantoning amongst the low vegetation, and in Scotch weather, through a cold drizzle, in woollen comforters; though this was Magna Græcia, the southern limit of the whole excursion.

Striking is the Grecian serenity of the temple of Neptune, the finest of the three groups of ruins, and a pure Doric of the age of the Parthenon. Though of far massier proportions than that perfect masterpiece of Hellenic Art (and of purely intellectual beauty in architecture, as distinguished from the solemn awfulness and rich wild fancy of other styles), the parts are so harmoniously balanced, that the whole looks light—nay, in its clear warm colour, untarnished by urban pollution, too spiritual to fall and crush you, and rather of the visionary sort that airily vanishes. The two other structures, however, are in a corrupted style; stupid and barbarous novelties in them destroying the Hellenic power symmetry and refinement. Of the temple of Neptune (whose sturdier simplicity, by-the-bye, is as characteristic of the rock-bursting Poseidon, as the ornate shapely elegance of the Parthenon is of Athenæ, mistress of civil arts), every pillar remains; and the pavement is nearly perfect, though in every slab rimmed round with vegetation. The day cleared. In the hot sunshine the columns were brightened from beneath with that reflected light which looks so like the light of reflection. A slanting gleam fell on a little autumnal brake in the very sanctuary; and in that bright stillness, at the end of the vista of pillars, Neptune was more divinely represented by an horizon of calm blue sea even than by the sculptor's art.

Temples erected to beautiful Nonentities! Three lonely fossils of some forgotten time more beautiful than ours! Questions you ask them; but how silent they are! Except the Athenian ruins, the Posidonians have here left us the noblest of the existing remains of Greek architecture; and their lonely stability contrasts sublimely with the oblivion of Posidonia, and of its people themselves. Nothing else of them appears but the surrounding city walls; and it was only after being led over a marshy field or two, and looking into a hole like that of a rustic well, that any object was seen to aid us further in shaping those votarists of Neptune, and the peculiar style of their fancies. For there, thus earthed, was a tiny sepulchral cell, lined with paintings, not all defaced by the damps of 2,400 years; and most pleasingly responsive to one's ideality it was, to find them in that spirited Homeric style, which probably Flaxman brought to its supreme dramatic height only a few years ago. Here was a warrior with the true Greek crest and flying mantle, a lion, a harpy, and some other beast preying on a poor fawn, proving that here also cruel superstitions haunted men's minds and graves in those forgotten times. These spirited sketches answering some of my questions, during lunch in Poseidon's sanctuary, I was imagining more distinctly many things about these Posidonians, when a certain figure came and leant against one of the columns—such a figure, that my heart hinted it might be as well to inquire something after that also. It was a little boy, whose very nurse had been malaria; its complexion pale, swine-coloured; its eyes mere shadows; its mouth dusky with some eruption; thin else, but its little stomach swollen piteously. It evidently had but faint perceptions; only the usual mendicant instinct seeming developed at all considerably; yet our wine (cautiously qualified) did not cheer it, nor yet the residuary drumsticks, nor the grapes. It did not say *grazia* till told to do so. Only on handling the *centissimi* did it brighten into such a shadow of a smile as it was capable of. Such was the little Posidonian; a strange contrast to the mighty Dorian column against which it leant, not perhaps altogether without need of the support. Antique fancies grew faint before it. The extreme unhealthiness of the spot appeared in the strong smell drawn by the heat from the rank watery vegetation, which is, however, beautifully luxuriant. The acanthus leaves which suggested the foliage of the Corinthian capital can scarcely have been finer than those growing on the steps of this temple; but one or two scorpions waiting beside them much unsettled one's admiration. Nor was the lonely road all the way back without hints of danger of another kind. Enough of brigands had been said to warrant the expectation of some few precautions at least—patrols on the road, or a picket of soldiers in one of the villages; but all was solitary. Nevertheless, said we, we are certainly safe; and this public manifesto, signed by the commandant, or the syndic, is a sufficient guarantee of it. "By-the-bye, who, and what is he?" We looked, and behold, the signature was only that of M. Magno, the landlord of the hotel. It was the very document with which he assured Mr. Moens some few months afterwards; and where we thus inspected it, near Battipaglia, whilst waiting by the ferry, was the very spot where Mr. Moens was taken.

W. P. Bayley.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

Edinburgh.—The annual meeting of the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland was held in this city in the month of July. The secretary, Mr. Cornillon, read the report, which stated that twenty-six paintings and thirteen water-colour drawings had been purchased from the last exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, value £1,596 9*s.*; and that there would be included in the present distribution six original sketches, by eminent artists, illustrative of Scott's novel of "Guy Mannering," value £25 5*s.* each, and fifty statuettes from Mr. Steell's statue of the late Professor Wilson, value £2 2*s.* each—the total value of the present drawing being £1,858 19*s.* Each subscriber would this year receive a volume containing six engravings illustrative of "Guy Mannering," similar to those of "Waverley," given last year, and next year would be given similar illustrations from Scott's "Antiquary." During the year just closed 5,202 members had been enrolled, being an increase over last year of 649. The subscriptions for the year amounted to £5,462. The number of prizes distributed was ninety-five, of which twelve were allotted to subscribers in England, three to those in Ireland, and ten to those resident in India and the colonies. The remaining seventy became the property of Scottish subscribers.

Bath.—A meeting of those interested in the School of Design established in this city was held on the 24th of July, to receive the report of the committee, and to distribute the prizes to those pupils who had proved themselves entitled to them. The report stated that the school has had during the past session a larger number of pupils than at any portion of the last eight years; and while in 1864 the payments amounted only to the sum of about £67, in the year terminating on the 25th of March last they had reached to rather beyond £118.

Birmingham will contribute somewhat largely to the Universal Exhibition of 1867: between forty and fifty manufacturers have announced their intention to be competitors for honours. The list includes the names of the leading Art-manufacturers and many producers of utilities.

Ipswich.—Mr. W. T. Griffiths, head-master of the School of Design, had recently presented to him by his pupils a valuable gold watch and chain, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his services.

Liverpool.—Mr. Thornycroft's equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort is to be erected near the south end of the open space in front of St. George's Hall.

Southampton.—The Hampshire and Isle of Wight Loan Exhibition, announced in the *Art-Journal* for July, has been opened in the Hartley Institution, Southampton. The Fine Arts' department is especially good, containing examples of Paul Veronese, Murillo, Rubens, Guido, Guercino, Greuze, Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, and other deceased masters. Among later artists—living or dead—who are represented, are, F. R. Lee, R.A., by several pictures; Holman Hunt, by his 'Awakening Conscience;' J. E. Millais, R.A., by 'Going to Church;' D. Roberts, R.A., by two works, one of them, 'Interior of Cordova Cathedral.' 'The Flight of the Pagan Deities on the Birth of Christianity,' by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., is also in the gallery: so also are numerous fine landscapes, contributed by Dr. Clarke, a local connoisseur, the works of the lamented F. L. Bridell. The water-colour collection has some excellent examples of David Cox, Prout, Copley Fielding, Haftel, Fripp, &c.

Strathfieldsaye.—The monument of Baron Marochetti, in memory of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, is now completed. It consists of a lofty column resting on a plinth, &c., accessible by stone steps, and surmounted by a statue of the great warrior and statesman: the whole measuring upwards of eighty feet in height. On each side of a massive block of granite above the plinth is an appropriate inscription; one of these runs thus:—"Erected by Arthur Richard, second Duke of Wellington, and the tenants, servants, and labourers on the estate of his father, as a token of affection and respect."

Windsor.—Miss Durant has been entrusted by the Queen with the execution of a monument to be erected in St. George's Chapel, near that of the wife of his youth, the Princess Charlotte, to the memory of the late King of the Belgians. The work is completed as far as the clay model, and may thus be described:—The aged monarch is represented as stretched on the bed of death, by the side of which lies crouched but with head erect, the Belgian lion, on whose shaggy mane the right hand of the departing King has dropped and rests in quiet strength. On the other side of the couch stand two guardian angels, presenting two shields emblazoned with the arms of England and Belgium. The effect of the whole group is that of peace and repose—of a calm end after a busy, restless life.

York.—The Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition, to which we made reference at some length in our number for July, was opened with much ceremony towards the end of the month; the Archbishop of York and many of the nobility and leading gentry of the county took a prominent part in the proceedings. We understand that the contributions to all departments of the exhibition exceed the most sanguine expectations of its promoters, and that everything tends towards a very successful result. The building has been erected expressly for it, is of considerable extent, standing upon about an acre and a half of ground, and is highly picturesque in design; not unlike a Swiss *chalet* on a large scale: a lithographic view of it is before us. The architects are Messrs. J. B. and W. Atkinson and Mr. E. Taylor.

OBITUARY.

FRANK HOWARD.

The death of this artist took place on the 4th of July. He was son of the late Henry Howard, R.A., and at one time was tolerably well known in the Art-community of London, though he never attained the position he might have reached had he better understood his own powers: he failed because he over-estimated his strength; or, rather, misapplied his talents by aiming at the realisation of subjects beyond his reach.

Mr. Howard answered the appeal made to the artists of Great Britain by the Royal Commission for rebuilding, &c., the Houses of Parliament, by sending, in 1843, to the exhibition in Westminster Hall three cartoons for pictures of the following subjects:—'Una coming to seek the Assistance of Gloriana,' an allegory of the Reformed Religion seeking the aid of England, suggested by Spenser's *Fairie Queen*; 'The Introduction of Christianity into England;' and 'Bruce's Escape on the Retreat from Dalry.' For the first of these drawings—it was one of considerable merit—Mr. Howard was awarded one of the ten extra prizes of £100 each. He did not, however, if we remember rightly, follow up this success when the frescoes were exhibited in 1844; but to the final exhibition, in 1847, of oil-pictures and sculptures he contributed 'The Night Surprise of Cardiff Castle by Ivor Bach,' &c.: a work which rather detracted from his reputation than added anything to it.

The name of this painter is rarely to be found among the exhibitors at the Royal Academy, &c. In the catalogue of the British Institution for the year 1842, it appears against a picture entitled 'Spenser's Fairie Queen, containing Portraits of Queen Elizabeth and her Court;' and in the same year he exhibited at the Academy, 'The Adoration of the Magi,' 'Suffer Little Children to come unto Me,' and 'The Rescue of Cymbeline by Belisarius and others.' We have no subsequent record of works exhibited by him at the Academy or elsewhere.

Probably his want of success induced him to remove several years ago to Liverpool, where he earned, as one of our contemporaries asserts, a precarious livelihood by painting and teaching; and where, we regret to learn, he died in much distress. Undoubtedly, Mr. Howard had talents which should have preserved him from a miserable end.

WILLIAM HOOKHAM CARPENTER, F.S.A.

As a writer upon Art, and, still more, as Keeper of the Collection of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, during a period of above twenty years, Mr. Carpenter's name has long been familiar in Art-circles. He died at his official residence on the 12th of July, at the advanced age of seventy-five years.

He was son of the late Mr. James Carpenter, bookseller and publisher in Old Bond Street, a man whose tastes and inclinations associated him much with the artists of the time, and whose knowledge of Art was not inconsiderable. His house was the great mart in its day for the best Art-literature, illustrated or not; from it issued Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," "The Works of Bonington," "Burnet on Painting," and many others. Mr. William H. Carpenter was for many years a partner in the business of his father, and this naturally produced in him a similarity of tastes and pursuits, which well qualified him for the responsible post he was destined to fill. Before, however, he received his appointment at the British Museum, he had earned literary repute by the publication of an excellent edition of Spence's "Anecdotes," and by his "Pictorial Notices of Vandyke and his Contemporaries," a valuable and most interesting volume of biography. It was published in 1844, and, in all probability, proved the "stepping-stone" that conducted him the following year into the Print-room of the British Museum, on the death of Mr. Josi. In this apartment Mr. Carpenter laboured diligently, bringing his knowledge and judgment concerning the merits and value of drawings and engravings by the old masters to bear in such a manner, that the national collection has been almost doubled under his direction, and has altogether greatly increased in value. Among the most important additions may be mentioned the Coningham collection of early Italian engravings, obtained in 1845; selections from etchings by Rembrandt which belonged to Lord Aylesford and Baron Verstolk, with some Dutch drawings also from the Verstolk collection; a large number of valuable prints acquired by Sir Thomas Lawrence; some fine drawings by Michel Angelo, purchased from descendants of the great Florentine artist; and a remarkable volume of drawings by Jacopo Bellini, to secure which, Mr. Carpenter was sent, in 1855, on a mission to Venice. Neither must we forget to mention the vast additions he caused to be made to the collection of engraved British portraits. One of the last valuable purchases for which the public is indebted to him is the original drawing by Raffaelle of the 'Garvagh' Holy Family, the picture now in the National Gallery. The sum of £600 was paid for the drawing, which belonged to the late Dr. Wellesley, whose large collection of drawings and engravings by the old masters was somewhat recently sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Co., realising a very large sum.

In his official capacity, Mr. Carpenter acquired much respect for his courtesy to all who desired information concerning the works in his charge: among his friends and personal acquaintances he was held in affectionate regard. He married, many years ago, Miss Geddes, a lady who still survives him, herself an admirable portrait-painter, but not a daughter, as has been stated in some notices, of the late Andrew Geddes, A.R.A. Their son, Mr. William Carpenter, inherits much of his mother's talent, and has painted some good portraits; especially of persons resident in India, where he settled for a few years. He exhibited at the Royal Academy this season, 'Entrance to a Mosque at Islamabad, Cashmere.'

Mr. Carpenter was made a member of the Amsterdam Academy of Fine Arts in 1847, was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, and served on the Committee for managing the department of British Engravings in the International Exhibition of 1862.

Mr. Reid, who for a long period assisted, and most efficiently, Mr. Carpenter in the Print Room of the British Museum, has been appointed to the post made vacant by his death. It is in every way one of great responsibility, and requiring much knowledge of Art; we are glad to know it is occupied by a gentleman whose qualifications eminently fit him to hold it.

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.

In referring from time to time to those products of industrial Art which owe their embellishment to the process known as electrotyping, we have always expressed regret that this imitative means has not been more extensively applied to the reproduction of Fine Art. The subject forces itself upon our attention from its perfect applicability to the repetition in metal of the finest models of the sculptor and designer, from the smallest to the largest—from a heroic statue to a medallion of the most delicate surface. That there is nothing hypothetical in what is here advanced, the copy of the bronze gate at Pisa, executed by Messrs. Franchi, and placed in the museum at South Kensington, sufficiently attests. This is to be followed by a copy of one of the famous gates of the baptistry of St. John, at Florence, by Ghiberti, that containing the Old Testament history, and it is now in progress. Of these gates there are three: two by Lorenzo Ghiberti, the second presenting events in the life of our Saviour. The third, by Andrew Pisano, records the life of John the Baptist, and it is to be hoped that Messrs. Franchi will reproduce the whole; indeed, the Old Testament panels are in progress. Let the artist or the connoisseur examine these panels with a certain recollection of the originals in the Piazza del Duomo, at Florence; they will confess that the shrewdest cunning of artistic modelling could never realise any imitation that could furnish such casts, setting aside the impossibility of a manipulated model. The ordinary process of metal casting is entirely out of the field. Indeed, in the battery and the bath the operator has servants equal in power even to the slave of the lamp in the Eastern tale.

In notices of mixed, industrial, and other exhibitions, which have appeared in the *Art-Journal*, attention has been called to beautiful imitations of *repoussé* work and *cinque-cento arabesque* chasings from compositions of the boldest, to others of the most delicate character, but not without—in the inevitable commendation—expressions of disappointment at the limits to which the repetitions were confined.

To refer directly, but briefly, to the business statistics of the process:—The prices charged by Messrs. Franchi for these works place within the reach of persons of very moderate means reproductions of the most precious works of sculptural Art—prices now numbering in shillings what some years ago must have been pounds. For example, the ewer and salver by Ascanio, pupil of Cellini—valuable relics in the Louvre—have been copied by this process and gilt for £15. By the old method of manipulative copying, such a work in silver gilt would cost from £150 to £200, and then the imitation could not be otherwise than imperfect. The value of the silver at per ounce in the original may be £40; and this has been the manner of estimating such works—a kind of appraisement which is beginning to be superseded by an estimate of such objects as works of Art.

The simple mechanical principle by which they are executed is commonly known; and the electrotyping of bassi-relievi medals, *tazze*, salvers, &c., may seem sufficiently easy, but it is not so when the figures or objects approach the round. In such cases the undercutting is the difficulty, and for this a matrix presenting the most perfect detail is, of course, indispensable. This is obtained by gelatine or gutta-percha: the finest moulds we have seen have been given by the latter, which repeats every line even to the tenuity of a hair. In order to show that too much has not been said with regard to round figures, we instance two now in course of completion by Messrs. Franchi. These are the half life-sized statues of our Saviour and St. John, at Pisa, by Gian Bologna. In working from the round, it is necessary to make the moulds on the figures piece by piece, according to the design and the convenience of reconstruction. Thus, many figures might be moulded in two pieces; but if very angular, like Michael Angelo's anatomical figure, several junctions will be necessary, and a question remains as to the concealment of these seams. It must be premised that the sections have been

made with the most perfect exactitude; when, therefore, the different parts are fitted to their respective places, they are found to be according to the precise proportions of the original. The junctions are completed by silver solder, which, of course, shows the joints; but this having been worked down, the figure is again subjected to the action of the battery, and these seams disappear in the general evenness of the bronze surface. When this has been accomplished, the work is finished. It is not necessary to relieve the surface of that general roughness which is always the result of ordinary metal castings, and which, when not effected by an artist, often destroys the beauty of the modelling. To sculptors electro-casting offers great advantages. On the economy of repeating a statue in metal by this means we need not insist, and the lightness of the mass affords an unusual facility for placing it in its site; and what to an artist is a paramount consideration, his work touch for touch is reproduced. According to the ordinary process of metal casting, all works are subject to a certain amount of "shrinkage," which may or may not be generally even; on the other hand, the electrotype leaves the work by the most accurate measurement of the same size as the original. Of the most remarkable of these works, some of which may be seen at the Museum at South Kensington, are:—A suit of armour, from the original in the Musée de l'Artillerie, at Paris; it is of the sixteenth century, damascened and embossed, richly ornamented with figures and foliage—one of the most beautiful productions in its department of Art. A vase of early seventeenth century work, ornamented with bands of foliage and engraved hunting subjects; the original is silver-gilt, and is in the Kensington Museum. A cup and cover of modern French work: it is jewelled in divisions, and the cover is surmounted by a boy with cymbals. A salver in silver gilt *repoussé;* Italian of the sixteenth century. The subject is the African expedition of Charles V. This is from the Louvre; and another salver from the Louvre shows groups of mounted combatants, with—for a centre piece—a recumbent figure of a river deity; also of modern French work. In the centre is Juno, surrounded by medallions of exquisite execution, presenting the Triumph of Galatea, Venus on the Sea, Apollo pursuing Daphne, and Europa carried off by Jupiter in the form of a bull. The border has groups of cupids divided by masks and ornamental work. Such works alone were sufficient to show the capabilities of this method of copying. The genius of the bath, like him of the lamp, shrinks from no labour; he is not discouraged by any difficulty; there is nothing that the manipulative cunning of the hand of man can frame that he cannot imitate. Time has been, and in our own country too, when the possession of such an Art would have brought a man to the stake to expiate by a most cruel death an undoubted collusion with the great enemy of mankind. Among other works by Messrs. Franchi, well worthy of attention, is a small circular composition of those medals which have been issued as prizes by the Council of the Art-Union. They are arranged in a small circular plateau which is intended as the tray of an inkstand. On this the usual mould is made, and the tray comes out with the medals set in it, having a perfection of surface equal to that of the originals.

Thus, there is nothing of artistic worth that is not reproducible by this means. Whether we consider the products with regard to their beauty or their mere mercantile value, the advantages are such as are procurable in no other way. The ordinary methods of casting, followed by chasing, are not to be thought of in comparison with the electrotype. Whatever may be the merit of the cast, the hand of the chaser will destroy the identity of the work. Messrs. Franchi, as far as we know, are the only electrotypists who devote themselves exclusively to Fine Art, and the whole of the process is carried out on their own premises, which are situated No. 16, Myddelton Street, Clerkenwell.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

This, the thirtieth exhibition of the prizes of the Art-Union, is for the second time held in the gallery of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, and there undoubtedly the pictures are seen to greater advantage than in Suffolk Street, where they were necessarily so widely distributed. Acting on a principle which was found serviceable to prize-holders last year, the Council purchased judiciously at private views a certain number of works, from which prize-holders had the privilege of selection, in addition to the larger field of the exhibitions. According to the limited experiments hitherto made, this course has been found advantageous as obviating in some degree the complaints that many of the best works were already sold before prize-holders had an opportunity of selection. Those thus acquired by the Council are 'The Brook—Winter,' G. A. Williams, £15; 'Old Mill in Kent,' R. H. Wood, £10; 'In Burnham Beeches,' G. A. Williams, £15; 'Luzern from the Lake,' G. A. Stanfield, £100: 'A Mountain Lake,' North Wales, R. Harwood, £30; and 'A Rough Road over the Heath,' G. Cole, £40; all of which have that degree of merit that renders it most probable they would not have been left to the option of late buyers. The highest prizes of this year are—one £250, one £200, three of £150 each, four of £100, six at £75, &c. The first mentioned is 'Drawing Timber in Picardy,' by R. Beavis, the life of which is a very spirited team of horses drawing a heavy load of timber up a hill; that of £200 is a drawing by Birket Forster, called 'Winterbourne—Isle of Wight,' differing in kind from the subjects usually taken up by Mr. Forster, as showing a child feeding peacocks. Of those of £150, the most remarkable is 'Deborah sitting in Judgment,' by Henry Warren, taken from the 4th chapter of Judges—"And Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time"—the "palm-tree of Deborah," under which she is here seen sitting in judgment, is mentioned in Stanley's Lectures on the Jewish Church. The prizes of £100 are—'A Dutch Vessel entering Shields Harbour,' E. Hayes; 'Luzern from the Lake,' G. C. Stanfield, in which we see the covered bridge whereon Holbein painted his 'Dance of Death;' 'Happy Idleness,' Mrs. Robbinson; and 'Scene on the Little Neath, Glamorganshire,' J. C. Ward; those of £75 are—'A Carp Pond, at Ockham, Surrey,' E. J. Cobbett; 'Louis XI. endeavouring to obtain the Secret of her Lover's Name from Marie de Commines,' E. Kennedy—a scene from Delavigne's Louis XI.; 'Whitby Harbour,' E. J. Niemann; 'Eventide,' E. N. Downard; 'Gipsy Girls,' E. Shayer; and 'A Berkshire Mill-race,' C. J. Lewis. The number of pictures and drawings given as prizes is 150; in addition to which there is 'Hebe,' a head in marble, by Robert Physick; 'The Fall of the Rebel Angels,' by R. Jefferson; and the 'Flowery May,' by E. W. Wyon; a pair of bas-reliefs in fictile ivory, a vase in *repoussé*, with Cupid and Psyche in relief by J. Barkentin, and a bronze medallion inkstand—which is mentioned also under the head Electro-Metallurgy in the present number of the *Art-Journal*. In the tray or plateau on which the ink vase stands, are set the bronze medals which have been at different times struck by the Art-Union in commemoration of men who have signalised themselves in the Arts and in letters, and on the rim of the tray are engraven the lines—

> "Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
> Such men are not forgot as soon as cold."

Of these inkstands twenty are allotted as prizes; also 100 "Psyche" vases, 80 porcelain busts of the Prince of Wales, 60 sets of photographs, 200 volumes of Etchings by Brandard, 100 silver medals commemorative of Benjamin West, P.R.A.; in short, in addition to the volume of engravings received by each member there will have been, with the Parian busts due to those who have subscribed ten years without gaining a prize, a distribution of 1,243 prizes. The sum allotted for the purchase of works was £5,465: the total amount expended by the Art-Union in the promotion of Art is £340,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Art-Journal."

DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

Dear Sir,—Interested as you are in promoting a knowledge and taste for the Arts, not only as they are decorative, but as tending to increase the decencies and comforts of life, I think some account of a new set of dwelling-houses for the industrial classes will be pleasant to you. Before joining the gathering and luncheon which were to celebrate "the opening day," I had to call for a friend at one of the finest of the West End clubs, and I was taken over the place, and was shown all the glories of the drawing-room, with its wonderful upholstery; the luxurious reading-room; the library, with its quiet wealth of books; the beautiful staircase and vestibules; the whole building seemed a temple to Comfort,—that idol of English life. Having thus visited the very highest condition to which the art of Englishmen can carry real life without regard to expense, I was anxious to see how far the same sentiment had prevailed in the buildings destined for the industrial classes—for the men who go forth to their labour in the morning until the evening.

We drove through some of the most dingy and densely populated streets in the low neighbourhood lying between the Strand and the City Road. The streets through which we passed were narrow, dirty, and ugly; the houses in general had the aspect of being out of repair, shaking one's faith in everything—except *Bugs*. One felt grieved to think of human beings having to carry on their natural lives under such conditions, to say nothing of being expected to work hard, and to keep all the commandments besides. It is not easy to do good in this world, but in streets and dwellings like these the difficulties are increased manyfold.

At last we reached City-Garden Row, the goal of expedition—a short and very dirty street, crowded with men, women, and children, with a few policemen to keep, not the crowd, but the visitors, in their proper places, for they showed a perverse tendency to come *in* at the end appropriated for driving *out*. The men and women lounging about were black and unwashed, but not at all bad looking; the children were urchins of the London type. The windows of the houses were crowded as well as the street; the sashes were removed to give increased facilities, and even the roofs were thronged. A few flags were displayed, looking like tokens of goodwill. All seemed to regard the visitors, and the carriages, and the new buildings, with good-tempered curiosity, but without seeming to realise that it was for them this effort at comfort had been attempted.

The new buildings are in three blocks, each standing side by side, and each six stories from the basement. The plan may be described as a parallelogram, having a frontage of fifty-six feet by a depth of forty-four feet, divided into four sections by a party wall in the centre. A passage runs through the middle of each wing; the passage and the staircase are both under the cover of the roof. The staircase is fireproof, and reaches from the basement to the roof; and on each floor the wall of the staircase next the street is broken by a balcony, which lets in the light, and may be used either for flowers or for pots and pans. From each landing there is a short passage of stone, with a narrow paving of red and black baked tiles in the centre. This passage has a door on the side and another door at the end, each furnished with a knocker and handle, like respectable front doors as they are. Each door leads into a separate domicile. There is an air of comfort and contrivance in the design, similar in kind to what is found in the flats intended for a higher class of occupants in Pimlico. The windows are very good; they are French windows on an improved plan; the lower part does not open at all, but the upper part opens wide like two glass doors, so that there is abundance of fresh air secured, while there is no danger of children falling out. The windows are well made, and close tightly. The domiciles comprise three-roomed tenements, and

those with only two rooms. The larger dwellings contain a good-sized parlour in front, with two windows, one looking on the balcony; the fireplace is a little beyond the centre, leaving room for a bed, if it be desirable to turn it into a bedroom. There is a good cupboard, with a sideboard top. Then there is the kitchen, furnished with shelves in every available place, and cupboards, which are great comforts; a good kitchen range, containing boiler and oven. Out of this kitchen is a washhouse or scullery, containing a water-cistern, a fireplace, a copper for washing, a dust-shoot, and a water-closet. The two-roomed tenements are fitted with exactly the same conveniences as the larger ones, the only difference being the extra room. Close to the ceilings of each room is a ventilator, which communicates with air-shafts running through the centre of the chimney-stacks: the air in these shafts is rarified by the warmth of the flues, and it keeps up a constant flow of natural ventilation. All the rooms are eight feet high. The drainage is effected by stoneware pipes, which pass from the washhouse into the common sewer. The dust-shaft takes all the dust down to a common covered receptacle at the base of the building.

The great improvement and novelty is, however, the utilisation of the space used for the roof. This roof is flat, and formed of composite: it extends over the whole of the building. It is a charming place, and a portion of it covered in made a delightful tent, where the hungry visitors were regaled with an excellent luncheon. The roof is surrounded by a wall breast high. This roof is common property, and can be used either as a drying-ground or a place of social recreation (there is space enough for an open air meeting). It would make a delightful play place for children amid the groves of chimney pots, if they can be kept from climbing the low wall which alone stands between them and destruction; but this one risk is less than the numerous dangers of the streets. The highest rent asked for these tenements is 7*s.* a week, and the lowest 5*s.* 3*d.* The rent diminishes according to the height from the ground. One family had already moved in, and were settling their goods undisturbed by the bustle of so many visitors; they had turned the key of their door, and were as secure from intrusion as though they had lived in a detached house. They gave a good-tempered nod to those visitors who glanced through their window that looked on the balcony. On the whole, the impression made by this effort to give good things to the working class is very cheering, and the result, as a mere money investment on the part of the promoters of the enterprise, is satisfactory; the houses already in occupation pay a dividend of five per cent. on the capital expended. It is the simple result of an honest endeavour to give a good article at a reasonable price: it is fair to both sides. There is, however, still room for improvement in some of the details; for instance, the cost of giving good taste to the adornments of the rooms would not be more than the want of it which prevails. The paper-hangings are fresh and clean, but the patterns are of an unmitigated ugliness, which is painful to the eye; an inoffensive pattern would be just as cheap, and contribute to educate a sense of good taste. The mantel-pieces are daubed coarsely with black paint, streaked with yellow veins; plain colour, or a better imitation of marble, would not be a heavy addition to the contractor's outlay. It would be an improvement, too, if the passages were formed entirely of stone or composite, for the little black and red tiles are laid down so roughly that very little would displace them. It is difficult to calculate the unconscious influence of pretty objects to brighten and cheer the spirits; the civilising habits they foster are far beyond the mere money they represent. The English working class need to have their sense of beauty aroused and directed. Why should taste be so dear among us? and why should cheap things be ugly in colour and shape? However, this movement for improving the dwellings of the industrial classes is a good work, that will have a great influence for good on those for whom it is intended.

One of the Visitors.

MR. MORBY'S PICTURES.

When we can discover the whereabouts of any of those pictures that during their brief season have been the texts of much of the gossip of the exhibition rooms, it is profitable to consider them, when removed from the glare by which they are inevitably surrounded in the great gatherings of the year. On a visit to the rooms of Mr. Morby, in Cornhill, we were glad to find there, 'A Spate in the Highlands,' by P. Graham; a type of that kind of painting which has been all but extinguished by the countless following of what is considered the school of local and objective reality. To this work its sojourn in the Academy was a *mauvais quart-d'heure*—an ordeal to which it will never again perhaps be subjected, having been flanked by canvases containing an incredible force of colour. The word "spate," be it known to Southern readers, is Anglicè flood; the scene, therefore, is that of a Highland river overflooded and rushing madly from the hills through a moorland country. The clouds are still in waiting on the mountain sides, as if unwilling to resign their mastery of the situation, and the clay-coloured current comes on, leaping and exulting, from the destruction of a venerable bridge a short distance up the pass, which has not been able to withstand its force. The picture is evidently a composition intended to represent certain features of Highland scenery, and its success is confirmed by the sensation of Scotch mist that is instantly experienced on coming within its focus.

In Mr. Morby's gallery the visitor often stands unconsciously surrounded by the gems of many seasons, which gravitate thither by some means at the will of the proprietor. Thus from these agroupments of pictorial wealth were drawn forth examples of a time gone by as well as of the freshest impulses of our own and other schools,—works by Maclise, Stanfield, Roberts, Phillip, Linnell, Creswick, Callcott, Holman Hunt, John Lewis, Ansdell, Rosa Bonheur, Edouard Frère, Jerome, Ruiperez—indeed an endless variety, comprehensive of every class of subject. With impressions very vivid of certain remarkable pictures, from having recently seen them on the walls of the Academy and elsewhere, we turn to the same works, disembarrassed of the importunities of violent colours, and find them in quieter society, much enhanced in value. Instances of this are—Yeames's picture, 'Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Ambassador after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew;' 'The Irish Rent-Day,' by Nicol; 'Kept in,' by the same artist; 'Landing Salmon,' Hook; 'The Royalist and the Puritan,' F. R. Pickersgill; 'The Vale of Glendovery,' F. Danby, &c. There are very few who paint with such an equality of excellence as T. Faed; in everything he does the evidences of mature study are unquestionable: yet, how valuable soever antecedent works may have been, he has never before reached the qualities shown in his 'Pot-Luck,' the subject of which is simply two children feeding chickens. It is a work worthy of exhibition by itself. By Linnell's is an extraordinary picture, called 'Abraham's Sacrifice:' by one of Mr. Linnell's sons is a Campagna Pastoral of much classic beauty. 'Cattle among the Welsh Mountains,' by Auguste Bonheur, is the best picture we have ever seen by this artist—the effect as that of sunlight is entirely successful; another study of animals, by Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, presents a group of sheep on a piece of cliff pasture near the sea—it has all the finish usually seen in her works; 'Morning Prayer,' Holman Hunt, is a small picture, showing a girl in humble life kneeling in prayer before quitting her chamber; 'The Shooting Pony,' by Ansdell, is carefully wrought, but it is surpassed by his 'Sporting Dogs and Dead Game:' the plumage of the birds cannot be surpassed; 'La Bolera,' by Phillip, is a spirited study of a Spanish woman dancing; and by the same there is 'Returning from the Fountain—Andalusia;' and of high merit also are 'The Harvest Home,' F. Goodall; 'Imogen,' by Dicksee, also 'Joan of Arc,' by the same; 'View in Surrey,' Creswick; 'Maternal Affection,' E. Frère; 'The Fern Gatherer,' W. C. T. Dobson, &c. &c.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AT OSBORNE.

SPANISH CONTRABANDISTAS.

J. Phillip, R.A., Painter. W. Ridgway, Engraver.

Every phase of society among us—grave and gay—rich, middle-class, and poor—urban and rural—has its representative illustrators; and every speciality of landscape may be seen on the walls of our picture-galleries. Nor do our artists limit themselves to what is found at home; the whole world lies open to them, and there are few parts which have not been traversed by them or by others who have enabled them to transfer the rough sketches of the unprofessional artist to canvas. No foreign painters travel to the same extent as our own; so that by means of their labours our countrymen, who have neither time nor opportunity to leave the shores of England, are not left in ignorance of the manners, customs, and scenery of other nations. We look in vain through the continental galleries of modern Art for the same variety of subject as ours exhibit. German, Belgian, and French artists rarely come here to look at us *pictorially*, and still more rarely to sketch our lovely scenery; if they studied the latter, they would become better landscape-painters; for we believe our varied climate, with its alternating effects of light and shade, its sunshine and its clouds, our green woods and meadows, and our purple hills, have been, and are, the chief means whereby this branch of British Art has secured and maintained its decided superiority over that of all other schools.

By the gracious permission of her Majesty, we are allowed to include Mr. Phillip's large and fine picture of 'Spanish Contrabandistas' in this series of engravings. It is, perhaps, the best of the numerous representations of Spanish life this artist has painted, inasmuch as it contains more of incident than usual. On the coast of Spain smuggling is carried on to a considerable extent, and the officers of the government are not unfrequently brought into deadly conflict with those engaged in the lawless occupation. Such appears to have been the case here. A smuggler, or contrabandist, is brought home desperately wounded, and is laid on the floor of the house; it may be presumed he has been there some little time, for there is evidence in the utensils close at hand that efforts have been made to staunch the wounds, and, also, by the crucifix which the right hand still holds, that he has felt the near approach of death. His wife, having raised his head from the ground, and rested it on her knee, holds a small hand-glass to his pale face to ascertain if any breath of life still remains in him. Bending over him, as if to ascertain his fate, is the dying, or dead, man's richly-caparisoned mule, which has doubtless served him well on many unlawful expeditions. The smugglers have evidently been tracked home by the *guarda-costas*, as one of them stands by a small window, carbine in hand, to repel an attack, and another, on the opposite of the picture, is concealing hurriedly any booty they may have captured. The story throughout is told in a manner at once intelligent and perspicuous; it is dramatically yet naturally placed on the canvas; and is painted with all that richness of colour which the artist knows so well how to employ.



MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The future of the Royal Academy may now be considered settled, in so far as concerns their occupancy of the galleries in Trafalgar Square. For although Mr. Beresford Hope and eighteen other members made a stout fight on their behalf, a very large majority of the House of Commons has resolved on their removal. If the members adhere to their resolution not to take a site at Burlington House, there remains nothing but South Kensington; for if they are too poor to erect a building when they obtain the ground free, they certainly cannot look for a site in the heart of London. We cannot but believe that if Sir Francis Grant and Sir Edwin Landseer, instead of stating through the newspapers that the Academy would give nothing to get all they wanted, or had expressed the readiness of the body to meet all such requirements as the country was justified in demanding, the result would have been very different from what it is. Hereafter, there can be no movement in the matter. The National Gallery is to remain—and to be greatly enlarged—at Trafalgar Square; and the Academy is left to make the best terms it can with Parliament. Meanwhile various schemes are on foot for locating the Royal Academy, the most promising of which seems to be a building in Leicester Square. It is more than probable, however, that the President and members will "reconsider" their resolution in reference to Burlington House, and arrange with the Government for part of the ground—perhaps that which faces Burlington Gardens, with an entrance in Piccadilly. [Since this was written it is understood that arrangements have been made by the Government to give to the Royal Academy a large site at the back of Burlington House.]

THE MINORITY ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—It may interest our readers to know who were the members that composed the minority of nineteen on the question whether the Royal Academy should leave, or remain in, Trafalgar Square:—Thomas Dyke Acland, Thomas Baring, Right Hon. Henry Austin Bruce, Sir Francis Crossley, C. George Du Pre, William Henry Gregory, Russell Gurney, Captain Arthur Divett Hayter, Right Hon. James A. Lawson, Right Hon. William Monsell, James Dyce Nicol, Jonathan Pim, Francis Sharp Powell, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Edward Sullivan, William Tite, George Hammond Whalley; tellers, Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Layard.

THE MONUMENTS IN ST. PAUL'S.—The condition of the interior of St. Paul's is not only a disgrace to the Dean and Chapter, but a public reproach. In the House of Commons, Captain Gridley asked the First Commissioner of Works if he would direct his attention to the mutilated condition of some of the monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral, particularly those of Admiral Lord Rodney, General Sir W. Ponsonby, and General Hay, with a view to their reparation. The question is not one that can be dealt with by a minister of the Crown, and it is not certain that the Dean and Chapter are legally responsible for the safe custody of the monuments committed to their charge, although there is no doubt of the moral obligation. Lord J. Manners replied that he could find nothing in the archives of the office of which he was at the head that enabled him to say the monuments in St. Paul's were under his control. Had Captain Gridley complained of the interior, generally, of the cathedral, he would have had reason on his side, for the state of the walls, the mouldings, and the relief ornamentation, is most disreputable. Independently of those mentioned as injured, the whole of the monuments require cleaning—their present state betrays the most culpable neglect. It is certain that as the embellishments advance the cleansing must follow, but no approach to the present state of things ought ever to have been permitted. The statues which are most disfigured by dust and dirt-stains have been erected many years; for example, those in memory of General Skerret, General Picton, Admiral Lord Rodney, Sir P. Malcolm, Captain Westcott, General Abercromby, General Moore, Lord Collingwood, Howard the philanthropist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, General Dundas, and many others. The gilding of the mouldings, which was for some time suspended, is now being continued, and preparations are in progress for placing another mosaic in one of the spandrils under the whispering-gallery. This tardy and piecemeal process of decorating one of the most noble ecclesiastical interiors in the world is of the small anomalous economies for which the richest people in the world are somewhat remarkable. It is probable that the Dean and Chapter will repudiate a liability to the expense of repairing the monuments, but they cannot disavow their responsibility for the decent maintenance of the interior of the cathedral.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY RESTORATIONS.—The western face of the screen which divides the choir from the Confessor's chapel in Westminster Abbey is being restored, under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott, in a manner that we are able to regard with unqualified satisfaction. In this instance, indeed, the only subject for regret is the fact that the original screen has long been so completely destroyed that a new one was an unquestionable necessity. The fine early (fifteenth century) eastern face of this screen is well known. In the time of Queen Anne "a marble altar-piece" covered the western face: this was removed in 1820, when it was discovered that many mutilated remains of early work, corresponding in their rich sculpture with the other front, were still in existence. A restoration, based upon these early relics, was undertaken in 1822, and executed in artificial stone; now the artificial work has been superseded by an admirable new screen in sculptured alabaster, which, when completed, will harmonise with the grand old church, and be worthy of the place it will occupy. Restorations in Westminster Abbey are works that we must ever regard with the most anxious jealousy; but in this instance it is pleasant to find that what is being done is exactly what was wanted to be done, and that it is being done exactly as it should be. We hope that the choir-screen may be restored upon the same principle at no distant period.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. SWITHIN is the subject of Mr. Holman Hunt's last exhibited picture; it is to be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi's. There are many ways of dealing with every theme, but an innocent visitor, with fresh impressions of Mr. Hunt's predilections, will for some seconds stand in mute surprise before this work on first introduction. The picture presents a dovecot, with a family of unhappy pigeons deploring a very wet day; and it seems to have been got up in a manner to offer the greatest accumulation of difficulties only to show how they may be overcome. The nearest object is the octagonal dovecot, with its round holes in two tiers, and overhanging eaves. In one of the holes appears a dark green bird, sitting; and the contrast between her smooth, dry plumage and the dripping feathers of her relations and friends is one of the most masterly traits of the picture. Before her, in sheer bravado, is her mate—a dripping conductor for the largesse of the clouds—gently cooing down her rising fears lest he should take cold; another, in lack of something to do, is playing with a straw, and on the ledges are others scarcely sheltered from the fast dropping eaves. Perhaps the success with which the Egyptian birds in the 'Afterglow' were painted may have suggested this subject; but whether it be so or not, the intentions of the artist are here patent, and he has fallen short of nothing in their realisation. The scene is a section of those well-wooded grounds somewhere near Campden Hill—perhaps overlooking the gardens of the Duke of Argyll. The subject is one, like many of those by Mr. Hunt, which very few painters would entertain; and of the few who might take it up, still fewer would succeed. With all its difficulties, it seems to have been painted as a diversion. The recreations of giants are athletic sports.

ROYAL PORTRAITS.—Messrs. Locke and Whitfield are engaged on a portrait of the future Empress of Russia, for the Princess of Wales. The photograph was taken in Sweden; the figure is about a foot in height, and presents the princess in a plain white dress, and standing. The colouring of the features was but just commenced, and the remainder of the print was untouched, at the time we were permitted to see it. The same artists have also nearly perfected a portrait of the Princess of Wales, holding in her arms Prince Victor. Of this portrait only the heads are photographed, the rest of the composition being very highly worked, like veritable miniature. The size of the figure is about two feet, hence will be understood the amount of labour necessary to its completion. The face is charming in expression, and in resemblance perhaps the best portrait that has been executed of the Princess. It would have been desirable to have produced this work in ivory, but the machine by which the large leaves were rounded off from the elephant's tusk has unfortunately been destroyed. The cost of the apparatus was five hundred pounds, but the demand for highly finished portraiture is now such as to suggest the construction of another.

MR. W. DAY KEYWORTH has received from the Corporation of Leeds a commission to execute, in Portland stone, four lions for the Town Hall. They are to be eleven feet in length by seven feet in height. One of them he has modelled. It is of much excellence, giving proofs of careful and thoughtful study, and exhibiting a strict adherence to truth while permitting free exercise of fancy. To this very promising young artist's statue of Andrew Marvel, for Hull, we have already referred in terms of high approval.

MR. MARRYAT'S COLLECTIONS.—We lament to state that the collections of this gentleman will, in all probability, be brought to public sale during the season of next year. There is no gentleman more universally esteemed and respected than the author of the volume on Porcelain and other works. It is known that the Bank in which he was a partner gave way under the terrible pressure of the last few months. One of the consequences has been that he must part from his household gods—the objects of his intense love and veneration

—the gatherings of half a century. They will of course bring large prices, for there is no other British collection so full of gems. That may be to him some consolation, and he will not, we trust, be displeased with the general sympathy the calamity excites.

The Department of Science and Art has received its annual grant. This year it amounted to no less than £133,928—"for completing the sum devoted to the management of the Science and Art establishments." Part of the amount is for teaching navigation; part for the National Portrait Gallery; part for Art-Institutions in Ireland; and part for repairing and lighting the Geological Museum. Of course a very large item will be placed under the head of buildings at South Kensington. There was little discussion, and no opposition to the vote.

The Paris Exhibition.—Parliament has granted a sum of £10,000 "for the *preliminary* expenses of the British Department at the Paris Exhibition." That is already a magnificent grant. We trust it will be expended in a way that shall be profitable as well as honourable to the country; employed in all ways that can advance the interests of its manufacturers and artisans. It will surely be well if a portion of it is expended to send some of the latter to Paris, where they may gain much knowledge that will yield large interest.

The Monument to Lord Palmerston. —A sum of £2,000 has been voted by Parliament to defray the expense of a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The Nelson Column. — Lord John Manners has conveyed to Parliament the gratifying intelligence that "two of the lions being completed in bronze" and a third being on the eve of completion, there is "every reason to hope" that before the end of the year the four will be in their places.

Royal Archæological Institute.— This society has had a very successful session in and about London, visiting many of the venerable structures of the metropolis, and also Windsor and Hampton Court, and receiving hospitality from the Lord Mayor, the provost of Windsor, the Dean of Westminster, and the Bishop of London. No doubt its "proceedings" have been pregnant with instruction. Many papers were read, and much information given. These will be collected and published. Possibly only a few are the wiser for the several trips; but the weather was fine, and a large number of persons thoroughly enjoyed themselves day after day during the full and eventful week.

Mr. Knight is about to resign office as Secretary to the Royal Academy. The resignation will be, we believe, temporary; but it is understood that he is not likely to resume duties that require, under existing circumstances, stronger health than he can command. We believe it is not intended to replace him by any member of the Royal Academy; but that a gentleman will be appointed as his successor who is in no way connected with the body—one who is not an artist.

Photographic Views.—Mr. G. W. Wilson, an indefatigable photographist, of Aberdeen, has sent us several examples of his work, accompanied by a printed list of several hundred views, all taken by himself. They supply evidence of astonishing industry; an amount of zeal and activity we imagine entirely unsurpassed. Obviously he is an enthusiast in his art, to whom its results are rewards, for it is evident that he has not been stimulated solely, or even chiefly, by commercial enterprise. In his case, certainly, practice has made perfect; he has evidently thought and studied as well as worked; given careful attention to atmospheric effects; taken one point of view in one light and the next in another, so as to give to scenery much of the varied effects it derives from nature. His productions are, consequently, of rare excellence; and if we may judge of the thousands he has produced by the specimens submitted to us, he will be a valuable contributor to the photographic albums of tourists in all parts of England and Scotland. As will be supposed, his principal gatherings are in Scotland, although he has enriched his store by travelling in Cornwall, in Cumberland and Westmoreland, in Yorkshire, in Devonshire, and in several other English counties; York, Exeter, Salisbury, Ripon, Durham, Wells, Winchester, Worcester, Gloucester, Lincoln, Peterborough, St. Paul's, and Westminster, are largely represented in the collection—their cathedrals, that is to say. The Scottish views comprise some twenty of Aberdeen, thirty of Edinburgh, and many of the other leading cities and towns of Scotland, while ample justice has been done to the sublime and beautiful scenery in that land of historical romance. We have abundant views of Loch Katrine, Blair Athol, Aberfeldy, Dunkeld, Glencoe, Inverary, Skye, Iona, and Staffa, and a score of other places rich in natural loveliness and in traditionary lore. To ardent and enterprising men like Mr. Wilson, the lovers of Art and Nature owe much.

Mr. Charles Edward Smith, a young sculptor of Liverpool, has produced several works of which the local papers write in terms of high praise. Their statements are sustained by a photograph of one of them that has been forwarded to us; it is the marble copy of a lovely child, entitled 'Retiring from the Bath.' We may hence form an opinion of its merits; it is evidently a work of great ability, such as may justify the expectation of his fellow-townsmen, that while treading in the steps, he may rival the fame, of his predecessors "from Liverpool," Gibson and Spence. Mr. Smith is, we understand, about to follow their example by continuing his studies in Rome.

The Statue of Cobden, to which we made reference some months ago, as a commission given to Messrs. Wills Brothers, to be executed in marble, and placed at the entrance to Camden Town, has advanced so far as the completion of the clay model. It is a work of good promise, the attitude natural yet dignified, while the likeness is indisputable. We have full faith that this work will rank among the best portrait statues in the Metropolis.

The Rev. John Keble.—A memorial of the late John Keble is in course of preparation by Mr. Savage, of Winchester. It consists of a series of photographs, "tracing the path of the reverend poet step by step from his birthplace in the little town of Fairford to his grave in the churchyard of Hursley."

Industrial Exhibitions.—An exhibition under the title of "The Metropolitan and Provincial Working Classes' Industrial Exhibition" will be opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on the 3rd of the present month. A long list of "Patrons and Guarantors," including numerous noblemen and members of Parliament, has been issued. The programme of the undertaking takes in a wide range of matters, not merely of objects to be exhibited, but also lectures, musical gatherings, flower shows, reading-rooms, *conversazioni*, &c.

Modern Venetian Glass.—It is necessary to warn collectors that many of the modern productions of Salviati are selling as veritable antiques. Those who are not experienced connoisseurs may be easily deceived, for the imitations—or rather the copies—cannot be at once distinguished from the old. They are as light and as soft to the touch; the semi-transparency has been preserved, the colours are often as brilliant, and the designs are, in nearly all instances, after veritable models. Thus, the one can scarcely be distinguished from the other, while the difference of cost is equal to that between pounds and shillings.

A very ingenious Model of the Houses of Parliament has been formed in wire and zinc by M. Counadeau, a French designer. It is the result of nearly three years of labour, and gives externally the relative proportions of the buildings. The windows and doors are all most faithfully represented, as are also the details of the Clock and the Victoria towers, as far as the material of construction will allow. The model is intended as a flower-stand, and is ingeniously fitted with compartments for water.

There is exhibited at the Pantheon, a picture of the Burning of the Cathedral at Santiago, in which upwards of two thousand lives were sacrificed. The artist, Mr. Hughes, resided seven years at Santiago, and had painted the portraits of many of the unhappy persons who perished in that awful conflagration. It will be remembered that this event occurred during the celebration of a high festival of the Catholic church; as accessory to which the interior was illuminated with seven thousand lights, and fully festooned with draperies. The artist has composed his picture according to the best descriptions of the catastrophe, and if the interior approached in its dimensions those given in the canvas, it must have been an imposing structure.

Laing's Supplemental Catalogue of Ancient Scottish Seals. — This noble volume, a worthy companion to its highly-prized predecessor, has just made its appearance, and we congratulate both the author and the subscribers on the excellence of the work. We propose very shortly to place before our readers a group of the most characteristic, and also the most artistic, of the engraved examples of these interesting historical seals, when we shall at the same time explain more fully the aim and purpose of Mr. Laing's volume.

Scandinavian Art.—The sixth volume of the "Transactions of the Kent Archæological Society," very recently published, among other articles of interest has a long and copiously illustrated description of the discovery of a numerous series of relics in an Anglo-Saxon (or Anglo-Danish) cemetery at Sarr, in the Isle of Thanet. Many of these relics must be numbered with the most interesting and valuable works of their class that ever have been discovered under similar circumstances. They afford fresh illustration of the singularly advanced condition of Art at a period and among races which so long were held to be at least semi-barbarous. It is to be hoped that "loan collections" at South Kensington may be enriched with the finer and more artistic examples of these Sarr relics, that their reading of the ante-Norman chapter of English history may be made public, and that English artists and students of Art of the present day may be enabled to derive from these early productions of skilled hands the lessons they are so well qualified to convey.

REVIEWS.

HOLBEIN UND SEINE ZEIT. Von Dr. ALFRED VOLTMANN. Published by Verlag von R. A. SEEMAN, Leipsig; TRUBNER & Co., London.

The appearance of Dr. Voltmann's book could not be more opportune than at a time when Holbein's best works were before the public at South Kensington, although the writer has reserved for a future second part of the subject his consideration of the painter's "English period." Of all the foreign artists who have settled among us, we entertain, next to our warm feeling for Vandyke, the greatest affection for Holbein. The former, in the distinctions which he asserts between courtiers and gentlemen, has left us the *humaniora* of our nature set forth in interpretations which, in the delicacy of certain points, have never yet been equalled. To the latter, on his arrival in this country, was at once opened a veritable field of cloth of gold. It was here that he first enjoyed relief from the cares which had oppressed his youth. We learn his poverty, and the small encouragement his art met with at Basle, from the letter to Petrus Ægidius in Antwerp, of which he was the bearer, when on his way to England to "scrape together a few angels." The particular passage is, "Hic frigent artes petit Angliam ut corrodat aliquot angelatos," &c. This letter is dated the 29th of August, 1526, and may be accepted as determining nearly the time of Holbein's arrival in England. His reputation had, however, preceded him, borne hither especially by the portrait of Erasmus, which, painted in 1525, became the property of Sir Thomas More, who thus acknowledged it:—"Thy painter, dearest Erasmus, is a wonderful artist, but I am doubtful of his finding England as fruitful as he expects. I will, however, do all I can that he may not find it altogether sterile." And well did he fulfil his promise, for in addition to the large picture of Sir Thomas More and his family, he painted other portraits of his patron. If it were at all important here to consider particularly the amount of success Holbein met with in this country, the will discovered in 1862, and attributed to him, would assist us to conclusions, provided always the attribution can be verified by satisfactory proof. According to this document, Holbein died in 1543, whereas it has been generally received that his death took place in 1554. If the former date be established as that of the demise of this famous painter, such a solution raises a question of very great importance to the history of Art in England. To whom, it is at once asked, is due the merit of having painted those fine works known to have been executed between the years 1543 and 1554? It should be observed that in certain of the pictures which must be dated within the interval there is a capricious variety of manner difficult of reconciliation with the principles whereon the portraits of Henry VIII. were painted. Holbein's colour, to the few pretenders who mocked the art in England, was a surprise; insomuch that after his advent the pale and cold manner of the immediately antecedent period soon disappeared. Still it cannot be denied that he improved greatly after he settled in England, and however beautiful may be some of his earliest works in this country, certain of the later productions are yet more captivating. If he died in 1543, he could not have painted Edward VI. after the latter was six years of age: to whom then are to be attributed those subsequent portraits of Edward to which the name of Holbein now attaches, but which were painted after the death of Holbein, if the discovered document prove to be his will, and determine his death to have taken place in the year above mentioned? If only one of the pictures supposed to have been produced after 1543 can be traced to the hand of this painter, this does not prove the will absolutely worthless, but it shows that the will does not fix the date of the painter's death unless it bear a subsequent record of that event. The magnificent series now exhibited demonstrates the advancement that Holbein made in this country. To what impulses soever a painter may yield, there is between everything that comes from his hand both a mechanical and a sentimental relation that clearly indicate the source of "inspiration." Now certain of these works dissent both mechanically and sentimentally from others. About one or two of the portraits of Edward VI. there is a strong Venetian savour, and a head of Queen Anne Boleyn reminds us even of Greuze; indeed, the face looks like a re-painting. These are a few of the points which the discovery of the will forces on our notice, and the incident must add a chapter, nay, a book, to the earlier history of Art in England.

Holbein was a descendant of painters in the third generation. The family may be classified as of the school of Augsburg, the Pompeii of the German *Renaissance*. To the grandfather, who was a hard, dry, ecclesiastical painter, succeeded the father of our artist, whose talent and ambition bore him far beyond the mediocrity of his parent and master. He in his turn was distanced by his son—him in whom we are so much interested. Even at the early age of fourteen the last distinguished himself so signally that his friends already predicted for him a brilliant career. He renounced in early life the hazy discipline of his masters, transcended their best efforts, and having at length emancipated himself, in respect of his Art, entirely from the influence of his father, proclaimed and maintained the substantive representation of vitality, and a more generous and natural conception of impersonation; and this gradually exploded the hitherto uniform traditions of the lower German school of painting.

Considering the influence assigned to Holbein as a painter, and the rank of those whom his art was deemed worthy to commemorate, it is astonishing that at this time there should arise any question as to the precise time of his death. Young as he was when he quitted Basle for England, he left behind him an impression on the art of his country which extended in time to every school in Germany; thus it is not less surprising that the year of his birth also should be determined only by accident. Carel van Mander settles the date as 1498. The passage is curious as exemplary of the usually loose style of the writer, who says that Holbein "in den jare 1498, te Basel in het barre Zwitzerland geboren ward, ofschoon veelen meenen, dat hy te Augsbourg in Zwaben allererst het licht zag." Thus Van Mander pronounces erroneously both as to the time and place of Holbein's birth; and he was followed by Sandrart, but with the reserve of the indefinite preposition "about;" he says "about 1498;" and one year after the appearance of Sandrart's book, Charles Patin settles the date as 1495, but without giving his authority. Patin, however, was right, as far as credit may be given to a picture in the Augsburg Gallery, dated 1512, and bearing an inscription to the effect that it was painted when the artist was seventeen years of age. As Holbein quitted his native city so early in life, it may be supposed that the place is not numerically so rich in evidences of his precocity as might be expected; there is, however, in his great work, 'The History of St. Catherine,' a depth of thought, maturity of judgment, and a command of means, which many men of high reputation have acquired only after the best part of a lifetime of study.

The precise time of Holbein's removal to Basle is not known, but it was probably in the summer of 1516. Sandrart says that the whole family migrated to that city at the same time, but his authority is not satisfactory. The works by Holbein existing in Basle are 'The Passion' (eight compartments), a 'Dead Christ,' 'Lais Corinthiaca,' and 'Venus and Cupid;' portraits of the Burgomaster Meyer and his wife, of Erasmus, Froben, &c.; besides sketches and studies. If Holbein was never in Italy, it is clear that whatever he might have seen of Italian art impressed him more deeply than that of his own country. It is not common to find in the works of the early German schools anything that is not intrinsically German; but from the rule there is a departure in certain of the productions of this master, which bespeaks for him an acquaintance with Italian Art. This is conspicuous in certain of those which, at South Kensington, bear his name; by some we are even reminded of Raffaelle's 'Spasalizio.' Van Mander says positively that Holbein never visited Italy, and Sandrart repeats his dictum; but Dr. Voltmann is of opinion that he must have visited perhaps Milan, and he has probability on his side. It must, he says, have been in the year 1519—that in which Leonardo da Vinci died in France. Those to whom Holbein is known only by his personal likenesses, class him only as a portrait-painter. The reasons are sufficiently obvious why he was not employed in religious painting in England; but to be convinced that he was unusually gifted for this department of Art, it is only necessary to know a little of what he left at Augsburg and Basle.

Dr. Voltmann's life of Holbein is a fair ensample of what such a biography should be; and from the profitable manner in which he has conducted his researches, we look forward to the forthcoming of the second part with an interest much increased by the fact of the painter's having passed so many years of his life in England.

VILLA AND COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE. Select Examples of Country and Suburban Residences recently erected by various Architects. Parts 1 to 5. Published by BLACKIE and SON, London, Edinburgh, &c.

There is a common, but not very polite saying, that "the man who is his own lawyer is a fool;" and the remark is generally accepted, even out of the legal profession—how much more so in it?—as a truth. And if so, it applies equally to the man who undertakes to be his own architect, for the chances are that in some way or other he pays dearly for his amateur building propensities, either in pocket or discomfort, or, perhaps, both; while he often lays himself open to the charge of erecting what, from his ignorance and want of taste, is an architectural deformity rather than a "thing of beauty."

Possibly it is with a desire to aid such builders that Messrs. Blackie are now publishing, in numbers, a series of drawings taken from residences already in existence. They announce the work as projected with the view of supplying a selected series of plans of houses which, being characterised by elegance of design, convenience of arrangement, soundness of construction, reasonableness of cost, and fit adaptation to locality, are therefore suited to a certain extent to be studied as models, and to assist in elevating the general taste in domestic architecture.

The idea is a good one, and even gentlemen of the profession may find some useful suggestions among these designs. Of each house selected for illustration several plates, excellently engraved, are given; front, back, and side elevations, ground plans of the various floors, ornamental details, both external and internal, &c. &c., with full descriptions of the house, of the materials used in it, and the cost as furnished by the different tradesmen's accounts. The "villas" included in the five parts already published, are "Fern Cliff Villa, Wemyss Bay," erected from the designs of Mr. J. T. Rochead, Glasgow; "Oakleigh Villa, Blairmore, Loch Long," designed by Mr. J. Gordon, Glasgow; "Cottage at Holly Village, Highgate," by Mr. H. A. Darbishire, London; "Seymour Lodge, Cove, Loch Long," by Messrs. A. and G. Thomson, Glasgow; "Villa at Trinity, near Edinburgh," by Mr. J. C. Walker, Edinburgh; and "Villa Careno, Tufnell Park, Holloway," by Mr. G. Truefitt, London.

THE HERALD AND GENEALOGIST. Edited by JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS, F.S.A. Published by J. B. NICHOLS and SONS, London.

This periodical, which is exactly what in its title it professes to be, has now pursued its quiet and steady course past the middle of its third volume; and it promises to establish itself yet more strongly and securely, as it grows on from volume to volume. From its commencement, the *Herald and Genealogist* gave signs of abundant powers of vitality and endurance. It began its work in a workmanlike style, without any display, and with that intelligent earnestness

which at once wins golden opinions. Of course, this serial does not even aspire to popularity, in the broad and ordinary acceptation of that term; it is a periodical rather for the few than for the many; and yet its contents are well calculated to prove attractive far beyond the range of heralds and genealogists, and there is much in its pages, both in their printed matter and their illustrations, which accords exactly with popular taste and feeling.

Of the qualifications and the tried experience of the editor, Mr. J. G. Nichols, it is altogether unnecessary to speak. He is the right man for such a work, and this is exactly the right thing for him to render really valuable, and at once useful and interesting. In the present revived popularity of the science, the *Herald and Genealogist* cannot fail to do good duty in exercising a beneficial influence on the study of heraldry, and in exhibiting the herald's science in its true character as the most important, and both the most exact and the most versatile of the allies of history. Not the least interesting circumstance connected with this publication, is the glance it affords of the attachment felt by so many American families for their English ancestors, and the English representatives of their names and houses. In the last number this feature of the work is significantly exemplified in a notice of an American genealogical publication of a very high order of merit, that treats exclusively of the family of "the Brights of Suffolk, England." This same number also contains a continuation of a truly valuable essay upon the "Institution and History of the Dignity of a Baronet," by the Editor. We may add, that a series of papers of equal value is now in the course of publication on the "Origin and Development of Coat Armour," which treat the subject with unexpected freshness, as well as with great ability.

We wish Mr. Nichols all success, and every encouragement to carry on his *Herald and Genealogist* with even enlarged energy: his zeal we know to be incapable of increase. The periodical itself we commend to the attention of all our readers, who either possess, or would like to possess, a genealogy of their own coupled with those armorial ensigns which are so pleasant to behold with one's own name fairly set forth below them.

Travelling in Spain in the Present Day. By Henry Blackburn. Published by Sampson Low & Co., London.

"Spain is not a country to travel in." Such is one of the conclusions at which Mr. Blackburn arrives when he has reached the termination of his journey—in his book. Nevertheless, it is a country worth seeing; but the only effective method of doing this is to live in it for a period, and "to wander away from the high roads of civilisation." There is no other way, in fact, of appreciating the true character of any land, but by turning aside from the ordinary route of travellers, and exploring it in the by-ways rather than the highways. Certainly Spain is one of the last countries of continental Europe which English men and women visit, rich as it is in magnificent natural scenery, in the romance and truth of history, and in noble works of Art; and so long as we cannot dissociate ourselves from the comparative comforts an Englishman, not a professed traveller, always looks for wherever he goes, it must remain unknown. Even the railways, according to Mr. Blackburn's experience, hold out but a sorry invitation; the trains start at very long intervals—two each day; they travel slowly, are unpunctual, are generally overcrowded, for the companies attach—this is the report of another traveller, Mr. Sala—as few carriages to the train as they possibly can, to avoid wear and tear, and after you are seated, you become enveloped in a cloud of smoke, by which one runs some chance of being suffocated. "There are many small discomforts and annoyances on Spanish railways, which are peculiar to the country, and which the inhabitants submit to with great good humour. They do not seem to have the art of making travelling agreeable or comfortable, and ladies must make up their minds to 'rough it,' for there is no choice. The best advice we can give them, when on a railway or diligence journey in Spain, is to take their own provisions with them in the carriage, and to remain there as quietly as possible, asking nothing about the route from strangers, or they may easily be misled."

In spite, however, of every drawback, Mr. Blackburn and his party, ladies as well as gentlemen, appear to have had no very unpleasant time of it, as they moved from one famous city to another. The narrative aims at nothing more than a simple record of what he and his party saw and did, and where descriptions are introduced of the more notable edifices and places, reference is made to such books as those of Mr. Ford, Mr. O'Shea, Mr. Street, and others, recognised authorities on the matters discussed. "Travelling in Spain" will be found not a bad guide-book for any one desirous of visiting the country. And those who contemplate such a trip have no time to lose, if they wish to see it according to the ideas generally entertained of its peculiarities; for we are told, "Each year a visit to Spain is postponed, some of its characteristics will be lost. Costume is dying out, the cosmopolitan 'chimney-pot' carries everything before it; old buildings fall or are destroyed, to make way for French warehouses. Everything becomes dearer, and wherever the tourist goes in 1870, he will find that Manchester has been there before him."

Nature and Art. Nos. 1 to 3. Published by Day & Son (Limited), London.

The title of this new candidate for popular favour does not very clearly indicate its character. "Nature and Art" is a monthly magazine treating of all kinds of subjects; thus in the numbers already published we find such papers as "Ancient Greek and Roman Field Sports," "A Ramble among the Crim Tartars," "The Mackerel," "The Breed of Horses in England and France," "The Silkworm, and its Culture in England," "On Sketching from Nature," "English Farming in the Sixteenth Century," "The Honey-Hunters," "On Mummies," "Butterflies." These and other topics, with notes upon Art at home and abroad, musical and dramatic reviews, form an instructive and varied *mélange*; several of the principal articles being well-written. The great attractions, however, of this periodical are the illustrations of natural history: these are for the most part capitally printed in chromo-lithography; numerous woodcuts also enrich the pages. "Nature and Art," on account of the excellence manifest in every department, its cheapness, and its comprehensive character, deserves the support its conductors have a right to look for.

The Dole of Malaga: an Episode of History Dramatised. By Digby P. Starkey. Published by Cassell & Co., London.

The entire annals of Spain, till within the last two centuries, are so characterised by romantic and chivalric story as to afford a vast collection of materials for any writer who is willing to take the trouble of investigating them. In the year 1487 Ferdinand of Castile besieged by sea and land the city of Malaga, then held by the Moors. The Moslems, we are told by historians, made a brave defence; but after suffering the greatest privations, and finding no aid reaching them from their countrymen and allies, they were compelled to surrender, with the assurance that all should be well treated. "This, however," says a Moorish writer, "was a pure deception on the part of the Christians, for once in possession of the city, they made all the inhabitants captive."

On this passage of Spanish history Mr. Starkey has built up a drama, of which, regarded simply as a romantic story, the interest rarely flags from the opening scene to the last. He does not profess to have limited himself to historic truth, his object evidently being to enlist the feelings, as well as the sympathies, of the reader, on the side of natural incidents and natural emotions. "While," he says, "the dramatic element calls for the individualising of each personage introduced upon the scene, and dressing him up, as it were, in his own appropriate costume, this universal principle demands that they should all be united to each other, and to the spectator's sympathy, by an intrinsic vitality, as are man and man by the common bonds of a common nature."

These are the days when stories founded on the truths or legends of by-gone ages find but little favour among the readers of what is generally, and not unaptly, called "light literature;" the foibles and fashions of our own time dressed up in a sensational style are much more in request. Moreover, it may be doubted whether the dramatic form of composition be as acceptable as any other, though inasmuch as it is, as a rule, of a higher order than prose writing, it ought to be more welcome to a cultivated mind. Mr. Starkey's drama is not for the stage,—though, with considerable curtailment, it might, we apprehend, be made attractive,—it is a play to be read, and if a tragic story composed of numerous incidents skilfully woven together into one united and stirring whole can tempt readers, the "Dole of Malaga" ought to find a very large number. The characters are well sustained, the language is good, and the play contains many passages of true poetry.

Proverbial Philosophy: (Bijou Edition). By Martin F. Tupper, D.C.L., F.R.S. Two Hundredth Thousand. Published by E. Moxon & Co., London.

There were writers who, on the first appearance of Mr. Tupper's philosophical axioms, ventured to predict for them a brief existence; popularity, they affirmed, was out of the question. But critics are apt to make mistakes *sometimes*, and those of whom we have spoken showed themselves false prophets, for the title-page of this edition informs us that *two hundred thousand* of the "Proverbial Philosophy" have been printed, and, of course, almost that number is in the hands of the public. If this is not literary popularity, it would be difficult to say what is; especially when it is remembered that the author still lives. Not a few jests, and even sneers, he has had to endure; but the words "two hundred thousand" must prove to him a healing balm for all wounds inflicted.

All that need be said of this "bijou" edition is, it is very neatly printed on toned paper in clear type, as a pocket volume, and is prettily bound.

Memorials of the Tower of London. By Licutenant-General Lord De Ros, Lieut.-Governor of the Tower. With Illustrations. Published by J. Murray, London.

Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth has given to the world the romance, and others have written, as antiquaries or archæologists, a history, of one of the most time-honoured and interesting buildings in London, the Tower. Lord De Ros has attempted nothing more than a description of the edifice, and an account, chronologically arranged, of the most important events which have happened within its walls, or are associated with its history. This naturally includes biographical sketches of the personages whose lives and deaths form the prominent features of a record extending over a period of eight hundred years—of the illustrious prisoners of Agincourt, at the head of whom was Charles of Orleans; of Anne Boleyn, the Princess Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, Guy Fawkes, Lady Arabella Stuart, Raleigh, Lord Nithsdale, and others. The gallant and noble author has employed that *otium cum dignitate* to which his services in the field have justly entitled him within the renowned fortress of our city, to write a popular sketch of it, which we have found very readable, though, as all chronicles of such buildings must necessarily prove, full of sad interest. One of the noblest captives the Tower ever held, Raleigh, wrote when immured in it—

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage,"

But he and others found no means of escape till the axe of the headsman struck down the walls of the earthly tenement, and let the prisoners go free.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1866.

ETCHING.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.



THE efforts of the French *Société des Aquafortistes*, and the recent publication of Mr. Haden's etchings in England, have drawn public attention towards etching as practised by painters. This art has hitherto occupied a very singular position, nor is there an instance of wider difference of feeling on any artistic question than that which exists between artists and the general public on the subject of etching. It is not too much to say that no artist worthy of the name looks upon etching with indifference; but it is also true that the vast majority, even of the exhibition-frequenting public, do not care for it. The very meaning of the word is, in general society, unknown. If you ask any well-dressed lady or gentleman what painting is, you will get an answer—you will be told that it is commonly pursued in two mediums, oil and water, and you may even hear some allusion to fresco. Everybody knows that a picture is usually produced by the application of oil-colour on canvas by means of brushes; and most people understand that a statue is either carved out of marble or cast in bronze; but if you ask a hundred persons belonging to the educated classes, and not in any way specially devoted to the study of the Fine Arts, the question, What is an etching? it is doubtful whether you would get so much as a definition of it. When a young lady says she "etches," it is a poetical way of informing us that she draws with pen and ink.

There are now, however, unequivocal indications of a change. A French publishing house, Messrs. Cadart and Luquet (Rue de Richelieu), have taken up etching as their speciality; and since the success of Mr. Haden's etchings, it is probable that even English publishers will look upon the art with a more favourable eye. A distinguished French etcher, M. Maxime Lalanne, has recently given us a valuable treatise on his art, and Mr. Haden has made public some results of his own experience in the last number of the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*. The present article has a similar object.

The principle of etching is exceedingly simple; its complexities and difficulties are due to the varieties of aim which in every art distinguish the skilled practitioner. Just so we might say that playing on the violin was in principle exceedingly simple; and so long as you confine yourself to the first position, and are contented with an unmeaning sameness of delivery, violin playing is by no means difficult. The difficulties of the violin begin when we endeavour to give quality and significance to our performance, when we seek for variety of accent by scientific bowing, and by rapid changes of position avail ourselves of the whole range and resource of the instrument. And in etching there are means of effect as far removed from the first simple conception of the art as the *tremolo* and *staccato* of a finished violinist are from the plain scale-practice of a beginner.

We must start, however, with the first rude definition. As I might say that a violinist produced sound by the friction of a bow on a string stretched above a resonant wooden chamber, and varied his notes by reducing the length of the string with his fingers, so I may define etching as drawing with a point on a varnished copper-plate, so that the varnish is removed wherever the point glides, and then biting the lines, thus uncovered, with acid, so as to hollow them in the copper. But no one who cared about violin playing would rest satisfied with the degree of information conveyed in the first definition, and no one seriously interested in etching would stop short at the second. The lover of music would require some explanation of the marvellous effects that delighted him in the performances of Ernst or Joachim, and the student of etching would ask how a process so simple could produce results so various as the etchings of Whistler and Jacquemart, of Haden and Lalanne.

Taking it for granted, then, that every one who cares about etching at all will care enough about it to read patiently a detailed explanation of the process, I will say everything that is necessary for practical guidance.

First, as to the metal. Etching is done most commonly on copper, on steel not unfrequently, on zinc or brass rarely. Steel is not quite so convenient as copper, because the biting is rather more difficult to manage; and the plate, if carelessly kept, gets pitted with rust and is destroyed. One of the most beautiful steel engravings of modern times was lost in this manner. Zinc is very porous, and, consequently, cannot be bitten in very delicately, nor does it resist the friction of printing long, unless protected with copper by the electrotype process; it is good, however, for rough work on a large scale when few copies are wanted. English copper plates are usually good; hammer-beaten plates are the best. It is of consequence that the degree of porousness should be alike all over the plate. This may be judged of by letting a few drops of diluted acid remain on the margin, and then, after removing them, examining the roughened place with a glass. The hardness of copper may be judged of best by making a few strokes with the *burin* on the back of the plate; after a little practice on plates of different quality, one easily recognises hard or soft copper.

Suppose one plate satisfactory, and its surface faultless, we have now to varnish it. The great enemy of this operation is dust; and to avoid dust it is well to varnish a plate always in some room that has not been entered for at least twenty-four hours; a spare bed-room, for instance. For the same reason it is better to heat the plate by means of a spirit-lamp than before a fire. To hold our plate we have a small handvice, with a wooden handle, and we take care to insert a bit of paper or leather between the vice and the polished copper, so that no mark may be made. When the plate is just so hot that a drop of water will run off it in a little dancing sphere, we apply the varnish. Etching-varnish is a solid black composition; there are twenty different recipes for making it, but it is best to get it ready made of Mr. Fenn, in Newgate Street, for his varnish is always to be relied upon. We wrap up a ball of this composition in silk, and taking good care that no bits of silk down fly loose, to prevent which it is a good plan to bring all the edges of the silk together and seal them with sealing-wax; we rub the ball on the plate till the varnish inside melts with the heat, and comes through the silk to the copper. If the plate is too hot the varnish bubbles and boils, and would then be too brittle on cooling, so we wait till it just melts in a nice undemonstrative manner. We do not need much varnish, and it does not in the least signify whether it is spread all over the plate, as that will be done by the dabber. The dabber is made of fine silk or kid leather, stuffed with cotton wool, surrounding an innermost ball of loose horsehair to give spring. The dabber should be perfectly clean, and it is well to have three or four of them ready together. The plate should not be allowed to cool whilst we are dabbing it, because if it did, the varnish would be apt to cake round the dabber in little rough excrescences, which, in their turn, would soon roughen the varnish remaining on the plate. The dabber, too, should be kept warm by holding it occasionally over the spirit-lamp. If the varnish is too thick, lay down the dabber and take a fresh one, and yet another, if necessary, till only just enough varnish remains on the plate. The copper ought to shine through the varnish with its colour subdued to a red golden brown, but with its metallic lustre little impaired. If the copper is bare anywhere, it will be in little spots like pin points, or tiny flecks of dust, and their presence may be detected by rapidly moving the plate in the light. If there are any of these, more varnish must be added, and the dabbing repeated. Next comes the smoking. The best thing for smoking a plate is a twist of twenty bees' wax dips. To make these dips, take sixteen coarse cotton threads and twist them together into a sort of loosely made string. Pass this through molten bees' wax two or three times, till it is a quarter of an inch thick. Suppose you have twenty feet of this, cut it into lengths of one foot, Put them in a bath of warm water till they will bend in any direction without breaking, then twist them all together into a bit of stout cable. Provide yourself with a hollow tin cone a foot high, a thing just like an extinguisher, push your twist down to the bottom of this so as to make it stand up like the pistil and stamens of a daffodil. Now light the twenty ends, and the hot wax that will drip from them will all be caught in the apex of your tin cone instead of running down on your fingers. You will get a large quantity of good black smoke; hold your plate over it, passing it gently in every direction, till, instead of a golden brown, it becomes black. To extinguish your smoker it is better not to blow it out, because that might cause particles of burnt wick to fly about, and so be as bad as dust. Have a lid for its open end, and put the lid on as an extinguisher. Now examine your smoked plate as it cools. If the smoker has been brought too near it, or kept too long under one spot, it may have burnt the varnish, and burnt varnish will chip under the needle, or at any rate make much broader lines than you wish for. To know the look of burnt varnish and its inconveniences, the best way is to spoil some

on purpose. It is dull, you will perceive, though it does not always follow that every dull place is necessarily burnt; sometimes the dulness is due to a little extra smoke, and does not affect the practical result. If you have doubts, make a stroke or two with the etching needle in the dullest place, and if any chipping takes place, or if the line seems too broad and clear—if the needle detaches a greater breadth of varnish there than in other places, then the plate must be well cleaned with turpentine and fine whitening, and varnished over again.

If the plate has been really well varnished, its surface will be perfectly even, very black, and neither dull nor yet very bright. The varnish will be thin, and of the same depth all over. The etching-needle will glide quite freely in every direction.

While the plate is hot, varnish the under side of it also; we shall see why presently.

Next, as to the choice of needles. They must not be so sharp as to cut the copper, and yet be sharp enough to admit of very delicate work. Mr. Haden advocates the use of a very heavy needle, a piece of iron rod sharpened at both ends in different degrees. The advantage of this is, that its own weight cuts through the varnish to the plate, and yet does not cut the copper; whereas with a light needle we have to press to get through the varnish, and it is difficult to keep up a regularity of pressure, so that we are apt occasionally to press so lightly that the varnish is not quite penetrated, and at other times so heavily that the copper itself is cut into. At this point the reader must be requested to fix clearly in his mind one thing about etchings, and a very peculiar thing. Accent in etching, unlike accent in pencil-drawing, is never got by variety of pressure, but by variety of breadth of line or depth of biting. The great quality of pressure in etching is not that it be various, but on the contrary, that it be firm and equal. Mr. Haden's heavy needle secures this, and I have adopted it in my own practice. There is but one thing to be said against it, a thinner instrument is preferable for delicate etching, because the very thickness of Mr. Haden's needle prevents one from seeing the work of the point so conveniently as might be desirable. For close etching I prefer a fine sewing-needle, inserted in a heavy brass holder, or in a tube filled with lead.

All beginners in etching experience some difficulty on account of the visible effect of their work being always in negative, white lines representing black. It is very difficult to persuade them at first that this is one of the very least difficulties or the art, a difficulty which, after a little practice, will vanish of itself. It is just as easy to work in negative as in positive when we are accustomed to it; and beginners should persuade themselves of this, and believe it as an article of faith till practice has confirmed it, which in time it most assuredly will.

When you etch in the house it is necessary to have a sheet of tracing paper stretched on a light wooden frame, and sloped towards you from your window so as to cast a tempered light over the plate. By preventing glitter in the lines, this enables you to see all the lines at once, which in the light of an ordinary room cannot else be done. Out of doors, when you etch directly from nature, you may dispense with this precaution, as the common white sketching umbrella produces nearly the same effect.

We now enter upon the most difficult and complex considerations in the whole theory of etching; and it unfortunately happens that to follow them out to good purpose, etched illustrations would be indispensable. However, some hint of the matter may be given in words.

Our present business is with the quality of the etched line. Its first merit is rapidity. An etcher may take as much time as he likes in settling where his line is to go, but once the point on the copper it must glide swiftly if the line is to be worth anything. This seems to be due to the slipperiness of the copper; a rapid line on paper may be better than a slow line, but it is not absolutely essential that a pencil line should be swift. A slow and hesitating line on varnished copper betrays weakness along its whole length; every slight vibration of the timid hand is recorded on it. So that the first virtue of an etcher is decision; the decision which comes of knowledge. I have not seen Méryon etch, but those who have say that the firm, precise way in which he lays a line is something quite marvellous, and yet Méryon is not a great producer, and he often keeps a plate a long time in hand. Mr. Haden attaches such importance to rapidity (and unity of feeling), that he likes none of his etchings so well as those done at one sitting. Whether you keep an etching long in hand like Méryon, or do it at once like Haden, every line where you lay it must be unhesitating.

Again, since an etched line, if of good quality, is agreeable to look at, and since etching depends altogether upon lines, there should be no affectation of concealing them. On the contrary, they may be shown with advantage everywhere, and turned to account to express the character of objects. If you look at one of Méryon's buildings, you will see how he understands this. Take, for instance, the '*Tourelle, rue de la Tixéranderie.*' The lines of the sky are horizontal, but those of the chimneys are either perpendicular or else inclined as if by perspective, and when there is a narrow projection of any kind it is sure to be marked by shading of a different character. In the roofs, the mere edges of the tiles, faithfully given, afford by their multiplicity a shade, and are preferred to any other and more unmeaning lines for shading. Perpendicular walls are generally shaded with vertical lines to express height and stiffness, but there is a marked exception in the shadow cast by the 'Tourelle,' which is all shaded diagonally in the exact direction in which it is thrown. The same is done for the shadow cast by a small window-ledge. The thickness of the wall in window and doorway is always shaded by horizontal lines thrown into perspective, which is the perspective of the stones of which the walls are built. The "Tourelle" itself is shaded in the direction of the courses of its stones to express roundness. When we come to the massive stones near the ground in the narrow little street we find some of them shaded perpendicularly, others horizontally, to keep their individuality; and in the shadow on the door, the direction of the grain of the wood is indicated, though this, perhaps, is slightly puerile. The road is shaded by lines which traverse it, and the wall which supports the road by perpendicular ones, except a few stones to the right, which are horizontal. The general principle observed is to make all the lines for shading belong to and express the perspective of the things they shade, and to convey, further, as much of their *nature* as possible, and especially their differences. In one word, Méryon's shading is almost always in the highest degree *explanatory*, and that is why his etchings seem so clear and bright. His graphic language has the great merit of lucidity, but this lucidity is evidently studied.

It is quite necessary for beginners to have by them a small collection of good etchings, unless they live in London and can refer to the etchings in the British Museum. Méryon's buildings and Haden's foliage are the best in modern art, and some members of our own etching club have done some very beautiful figure work, though I think they usually try too much for polish in execution—a habit into which they have fallen very naturally from their turn for book illustration, and the consequently small scale of their work.

Daubigny has done some very fine etchings, which is a curious thing to say of a man who cannot draw at all accurately; however, it is the fact that his etchings are fine in quality, and since nothing can be simpler than his execution, they are particularly good models for inexperienced etchers. The etchings of Maxime Lalanne are also admirable, except one or two of his small plates. He has the gift of a very elegant taste, indeed, no etcher who ever lived has the quality of elegance to so high a point as Lalanne. Mr. Whistler's etchings are also amongst the few which a beginner ought to lose no opportunity of studying; they are not easily procurable, but Mr. Whistler may, perhaps, make up his mind to publish them some day. They are very observant, in an original way, and often singularly delicate in execution, with a minute picturesqueness unrivalled in the art. Of the old etchers, Rembrandt, as all acknowledge, is the sovereign prince. His etchings have all the qualities and all the defects of his pictures, and also, what more immediately concerns us now, the technical qualities of etching in the highest perfection. The student ought to have, at least, a few photographs of the best of them.

From this digression, not unnecessary in its place, we return to our practical work. We were talking about the quality of the etched line. Now there are three ways of obtaining darks in etching; the lines may be *broad*, or they may be *numerous*, or they may be *deep*. Lalanne has a theory, confirmed by the practice of many good workmen, that for distances lines ought to be close, and delicate, and shallow; the work becoming more open, the lines thicker, and the biting deeper as we approach the foreground. If you want very *dark* passages in the distance, you must get them by multiplicity of lines. There is a difference between Méyron's execution and Lalanne's in the way they lay lines for shade: Méyron almost always *waves* them a little, from his antipathy to a perfectly straight line. Lalanne does not intentionally undulate his lines, but gives them a just perceptible curvature. In any case it is well to remember that the one inadmissible line is a *ruled* line, because that has no life in it; and though it may sound odd, it is the fact, that a free line very nearly straight expresses straightness better than a ruled line which is quite straight. The reader ought to be warned against a yet more destructive instrument even than the parallel ruler. Some etchers get impatient of the labour involved in shading with a single point, and so split a lead pencil where it is glued, insert half a dozen needles between the two halves like the teeth of a comb, and fasten them together again. With six points running side by side, it seems as if broad shades could be laid in one sixth of the time. O, fatal economy! The points do, indeed, shade rapidly, but as the artist has not six minds,

one for each point, and as the points are all tied fast together, it follows that the work they do is just as stupid as, and far more injurious than, would be repetition in a printed book, in which every line was printed six times over. I say more injurious, because in a book so printed, we could, at least, skip the five repetitions, but in an etching the spectator has no such resource, and the five echoes of the line are five discords in the work.

To sum up the necessary merits of an etched line: it must be decisive, rapid, explanatory, and alive. Dead lines are those which are either produced mechanically with a ruler, or mindlessly without one. Many of the lines in popular engravings are dead, and if any such intrude in etching they poison it.

In the course of our work it is as well to brush away the particles of removed varnish with a feather or camel-hair brush, and to prick a cushion with the needle to clear them from its point.

A few modern etchers take their plates out of doors, and work directly from nature. Direct work from nature is peculiarly adapted to the genius of etching, which is, in the highest degree, sensitive and impressionable, and a thousand little things, precious as indications of character, are easily noted directly from nature which escape the strongest memory in the studio. Nothing marks a natural incapacity for etching like insensitiveness to these little things. Again, since an etching is always the better for being rapidly done, since an etching done at one sitting is better for the very brevity of the work, there is not the objection in this case about the changing of natural effects, an objection fatal to finished work from nature in oil. If you do subjects that people know and care about, you must reverse them; and for that purpose carry with you a small mirror, which you may set up on a movable branch like the candlestick of a music stand, and fix it to your drawing board. When the subject is one that nobody takes any interest in, there is no necessity for reversing it, and it is always pleasanter to work without the mirror, which has a tendency to make our work rather like photography, for it is a curious fact that the excitement produced in the mind by a natural scene is not produced to anything like the same extent by the reflection of the same scene in a mirror, and this excitement is the source of all artistic expression.

When our etching is completed so far as drawing is concerned, it is only half done, for the biting still remains, and this is the most hazardous operation of all. You may use nitric acid diluted with twice its weight of water, or an equal mixture of water and acid, or any other mixture of the two that suits you. In cold weather you will need a strong bath; in warm weather a much weaker one will produce the same result. In your early practice, you ought to have a small experimental plate at hand to try your bath, noting the time required for different tints. Mr. Haden does not use nitric acid, but the following, which I have his kind permission to publish:—

	Grammes.
Acidi Hyd. ochlor	12
Water	68
Potass. Chlor.	2
Boiling water	18
	100

The boiling water is to dissolve the potash separately before mixing with the rest. This mordant is superior to nitric acid, from its clearness and regularity of biting, and also because it needs no attention, whereas in biting with acid, one has to be constantly removing bubbles. Mr. Haden's mordant is slow, and the darker parts of a plate may be left in it for several hours. He himself often etches his plate from beginning to end in the bath. If you mention this to any old-fashioned etcher, he will set down Mr. Haden as an eccentric, and you and me as weak people easily imposed upon by novelties. There is, however, a very excellent reason for Mr. Haden's extraordinary proceeding. A great difficulty in the ordinary system of etching consists in stopping out, which I have now to explain. When a plate has been long enough in the bath to give the required tone to its lighter parts, it is taken out and dried, then all these sufficiently-bitten parts are painted over with varnish to protect them from farther biting, and the plate is replaced in the bath. This operation may have to be repeated several times. The difficulty of it consists in this, that to stop out every line we would have pale *without* stopping out some line we wish to have darker, is all but impossible, and plates stopped out three or four times usually betray three or four distinct stages of biting, so losing that quiet imperceptible gradation which is desirable. Now, Mr. Haden imagined that if the plates were etched from first to last in the bath, the trouble and difficulty of stopping out might be altogether dispensed with, and a regular gradation ensured. With his mordant, a plate may remain four hours immersed; in four hours there is time to do an etching. We begin with the extreme darks, and gradually work our way to tints intended to be paler, always taking care to work in regular progression from dark to pale; at the very last we leave our palest line for a few minutes, and then the plate may be taken out and dried, and the varnish removed at once. It will then be found that it is bitten with a graduated depth, no two lines having precisely the same intensity; and if the work has been done in its right order, the result will be such as can be attained in no other way, such as *no* stopping out, however frequently repeated, could by any possibility reach. So we now see that Mr. Haden did not plan this new "dodge" out of bravado, but for a sound, artistic reason, and if we applaud, it is not from the love of novelty, but from the love of art. On the other hand, it is to be observed that Mr. Haden's process is quite unsuited to hesitating workmen, to all workmen, in short, who have to *correct* what they do, and it naturally does better for landscape sketching, where errors in form are of little consequence, than it would for figure design, where they must be corrected at any cost. There is an excellent reason for it, the immeasurable superiority of its gradation in force; and there is a serious objection to it, the impossibility of correcting and polishing defective work. For vivid and masterly improvisation, Mr. Haden's process is far better than successive bitings and stoppings-out; but for what is considered highly-finished etching, for the kind of etching in which the English school has hitherto chiefly exercised itself, the process is altogether unsuited.*

The best varnish for stopping out is Brunswick black; the best, I mean, that I have tried, though I have little doubt that ordinary etching varnish dissolved in chloroform would be more convenient, as on drying, which it would do very rapidly, it would present exactly the same substance as the varnish already on the plate, and so permit the artist to work in it with the needle, which is often very necessary. This reminds me that etchers who find the old-fashioned system of varnishing plates too troublesome, may avoid it by dissolving the varnish in chloroform, and spreading it cold on the plate exactly as collodion is spread on glass by photographers. If you have not practised the collodion process, this may offer a little difficulty at first. Pour the varnish in the middle of the plate until it makes a round pool extending nearly to the sides. You hold the plate by a corner, and first incline it so that the varnish runs towards your thumb; when the varnish nearly touches your thumb (or the hand vice, if you employ it), you incline the plate towards the other corner nearest you, and when that is covered, towards the corner *diagonally* opposite the one you hold; finally, you pour off the superfluous varnish into a bottle by the fourth corner, and holding the plate at right angles to the floor move it rapidly so that first a long edge and then a short edge shall be vertical. If you do this well, and if there is no dust on the plate or in the room, nor any particle of foreign matter in your bottle, you will obtain an absolutely perfect surface, and the varnish will be just of the right thickness, but if you do it unskilfully, or in a dusty room, you will either have a double thickness of varnish where it has twice flowed over the same place, or else, which is as bad, little lumps with lines of thicker varnish flowing from them on each side. If these occur clean the plate with turpentine and try again.

Some artists have been so troubled with the difficulty of working in negative that they have tried different ways of making etching answer in positive. For my own part I do not perceive the inconvenience, but every beginner feels it strongly. Perhaps something might be done by staining the copper black, using white varnish and covering this with a coat of Chinese white, but the Chinese white would have to be very thin, or it would impede the needle and come off in little broken cakes. Perhaps white might be more easily attained by powdering the varnish, when nearly set, with some white powder, or if anybody would invent an opaque milkwhite etching varnish, that might answer the purpose. The needle, however, would have to be blunt in order not to scratch through the stained surface of the copper. There is no metal which, on being cut into, is black. It would be very possible to etch on thick slabs of black marble, but there would be practical difficulties in the printing.

Suppose our plate bitten, and the varnish cleaned away with turpentine, the next thing to be done is to get a proof of it. If the reader lives in the country, and at a considerable distance from some large town, it is likely that he will suffer much inconvenience in getting proofs. Every one who etches ought to have a press in his own house and take proofs frequently during the progress of his plates, but as presses are rather expensive things, most amateurs struggle on without one. To overcome this inconvenience I have invented a cheap press, but as it is not yet finished will say no more about it for the present, promising, however, a full description of it in this Journal if it answers the purpose. Meanwhile several ways of taking proofs may be described by which a solitary amateur may get some notion of the state of his plate. The best of these is by a plaster cast. You ink the plate with the ink used for copper-

* In Mr. Haden's process, the needle, of course, is varnished.

plate printing, heating it first, and taking good care that all the lines are well filled, then removing the superfluous ink with a piece of muslin and the large muscle of your thumb. This done, you make with paste and paper a tray an inch deep, just large enough to receive the plate. Lay the plate at the bottom of the tray. Take plaster of Paris in powder and throw it in a gentle shower into a basin half-full of water, let it settle, and pour off the superfluous water. Stir the plaster well together, and pour it on the plate till the paper tray is filled. Let it stand half-an-hour. The plaster being now well set, tear the paper all away, turn the cast over so that the plate is uppermost, and remove the plate gently. If you have done your work well, and if the plaster was of good quality, you will have a beautiful proof of your etching in black ink on white plaster, which is just as good as having it on white paper. Half the success of a proof of this kind depends on the quality of the plaster, and it is not always easy for persons living in the country to procure good plaster. If it has been exposed for some time to the air it will not set properly, and then you will never get a proof worth anything. Again, plaster which is good enough for common purposes is not good enough for this. If you take casts, have your plaster sent to you from London, at short intervals, in a soldered canister, and of the best and finest quality procurable.

Another way of getting a proof, recommended by Lalanne, is to cover a sheet of paper with a thin film of white wax, and then to powder the plate with lampblack, wiping it, but leaving the lines full; having placed the paper on the plate, with the waxed side towards it, and folded the margin behind the plate all round so as to keep the paper quite steady, he takes a burnisher and rubs the paper all over. This done, the paper is removed and displays a proof of the etching, often very clear, but rarely so good as the plaster one. If the wax is at all unskilfully laid so as to be thicker in some parts than others, the proof is sure to be bad, as the wax will stick to the plate in those parts and leave white spaces on the proof. The best way to cover the paper with wax is to dissolve it in turpentine and apply it with a brush, and tracing paper is the best paper to use. Lalanne finds this process satisfactory, but I decidedly prefer plaster, and warn the reader that before succeeding with wax he is likely to be often disappointed.

Having obtained a proof of some kind, we are sure to discover defects in our plate, some parts will be too light and others too dark, there may be some faults of drawing which cannot be allowed to pass, and whole passages may seem poor. Nothing will strike the beginner more than the difference between the rich look of the plate and the poverty of the proof: the glitter of the metal makes the difference.

It is not difficult to correct an etching, but there is always the danger that a much-corrected plate will lose freshness and vivacity, so that I would rather in many cases let a fault go and leave the critics to suppose that I knew no better, than correct it and lose a quality so valuable that it is cheaply bought at the cost of many imperfections. However, it often happens that a correction *must* be done, and so we must learn how to do it. The passage must be faulty in one of three ways, either it is too light, or it is too dark, or its drawing has to be altered.

First, suppose the passage too light. Either we may re-varnish the whole plate with a pale transparent varnish and work again over the passages we want to be darker, or else we may cover the surface of the plate with varnish, leaving the lines clear of it, and, after stopping out all of the plate which satisfies us, rebite. This varnishing of the polished surface only is not very easy, and in Paris there is a man who makes it his speciality, so that Parisian etchers seldom trouble themselves to do it. To effect it you have a carefully made roller as long as your plate is broad, and well mounted thus, with a wooden handle, and metal frame and axle:—



Your roller should be perfectly turned and covered with kid leather so well that the joining of the leather is imperceptible. Varnish *another* plate exactly as if you were going to etch upon it, and whilst it is hot pass your roller over it two or three times till the leather is charged equally with varnish. Then pass it over your etched plate, which should be previously cleaned with turpentine and fine whitening and bread to the utmost attainable degree of cleanliness. The plate should also be warmed. Pass the roller in different directions till the surface of your plate is varnished. If the operation has been well done, and your roller well made and your plate level, the surface alone will be covered. You may then paint the back with Brunswick black and stop out all parts of the plate which are perfectly satisfactory, after which rebite. The objection is, that however carefully we do this, the finest lines of all are filled, and so a rebitten plate never looks quite like a plate bitten successfully the first time. It is always the deepest lines, that is those which *least need* rebiting, that are sure to be rebitten.

On the other hand shading done *over* the previous work by etching in white varnish often destroys the freshness of a plate by too great multiplicity of lines. White varnish is, I believe, supplied by most dealers in etching materials. Banking wax will do, though it is rather liable to chip in cold weather: the addition of a little white wax would correct this tendency.

Banking wax reminds me of a modern improvement which I ought to mention. It was formerly employed to make a little wall round the plate and convert it into a temporary reservoir into which acid might be poured. This gave a good deal of trouble, for without great care the acid was sure to make its way somewhere between the wall and the plate. The practice of photography has suggested a better plan. A porcelain tray, like those used by photographers, contains the acid bath,* and we varnish the plate on both sides and plunge the whole of it in the acid. To take it out you may use india-rubber finger-gloves, or by passing tape through melted etching varnish you may at once obtain bands which when made into loops will carry your plate, and may be left with it in the acid. Bands of india-rubber are better.

In case you should happen to run short of chloroform and Brunswick black, you may be glad to know that common printers' ink is a capital stopper out, except that you cannot do any work in it with the needle. It has the advantage that there is no occasion to wait for its drying, but you may plunge your plate in the acid again as soon as ever you like. French stopping-out varnish, which is sold on purpose, dries rather slowly, so that if you have to stop out often your plate may take a week to bite. Etching varnish dissolved in turpentine is equally objectionable.

Let us now suppose our faulty passage too dark. It may be made paler very easily. Take a piece of perfectly made charcoal (willow charcoal is the best, but oak well chosen will do) and rub the part you desire to have paler. You might rub it out altogether if you kept at it. Charcoal has a curious affinity for metal, and if you look at it after rubbing the plate never so little, you will see metallic copper on it. For the same reason powdered charcoal passed through a fine sieve and made into a paste with olive oil is the best thing to clean a plate with, but it must not be used too often, as it would wear it.

Finally, if there is some glaring, unpardonable defect in drawing, the passage must be completely erased. To accomplish this you may use the scraper, sand-paper, and charcoal, and polish the place with fine emery-paper, concluding with the burnisher, which must itself be kept in a condition of high polish. It is as well to have by you a slab of thick steel, the size of the largest plates you use, with a surface planed perfectly level by some good machine maker, and polished. If you have, as is likely, considerably hollowed your plate where you have erased the passage, you may now bring it up to the old level. Take a pair of callipers, and mark on the back of the plate the spot you have reduced. Put the plate face downwards on the steel slab. Give a few sharp blows with a polished hammer on the marked place. Skilful plate-planers will take any part of your work out that you may desire, and return your plate with the defective portion blank, polished, and at the old level.

The dry point is often used for finishing, and has been called the glazing of the art, not inappropriately, as the dry point gives to etching much of that richness and transparency which transparent colour gives to oil painting. The dry point is merely a strong etching needle, sharpened in a particular way. You cut the lines in the copper itself, instead of merely cutting them in the varnish. In using the dry point as a finish to etching, it is well to remove, in a great measure, the bur. The bur is a little ridge of copper ploughed up by the point, which acts doubly in cutting a trench and raising a bank. The bur is removed with the scraper, which ought to run at right angles to the line; consequently you ought to use the scraper continually in the progress of your work, and not wait until you have got lines crossing each other. Let your scraper be very sharp, and sharpen your point also continually upon an oil stone. If you give it not a perfect point, but a little *edge*, it will be none the worse, and though as sharp as possible, it is better to sharpen it at rather an obtuse angle than at a very acute one.

The dry point is often used alone; and though a dry point engraving can scarcely be called quite strictly an etching, yet since etchings and dry points are usually comprised under the generic name "etching," I may speak of pure dry points in this place. A dry point is at once distinguishable from an etched plate by a certain velvety appearance due to the bur. In a pure dry point the bur is looked to as the main source of effect, and is carefully saved from the scraper in all those parts of the work that are intended to be rich and dark.

* A wooden tray varnished with sealing-wax dissolved in spirits of wine does perfectly well and has two advantages—1st. It may be made of any required size. 2nd. It is not brittle, and so may be carried anywhere, a reason for employing it when etching from nature *in the acid*.

Nothing can exceed the rich look of a fine dry point; and etching proper cannot compete with it in this quality. There is also a marvellous delicacy in the finer shades attainable with the dry point. The student should take care to do all his paler parts first, because he removes the bur from these, reserving for later work those lines which are intended to keep their bur. It is easy, whilst the plate is in progress, to see how it is advancing without taking a proof. Mix common tallow with lamp black, and rub your plate with this as you work. It will be caught everywhere by the bur, and present to you exactly the appearance of a proof.

Whilst admitting the points of superiority in the dry point, its wonderful richness and delicacy, we must consider it far inferior to etching in freedom. For instance, throw a tangled thread on the table and copy it, first in etching, then with the dry point; the etching needle will quite easily follow every twist of the thread, but with the dry point such a task would be ten times, a hundred times as difficult. Or if you try to write on the copper with a dry point, you will find that it catches, and slips where you don't want it to go, whereas the etching needle is even freer than the pen, and you may write an autograph letter with it which shall have every minute peculiarity of your hand. Anything like a straight line, or a steady, pure curve, is easy in dry point; capricious lines are difficult. Hence it is a much slower process than etching, and more fatiguing.

It ought to be observed that the amount of bur produced depends very much on the inclination of the point. If you lean the holder far down to your right, you will raise a high bur; if you hold it straight up you will raise very little. Between these two you will get every variety of bur; and a skilful workman avails himself of this, for a skilful workman is always thinking and minding about his bur.

The old objection to dry points, that they yielded so few impressions, is now obviated by steeling. A plate that formerly yielded twenty copies, will now give four hundred.

Lastly, you may occasionally make use of the burin in finishing etchings and dry points, but it is not to be recommended. None but professional engravers can use the burin skilfully; it is sometimes, however, valuable to an etcher to give vigour to passages that want it.

Soft ground etching may be very briefly described. In cold weather mix melted etching varnish with an equal weight of melted tallow: in hot weather half the quantity of tallow is enough. Varnish your plate and smoke it as usual. Cover it with white paper, very thin, rather rough, and damped. Turn this paper under the etching all round, and paste it to the back of the plate. When dry it will be stretched above the varnish, but should not stick to it. Take a lead pencil and draw your subject on the paper exactly as you would a pencil drawing. Remove the paper carefully. The paper will carry away with it the varnish wherever the pencil marks have gone, but the grain of it will leave a granulated appearance. Bite the plate. Impressions from it will resemble the pencil drawing you did on the paper. I ought to add that this process is seldom to be entirely relied upon, and that artists usually like it much less than the processes already described.

Means are sometimes employed to give a flat tint, or a texture. Places intended to be left white may be protected with touches of varnish, and the rest slightly bitten all over; or flour of sulphur may be mixed with oil and painted over the parts to be tinted. When it is removed, the copper beneath will be found to be slightly rough, and will yield a general tint in the printing. A little pure acid, boldly applied with a camel-hair brush, is often effective. A granulated texture may be got by dabbing on the clean plate with very little varnish and a rough dabber, then stopping out all parts not to be granulated, and biting. Texture may also be got in other ways—with soft varnish and rough paper, for example, or with woven materials, leaving the marks of their threads. But it is well, as a general rule, to avoid these "dodges," and rely on the point alone.

RITUALISM AND ART.

The clergymen and laymen, now acting in concert, who are introducing and endeavouring to establish in the Church of England what they are pleased to entitle a "high ritual," have declared that costly and ornate adornments and accessories of public worship are simply the natural and necessary results of the recent revival of a better taste and feeling in our ecclesiastical architecture. What they admit as desirous of reviving in ceremonial observance and in the vestments of ministers, they no less unequivocally seek to associate with the but too prevalent restorations of our old churches, and the more truthful and nobler architectural character of our numerous new ones. At first sight, this may seem to be a specious, and indeed even a reasonable and sound, line of argument; but it will be found unable to endure impartial and candid consideration.

It is certainly true of many of the most zealous and energetic of the revivers of Gothic architecture, that unconsciously and unintentionally, but not the less effectually, they have prepared the way for the appearance of such allies as the Ritualists; perhaps, in a few instances, such an ultimate alliance may all along have been contemplated and desired by the Gothic revivers. The revival of Gothic architecture in our own times must ever be regarded as one of the most remarkable, as certainly it has already shown that it is one of the most important and practically influential, events in the history of modern Art. It was a grand thing to have appreciated the old long dormant art, to have regarded it as dormant only and not dead, to have believed that it might be aroused and restored to full vitality, and to have set to work to act and to have persevered in acting on such a belief. This effort, once made in genuine earnestness, and in some degree successful, would be certain to attract admiring sympathy, and many volunteer fellow-workers. Here, in this very sympathy and this ready co-operation with the first revivers, the revived Gothic would be exposed to most serious peril. In the ardour of their new zeal, these lovers of the Gothic would easily fall into the grave error of assuming that to revive early Gothic architecture would most effectually be accomplished by *copying* early Gothic edifices, and by *reproducing* in fac-simile early Gothic details. Hence, as we have seen, but a few of the Gothic revivers have understood the elastic and comprehensive nature of the style; and consequently they have sought to adapt it in its revived condition to existing circumstances, usages, and requirements: meanwhile, instead of studying what the Gothic did so well in the olden time, that thus they might be the better enabled to adapt the revived Gothic to the present time, and to the probable exigence of time yet to come, the majority of the revivers have been content with a retrospective observation as a guide to a repetition of early practice—they looked back, that they might copy now what the early Gothic masters produced for their own times. These are the architectural revivers who may be claimed as the forerunners of a revival of Ritualism. When they copied an early church, in that act of copying they suggested a copy of the early use of such a church. All this is essentially and absolutely distinct from a true revival of the Gothic as a style of Art. Such a revival implies the application of past experience to present use; it is the style in active life, actively at work through the instrumentality of living workers, who think out and execute fresh expressions of the old style for themselves and for their own times.

The argument of the ritualists, which they would build up upon the present revival of early ecclesiastical architecture, cannot pretend to take effect beyond the range of that phase of the Gothic revival which consists in reproducing and copying early churches. Pointing to any such edifice, they may say,—Here you have reproduced and copied, for present use, an early church; here, therefore, we bring a reproduction and copy of the contemporaneous early ritual. In reality, however, the argument of the ritualists falls far short of even such apparent authority as this. The ritualism which they maintain to be neither less nor more than an essential element of our Gothic revival, is the ritualism that was struck down by the Reformation—that which flourished, as they hold, in the middle of the sixteenth century. But the churches that were built in the sixteenth century are rarely selected as models by living architectural copyists; and it is not to be assumed that Ritualism, so far as it has to do with ecclesiastical Art, was the same thing in the time of Edward VI. that it was in the time of Edward I.; nor can we admit that living ritualists may modify the ecclesiastical Art of the year 1548, so as to cause it to assume such an aspect as they believe it to have displayed in 1248, and then to argue that *this* ought to be, and in fact actually is, *our* ecclesiastical Art in such churches as we may have copied from the thirteenth century. The ritualist argument, based upon our Gothic revival, points expressly, and exclusively also, to a specific era—the second year of Edward VI. If the Ritualism that now asserts its own reproduction from this second year of Edward VI. has any present legal existence at all, it exists solely and absolutely upon the authority of what was its legal existence in that particular year; and, therefore, as a result of our Gothic revival, and indeed as part and parcel of it, this reproduced Ritualism deals, and can deal only and exclusively, with what was lawful ecclesiastical Art at that same period in England.

Now, while we gladly admit that any discussion upon the legal questions bearing on reproduced Ritualism in the Church of England, upon the expediency of that reproduction, and still more upon its significance, would be altogether out of place and unbecoming in these pages, at the same time a careful consideration of the influence that this same reproduced sixteenth-century Ritualism may exercise on Art now in our own times, is not only consistent with the aim and scope of this

Journal, but it would be a grave dereliction on the part of the *Art-Journal* to leave such a subject unnoticed. Very powerful has always been the influence of religion, and particularly as authoritatively directed by the Church, upon Art; and we ourselves live in an age when this very influence may be made to wield an extraordinary power. Nothing is more remarkable in this age of unprecedented advance than the strong prevailing love and admiration for whatever comes to us with the attributes and the authority of the past. Rushing forward ever towards what is fresh and new, we yet cling reverently to what is venerable and old. In Art this singular combination of new-born aspirings with retrospective reminiscences may everywhere be observed in energetic action. In the best of our own works of Art the influence of early Art is most surely and palpably present; and, it may be added, that never were the best works of early Art held in such high esteem. At such a time, and when sentiments such as these are prevalent and deeply felt, the presence among us of a new (at any rate, what to ourselves appears under the aspect of a new) agency commanding a peculiar influence, claiming to possess and to have a supreme right to exercise a power of both direction and control, and appealing to the highest sanction—this is an event calculated to excite either cordial satisfaction or anxious apprehension. Here are apparent, should the assumed capacity of the new agency be supported by facts, the means either of accomplishing for Art much which may prove to be most advantageous, or of inflicting upon it so much as can scarcely fail to be productive of serious injury. And that the reproduced Ritualism of the present day, in whatever degree it may succeed in establishing itself, must in that same degree act either for good or for evil upon Art, is a necessary consequence of the nature and character of the Ritualism itself. It is an Art-agency in both the principle and the manner of its action. It deals directly with all the arts that may be brought into operation to decorate churches and their ministers; and in thus employing those arts, it aims to impart to them at once both the broadest popularity and a peculiarly dignified authority. Very close indeed is the connection between "Ritualism and Art," because very great is the influence that Ritualism is able to bring to bear upon Art. And the converse of this proposition is also true—very great is the influence that Art is able to bring to bear upon Ritualism. An alliance between Ritualism and Art is calculated to act both ways. If the Ritualism proves competent to impart its own characteristics to Art, Art, on the other hand, is eminently qualified to prove to Ritualism the most influential of auxiliaries. And this is thoroughly understood by the prime movers of Ritualism. They know, and they know the value of, the popularity of Art; and this knowledge they are certain to use judiciously and without hesitation or reserve.

All these, and with them all similar considerations, lead to the same inquiry concerning the nature of the influence that the reproduced Ritualism of the present day is calculated to exercise through Art, and to bring to bear upon Art itself. The reply to this inquiry is found in the era of the Ritualism which is reproduced from the commencement of the reign of Edward VI.,—that is, somewhat before the middle of the sixteenth century. That was the era of the lowest debasement of Gothic Art—the time in which "the great dynasty" was sinking, through the last stages of its decline, into the quickly succeeding fall. The Ritualism of *this* day identifies itself with the Art of *that* day; and, in dealing with the influence of Ritualism upon Art, it is the debased Gothic Art of the middle of the sixteenth century which we have either to accept or to reject. And be it remembered, that in accepting this debased Gothic, we consent to reproduce and copy it, exactly as we find it at the period from which we accept and reproduce our Ritualism.

We resolutely refuse thus to have our ecclesiastical Art hooked on to what may have been ecclesiastical Art in the second year of Edward VI. We decline to ignore those chapters in the history of Art that bear more recent dates than 1548; and when we seek for association with early Art, we prefer the Art of the thirteenth century, or of the twelfth, to that of the sixteenth. And so we invite all who truly love the great and noble Art of early ages to set themselves in opposition to every attempt, however plausible, to concentrate upon the Art of our own age such influences only as emanate from the era of Edward VI.; and, likewise, lovers of living Art we admonish to resist every project for bringing down the middle of the sixteenth century direct to us, or for taking us directly back to the middle of the sixteenth century.

That the Art of their own Ritualistic era is also the Art, and the only consistent Art, of renovated Ritualism is doubtless felt, since already, in a certain measure, it is admitted by ritualists themselves. The latest and most debased forms of mediæval Gothic architecture have found favour with some of these living sixteenth-century men; and, as of course would follow, the supremacy of the Gothic of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries has been denied, and even its superiority challenged. This is satisfactory, as corroborative testimony to the inevitable inferences that Ritualism teaches us to draw, with regard to what it wishes to do, and purposes to do, for (that is, against) Art. We shall not be apprehensive lest the architecture of the sixteenth century should be accepted and recognised as the style of styles; and yet we do feel the necessity for open and uncompromising opposition to whatever may assume the character and exercise the functions of a patron as well as a representative of sixteenth-century ecclesiastical Art. For the present we are content, be it observed, to leave untouched the general question of the association of Art with the ceremonial accessories of our churches and with our observance of religious ceremonies, except to record our desire that here, as in the fabric of our ecclesiastical edifices, the noblest Art should everywhere be manifestly present. It is not Art itself that we would exclude from the highest duties and services in which it can be engaged, which by its presence it may adorn, and from which it must in its turn derive fresh honour and dignity: on the contrary, we are prepared to plead, and it is our purpose earnestly and resolutely to plead for an ecclesiastical and religious Art of our own—not for a past expression of ecclesiastical and religious Art reproduced and copied, not for the long-rejected Art of a debased period, but for such Art in matters ecclesiastical and religious as we ourselves may call into being, and which may be, and will declare that it is, the consistent ministrant to our own faith and the independent and yet harmonious expression of our own feeling.

CHARLES BOUTELL.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL COLLECTION.

EVENING IN THE MEADOWS,
F. R. Lee, R.A., and T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., Painters.
J. Cousen, Engraver.

ONE of the pictures for which the country is indebted to the liberality of the late Mr. Jacob Bell. It was among the few choice landscapes in his small but most valuable collection, and is now, with the other English paintings which have become the property of the nation, in the gallery at South Kensington. The work of two artists, each of whom has deservedly gained high distinction in his especial department, this joint production is a notable example of the talents of both. Mr. Lee has rarely, if ever, been more successful than here in his landscape scenery, as well in colour as in design: there is less mannerism than we often see in his works, especially in the forms of his trees and the rendering of the foliage, which, in this picture, are true, graceful, and distinctive; light and free in touch, and yet carefully and naturally massed and effectively grouped; while the colour is fresh and verdant both in the trees and herbage, and the water limpid and transparent. There is comparatively little sky visible, but what is seen is softly painted; the clouds move tranquilly over the subdued tone of blue, which gradually melts into a warm grey in the horizon, casting a rich mellow sunlight over the whole landscape:—

"The sun has lost his rage; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes
The dream of waking fancy."

Mr. Cooper's share of the work is, of course, the cattle; he is the Cuyp or Berghem of our school, and the herd here is worthy of his great Dutch predecessors, and—of himself.

"A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface."

The scenery is, we have every reason to believe, that which lies on the opposite side of Canterbury, Mr. Cooper's native place, and where he resides. Those who know the rich tracts of pasture-land lying on each side of the river Stour and its tributaries, after passing through the city on the route to Ramsgate, can scarcely fail to draw a parallel, at least, between what meets the eye there and what is presented in this picture. Canterbury meadows have always been favourite sketching-ground for Mr. Cooper's bucolic subjects; in this instance his friend Mr. Lee has made himself "master of the situation." By substituting the Stour for the Ouse, we may apply to the scene Cowper's lines:—

"Here *Stour*, slow winding through a level plain,
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in his bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsmen's solitary hut," &c. &c.

On the right bank of the stream rises a noble group of elm and ash trees; behind them, but at some distance, is a cottage embosomed in wood; to the left is a line of willows, light and feathery, and the view is bounded by a range of gently undulating ground. These, with the cows and sheep scattered about far and near, constitute a familiar and most pleasing example of English pastoral.



NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

The first exhibition of historic portraits at Kensington has been pronounced a success. A second, in continuation of the first, will carry the interest which such exhibitions create, into the coming year. In the interval that lies between the dispersion of one collection and the gathering together of another, we devote a page to facts which the experiment just made has brought into view, and to the lessons such exhibitions in general are designed to teach.

These collections may be regarded either as the reassembling of the illustrious dead—and then they serve for lessons in history and homilies on life,—or they may be viewed simply as a series of pictures—and then they speak of Art-progress and decline, and illustrate the various styles of portrait-painting which have from century to century obtained favour. Such reflections must have crowded on the minds of persons who entered the gallery at Kensington in befitting mood. The heads of Henry VIII. and of his wives, of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and "Bloody" Mary, of Charles I. and Cromwell, of Ben Jonson, Shakspere, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Lord Bacon, Judge Jeffreys, and Thomas Hobbes, gave to well-known histories the interest which springs from personal knowledge and bodily presence. To the young especially such a gallery is a school. Our own province, however, lies more directly within the Art department, and the space at our disposal is barely sufficient for matters which concern the painter and the antiquary.

First let us say a word on the much-debated authenticity of many of the portraits congregated at Kensington. This question presents two aspects—the one touching the painter, the other the sitter. The doubt as to the painter has arisen mainly among the reputed Holbein pictures. Of the second question, as to the sitter, Lord Derby, at the Academy dinner, drew illustration from his own experience. There had reposed, he said, upon his walls a remote ancestor of three hundred or four hundred years ago, who now had to meet a rival or an unmistakable double, bearing a very different name. Of the converse of this case: that of the same name having to answer for totally distinct heads, there were in the exhibition only too palpable examples. Such facts, which certainly look suspicious, have been laid to the charge of the management; yet, when rightly considered, they but elucidate the advantages that may accrue from these public ordeals; moot points are not unfrequently thereby set at rest. Without such an exhibition, for example, it might have been still more difficult than it now is to come to a judgment on the Holbein controversy. It is only when pictures, which have been long scattered, are brought together and placed face to face, that their comparative value and authenticity can be fairly tested. Replicas, copies, or works altogether spurious, are thus reduced to their relative levels; and for years yet to come, whenever doubts may arise, will the verdict given at this exhibition, as in open court, put an end to controversy. The photographs, too, which have been taken, will remain in witness of established facts.

In further elucidation of the uses of these exhibitions, let us offer a word on the Holbein portraits, both genuine and spurious. By a fortunate coincidence, the exhibition opened at the moment when Mr. Wornum's investigations were complete, and the critics in the leading journals have accepted and promulgated the conclusions which, in the forthcoming life of Holbein, will be established. Certainly it was a somewhat startling announcement, that out of sixty-three portraits assigned in the carefully-compiled catalogue to Holbein, only eight or ten were veritable. Yet the ascertained date of the painter's death, the pedigrees of the individual pictures, as well as the internal evidence furnished by the paintings themselves, seem to substantiate this conclusion. For example, every one who closely examined 'The Family of Sir Thomas More'—one of the most impressive and interesting portrait-pictures in the world—must have come to the conclusion, that Holbein never worked upon the canvas at all. Indeed, Dr. Waagen, in his volumes on the German and Flemish Schools, pronounced six years ago a decisive verdict on this picture in the following words: "In a letter from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, dated September, 1529, Erasmus expresses his great gratification at a representation of Sir Thomas and his whole family, which Holbein had brought with him. This must have been," says Dr. Waagen, "the clever pen sketch, now in the Basle Gallery, for the well-known, but, alas! vanished picture, now solely though well represented by an early, and, in many respects, excellent copy at Nostall Priory, the seat of the Wynn family in Yorkshire." Of this "clever pen sketch," which we have seen in the Gallery at Basle, a capital photograph is published in "Die Kunstschatze des Museums in Basel," a work which may be consulted in the Art-Library at Kensington. This drawing has the distinguishing marks of the master. It is remarkable for individuality and character, for decision, yet delicacy; every touch tells; a few well-directed lines complete each portrait and detail the entire story. It is interesting to observe certain not unimportant variations between this first sketch and the subsequent picture, now only known by the "excellent copy" exhibited at Kensington.

A few further notes may be added on the Holbein portraits. Perhaps the head which laid claim to highest Art-quality, was that of Lady Butts; and the portrait to which attached most personal interest was the oft-engraved single seated figure of Sir Thomas More, contributed by Mr. Henry Huth. The right eye is damaged, and the hands repainted. On the whole, however, few works of the period are better preserved. Speaking generally, Holbein's true portraits may be recognised in the masterly modelling of the temples and the regions round the eye, in the precise curve of the nostrils, and the firm line of the mouth. The perplexities in portraiture, which timid hands elude or boggle over, were to this master points for triumph. The number of works which can be ascribed beyond doubt to Holbein have of late been considerably curtailed. It is well known that the Will of Holbein, which was discovered some time since, took eleven years from the painter's life, and thus put an end to the pretensions of all portraits executed later than 1543. But this discovery in turn opens a fresh difficulty, inasmuch as many admirable pictures, such as the three portraits of Henry VIII.'s children, viz., that of Edward from Windsor Castle, of Mary, belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, and of Elizabeth, from St. James's Palace, are thereby left without parentage. And these works are of such rare excellence, that it is hard to find for them a competent author. Mr. Samuel Redgrave boldly ventures on the conjecture, that Holbein the painter and Holbein the testator, were two distinct individuals. Thus the eleven years taken from the life of the artist might be restored, and various excellent and otherwise anonymous portraits in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. would find a worthy executant. It is understood, however, that Mr. Wornum will show this conjecture to be untenable: he will also adduce facts which may serve to discover the unknown painter who followed so closely in time and in style upon Holbein. Stretes is said to have received higher pay than his great contemporary, and if he were the painter, as some have conjectured, of the lovely portrait of Elizabeth in her youth, he could not have been very far from Holbein in quality of work. Indeed, when we come down as late as the middle of the sixteenth century, there ought to have been little difficulty in getting to the court of England an able though perhaps comparatively unillustrious painter. Not to speak of the numerous followers of Raphael, there were at that period in the towns of Flanders and Germany masters of the Teutonic and semi-Italian styles, competent to paint a first-class portrait. We shall look with interest for Mr. Wornum's solution of this debated question.

England, in her three estates of King, Lords, and Commons, has obtained from portrait-painters no unworthy witness to her greatness. Perhaps there is not another country in the world which could produce so vast an assemblage of men and women illustrious for wealth, station, noble descent, for talent, virtue, heroism. The Kensington Gallery of one thousand portraits might indeed kindle patriotism, and gratify a well-grounded pride in the rights, laws, and liberties enjoyed under a free constitution. And the arts which aristocracies have fostered, and a monarchy upheld, have been preserved and safely handed down from generation to generation, under the law and order secured by firm and just government. So that England, as testified by such exhibitions as the Art-treasures at Manchester, the successive assemblies of old masters at the British Institution, and the historic portraits at South Kensington, has now become among the nations pre-eminent for the value and resources of her private collections. It is only by such displays as that just witnessed, a repetition or rather continuation whereof we look for in the coming and the following year, that the abundance of our land is made manifest. England, however, cannot boast of her home produce. She imported from across the seas the Art she needed, and accordingly we find that of ninety-four portrait-painters represented in the recent exhibition, seventy-four, at least, were foreigners. We regret that the limited space at our command compels us to give but an outline of the art of portrait-painting as practised in England and displayed at Kensington.

Mr. Samuel Redgrave, at Brompton, like the Rev. J. Granger in The Biographical History of England, "considered as a help to the knowledge of portraits," made short work "of such persons as flourished before the end of the reign of Henry VII." Mr. Granger begins with Egbert, and of Alfred he enumerates several effigies, one representing the king as a common minstrel playing in the Danish camp. We think, however, the authorities at Kensington—who certainly have not erred on the side of a too searching criticism—were wise in not filling their gallery with apocryphal portraits, of which some would have been purely imaginary, and others but late reproductions of early traditional types. The head of Sir William Wallace sufficed as a sample of this extensive manufacture. The remarkable figure of Richard II., which, till last century, hung near the pulpit in Westminster Abbey, seems better accredited than many such products. The treatment, however, is evidently more conventional and generalistic than literal and individual. Yet that in the pre-portrait period there were in England, pictures which, if not faithful as likenesses, possessed highest Art-merit, the first compartment in the exhibition made patent. The triptych containing figures of Sir John and Lady Donne, is worthy of Van Eyck or Memling, whose names it bears in alternative. Again, the head of Edward Grimston has the decisive individuality of a true portrait, and as a picture it possesses the force, freshness of colour, and careful execution for which Pieter Christophsen, a pupil of Hubert Van Eyck, was remarkable. In the fifteenth century, as in later times, England was indebted to Flanders for the supply of portrait painters, and Jan de Mabuse, a disciple in the school of Van Eyck, was one of the artists who obtained employment at the British court. 'The Three Children of Henry VII.,' accredited by Dr. Waagen, were probably painted before Mabuse formed in Italy a mongrel style. The art of portrait-painting scarcely obtained firm domicile in England until Holbein was taken into the service of Henry VIII. Of Holbein's pictures we have already spoken; of the painter himself the truth must be confessed, that he was profligate, and consequently poor, that he died, leaving debts unprovided for, and two illegitimate children out at nurse. Holbein, living in a corrupt court, seems to have sunk, *pari passu*, with his royal patron. The sixteen portraits of Henry VIII., like the busts of Nero and Caligula, chronicle, with unflattering circumstance, the career of a sensualist.

Sir Antonio More, a Dutchman, who studied in the school of Schoreel, and afterwards in Italy, maintained, during the reigns of Elizabeth and Mary, a true and manly style of portraiture. He seems to have happily hit the middle manner which lay between anterior severity and later meretricious display. His portraits of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Thomas

Gresham, are firm and true in drawing, bold yet detailed in execution, solid in *impasto*, yet transparent in colour. About this period in the annals of England, several illustrious characters are more indebted to historians than to contemporary portrait painters. For example, in the Kensington Gallery, neither Mary Queen of Scots nor Lady Jane Grey were seen in trustworthy portraits. Of the twelve supposed likenesses of Mary, not one was satisfactory. The most that could be said in their favour was that in each might possibly be discovered a type common to all upon which the painter had romanced according to fancy. In like manner of the four portraits of Lady Jane Grey each was dissimilar from the other. Perhaps the version which came from the Bodleian Library was not without internal evidence of authenticity. In the reigns of James I. and Charles I., England still continued to import portrait painters from Holland, as witness several noble works by Cornelius Jansen, Gerard Honthorst, and we may even add by Van Somer. That was a glorious picture from Buckingham Palace of 'George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham, and Family,' by Jansen; it had the breadth, detail, power, and colour of the great Dutch masters of the art. Again, on the testimony of such noble pictures as 'The King of Bohemia' and 'The Queen of Bohemia,' daughter of James I., who, by her beauty, won the title of "Queen of Hearts," Gerard Honthorst, otherwise "Gherardo delle Notté," must take front rank in the same truth-speaking school. Van Somer, too, is rescued from commonness of manner and a coarse power by two portraits from Hampton Court, 'James I.' and 'The Duke of Richmond and Lennox,' works which indicate no slight degree of taste and tact. We are also indebted to this artist for the portrait of the great Lord Bacon, which at once arrests the eye by its pronounced, not to say eccentric, individuality.

It is interesting to mark in the works of some of the preceding painters a forecast of the style which, under Vandyck, became triumphant. Long before he had painted a portrait in England, what may be called Vandyck hands and attitudes had come into vogue. Antonio More, by combining the schools of Holland and Italy, had pointed to the style of the future; and so by the first half of the seventeenth century, there were masters in Flanders, such as Jansen and Honthorst, who approached close upon the manner which in England was about to carry all before it. The history of Art, in fact, when its incidents and antecedents are filled in, has but few surprises: every pictorial phenomenon is found to have had its anterior causes sufficient to bring about the final result. To expatiate on the patent merits of Vandyck portraits were needless. At South Kensington might be seen sixty-one works by the master, among which many, such as the portraits of Charles I., his Queen, Henrietta Maria, and their children, have been for years honoured as household gods. It is hard to say whether Vandyck did greater benefit or injury to the art of which he was supreme master. His merits were so near upon defects, that it was difficult for those who came after him to resist such seductive snares and escape the corruption towards which the very times were tending. It is curious and instructive to observe the relation between an artist and the historic period in which he is cast, between a portrait painter and his sitters. It is known, too, that an artist throws not only his mind and character, but insensibly transfers even the type of his own features into the faces he paints. Such speculations suggest themselves in the presence of the portraits of Vandyck—a painter expressly moulded on his times, and so closely identified with his sitters, that Charles I. and Vandyck have, in the mind's eye, become inseparable. It is obvious that this painter would have been out of his element in the rude interregnum of the Commonwealth. Look at the faces of Cromwell and Vandyck, and say if there be in type aught in common between them. Walker and Cooper were the men who undertook to transmit to posterity the bold and manly physiognomies of this period of rough conflict. Their fitness for the task is testified by Cooper's trenchant head of the Protector—a portrait which, though much injured on the surface, has the firm touch and precise drawing found in the best miniatures by this prince of miniature painters. The portraits of the entire family of the Cromwells, and of the times of the Commonwealth generally, if not choice in Art-quality, were at least conspicuous from their number. Of Milton, the heads in oil are greatly inferior to the miniatures exhibited a year ago. The Cromwell family was fully represented by ten pictures, which, if mediocre as paintings, were striking, though scarcely prepossessing as likenesses.

From this time downwards the art of portrait painting suffered decline till again revived by Reynolds. It was pleasing, however, to find at Kensington not a few admirable portraits which served to rescue Lely and Kneller from the bad name now commonly given to them. The canvas on which were grouped the heads of Drs. Dolben, Allestry, and Fell proved that Sir Peter Lely could be abstemious in colour and even severe in form, and the seated figure of Lady Byron, as painted by the same artist, if meretricious, was assuredly magnificent. The manner of Greenhill, the pupil of Lely, appeared to singular advantage in the portraits of Charles II. and of the first Earl of Shaftesbury. Kneller is to Lely as wood or stone after wax and honey. Yet that Sir Godfrey was not wanting in sinew and bone, his sitters, Judge Jeffreys, John Dryden, and Grinling Gibbons, could declare. Such portraits, though rude, have robust character.

The exhibition just closed, extending from the reigns of the Plantagenets down to the overthrow of James II., embraced a period of more than five hundred years. The number of portraits exceeded one thousand. Out of the five hundred years, however, the first three hundred furnished less than seventy pictures. The series of truly historic and authentic portraits, indeed, may be said scarcely to have commenced prior to the reign of Henry VIII. The leading portrait painters already passed under review, were severally represented by the following number of works: Kneller, 12; Sir Antonio More, 13; Van Somer, 15; Jansen, 38; Vandyck, 61; Lely, 63; and Holbein, 63, also reputed portraits.

We have little space to dwell on the benefit which a collection of portraits is calculated to confer upon the historic painter. That service and other more general uses for the people at large, were fully recognised in the establishment of the National Portrait Gallery, in Great George Street, Westminster. Portrait painting has been sometimes falsely termed an inferior art, a stigma which the galleries of Europe and the practice of the greatest painters refute. Some of the grandest pictures, simply as pictures, with which we are acquainted, are portraits, a fact which would at once be justified were the king of united Italy to collect in Florence an exhibition such as that by which we have profited at Kensington. Titian was able to expend the resources of his pallet on a single head, Raphael made a triumph out of a squinting cardinal, and Velasquez was never greater than when he condescended to the dimensions of a dwarf. It has been said, indeed, not without show of reason, that a man who cannot succeed in a portrait must fail in a historic work, and certain it is that if our own Haydon had been able to paint a single figure well, his high Art would have fared the better. It is obvious that the value of any historic composition must be enhanced by authenticity of portraiture, and even by detail in costume. Historic heads are true exponents of individual character, and the fashion of a dress is a commentary on the times. There are faces which belong to historic epochs; types of countenance which correspond with phases of thought, a bearing in the person and an aspect in the manners which are visible replicas to national customs, modes of speech, and forms of literature. It is absurd to suppose that such details and circumstances when treated with intelligent intent, sink historic Art into realism. Through the eye they speak to the mind, and kindle the imagination. The historian has within the last half century received invaluable material from the antiquary, and the historic painter will have reason to thank the discoverer who may bring to light a single portrait.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

PRESERVATION OF METALS FROM CORROSION.

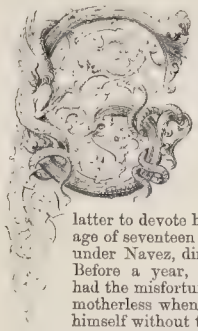
In the April number of the *Art-Journal* was announced the invention of an enamel paint for the preservation of metals, wood, and other substances. The discovery has been patented by Dr. De Briou of St. George's Lodge, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood;* and, as far as experiments have yet been made, it seems to be the only material or compound that has entirely succeeded in securing metals against the damaging effects of sea water. The compound is applied to metal, or any other surface, with a brush in the manner of paint. When dry it presents the appearance of a vitreous cement; and even though exposed to the action of salt water for a lengthened period, it loses none of its lustre. We have had an opportunity of examining a section of an iron plate which had been coated with the substance and kept in sea water for two years; yet, after this severe trial, the surface remains as clean and smooth as when the paint was first applied, while the unprotected side of the metal presented such a corroded appearance, as might be expected in a piece of iron submitted for two years to the action of salt water. But it is not for the protection of metals only that the material is available; it is equally effectual in application to wood, stone, or cloth. With our mercantile interests and our naval administration one of the great desiderata has been a protective coating for copper and iron, and for many years past we have seen official reports of the failure of the most promising contrivances. Ever since it has been recognised as a necessity that our ships of war should be sheathed in iron, the maintenance of such ships in a state fit for protracted service upon distant stations has become a question of deep national solicitude. Reports that have been made on this subject tend to show that iron-clads decay very much more rapidly than wooden ships; hence the adoption of any means proved to answer the desired end would be an economy of millions to the nation. One of our most eminent ship-owners is reported to have said that the success of the invention would effect a saving of £80,000 a-year to his firm alone.

Dr. De Briou's invention was patented two years ago, and since the experiment of which we have spoken it has been patented a second time. The coating is a compound which may be formed of its constituent materials in various proportions, but the relative quantities employed by the inventor are—sixty-six pounds of vulcanised India-rubber, cut into small pieces, and reduced to a liquid state by heat; to this is added twenty pounds of vegetable pitch, or asphaltum, ten pounds of shellac, and ten pounds of rosin. The compound is boiled together from three to six hours, and then poured out to dry and harden. It is re-dissolved by means of bisulphide of carbon, and is applied quickly with a brush in order to anticipate the condensation that ensues from evaporation. When it is intended to resist the attacks of marine animals, the compound has a mixture of hydrocyanic acid, ferracyanide of copper, &c., whereby is attained a perfect immunity from fouling. There are many other ways in which this invention may be made to serve useful purposes: one is obviously the preservation of metal-work exposed to the weather; another is the facing of buildings constructed of stone at all susceptible of scaling, of which some of the best known and most remarkable instances are to be found among the Colleges of Oxford—though for rapidity of decomposition nothing can surpass the Houses of Parliament, the river-face of which is already conspicuously in a state of decay. The enamel-paint is black, and however suitable this may be as a coat for metal, it would be a very unseemly facing for a stone building. One cannot, however, believe it difficult to give it such a colour as would be suited to stone work. This is a consideration worthy of entertainment by the Company, for there is an association embodied for the working of the patent.

* We give the address of the patentee, to whom persons seeking information may apply direct.

MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. IX.—GUSTAVE DE JONGHE. JOSEPH COOMANS.



GUSTAVE DE JONGHE was born at Courtray in 1828. His father, one of the best modern landscape-painters of Belgium, remarking in him a decided talent for music, did everything in his power to develop it by having him instructed in the violin. But the boy had already shown a preference for another art, and took far more pleasure in a sketch-book and drawing-pencils than in handling the violin-bow. Thus by degrees he laid aside the latter to devote himself exclusively to drawing. At the age of seventeen he commenced studying in right earnest under Navez, director of the Brussels Academy of Art. Before a year, however, had elapsed M. De Jonghe had the misfortune to lose his father, and as he was left motherless when only seven years old, he now found himself without those whose love and advice would have encouraged him in his artistic course, and also with very restricted resources at a time when he most stood in need of both. But the corporation of Courtray, recognising his talent and desiring to foster it, granted him a small pension which, with the additional aid arising from the sums he occasionally received for painting portraits, enabled him to pursue his studies. He acknowledges the great benefit he derived at this time from the kind assistance of M. Louis Gallait, whose counsels and friendly teachings rapidly developed the artistic qualities of the young painter, and exercised a powerful influence on the style he had adopted. But, as is often the case with young artists, he found it no easy matter to determine the precise course to pursue; he tried portraiture, sacred history, historical *genre*, and at length settled down exclusively to scenes of familiar and domestic life.

The earliest allusion we find to any exhibited work by De Jonghe is in M. Victor Joly's remarks on the Brussels exhibition of 1854, where he thus speaks of a picture by him, entitled '*Notre Dame de Bon Secours*.' "Here is the production of a young artist for whom we predict a favourable future. M. De Jonghe possesses a valuable quality, one which the schools of Antwerp and Brussels have sometimes too much sacrificed to the seductions of *effect;* we mean the quality of *sentiment*, without which Art is nothing more than a carcass grandly adorned. There is in the various figures on this canvas a diversity of characters deeply studied and happily reproduced," &c. &c. To the Paris exhibition of 1862, De Jonghe was a contributor, and in the same year he sent a picture to the Amsterdam exhibition, for which he obtained a gold medal. Another was awarded to him in Paris in 1863, for two works exhibited there, one, 'The Orphans and their Godmother;' the other, 'THE TWINS;' the latter we have engraved. Whether the mother of the children renders herself amenable to the charge of favouritism we do not undertake to decide, but she is caressing one of them with all a mother's love, while the other looks on with pouting lips and a countenance not altogether void



Drawn by W. J. Allen. *G. De Jonghe, Paxt.* [*Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

THE TWINS.

of jealousy. The attitude and action of the child are most truthful, while there is great elegance in the arrangement of the group on the right. The whole of the figures are well-drawn, and the entire making up of the scene shows a refined and cultivated taste.

One of the best pictures painted by this artist is called 'Devotion;' it was exhibited in Paris in 1864, and was purchased by the Princess Mathilde.

De Jonghe has for some time been resident in the French capital, the society of which supplies him with such graceful models as we find in the picture of 'The Twins,' and in other subjects of a similar character from his pencil.

Joseph Coomans is another artist of the Belgian School who makes Paris his place of residence. He was born in Brussels on the 28th of June, 1816, and entered a college at Ghent with the object of following a learned profession, but Art proving more attractive to him than the study of the classics, he quitted college, when sixteen years of age, to become the pupil of Pierre Van Hasselaere, a painter of considerable reputation, living at Ghent. He made such progress under this master that at the expiration of a year from his entering Van Hasselaere's studio, he exhibited at the *Salon* in Brussels a picture called 'An Arcadian Shepherd,' which was highly commended by the Belgian press for the work of so young an artist. M. Coomans subsequently went to Antwerp and studied there under M. De Keyser, Director of the Academy; and at a later date the experience and counsel of Baron Wappers proved of essential service to him.

In the years 1841 and 1842 M. Coomans painted two pictures, both of which showed much daring for so young an artist, and with a result that proved he had not altogether over-estimated his own powers. The first of the two was 'The Capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders,' a large composition, for which the Queen of the Belgians gave him a commission; the second 'The Battle of Ascalon,' a still larger canvas, was executed for the gallery of the King of the Belgians.

Very shortly after these works were completed, the painter, desirous of seeing something of military life as well as of studying the scenery of the East, obtained through his patrons an introduction to Louis Philippe, who gave him permission to accompany the French army on its African campaign. Arrived at Algiers, he was most courteously received by Marshal Bugeaud, commander of the forces, who placed at his disposal horses, mules, tents, servants, &c., to enable him the more conveniently to proceed with the troops on their expedition into Kabyle, as well as that which followed against Abd-el-Kader, It was on one of these expeditions that M. Coomans met Horace Vernet in the tent of Marshal Bugeaud, at whose table both artists were free guests, cultivating there and elsewhere mutual friendship. It could not be supposed that the stirring life M. Coomans was now passing in a new, strange, and picturesque country, with all its eventful



Drawn by W. J. Allen., *J. Coomans, Pinxt.* *Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

THE DELINQUENT.

associations, should yield no fruit: whether his pencil was idle altogether we know not, but he employed his pen in writing a series of descriptive letters for the *Journal de Bruxelles*, which found their way into other publications of Belgium and elsewhere, attracting much attention. Subsequently he put forth a little African romance, entitled *Gzana*, which proved even more successful than his Algerine correspondence.

In 1845 he returned to Belgium, but had scarcely remained three months at home, when, at the solicitation of his queen, he was induced to accompany the Duc de Montpensier in the formidable expedition that had been prepared against the Kabyles. A tale of romance—one of melancholy interest—is attached to this part of the history of M. Coomans. Among those engaged in the service was a Belgian staff-officer, Major Renoz, with whom he had formed acquaintance during the brief return to his own country, and whom he had left quietly in Brussels. On meeting again in the East, the acquaintance was renewed, and ripened into strong friendship. At Algiers the major was attacked by typhus fever and died, the last moments soothed by the presence of M. Coomans, who immediately afterwards sailed for Europe, to carry the sad news to Madame Renoz. Within two years the young, rich, and beautiful widow was married to the artist; but their union was of short duration, for in less than a year the lady died in giving birth to a son. However painful the event must have proved to the bereaved husband, Belgian Art was a gainer by his loss, for it sent him into his studio, there to recommence for a season his labours, and with renewed energy, as the best, indeed the only, consolation he could find in the day of his heavy trouble.

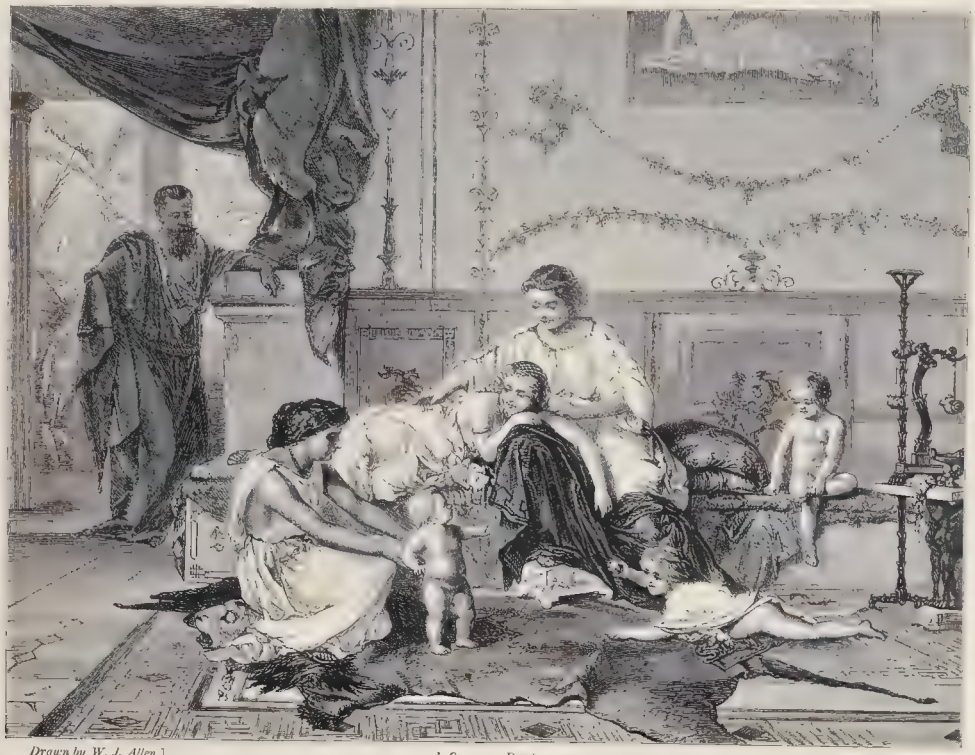
In 1848 he exhibited at Brussels a battle-piece on as large a scale as those of which mention has already been made, 'The Defeat of Attila, the Goth, on the Plains of Chalon-sur-Maine.'

But the old love of adventure and travel again got mastery over the painter, and he undertook a journey into Italy. We next find him with the allied armies in the Crimea; at Varna he fell ill, and on his recovery went to Constantinople, and then into

Greece. In 1855 he exhibited in London, at the Egyptian Hall, an immense picture of 'The Battle of Alma.'

The first time M. Coomans exhibited in Paris was in 1857, when he sent to the *Salon* two paintings, as usual of a very large size; one representing 'The Massacre of the Tenchrei and the Usipetes by the Romans,' the other, 'The Feast of the Philistines in the Temple of Dagon.' For the latter work, when exhibited afterwards at the Hague, a gold medal was awarded to him, and a medal of the first class when the picture was sent subsequently to Metz. In the same year, 1857, the artist once more visited Italy, and located himself for a season near the Gulf of Naples, in the midst of the glorious scenery of which Vesuvius, Sorrento, Capri, and other localities well known to the traveller, form portions. But Coomans is not a landscape-painter, and though keenly sensible to all the beauties of nature which there surrounded him, the sight of the resuscitated cities of the dead, Herculaneum and Pompeii, got such possession of his mind that it changed the whole current of his Art-ideas, and opened up a vista of new thoughts from the realm of the past to be developed in, and supplied to, a new phase in the subject-matter of painting. He abandoned for ever the sanguinary pages of historical warfare for the pleasant and softening incidents of ancient classic life, returning to Paris, in 1860, "with his head and heart," as he described to the writer of this notice, "full of the love of antiquity, and with the seductive promptings of her poets and other writers, her Horace, and Tibullus, and all who shine in the great pleiad of Roman genius beautiful and eternal."

The first picture of this class exhibited by him, in 1863, was called 'The Last Day of Happiness in Pompeii,' purchased by the Emperor of the French, prior to the opening of the gallery to the public. It was followed by the two subjects here engraved, 'THE DELINQUENT' and 'THE FIRST STEP,'* which at once carry the spectator back to the period when the Romans had become, under the rule of the late Cæsars, luxurious if not effeminate. The titles of these pictures are such as we find every year in the catalogues of our exhibitions, but who would expect to see in Trafalgar Square, or elsewhere, as answering to them, compositions so original and so charming as these? Yet human nature is the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.] *J. Coomans, Pinxt.* [*Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

THE FIRST STEP.

same in all ages, and the little nude fellow standing with finger to his lips in penitential attitude is only a type of the "naughty boy" of our own age, and the baby "feeling his feet" for the first time is learning the lesson which English mothers and nurses teach their infants. But, tried by the standard of the beautiful in ideal Art, how immeasurably superior are these Pompeian domestic interiors to those which our own painters show us of the same kind of subject! The elegance of the designs, the artistic arrangement of the groups, the pure classic taste manifest in the apartments and all the accessories, even the thread of humour, so to speak, running through each composition—all tend to show the artist possessed of the most refined feeling united with great ability to express his ideas on the canvas. It is long since we have seen pictures that have given us so much pleasure as these.

Another picture of the same class was exhibited last year by Coomans in Paris; it bore for a title 'The Friend of Order.' In the vestibule of a Roman mansion a number of children are dancing hand in hand with the most boisterous glee. A young matron, who reclines on a couch, watches them with an indulgent eye, she is not disturbed by their noisy mirth; but it is not so agreeable to a little pet-dog, which rushes forward as if he would put a stop to the rioting, and enforce order—hence the title. The picture is full of life, motion, and humour. This year M. Coomans sent to the *Salon* in Paris, 'The Game of Orca,' a favourite sport of the children of the ancient Romans, and so-called from a jar—*orca*—being used in it. The jar was placed on the ground, and the players, standing at a distance, endeavoured to throw nuts into it. 'Phryne,' a life-size figure, was also exhibited at the same time and place.

The works of M. Coomans have occasionally been hung in the French gallery, Pall Mall; in 1864 he sent three, and this year four, pictures; none of them, however, of such a character as those we have just spoken of. But among the four was a half-length figure of a female, 'Glycera,' beautiful and voluptuous as Horace describes her.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

* We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Goupil & Co., London and Paris, for permission to engrave these pictures, the copyright of which belongs to them.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH SEALS.

A FEW years ago a very noble volume, richly illustrated, upon the ancient seals of Scotland, was published in Edinburgh by Mr. Henry Laing, of that city. This work, which at once acquired a very high reputation, was "out of print" shortly after its first appearance, and speedily took rank amongst the honourable fraternity of books that are scarce as well as valuable.

Encouraged by such gratifying success, and well aware that his materials were very far from being exhausted, the author has just submitted to the public a companion volume, as a supplement to its predecessor. In so doing, while he may justly rely with confidence on the intrinsic merits of his supplemental volume to secure for it a cordial welcome from students and lovers of heraldry on both sides of the Tweed, Mr. Laing is also justified in aspiring to a popularity for his especial subject more widely diffused than heretofore, as a result of the greatly increased attention that has recently been bestowed on heraldry itself, in its capacity of a faithful chronicler and a graphic contemporaneous illustrator of our national history.

Mr. Laing's new volume contains descriptive notices of 1,257 examples, with references to the original documents, to which the greater number of them are still appended. These seals are royal, baronial, ecclesiastical, civic, and miscellaneous; they range from the year A.D. 1098 to the commencement of the last century; 30 are of the twelfth century, 360, 108, 251, and 407, are severally of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; while the remaining 101 examples are of more recent dates. Nine fine seals are faithfully represented in the engraved frontispiece; admirably characteristic lithographs, tinted with happy effect, represent 111 others; and with the text there appear 120 woodcuts, equally worthy of the highest commendation. Of the illustrations of the last named order we are enabled to place before our readers the accompanying six examples, which we have selected as well qualified to represent Mr. Laing's woodcuts; these six seals also exemplify in a very satisfactory manner the condition of the art of intaglio-cutting as it was practised in the middle ages in Scotland.

No. 1 (Laing, No. 142), the seal of Margaret Bruce, of Skelton, Lady De Ros, attached to a



No. 1.

deed dated 1280, has a full-length figure of the noble lady, wearing her ermine-lined mantle, and supporting two shields of arms, the shield of Ros to the dexter, and that of Brus (Bruce) to the sinister. No. 2 (Laing, No. 143), the *secretum* of Robert Bruce, Earl of Carric, the father of King Robert the Bruce, is a fine and eminently characteristic example of the sphragistic and heraldic art of the close of the thirteenth century. This seal is appended to the homage deed, extorted in the year 1296 from Bruce himself, and from William Douglas and Alexander Stuart. No. 3 (Laing, No. 73), another equally fine and characteristic seal of the same era, also attests one of the many historical documents that yet remain to illustrate the dealings of Edward I. with the Scottish nobles during the distracted period that followed the death of Alexander III. This is the seal of Alexander de Balliol, who appears armed, with his armorial shield not distinguished by any heraldic difference, wearing an early panache crest, and riding his barded charger at speed; the horse carries a crest closely resembling that



No. 2.

which rises from the helm of his rider, and his barding is charged with the armorial ensign of the house of Balliol. The impression, in excellent preservation, from which the drawing for the woodcut was made, is appended to the "General Release" given by John Balliol to Edward I., 2nd January, 1292. No. 4 (Laing,



No. 3.

No. 943), a curious and interesting seal of the fourteenth century, bears a galley under sail at sea, with two heraldic banners, fore and aft, and a pennon at the mast head; the single individual who represents the crew may be supposed to be the Richard Stewart, *Ricardus Senescallus*, whose name appears in the circumscribing



No. 4.

legend. Nos. 5, 6 (Laing, Nos. 637, 445), severally the seals of Sir William de Lindsay, of the Byres, A.D. 1390, and of Robert Graham, of Kinpont, A.D. 1433, show the spirited treatment of heraldic subjects that prevailed in those days, and they illustrate the early methods of introducing and representing heraldic supporters.

Among the most remarkable of the other seals that are introduced into this volume are those of Matilda, daughter of Malcolm Canmore, queen of Henry I.; of Joan Beaufort, queen of James I. of Scotland; and of Eustace, Hugh, and Dervorgilla de Balliol. The engravings of the seal and counter-seal of the last-named noble lady were drawn from the impressions appended to the foundation charter of Balliol College, Oxford, dated 1282. Also the seals of Margaret, Duchess of Brittany, A.D. 1171, and of Isabella Bruce, sister of King Robert, and mother of Randolph, Earl of Moray; fifteen seals of Campbells, including those of the second, third, fifth, and eighth earls of Argyle; a series of eighteen Douglas seals, of singular interest, historical as well as heraldic, including the seal of George Douglas, of Lochleven; eleven Gordon seals, twelve of Grahams, nine of Hamiltons, thirteen of Hays, ten of Hepburns, fifteen of Homes; a fine seal of Alexander, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, A.D. 1338; fifteen seals



No. 5.

of Lindsays, sixteen of Murrays, ten of Scotts, thirteen of Setons, nine of Stirlings, and sixteen of Stuarts. Many other examples of the greatest interest also occur in the groups of seals of the bishops, abbots, monasteries, and burghs of Scotland.

The use of seals, as a legal formality, was unquestionably introduced into Scotland, as it was into England, by the Normans after the Conquest. Very shortly after that great revolution seals became necessary and all-important parts of legal documents; and consequently, as the gradual modification of the feudal system increased the numbers of holders of land, while, at the same time, wealth became generally more widely distributed, the use of seals was diffused among all classes of persons who then were held to be competent to acquire, possess, and dispose of any property, or who under any circumstances, or for whatever purposes, might be required to execute documents with legal formality. Seals, thus in the first instance adopted for purposes of strictly practical utility, would soon be observed to be in their nature in perfect harmony with the prevailing heraldic sentiment of those ages; so that great interest is found to



No. 6.

have been felt at an early period in the design, composition, and artistic treatment of the seals themselves, in addition to the recognition of the value of the authority vested in them as legal instruments. Hence mediæval seal-engraving naturally became an art of no trivial importance; the seals of personages of eminence were expected to be works of Art of a high order; and, indeed, every person who was entitled to possess a seal, shared in the common desire to secure the services of an engraver who might justly claim to be entitled an artist. At the commencement of the thirteenth century, when the legal necessity for seals was thoroughly established, the introduction and hereditary transmission of true armorial insignia had the effect of producing very many seals of an exclusively heraldic character; and, at the same time, an heraldic influence may be said to have

affected, in a greater or a lesser degree, almost every class and variety of these instruments. It is worthy of remark that, from the commencement of what may be styled their heraldic period, a decided and progressive improvement may be traced both in the design and execution of seals. This advance in the art of the seal engraver is, consequently, exactly contemporaneous with the development of the greater mediæval arts of architecture and sculpture. With the decline of those greater arts also, and when heraldry was yielding to a condition of debasement, seals are found to have lost their earlier dignity and elegance of design, and to have degenerated into elaborate combinations or into far-fetched and often altogether inconsistent devices, for the most part both coarsely and superficially executed.

Heraldic seals, always the best because contemporaneous authorities for early armoury, in Scotland, are especially valuable from the circumstance that no early rolls or similar records of Scottish armorial ensigns are known to be in existence. From Mr. Laing's volumes, accordingly, the earlier chapters of the history of Scottish heraldry are almost exclusively to be derived; and in these volumes abundant materials are contained for tracing up the heraldry of Scotland to its original elements. The seals of the thirteenth century exhibit many equally interesting and characteristic examples of true heraldic practice in its earliest aspect and under its primary conditions, while the figures and devices which appear in those of the preceding century, are no less valuable as illustrations of the sources from which the heralds developed their "gentle science." In not a few instances the seals of these two centuries show that what may be designated pre-heraldic devices subsequently assumed such modifications and combinations as qualified them to become hereditary armorial bearings, and to continue to be borne and transmitted when heraldry had become a recognised and established system.

It will thus be seen that a very interesting subject has been treated by a competent hand, a result by no means always attained; and that a mass of valuable information has been gathered together, so as to satisfy equally those who may be described as the general public and those who will be considered scholars in reference to the several topics thoroughly sifted in the work.

It is to be hoped that the appearance of Mr. Laing's second series of Scottish seals will speedily lead to the publication of a second edition of his first series, since there must be a large number of persons who already possess, or will be certain to become possessors of the supplemental volume, to whom the former volume must otherwise remain a *sealed* book; and unquestionably these two volumes ought always to stand side by side. This reference to the possible, and, we trust, the highly probable appearance, with all consistent speed, of a second edition of a great work on Scottish seals, naturally and necessarily leads us to express our hope that the early seals of England, and more especially those that are distinguished for historical associations and artistic excellence, may be made the subject of a publication that may correspond with Mr. Laing's. Materials for such a work exist in rich abundance, and access to them would be attended with no serious difficulties. It is true that many very good engravings, and also that at least as many very inferior and unsatisfactory ones, of English seals are already in existence; still, these engravings of both classes are scattered over various works, most of them costly and rare, and in some instances (as in the case of the Stow Bardolf seals, edited by the Rev. George Dashwood) admirable engraved plates of most interesting seals have been prepared for private circulation only. A Mr. Laing is still wanted to take in hand *ancient English seals*, to bring together the best examples, to treat them in a manner at once scientific and popular, to illustrate them profusely and strictly after the Laing fashion, and to fill what at present is a very decided and a very unbecoming void in the archæology of English Art and the early illustration of English History

CHARLES BOUTELL.

LOWESTOFT PORCELAIN.

An interesting exhibition of the porcelain made at this important manufactory, is now (by permission of the Council on Education) placed in the new court of the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Chaffers (author of "Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain"), having requested space for the purpose of illustrating the products of this establishment, it was liberally accorded him, and he has, by visiting the various collections of china in Lowestoft and its vicinity, obtained on loan from the owners a selection which will astonish many who probably never heard of the manufactory from which so much of the beautiful china of the second half of the last century emanated.

This Exhibition will enable some of our readers who have collections of family relics of china, to identify many specimens that have been long nameless, resting on their shelves as a sort of hybridous Oriental, which could not be attributed satisfactorily to any particular English manufactory, and were consequently confounded with their prototype, and usually so designated.

The origin of the manufactory was the discovery, in the year 1756, by Hewlin Luson, Esq., of Gunton Hall, Suffolk, of some fine clay on his estate peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of porcelain, which was so successful, that in the succeeding year a partnership was entered into to establish a manufactory on a large scale at Lowestoft. The names of the proprietors were Messrs. Walker, Browne, Aldred, and Richman. For a detailed account of these works we must refer our readers to Mr. Chaffers' work before mentioned (Second Edition, pp. 314—321). For half a century a very extensive trade was carried on; families were supplied with services on which their arms, crests, or ciphers were painted; ornamental vases, punch bowls, mugs, &c., were distributed throughout England; independent of this a considerable trade existed with the opposite coast of Holland, and great quantities of china were shipped weekly for Rotterdam, being packed in hogsheads and rolled down to the beach to be put on board the fishing boats when the herring season was over, or sent thither by way of Yarmouth.

The whole of the ware now exhibited was actually made at Lowestoft, and there is abundant evidence both from aged persons still living, who knew the manufactory, or whose parents had engagements during its operations, as well as from some of the gentry who purchased china there—to prove, in the words of a workman who remembers it well, that "no manufactured articles were ever brought to be painted, but that every article painted in the factory had been previously made there." We are compelled especially to insist upon this fact, for an impression has existed among some persons, who have not thoroughly investigated the subject, that the proprietors painted only on the Oriental china. This, doubtless, arose from the close imitation of the Oriental as well as the durity of the material; but a careful examination of this collection will convince the most sceptical that such an idea is erroneous.

We find here many specimens which have been preserved as heirlooms in the families of the proprietors of the works, and others that were purchased there, and have never been out of the possession of the owners until now lent for the purpose of this Exhibition. By comparing these with pieces which have been miscalled Oriental, the similarity is obvious; the favourite patterns adopted by the Lowestoft artists are found repeated, and the touches of the various artists easily recognised.

It must be borne in mind that the great proportion of the specimens here exhibited are in *hard paste* porcelain, the staple article of the manufactory by which they are distinguished from the productions of the contemporary English *fabriques* of Bow, Chelsea, Derby, and Worcester, where hard paste was never made. One cannot fail to be struck with the beautiful patterns which decorate many of the choice pieces, the careful and minutely executed borders, the highly finished heraldic paintings, and, above all, the fine glaze of the ware itself, second to no other English manufactory.

At the expiration of the works in 1803 or 1804, most of the experienced hands were transferred to Worcester; this accounts for many striking similarities between the blue wares.

No trade mark was used upon the porcelain produced at Lowestoft; the reason probably was, that as so much was sold for Oriental, the placing any sign or monogram to denote its origin would have defeated this object.

The following varieties may be found illustrated in this collection:—

1. The first and earliest was a soft paste porcelain of fine quality and clear white glaze, painted in colours, sometimes with Chinese patterns; a favourite border was a red and gold trefoil, and the morone or lake scale pattern. Some are also painted with views of Lowestoft and marine views (after designs of an artist named Powles), roses and festoons, &c. This was the principal manufacture for the first twenty years, until the introduction of hard paste; but earthenware was also made.

2. It was about the year 1775 that hard paste was introduced at Lowestoft in close imitation of Oriental; it was of very thick substance, but finely glazed, with every variety of decoration. Dinner and tea services, Punch bowls, mugs, &c., the borders of these are sometimes a rich cobalt blue, with small gold stars. A raised pattern of vine leaves, grapes, squirrels, and flowers, is very characteristic of the Lowestoft hard porcelain on jars and beakers, enclosing Chinese figures, and landscapes which are evidently painted by European artists; the enamel colours not being so brilliant as the Chinese; Vases of flowers in red, morone, purple, and gold, with red and gold dragon handles. The mugs have frequently double-twisted handles, and the ground is embossed with rice pattern or basket work; some are cylindrical, others barrel-shaped. Another striking variety is the fan and feather pattern, in imitation of *Capo di monte*, painted in purple, blue, and red, in the form of basins and ewers. Many of these vases are elaborately painted with diaper work in gold and colours, and escutcheons of flowers and small landscapes. Among all the flowers and exquisite floral patterns, the rose predominates, and it is remarkable how easily the peculiar touch of the artist (whose name was Rose) can be detected; the blossom appears to have been plucked and dropped on the surface, and seldom has any stalk, or, if it has one, it is merely a simple thread. Another style of decoration peculiar to Lowestoft, is a rococo scroll, or running border of flowers, slightly raised upon the plain surface in opaque white enamel.

3. A very fine eggshell china, delicately painted with coats of arms, crests, and ciphers—subjects in pink *camaieu*, with highly finished gold borders, pearled with green or other colours—scrolls, &c. This was mostly used for dessert and tea services.

4. Blue and white china was made extensively for ordinary use. A dessert-service, with raised May-flowers and pierced sides similar to the Worcester, was also produced here. Some few specimens of blue transfer-printing are exhibited.

5. Earthenware, or fine *fayence*, was occasionally made from its commencement to its close. Many authentic pieces are in the collection, bearing dates from 1756 to 1790. These are usually painted in blue and white.

Among the exhibitors we observe the names of—Mr. W. R. Scago, Mr. Bradbeer, Mr. R. Browne, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Johnson, and Mr. R. Allen Johnson, of Lowestoft; Mr. Aldred, of Yarmouth; the Rev. S. Titlow, Mr. J. M. Croker, and Mr. E. Norman, of Norwich; Lady Charlotte Schreiber, Lady Rycroft, Mr. Louis Huth, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Thurston Thomson, Mr. Redgrave, Dr. Diamond, Rev. J. Beck, Mr. A. Joseph, Mr. Wareham, and Mrs. Frere.

In conclusion, we congratulate Mr. Chaffers on the interesting display he has been the means of introducing to the public, so practically useful to the ceramic student; and we hope he may be induced to continue similar exhibitions of other English potteries, many of which are almost as much unknown as Lowestoft has hitherto been. We are informed, it will remain on view for six months.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—A large and valuable collection of ancient stained glass has recently been formed in the Louvre. The works are those of the best order, produced during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by the chief manufacturers of France, the Low Countries, and Germany. Upwards of one hundred pieces have been fixed in the apartments called after Henri Quatre.—The immense amount of patronage extended to the Arts by the Imperial Government is indicated by the list of pictures, statues, busts, and other works distributed on the occasion of the late Imperial *fête*, on the 15th of August. In addition to those purchased for the galleries of Versailles and the Luxembourg, pictures and statues were sent to no fewer than one hundred and twelve local museums; many of these were purchased at the last Paris Exhibition, while others are original works, or copies of the old masters, specially executed on commission for the purpose. The portrait-painters received orders during the year for full or half-length portraits of the Emperor and Empress for thirty-eight sub-prefectures, thirty-four hotels de ville, the Polytechnic School, and the Asylum at Charenton. In addition to all these, pictures were presented to churches and chapels in fifty-two departments in France. At a moderate calculation, therefore, the number of works ordered or purchased by the government for public institutions during a single year could not have been far short of three hundred.—On the same day the distribution of medals, awarded by the jury of the annual exhibition of Fine Arts, to the pupils of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, took place, and also of the decorations bestowed by the Emperor. The artists decorated with the badge of Officer of the Legion of Honour, were, MM. Van Cleemputte, architect, Giraud, painter. The following were nominated Chevaliers of the Order:—MM. Rouillard, professor in the School of Design; Taine, professor in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts;* Lefaure and Pellicux, architects; Carrier, Busson, Gide, Merle, and Schlesinger, painters; Carpeux and Gruyère, sculptors; Merley, Girard, and Girardet, engravers. The young artist of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* who has this year won the *Grand Prix de Rome*, is son of the able director of the Sèvres Porcelain Works, M. Regnault.

ANTWERP.—Some long time since a subscription was opened for erecting in the city a statue of the late King Leopold, and a sum amounting to about £3,680 was collected, principally among the trading classes. One of our contemporaries here in London has recently reported that the municipal authorities of Antwerp have refused to grant a site for the statue, a statement we find it difficult to credit; and no reasons are assigned by the writer for the refusal.

NUREMBERG.—Among the large number of objects artistic, or otherwise interesting, left by Carl von Heideloff, the distinguished architect who died about a year ago, is a remarkable album of autographs, collected in the early part of the seventeenth century by one Andreas Satzinger, who, as an inscription in the book states, studied at Ratisbon, and subsequently at Strasbourg. It is supposed Satzinger was attached to some embassy, for he appears to have resided some time in the Netherlands, and to have travelled in France and England, everywhere intent on collecting the signatures of personages of distinction. The volume contains three hundred and thirty-nine leaves, inscribed with autographs dating from 1605 to about the middle of the same century. In it are found those of many sovereign princes of Germany, some of whose thrones, occupied by their descendants, the last few months have seen shaken to their foundations, if not totally thrown down. —Lewis Frederick, Duke of Wurtemberg: Adolf Frederick and John Albert, Dukes of Mecklenburg; John Christian, Duke of Silesia; the Margraves Christian and Albert of Brandenberg; Ulric, Duke of Bronsio—so written—with numerous others. One of the most interesting signatures is that of the deliverer of the Netherlands, Maurice, Prince of Orange, who inscribed his name in 1608 with the motto, "*Je maintiendray.*" Henry, his scarcely less celebrated brother and his successor, and Louisa de Colligny, widow of the Prince of Orange, also inserted their names and mottos. In the same year we find the autograph of Robert Deverend, Earl of Essex, who added to it the characteristic motto, "*Virtutis comes invidia.*" Many of the leaves contain the signatures of the German aristocracy of the period; and the names of several most distinguished leaders of the Austrian "Counter Reformation" are there also; such as those of the Khevenhallers, the Racknitzes, Herbersteins, Dietrichsteins, Stubenbergs, Gallers, Praunfalks, and others; while, as opponents of the movement, may be mentioned the names of the Counts of Stollberg-Wernigerode, Isenbourg-Budingen, Lowenstein-Wertheim, &c., &c. The album is ornamented with coloured armorial bearings, costumes, scenes of college life, allegories, &c., &c. It is to be sold some time during the autumn, at Nuremberg, with other "effects" left by their late owner. Some of our readers, who chance to be collectors, may be glad to know of a volume of so much historic interest.

CANADA.—Mr. Narcisse Tetu, a Canadian artist, has just returned to Quebec, after three years' absence spent in studying the Fine Arts at Florence. When Chevalier Falardeau visited Quebec in 1862, he saw that Mr. Tetu possessed artistic talents of a high order, and advised him to visit Italy. Mr. Tetu followed the advice of his distinguished countryman, and has, it is said, profited much by his trip.—A correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* has written the following sensible letter with regard to the memory of the worthy men who were slain in the late fights with the Fenians:—"England never neglects the duty of awarding honours to her brave soldiers who fall in the discharge of their duties on the field of battle. The heroes of the Crimean war have had monuments erected to their memories in almost every principal town in Great Britain. Canadians cannot, in honour or in duty, do less than that. Our brave fellows who fell at Ridgeway met their death at the hands of scoundrels who invaded our peaceful homes and endeavoured to subjugate their occupants. We who now mourn over those dead have a further duty to perform, and Montreal (never backward in doing its duty) will, I feel sure, be the first to show its appreciation of, and gratitude for, the services performed by those men, by erecting some lasting monument to their memory, on the tablet of which the names of all that fell should be inscribed." For our part we think that the writer of the above is a little too sanguine in his expectations. Montreal *is* sometimes, and very often, "backward in doing its duty,"—*vide* the Queen's Statue, Nelson's Monument, the Montreal Picture Gallery, the School of Design; and we are afraid that our friend's suggestion will, like many another, fall to the ground, and that the worthy heroes will soon be forgotten.—Mr. Notman, the Prince of Canadian photographers, has again appeared in the field of Art. His last production is a beautifully executed photographic view of a scene on the Champ de Mars, Montreal, on Saturday afternoon, June 23rd, during the delivery of an address of welcome to the volunteers and regulars, after their return from the late Fenian campaign. Of course its verisimilitude is perfect, and both the extraordinary nature of the occasion, and the sight itself, deserve to have the latter thus stamped in visible portraiture, as an aid to the recollection of one of our proudest military displays and most cherished patriotic memories.—It is pleasant to have to record the following. At a meeting of the council of the county of Oxford, Canada West, the following resolution was adopted:—"That the sum of $200 (£40 sterling), be laid aside to defray funeral expenses, and to erect a monument in honour of Malcolm M'Kenzie, of the Queen's Own, one of the ever-memorable heroes of the battle of Ridgeway."—Mr. William Raphael, a Prussian artist, who studied for eight years in the Royal Academy of Berlin, and who is now a resident of Montreal, evidently possesses some of the spirit of the immortal Hogarth. Into a large local picture recently painted by him, he has introduced a graphic full-length caricature of a noted *blind Art-critic*, who is a stumbling-block in the way of every artist visiting Montreal.

SELECTED PICTURES.

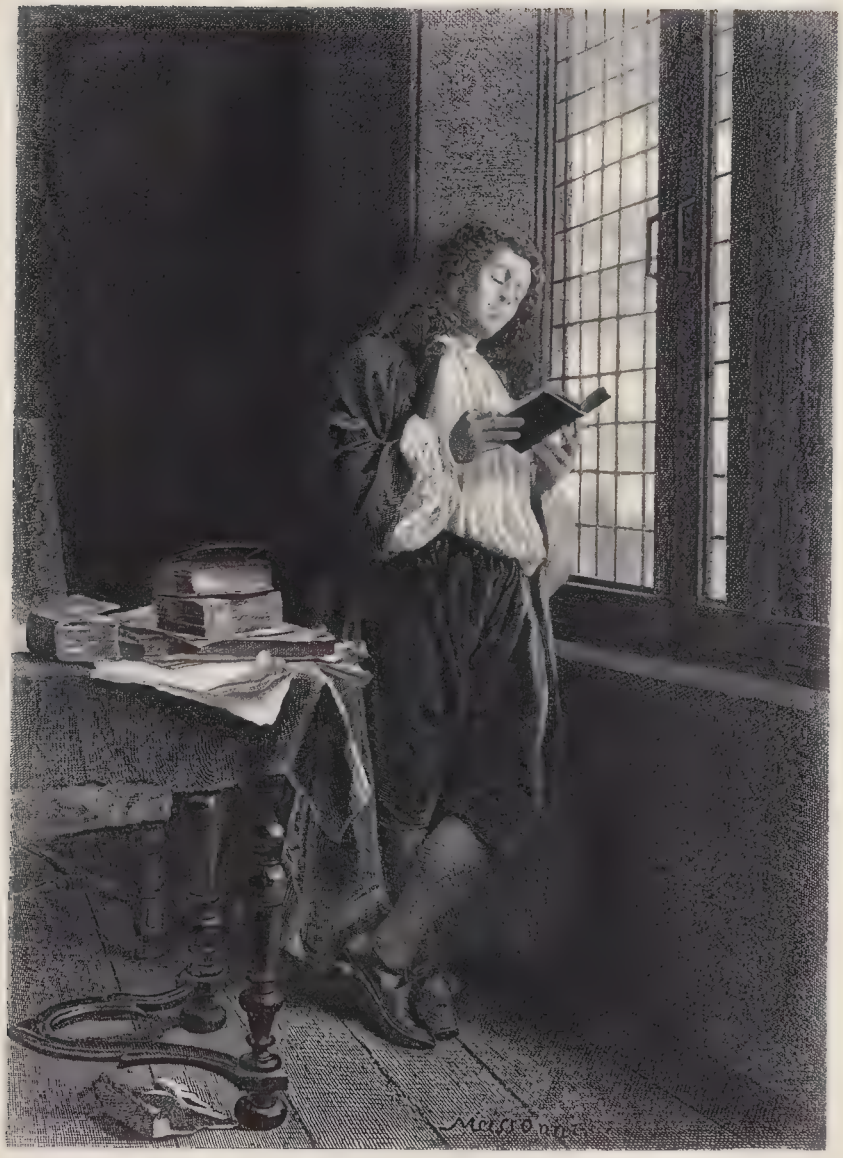
THE STUDENT.

J. L. E. Meissonier, Painter. E. Gervais, Engraver.

SINCE the opening of what is known as the "French Exhibition," the pictures of many of the best French and Belgian painters have been made as familiar to the lovers of Art in this country as those of our own school. Among the most popular of these foreign artists stands Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, who, following in the track which Nestcher, Gerard Douw, Terburg, Metzu, and other old Dutch masters marked out, has equalled them in the delicacy of his pencil, and surpassed them in the refinement with which, for the most part, his subjects are treated; in him *genre*-painting on a miniature scale has reached perfection; and, measured by the size of his canvases or ivories, or whatever material he uses, it may be doubted whether the works of any painter, during his life-time, have realised such high prices as Meissonier receives for his Liliputian pictures.

He is a native of Lyons, and was born in 1811. After studying painting for some time in that city, he went to Paris, and entered the *atelier* of M. Leon Cogniet, an historical and *genre* painter of high reputation, but whose works cannot be identified in the remotest degree with those now produced by his pupil. In the earlier works exhibited by the latter—the influence of Cogniet is evidently manifest, but he soon altered his manner for that by which he has since been known. Meissonier was only twenty-six years of age when he exhibited the first of these works, 'The Chess Players,' and 'The Little Messenger,' which at once drew the attention of Art-critics favourably towards him. These were followed at various intervals of time, by numerous other subjects, such as 'A Priest attending the Sick,' 'An English Doctor,' 'A Painter in his Studio,' 'Amateurs in a Painter's Studio,' 'Amateurs examining a Portfolio of Engravings,' 'A Guard-House,' 'Skittle-Players,' 'The Game of Piquet,' 'A Man choosing a Sword,' 'The Bravos,' 'Confidence,' 'Breakfast,' 'The Study,' 'A Courtier,' 'Rembrandt in his Studio,' 'A Corps-de-Garde,' 'The Flute-player,' 'Punch,' 'The Engraver,' &c. &c. Several of these pictures have been exhibited in Pall Mall.

The title given by Meissonier to the picture we have engraved, 'The Student,' was 'The Book-worm;' it is one of the earlier productions in his new style, painted, we believe, in 1841, but it has all the excellent qualities of his more matured practice, its elaborate finish, unaffected truth of delineation, and brilliant colour. The easy, *nonchalante* attitude of the man, whose long flowing curls and *negligé* costume associate him with another century than our own, is as natural as it is elegant: the expression of his face shows the mind to be so occupied with the volume he holds, that a thunder-clap would scarcely withdraw his attention from it for a moment. It is this absolute realism, to employ a term much in use at the present day, which constitutes one of the greatest charms of this great "microscopic" artist. There is in all he does uncompromising truth, an absence of everything like melo-dramatic acting in his personages, who appear as naturally before us as if we saw them actually in the body engaged in their occupations unmindful of an eye-witness.


Meissonier

VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

VIII.

TO ROME. A MEEK ENDEAVOUR TO REINSTATE MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL. RUN DOWN BY THE EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE, WITH THE EXCELLENT MISS POWER COBBE FOR STOKER AND DRIVER. THE SISTINE CHAPEL. THE PARADISE LOST OF MICHAEL ANGELO, AND HIS LAST JUDGMENT.

FROM Naples to Rome the railway mostly runs alongside the ridge of the Apennines, whose stony vertebræ frequently open sterile vistas across it, fronted sometimes characteristically by some town on a rocky hill, with towers and walls, raised on high for security from the malaria of the plains below, and from the condottieri, brigands, and hostile communities of old times. For these reasons the villages generally, and scattered dwellings, are limited to the heights, and the stately convents are raised aloof on the lordliest of the green fat-looking hills; the teeming plains below being left entirely to cultivation—to solitary Ceres. In many places, however, *Il gran Turco*, as they call the golden maize, crowned her magnificently; and great massy trees worthy of England, though of a somewhat more relaxed luxuriance in their ample green featherings, completed as cheerful a landscape as I ever fumed past, only too rapidly. And it so happened that this sunny and enjoyable route was further diversified by a lively literary acquisition; for a fellow traveller, on leaving at Capua, presented me with a copy of Miss Power Cobbe's "Italics," specially recommending it as a very sensible work, eminently practical in its scope, looking forward, rather than back on obsolete old things, and animated by a spirit of philanthropy and usefulness worthy of this progressive age. Thus, in the main, prepossessed, though not without certain uneasy misgivings, I began dipping into it in the intervals of the more interesting scenery; but, before long, my unseen brows felt puckered, and the very spirit of dissentience within me was awakened; for the tenets of the treatise were such that it seemed, at the time, as if this highly vigorous lady-divine, lady-moralist, and lady political-economist, were personally lecturing and rebuking me on those very notions and purposes which were then enthusiastically uppermost in my thoughts. By one passage in her preliminary discourse was I coldly be-watered particularly; and as its sentiments represent those of a very wide class, and indeed provoke the depths of my principles in the matters to which these papers are chiefly dedicated, I must extract it; for certainly I could not enter Rome in comfort with such an adversary in my rear uncombated.

"Pictures, and statues, and marble duomos" (she announces in her outset), "and bronze gates of Paradise are all very good things in their way, but the history of Italy shows that their existence is perfectly compatible with utmost oppression, utmost stagnant corruption of the whole social atmosphere. No painting of Raphael's has helped any city to self-government; the very finest of Michael Angelo's sculptures has failed to improve the condition—moral, political, or sanitary—of a single parish. Nay, it would actually seem, if we consider which were the great artistic ages, classic and renaissant, that there was some singular co-relation between the production and patronage of high works of Art, and the synchronous apparition of the most portentous depravity the world has known."—"Does Art, then, make saints and heroes? Nay, it cannot withhold man from a single vice, or stay the hand from one solitary tyrant. Rather does it gild over corruption, otherwise too gross and hideous, and add a delusive nimbus to the crown of the despot."—"Italy has had enough of such."—"But if any number of square feet of canvas covered by the very finest designs are not found successful in stopping judicial murder and robbery, and in pulling down despots, it does appear, strangely enough, that a certain amount of iron tramways with locomotives, or of good post roads, is not inefficacious in these respects. Tyrants, lay and ecclesiastical, seem to have the same difficulty in sustaining the scream of a railway whistle that ghosts used to feel at the crowing of a cock. Locomotive humanity is always troublesome," &c. &c. &c.

Descending the Alps for an intellectual campaign, it is thus this able and philanthropic lady gives out that her attention will be devoted to matters more momentous in these enlightened and progressive days than the Fine Arts, which evidently, in the full flow of her utilitarian high spirits, seem worse than useless. The Art-temple of the Beautiful, according to her view, but pinnacles the Isle of the Syrens, so that it is high time to shoot past it, Express, to hospitals and workshops, committee rooms and Sunday-schools, and all those other sources of sound religious and civil instruction, where practical truths, with self-denying duties, advance both sexes of mankind. In this vein vast numbers in England now think, and indeed the principle has made its way to the bottom of our æsthetics themselves; beauty (in each specific kind, the very distinctive object of Art) having been disparaged, and "stern facts," without regard for external attractiveness, put forward as the painter's worthier aim. Nay, "the bright consummate flower" has been opposed to the tree that bears it, beauty and truth being hitched into an antithesis, as denoting the left and the right, the goats and sheep of the imagination; the most eloquent of critics at the close of his long and arduous labours, without the faith which alone could give them any value, forlornly declaring that *what the final use may be to men of natural beauty he does not yet know.*

Certainly, it is of no use in illustrating and enforcing lugubrious and morbid moralisings. But Beauty, I humbly thought, was the sole link between our *imaginations* and heaven—the very flower of life's tree, the "bright day" of him who "sits i' the centre." I used simply to conceive that by beauty were given the celestial glimmerings in sick-chambers and around death-beds; that she was a great antagonist of horror and terror, in their darker moments preventing our being dragged down by them to deadly rottenness. A great antagonist, I thought her, too, of that austere fanaticism which grows cruel in its hardness. I fancied she was the divine sweetener, and very anchor, of the wild imagination, the tender-thoughted poor man's magnificent mental possession or estate; through love of her (his sole endowment, it may be), the real stars being his more deeply than those on the gilded roof belonged to Crassus; and the priceless works of Art being his, no less, in their spirit and essence indefeasibly, whilst their pampered possessor owns but their bare substance precariously. I believed that beauty was the divine rich solace of many to whom fortune has been but mean and niggardly. But these are not the *final* use, Melancholy objects, being ephemeral, and therefore trivial, all.—Well, then, the final use of beauty may be, that it is the sweet nourishment of the imagination, which trains and educates that faculty of the soul for a happier state of existence hereafter, when all things will be "beautiful exceedingly." *

But this is a mere irrepressible parenthesis quite apart from my present Anti-Cobbeian purposes. One of my chief objects in now visiting Rome being a better acquaintance with Raphael and Michael Angelo, the above passages on the journey thither certainly did for a few moments disconcert me. Cleverly, they represent the popular thought in my own esthetically-strayed, yet very dear country, reminding me that the cause of the Ideal there is low indeed. And, indeed, since very few perhaps will attend to anything said on that subject, "were it not better done as others use," to visit hospitals, poorhouses, and committee rooms, instead? There was a lovely girl at the station of Frosinone, from the country, waiting, obviously, for her admirer, in a most perfect instance of the Roman peasant girl's *festa* dress, snowy *tovaglia* and scarlet *busto* all complete; but instead of looking at her, I continued studying "Italics," till twilight made me leave off, when lo, *there* was nature tempting me again, in such a display as I could not resist.

The dome of St. Peter's then first appeared on the horizon of the lone Campagna—a calm ocean of deep shadow, beneath a cloudless glow of orange light diffused through the evening sky, the most intense and fervid I ever witnessed. It looked more than a mere sky; a special heavenly glorification, it seemed, of the scene of so much greatness, melancholy because of the wickedness so much alloying that greatness, yet with a heart-flush of holy tenderness more cognizant of great spiritual truths there sealed by martyrdoms, and forms of beauty born, which link our fancies to heaven near and brightly.

Along our course, slender aspen-like trees rose against this elegiac splendour, in most delicate traceries, utterly black; and low in the Campagna a thick cloud of local malaria was rosily flushed by it. A sense of Fabius was about that long lonely ridge which sloped above this, down to the hushed dark sea. But on the other hand, the full moon was rising behind high Albano, so golden, and large, and warmly smiling, that I really think I had never seen a moon so much so. One was tempted to call it a nocturnal sun, rather: an hymeneal moon it seemed, sweet queen of the kind vernacularly called "honey"—a bridegroom's sun. Ah, fair Miss Cobbe (may this irrepressible apostrophe be pardoned), the loveliest lady in all the world having been married that day, the moon was sympathising warmly. Anon, the stars were shining within the countless arches of the Claudian aqueduct; and towers, and a certain domed ruin, all open arches, that seemed *built* of the most silvery moonlight, were shot past, only too hurriedly.

All this was beautiful; but whether an attempt to convert it into ideas would be

* The penultimate chapter of "Modern Painters," which gives a disheartening moral to all that went before, is surely founded on an unhappy misconception. Turner (*the painter of labour, sorrow, and death*) "only momentarily dwells on anything else than ruin." The worm is in all his flowers. All is faded glory, "vain beauty." This is like dwelling on the shadows of a picture and ignoring the lights. Turner, indeed, delighted in ruins, but he delighted especially in making them very colonies of loveliest vegetation, very foils to Aurora, or Hesperus, in all their rosiest radiance. His moral seems to me rather;—unhallowed impious power decays; but, see, the beauty of nature, as if indeed precursor, very dawning of the everlasting heavenly beauty, renews itself for ever. It is the very essential of the highly poetic mind to soar above death and decay; and certainly, on occasion, Turner was the most purely brightly cheerful of landscapists.

endorsed by an utilitarian, and, if so, whether that would be practicable (even with Miss Cobbe's pen), without something of the Art which she is so fond of disparaging, is what I might then have considered, but for the distracting noise kept up by a crowd of fellow-travellers. A number of men much above the humbler class, who joined us at Albano, men of the most boisterous manners, harshest voices, and worst tobacco, were jesting with such violent horse-play, as had utterly withheld me from those solemn silent vespers of dark Roman earth, and twilight trees, and distant lonely-looking dome. A rude unseemliness was there on everything about them. Plainly, they had no sense of the beautiful, no tincture by nature, or by culture, of the Art-element; and certainly this did seem to me the very thing wanting to smooth down much that was zoological rather than human in them.

Thus, everything suggested a vein of Anti-Cobbeian sentiment; and, being jealous of my opinions, anxious to vindicate them, when quiet succeeded, not only in the railway carriage, but on my pillow at the Hotel d'Allemagne, was I imaginarily discoursing æsthetics to that philosophic and ingenious lady. In this *un*philosophic, however,—in reviving that wretched superannuated antithesis between Nature, and Art our only possible means of representing Nature, to which she herself has recourse every time she strings two graphic words together in her lively, agreeable compositions. Surely, the comparative importance of the two is simply the difference between a thing, and a representation of it. And how could she contrive, manage, and bring herself to think Art useless because its greatness was "synchronous" with the depths of human depravity (the century of the Borgias, as she expresses it, being the very culmination of Italian painting), forgetting that it was also the age of Luther, and Tasso, and Spenser, and Shakspere, and Bacon, whose works might just as well be slighted superciliously on the same ground, since neither did they prevent the frightful iniquity of that mighty renaissant period, when the extreme energy of greatness and vileness flourished side by side, unblent. But ever the periods of revelation were thus the periods of the worst wickedness; and if Michael Angelo and Raphael *have* done little good, surely the fault was not in them, but in the blindness or neglect of others, from their earliest imitators down to the too volatile and heedless authoress of "Italics" herself. They were, Miss Cobbe, as the Prophets who called from the housetops when nobody listened. If images of moral and intellectual beauty and sublimity, of heavenly love, of greatness tempered by modesty and graciousness, have indeed no interest for mankind, that is their fault alone; and the corruption of the imagination which prevailed will be traceable to the pursuit of objects and fashions quite contrary to the works of those divine artists—frivolous and barbaric vanities, to soulless pedantries, golden calves in disguise. And, Miss Cobbe, Miss Cobbe, excuse me, but really this is *not* utilitarian, but simply the way to addle and confuse, thus (as between pictures and locomotives) to draw one-sided disparagements between things utterly disparate in nature and results; but both indispensable, surely, to a civilised people. Were it not juster to regard the Arts as the due balance, or complement, of what you admire so? since the more wealth and means of refinement, the more, surely, that refinement is needful. The more Mammon has means to tempt us into upstart ostentation and low excess, the more need of that spirit of beauty which refines the imagination, "shows virtue in her shape how lovely," elevates the sweet simplicity of nature above the dazzling incumbrances of expense, and is the antagonist of worldliness especially.

And furthermore, in this same highly advanced age, a deeper philosophy might have been expected than that commonest old notion of utility, which pets with its name the things of practical, social, and externally moral life, and denies it to the cultivation of the imagination—that unextinguishable, ever active faculty which, whether occupied with the ideal or the real, the great or the little, is the source of so many of our thoughts, so commonly gives the tone and colour to them, and surely needs guidance, to save it from those sordid, mean, and trivial views in which it is but too apt to become engrossed, leading the heart to follow, with folly, vice, and crime. To disparage thus, by such opposites, that which enriches and elevates this great faculty, is surely to multiply means, but deprive the end itself of beauty and value; for these things thus preferred are but means and safeguards of life; the inner central life itself being the exercise of the affections, and the imagination; "mere imagination" being active infinitely oftener than is vulgarly recognised, and occupied as intensely with the meanest real (exaggerating it into undue value and moment), as with the highest ideal. The frivolous worldling imagines as many petty mortifications and hollow delights, as the poet everlasting beauties: the sordid miser goes on imagining about his cash-box, till he imagines it empty. Ah, the mother-in-law who swept all the dust in the house into the poor poet's brains, and, ere the honeymoon was over, inexorably called down her daughter from high-reaching fancies, which entwined fondly with his, to a chest of drawers where stockings lay undarned, was perhaps, after *her* fashion, as imaginative as they, in her conceptions of the beauty, dignity, and beatitude of tidiness. The ways of vulgarity, avarice, rigid and cruel fanaticism, and murderous crime, are the ugly ways of darkened imagination, ungraced by the light of beauty, which is a rosy emanation from the inner light of heavenly love. Therefore, is everything that purifies and ennobles that faculty, of the profoundest, primary, fundamental importance. And where else shall our intellectual leaders find types and standards, by which to raise its objects, so beautiful and great as in the works of those two artists, thus specially run down by the "locomotive," with this incomparable lady for driver, and stoker also?

When I talked of visiting Rome, a certain venerable friend (anticipating inkshed) admonished me that Raphael and Michael Angelo composed but a hackneyed, obsolete topic. So far from that, thought I, obstinately, we are in mere forgetfulness of them; and, indeed, according to the usual cyclical mutations, it is now pretty nearly time for them to veer round into vogue again—a revolution which it may be canny to be one of the first to anticipate. It is *we* who are "*effête*," not they, who may lead us back to youth and freshness, our best guides to conceptions of healthy, beautiful, dignified, pathetic humanity. Recently, there has been, for the first time, *popularising* eloquence about Art; but unfortunately it popularised by lowering it down to that vulgar matter-of-factness, and dull purism, which are radical defects in the British mind. In the late "revival," the whole subject was but a supply of imagery, of a stalking horse for the purposes of that purism; objects, and great painters' names, being made symbols of good and evil according to the æsthete's peculiar whim and temper. Nothing went down but imitation of certain qualities in favour with rigid ungenial minds; everything distinctively human being out of repute, and those greatest artists who founded their conception on sound human nature, being curiously ignored, or still more curiously contemned and vilified. It was reserved for our immortal indestructible Dickens to delineate a character by a single word, "Terewth;" and we have lately had Chadbandism, not only in theology but in painting, in which the lines of truth are cramped and distorted, and her very heart and spirit left out. The consequence has been a minute slavish elaboration of details in the higher characteristics and relations generally false, and in human nature (least interesting of objects) a miserably low type; a sense of moral and intellectual beauty being seen but rarely, and in slight degrees. This is admitted; but the merited stricture is commonly rounded off by the comforting assurance of general progress. No doubt, there are hopeful hands among us, newly appearing, who will be true artists just so far as they venerate the great antecedents of Art; but what general progress is there from an over-wrought realising of mere material, to beauty, dignity, tenderness, and pathos of conception? Realism has reached the barrier of its end; and in order to advance, it seems as if Art must be turned back to first principles of elementary lines and curves, and be born anew to more tender, simple, healthful impressions.

In a similar condition wide-spread in our tempers and manners (for Art is but a symptom of the time), a certain quality needed is well summed by an appellative drawn from the name of one whose temper, taste, and judgment in what he did were excellent assuredly—the *Raphaelesque*. Pictorially, the word means the combination of the human, the impassioned, the intellectual, with beauty, grace, and dignity: it means whatever in our hearts and fancies we most feel the want of, on turning away wearied from the Exhibitions of our Royal Academy. In larger sense, it expresses a want in much of us, generally, now-a-days in England—signifying that true gentlenesss and simplicity of feeling, that urbanity and graciousness which alone (amidst the temptations of hereditary self-conceit, and of crude upstart Mammon) distinguish what is truly becoming. When I see a young lady perfected in the fashion of a cold proud air —Pre-Raphaelitising the Raphaelesque curves of her naturally fine face—I say to myself, Ah, if you had only been properly taught your *Raphael* (instead, for instance, of all that declamatory singing in the ostentatious new style), you would be more charming, not only in manners, dress, and air, but physically handsomer, improved in the very lines of your features. Raphaelism would have saved the parliamentary philosopher of Westminster, the other day, from those acrimonious speeches which led the *Pall Mall Gazette* to mourn over "a lost philosopher," would have preserved the fine living words and brilliant fancies of Mr. Ruskin for ever. Indeed, as it signifies, generally, that which

is sweetly and nobly tempered, we have few who might not be improved by it. But in England we have shut our eyes against this finest, most gracious exemplar, for the last thirty years regarding him as superficial, and not sufficiently pious or moral (Heaven bless the mark !), gauging a graphic Shakspere, with the pettiest tests of dilettanti religionism, emasculating purism, and trivial smatterings of all the new ologies. Meanwhile, the French and Germans, far more sensibly, were taking the contrary course, with what result we saw with admiring amazement in our last Great Exhibition. Their gifted artists—in Germany enlightened by deep criticism, and in France led by admirable Art-instincts—sought to apply Raphael's principles as he himself might have done, had he lived in these days, and sought to represent the life and nature now around us.

The most refined work by living hand, very probably, in that vast collection at South Kensington, 'The Funeral in the Forest,' by Ludwig Knaus, was most essentially Raphaelesque. Nor did its Raphaelesque characteristics, while they gave beauty and refinement to that incomparable group of children heading the funeral procession, in the least weaken the truthful expression of anything proper to our times. Indeed, the delightful feature of that enchanting collection of foreign pictures, the production of which was synchronous (as Miss Cobbe would say) with our mediæval and most dreary rubbish, was the successful application of this style to *genre* pictures of ordinary life, giving them higher interest than they ever had before. The Raphaelesque, tabooed by us, brought out graces of humanity even in the cold cabins of Dalecarlia. Observe the artistic purpose and superior grace, in such pictures, of their design in every part, the simple colour, the subjection of accessories to principals, of mere matter to sentiment. And then compare the mere hap-hazard dabbing of colours common with us for loosely lively effect, the haberdasher's conceptions, the subordination, and weak slight treatment, of the human part of the subject; and surely the judgment perforce arrived at will scarcely be honourable to a nation which now and then assumes to be the head of civilisation.

Above all, our type of humanity (to improve which is incomparably the greatest object of Art) is much inferior to theirs, and commonly vulgar, insipid, fantastical, turgid. In the two "pictures of this year," Mr. Leighton's 'Syracusan Women,' and Mr. Maclise's 'Death of Nelson,' this negation of all that is finely human in humanity pre-eminently appeared to represent, in opposite manners, the strange barrenness of our Art. What I particularly wish to know of Mr. Leighton's women, in that picture, is whether they are wise or foolish, virtuous or naughty; surmises, meanwhile, being unfavourable, from that fastidiousness in their air which seems too super-dainty for moral questions. Besides, the diminutive wild beasts they lead to the temple are manifestly not only tamed, but demoralised. Sleepy are these ladies, very; and from their lustreless heavy eyes, and sapless complexions, apparently of unsound livers, giving cause, perhaps, for what may be an elegant form of hypochondriasis. But, really I cannot predicate firmly any good of them. They seem neither of earth nor heaven; not of Eve or of Urania the daughters, but the dream of some effeminate youth of Sybaris, distempered somewhat by the crumpling of his roseleaves. Fine ladies of the Limbo of Vanity they appear to be, whose only influence over us can be to encourage a morbid fastidiousness, a coxcombry in poetic guise still daintier than that already widely amongst us.

The author of such a work can scarcely feel much imaginative interest in anything manly; and therefore the apish and dwarfish little poets and philosophers beneath are just what might have been expected. This picture marking our effeminate dereliction from the human, the 'Death of Nelson' (unfortunately not merely a picture of the year, but *the* picture of the *nation*) is typical of our hard stony ignoring of it. The sunshine of the soul brightens not this painter's work. With all his rich romantic invention, and extraordinary power of *scientific* drawing, his conceptions have no spirituality. And so here is nothing above frigid staring, and expression of the more painful emotions, of uneasy apprehension especially; of generous heroism not a gleam, of the characteristics of Englishmen hardly a trace. But for their dresses, these coldly frowning barbarians would seem rather the Norsemen of some old Runic ballad, and Nelson, their Vickingr, reproaching Woden with his last icy glance, for having deserted him. For the rest, it is a surgical rather than historical conception of a battle.*

At any rate, Miss Cobbe, Raphael is human; and Michael Angelo is so too, in that his figures express the supreme of intellectual thoughtfulness. Neither is vapid, nor turgid; and both have that great requisite in Art which now-a-days we never hear of in England, *a style*. We, on the other hand, prevalently oscillating between vulgarity and phantasy, milk and water and frigidity, and (compare with such as Knaus, Exner, Hamon, and Cabanel) most wanting taste (which is represented by style), don't you, on second thoughts, perceive that we ought to look out for models somewhere? for it is by this time pretty well proved that in Nature alone *we find but what we seek*, translating, disentegrating, distorting her into our own crudity. And, indeed, a result commonly feared, namely, "mere imitation of the old masters," might be received thankfully as a most useful discovery, demonstrating, as it would, that the student is destitute of spirit and invention, and therefore should be warned in time to throw his pencil away. On the whole, I added finally (turning my head away on my pillow in the Hotel d'Allemagne at Rome, for it was by this time two o'clock in the morning), do you not begin to suspect that in those paintings in the Vatican at any rate, the papal keys keep guard over a peculiar portion of heavenly truth, which, conned thoughtfully, and with due study of self and of nature likewise, may tend to purify very many of us from flippant go-ahead vulgarity, acceleration of self-conceit by Express (which leads surely to disastrous collisions sometimes), and especially may lift our imaginations above the thraldom of trivial, sordid, and fantastical considerations.

No doubt, our lively itinerant utilitarians may now do Italy much good, wean her from "the illusions of Popery," organise her Sunday-schools, institute for her Nightly Refuges for the Destitute better than the "Lambeth Casual," Pauper Infirmaries quite superior to that of our Strand Workhouse, Limited Liability Companies in which the liability shall extend to the managers, nay, even Midsummer Nights' Fêtes more lovely than those in Hyde Park enjoyed by Mr. Beales's "People." But let not Britannia conclude that she goes there purely as a locomotive schoolmistress and lecturer, without any opportunity of earning valuable intellectual benefits in exchange. For Italy, meanwhile, has still a divine lesson for *our* instruction, a remedy applicable to the very roots of all good things, which may make them grow more beautifully—the lesson of Ideal Beauty, that is to say. And in proportion to our ability to learn it, may be reduced among us a vulgarity rampant to an extent unequalled in any other extremely civilised country, and many cold defects in fancy and taste verging on downright hideous barbarism.

Happily were those two arch-artists named after the two archangels, whose spirit, as portrayed by Milton's adequate authority, theirs resembled singularly. Michael, the envoy sent with the sterner edicts, "not sociably mild, as Raphael, but solemn and sublime," Adam describes him; Raphael, "the affable archangel," chosen for the more gracious intercourse,—seem they not very archtypes of Michael Angelo and Raphael, the only two great illustrators of Holy Writ; the one austerely sublime, artist of the old dispensation, the other divinely humanly beautiful, distinctively the painter of the gospel. Fancy, perhaps, may be permitted to conceive that the angels in whose honour these children were named at the font met the appeal in an especial manner. Indeed, any one sharing Dr. Newman's definite belief, put forth in his "Apologia," that it is the special office of angels to aid man in his great intellectual discoveries and achievements, could hardly avoid imagining that they personally graced their studios, and even sometimes went so far as to guide their hands—that *thus* the godsons of these seraphic sponsors, by their special tutelage, may have risen above all others, above all schools, all rivalry, and without successors; no other artists, except Rubens, perhaps, meriting rank with the great epic poets. And few facts are more striking than that these two were at their masterpieces at the same time, in the same building; for Raphael came to Rome in the very year when Michael Angelo began to paint in the Sistine Chapel. But the cabals of others seemingly prevented more than a brief, barely civil personal communication between them; the cause probably much lying in the fact that Raphael was introduced at Rome by his fellow-townsman, Bramante; who, ever dreading the competition of Michael Angelo, schemed against him, and even tried to effect his exclusion from the Sistine Chapel itself, and the employment of Raphael there instead. Besides, their tempers were contrary, and the austere, unsocial Michael Angelo, of more experience of the evil in the world, was perhaps much out of patience with that sunny young man who seemed to perceive only the pleasant and amiable side of things. "There you go with all your train, like a provost," he is related to have said, passing him one day attended by a courtier-like clique. "And you like the hangman, alone," was the sharp retort, regretted, perhaps, the next moment. Nevertheless, Raphael, omniverous of excellence, was all eagerness to profit by a stolen peep at the work of the solitary Florentine, as a

* The technical, no less than the expressional eccentricities of Mr. Leighton's picture should have been censured as so much corruption of our taste and Art. The light and shade, scarcely to be called such, is on the principle of an arabesque; a certain effect being made by masses in opposition quite irrespective of nature's *chiaroscuro*. Mr. Maclise's dextrous drawing is here called *scientific*, inasmuch as it wants the great *artistic* quality of *style;* every object being iron-cast in the same rigid. and therefore not truthful manner. It very much looks as if Cornelius and Schnorr had been his masters. The study of Michael Angelo (who is never turgid in his lines) and Raphael, would have made this error scarcely possible.

means of strengthening and magnifying his powers; and prince as he was, not only of painting, but of courtesy, he declared with an admirable grace of modesty, that his lot, happy in many things, was happiest of all in being cast in the age of Michael Angelo; who had taught him an art far other than that of the old masters. Michael Angelo, on the other hand, would not so much as turn round to learn anything of Raphael, who should, no less, have been an invaluable blessing to *his* genius, fostering by friendliness, and gentle influence, those matchless serener graces which in his later works we miss, giving way, as they probably did, to lonely austerity and heaviness of heart. But he worked disdainfully alone; nor in his earlier production in the Sistine Chapel, the ceiling, is there a deficiency which his only rival could have remedied.

The Prophets and Sybils there, the most solemnly grand creations existing in the art, are the only paintings which inspire such feelings as are experienced on entering a great Gothic minster. Full of awe and deep mystery are the beings there—fit vehicles for the Divine Word, which they contemplate with a meditation due to wisdom fathomless, eternal, infinite: it is not theirs, and in part only can they interpret it. With tremulous reverence the aged sybil of Cumæ opens that oracular book; and Daniel's hair seems stirred at the things he has to set down. Had the Jews themselves been drawn to art of this kind rather than forbidden it, they might, perhaps ere this, have come to produce such figures, which have in them the mysterious spirituality and infinity of the Semitic mind, as ever distinguishable from the finite human ideality of the Aryan Antique. Nevertheless, the moods of these great beings are as various as may consist with thoughts on which they could sit pondering for ever; and each figure, with a far more attractive beauty and graciousness than are usually conceived of Michael Angelo, has a strikingly appropriate character and action, wrought out with picturesque circumstances of happiest invention; the elegance of the Delphic Sybil, the majestic animation of Isaiah, and the elegiac pensiveness of Jeremiah, presenting conspicuously admirable instances. But the mere external peculiarities of nations are undistinguished, in the spirit of that highest imagination which disregards mere time and place, sedulous only with relation to what is deeply, lastingly, essential, changeless.* Michael Angelo 's sybilline volumes were not those in which *our* painters now-a-days confide, namely, works of archæology, and various other ologies, but Holy Writ, and Nature, as impressed on that other sacred writ, his deep heart and sublime imagination.

All about the Prophets and Sybils, and peopling pilaster, arch, and every "coigne of vantage" in the architecture, are those eminently enigmatical figures of genii, numerous, and some of them strange, as the birds of Noah's floating aviary settling everywhere on the rafters of the ark, or on some grove of Ararat, when the deluge had subsided; many in attitudes quaint and fantastical as those *funambuli* who used to dance on ropes over Roman suppers, but others *supremely* graceful and majestic, likely, indeed, to be overlooked amidst a host, but every way worthy of central exaltation, and most admiring regard. But for these last (which are positively Phidian here and there, and the more notably, as nothing of the purest Greek Art had then been found), one might think this swarm of mysteries in human shape represented the lawless powers in contrast to the spirit of the law, solemnly embodied in the chief figures. But Michael Angelo is beyond precise interpretation. It is his to do that which words scarce shadow—to invent, not merely incidents, motives, and suggestions better expressed by literature (a sort of invention our full-worded critics have of late unduly exalted, as offering more for their ingenuity and descriptive powers), but to attain the height of a *purely graphic* invention, by conceiving, in inexhaustible profusion and variety, *forms* and *postures*, exemplifying an indescribable power in such objects. Rogers, one of the most tasteful of men, remarked that he would not give much for a picture that could be described: so well he knew that every art finds its true honour in what it alone can do. And, indeed, one might as well endeavour, like those ridiculous synoptical programmes at St. James's Hall, to follow out in words one of Beethoven's symphonies, as these creations of Michael Angelo's; which may be looked on as their pictorial analogy, showing the power of form, as *they* of sound, in its profounder combinations. Therefore, I leave the Prophets and Sybils with my vocabulary abashed and humbled, and but a trivial remark on that strange flight of genii *at roost* around them, conjecturing that their grotesqueness may be derived remotely from the antique decorations—that these *grotesques* of Michael Angelo's are his characteristic improvement of the ancient fantastic work of genii and arabesques; such as yet smile, like little stray sunbeams, in the imperial dens of the Esquiline and Palatine, where the horse-laugh of Nero seems yet faintly to resound, as your foot treads, echoing, through his festive halls, now buried into subterranean vaults and crypts.

A contrast to the prophetic figures lies also in the tender quietude of the Groups immediately above the windows, representing the Virgin's Ancestry, a gentle undertone running through the mightier harmonies, of the love and peacefulness of parents and children, graceful and touching, yet of a grave solemnity distinctively Michael-Angelical. Beings, they seem, set apart in some intermediate shadowy world, where, still nursing their human affections, they await with a deep pensiveness their future sunnier felicity.

In the spandrels lower, the figures certainly include livelier varieties of human emotions. For here are groups of mothers, brightly playful with their children, and *beswarmed* by them, superlative for lovely gracefulness. Men there are, too, some of them quite quaint and odd, busy in common occupations, but others in profoundest unearthly contemplation, figures such as, no doubt, ghosts dream of, reminding one of the deep things in Dante. A boundless storehouse are these little corners of Michael Angelo, for uninventive artists to steal from, where even common and playful things are made great by his great air, and infinite sublimity (in little) embellishes a mere moulding.

Thus far may be likened to lyrical productions. The sacred *epical* powers of this Milton of Art appear in the central compartments of the ceiling, where his representations of the Creation and the Fall (*his* Paradise Lost, sole parallel of *ours*) *are!*—supreme masterpieces of the imagination for impressive narrative, simplicity, grace, and grandeur. In their irremovable solitude, perishableness, and soleness, as the very top and crown of the painters' thoughts, they may be regarded with something of the melancholy awe with which you might look upon a fragile copy of Milton's Epic, conceived as the only one, and yet neither to be removed nor fully read. The figures of the Deity, in comet-like progress creating sun and moon, and sometimes bearing through the air a cloud of infant loves (as if pleased to permit himself to be supported by them, for "of such is the kingdom of heaven"), are profound ideals of reverence. Well-meaning persons, naturally enough, sometimes shrink from such an attempt even as this to represent the Supreme Being. Very well, in many cases, if it lead them to reflect that the Deity may be dishonoured in words, as well as in lines, and in pulpits and meeting-houses even, by confident familiar delineations of him, and more profoundly dishonoured, since with respect to qualities mental, not merely personal. At all events, Buonaroti is better than Bethesda. Nor seem the Cherubs, as here first imagined by Michael Angelo, unmeet for such a Being, and those his acts, in so far as they are obviously fit for something more than to give soft response to the sad lachrimose love of nun, or shaveling, by bad theology perverted from its natural aim, but strong and keen, though innocent and beautiful, and apt, eager, for missions of creative energy and power. In one of these pictures, the instinctive bending in adoration of Eve, as she first rises from Adam's side, and, in another, the queenly luxurious pride of grace with which she receives the apple from the tempter (who by his flattery has already puffed her up to the very supremacy of female airs), are transcendent conceptions. Yet Adam perhaps is even more beautiful; and Vasari's praise of his figure as newly created, is turned happily. Where placidly and passively, yet with the majesty becoming the ruler of the world, he is expanding into life by the sun-like attraction of the hovering Deity, who holds forth his finger to inspirit him, one might indeed "conceive the figure to be immediately created by the Divine Father, rather than produced by a mere human pencil." The unclouded genius of Athens, in the pediment of the Parthenon, wrought figures that resemble this in godlike serenity; but none else, so far as can now be known, have come near it. German critics in saying that Michael Angelo never attained the ideal beauty of *calm*, distinctive of the antique, surely overlooked this figure and many of the genii underneath; though it must be admitted that afterwards he fell off from this heavenly gift, in the heaviness, perhaps, of sad and evil days. But here, in his meridian prime, it is the beauty and grace and tenderness, infinitely beyond what engravings indicate, that unexpectedly interests in these works; and indeed what discovery can be more pleasing, than that he whom you revered far off for grandeur, is found on near approach, as his close parallel Milton is, gentle and kindly of heart, with even unfoldings of perfect geniality. In grace, Michael Angelo is not at all beneath Raphael, though with a graver and more solemn air; such being his temper, of less urbanity, yet in his pent-up solitary heart lowly and simple of feeling; as may be gathered, not only from his intercourse with his humbler friends, but even profusely in these works, from touches

* The Delphic Sybil, in a turban, is, for instance, Greek only in her pre-eminent grace, elegance, and beauty, and especially in a face which Leslie, judging only from a copy, considered the most beautiful of all he had ever seen produced by Art. Our present plan would be new-fangled erudition in dress and ornaments, but neither grace nor beauty; a strange body, and no soul at all.

all the more pathetic as being amidst the highest of awful power. As a technical indication of this spirit, especially interesting is the light tenderness of the execution; the drawing being not only of unrivalled mastery, but delicately clear; and the colouring, though now obscured by time, and by the assiduities of incense, was, no doubt, originally of a pleasing mild harmony admirably subordinated to the design; consummate judgment being also shown in the airy lightness of the whole, which counteracts so well the duskiness of that lofty roof.*

Finding the Florentine painters he had engaged to help him powerless to represent his thought and feeling, he soon locked the door against them, and not having the heart to face them under such circumstances, went out of the way: they divined, however, at once, the cause of their exclusion, and immediately set out quietly on the road back to Florence. Thus Michael Angelo, who never wanted resolution when anything great was at stake, was often in ordinary affairs shy and easily embarrassed. All by himself he then laboured, in about twenty months producing the greatest work of Art ever accomplished by a single hand. One of his sonnets gives a playful glimpse of him lying on his back, and the colours dropping on his face; but in the end his sight was so tried, that for some months he could not read anything unless raised above his eyes in the direction in which they had so long been occupied. Singularly, his recent biographer, Dr. Harford, was lastingly blinded through his intense scrutiny of these frescoes, so lofty and obscure in their position. In producing them, their author was not only without counsel, but without example in Art. Here with an imagination that soared independently of all its traditions, and even despised too much the best of those who followed them, he began his own great style, and at once absolutely perfected it, in that in which no one ever rivalled him, or produced more than a mere superficial, vapidly puffed imitation. Here, in one work, were the beginning and the consummation of free greatness in painting; all that had been done before having grown imperfectly, and with most limited results, out of the cramped early manner.

"All he had in art he learned of me," said Michael Angelo of Raphael. Words so far deeply true as that *here* dawned on Raphael's beating heart, and rapidly kindling soul, a new sense of freedom and power, which, however, he translated from the purely sublime to the humanly winning, in a spirit wholly his own. His wonderful ardent adroitness in enriching his mind with all excellence in Nature or Art has been vulgarly confounded with rivalry. Nevertheless, when experimenting Michael Angelically in Santa Maria della Pace, it would have been better not to discredit those nobly graceful figures by dubbing them Sybils. And his Isaiah is a mild merely perspicuous divine! You really feel as if you could understand everything he said. Here Raphael only begged attention to a hopeless point of inferiority. Equal to nearly everything else, the Sybils and Prophets he should have left to their own more deeply meditative limner—*deeply meditative*, indeed! His pre-eminent gift seems to have been to represent thought in its sublimity and profoundest depths, as much as Raphael's was to delineate the human passions and affections in every variety, and human dignity and amiableness in form and demeanour,—as much as the great endowment of Rubens (the third of the supreme triad of painters), was to dash *in* the more physical life and energies, magnificently. It has been well said that in Michael Angelo's figures every member bears the same impress of deep thought, raising them to an aspect of unrivalled capacity and dignity. Almost, I could think, that Milton remembered them, when he sang of those who

> "—apart sat on a hill retired,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
> Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute."

For the marmoreal words of that whole passage do, best of all that has ever been written, convey the tone and feeling of the grand embodied thoughtfulness of Michael Angelo.

His 'Last Judgment' over the altar in the same chapel, has, at all times, met with the severest judgments itself; and now-a-days extremely few seem to think it worth notice; our average tourists, of the class whom the police with difficulty kept from mobbing Mr. Frith's cold vapidities, caring for it no more than for any thing that is heavily obsolete. It is a work done late in life, thirty years later than the ceiling, and when the arch-artist's mind seems to have become gloomy from protracted evil days, disappointments, and loneliness; and partly from this heaviness, perhaps, his imagination had become burdened with muscular anatomy. A heaven of joyless Titans, with an Herculean Saviour, an Adam like Enceladus, and a St. Catherine proportioned like Ops, is I confess, doubtless oppressive. And even I should feel constrained to shrink from such a Paradise, for fear of being overlaid, every way, by these blessed, or about-to-be-blessed, colossi. Such a conception of the heavenly part of the subject may well be deeply regretted in one whose earlier works, not rarely, brighten into a divine beauty, supreme of its kind. Still, even here, if we can but strip away in thought this Titanic excess of form, we shall find numberless figures and groups, though not tenderly *shaped*, most admirably *designed*, dignified, graceful, expressive, with many touches of tenderness, and pathos, and of infinite poetry. And without this thinning demuscularising process, in the heaps of damned hurled down, and of those who would steal up, rolled and shot down again, such terror and despair are there, such marvels of invention and artistic power, as in genius rival fully anything on the ceiling, and make all else of the kind in Art seem poor; except one picture at Munich by Rubens, where the living storm of terror and agony is as sublime in its fiercely, fierily, energetic kind, though nothing so sadly solemn. And in the Florentine's work, in those floating to heaven, however ponderous in form, so light in movement as they ascend in airy columns, but for this same burden of anatomy, what faith and love would brightly appear, in tender wreaths aspiring. Surely it were better not to be kept back from such things by a mere outer obscurity and heaviness, and to let Michael Angelo himself here teach us, once for all, that useful lesson, how poor it is to be deterred and intellectually defeated by superficial appearances. Besides, after all, he peradventure had some reasons for what we may have been shallowly trying to palliate. In that moment of eternal doom, all things may be conceived as in some tremendous shadowy eclipse, magnified into a gloomily gigantic, phantasmal appearance. Even for the Titanic figure of the Saviour, to which our lady-criticism scarcely lifted her meekly-severe eyes, there may, methinks, be some cogent excuses. In the moment of eternising misery, of adopting, for ever, the most dreadful inventions of men, such an aspect is surely more appropriate, more satisfactory to candid feeling, than that imperturbable placidity for which such conceptions as Fra Angelico's have been so gracefully eulogised. Besides, Michael Angelo has not, like the Orcagnas and Angelicos, painted the tortures themselves disgustingly, but only the apprehension of them, with that true tragical greatness which fills this Advent to an *Inferno*, like Milton's Pandemonium, with the noblest delineations of the dark side of our nature, deeply interesting, surely, to those who sometimes remember that to ignore may not be the best way to remedy, or even to avoid.

Yet when Michael Angelo painted this, the amazing depravity into which the world about him had more and more darkly settled itself, may have deepened the severity of his imagination, generally, not the less. Florence, for whose freedom he had ever vaguely yearned with the fervour of a disciple of Dante, was newly enslaved for that murderous young Mulatto, who at her festivities disguised as a nun added the vilest zests to every kind of wickedness. Hating Michael Angelo, he sought to wheedle him to Florence; but the artist was wary; and so, as Michael Angelo would not go to the Duke, it soon came about that the Duke had to go to Michael Angelo, nothing less; for on his murder, they took his body out of the way by night into the sacristy of San Lorenzo, and laid it wrapped in carpets on the sarcophagus beneath Buonaroti's awful figures—like a bleeding sacrifice on the altar of the indignant genius of his country. The helmed darkness of *Il Pensiero* had then, indeed, an object worthy of his mysterious and shadowy contemplations. Meanwhile Michael Angelo, virtually an exile, lonely, hitherto, except *here*, thwarted in all his greatest designs, slandered as dishonest, because no longer able, with the interest his genius demanded, to turn to the fulfilment of engagements whose great designs had been broken up, and marred by others years and years ago—it is not strange if gloom and heaviness hung close about his conceptions. Nevertheless, a touching picture remains of the artist's mind, which, under much that roughly repelled, veiled inner tenderness and humanity; to the great, impatient and uncompromising; to a sick servant, entire self-dedication, a humble pattern. In his 'Last Judgment' are obscured spiritual graces which our own Flaxman alone approaches.

At the *table d'hote* my interest in these shadows of an obsolete Art became a standing joke amongst our English tourists, whose ideal marked our popular progress from the Homeric to the Trollopian, from Flaxman to Frith, and 'The Light of the World;' and I was good-humouredly dubbed Daniel, because I once, even in the middle of the soup, parried an attack by a brave, high sounding rhapsody in admiration of the surprised awe with which Michael Angelo's version of that prophet seems to regard his own inditings. Pleasant banter! Sociable, good-natured people!

W. P. Bayley.

* Wilkie was struck with admiration by the *chiar-oscuro*. Correggio's is, of course, more wonderful; and Titian's colouring in itself finer; but here, where all qualities should be subordinated to grand and solemn design, these would have been obtrusive, and tasteless. In every respect these works seem consummate, in judgment as in power.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

If we may refer to a section casual and supplementary—the votes passed on certain occasions long past for the decorations of the Houses of Parliament—the last session is more remarkable for the importance and variety of its Art-questions than any that has preceded it. It is not very surprising that such subjects should fall flat after entertainment in Parliament, since in their intrinsic merits, and beyond a mere economic consideration, they are difficult to get up, and they do not speak to any recognised circle of constituency. It has been generally late in each session before matters of this kind have come under notice, but this year, as early as the 13th of February, Lord R. Montague gave notice that he should move for a Committee to inquire into the operation of the laws of Art-Unions. The Report of the Committee has already been referred to in our columns. On the same day a question was asked relative to the preservation of the commons round London; and we cannot separate this from those subjects which affect Art very nearly, as we have shown more than once how much almost all our best landscape painters have been indebted to these open-air studios for many of the best qualities which distinguish them. These were followed by questions or argument on the appointment of a new director of the National Gallery, the introduction of a bill to empower trustees to lend for exhibition valuable works of Art, the removal of the prints and drawings in the British Museum to the National Gallery, the lions for the Nelson column, the monuments in St. Paul's, the enlargement of the National Gallery, the future sites of the National Gallery and the Royal Academy, the memorial of the late Prince Consort, and others less immediately relative to Art.

Many matters in this department come before the House as questions of finance, while others force themselves on the attention from the valuable property to which they refer, and the considerations of public convenience which they involve. Much of the public money that has been expended in the so-called promotion of Art has been, as to expected results, thrown away; yet the contracts have not been uniformly unfortunate. We have been enabled to arrive at the real costs by doubling the sums agreed for. If we have often failed in the imposing in design and the ornamental in detail, there is yet much which may yet be safely done for the public convenience. When the vote of £77,844 for the British Museum was moved for by Mr. Lowe, the discussion turned of course on the want of necessary space, and the battle of permanence or dispersion was fought over again. Our collections of drawings and engravings are scarcely available to those to whom they would be the most useful, from the absence of facilities to study their contents. The complaint that beautiful engravings contained in the Museum cannot be seen is perfectly just. They are exhibited in the library of George III., and are changed from time to time. There should be a room especially set apart for the exhibition of these prints, but there is no space for such an arrangement, save by the appropriation of some of the apartments occupied by persons holding appointments in the Museum; and this would not be a wise measure, as we believe that upon the premises there are not more persons resident than are consistent with the safe custody of the different collections committed to their charge. According to the present arrangement, none of the sections are adequately shown; an effective display of the riches of the Museum would require a space very far beyond that now available; but nothing is done; the House of Commons looks to the trustees, and the latter profess that they will bow to any resolution of the former.

On the 23rd of July, the question of the site of the National Gallery was re-opened by an amendment proposed by Mr. Beresford-Hope, to the effect that the new gallery should occupy the site of Burlington House. As there is nothing new to be said on the subject, it is enough to state that the amendment was lost, as on a division of the House the numbers were, for the original resolution, 94, for the amendment, 17. It may be useful, as a refresher, to recapitulate a few of the principal facts in connection with this question. The quantity of land purchased was an acre and a half; the present building stood upon an acre, and that to be acquired by the removal of the barracks and the acquisition of the barrack-yard, would give a total of five acres. The cost of the land purchased was £128,000, and that occupied by the National Gallery may be valued at £100,000. The Burlington House site was worth £200,000. Early in the session the attention of the House was called to the space in New Palace Yard, when it was stated by Mr. Cowper that instead of continuing the buildings from the Clock Tower it was determined to leave the spot open. An ornamental railing would fence in the Palace Yard, but so light as not to interfere with the view; and near this fence niches would be provided for the statues of eminent statesmen. In committee of supply the House voted for bronze for the memorial of the late Prince Consort £4,970; for the Science and Art Department at South Kensington £173,928; to complete the grant of £2,000 for the National Gallery of Ireland £1,001; to complete the grant of £15,892 for the National Gallery £11,892; for the British Historical Portrait Gallery £560; for the monument of Lord Palmerston £2,000; and for the Royal Irish Academy £700.

Our readers are aware that these matters have already been discussed in our pages as they occurred, but a short *résumé* of the whole seems desirable.

ENGRAVINGS *v.* PHOTOGRAPHS.

Every now and then the records of our law-courts bring to light facts which show that the interests, real or assumed, of the print-publisher and the photographist, or the dealer in photographs, are in direct antagonism. The acts concerning copyright in works of Art give to the publisher of an engraving—to produce which he has probably paid large sums both to the painter of the original picture and to the engraver, a right to forbid its re-production in any form; but a photographer, whose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* are not according to vested rights, as the law holds, procures one of these prints, copies it on a large or small scale as he thinks best, by means of his *camera*, and enters the field of commerce, sometimes stealthily, sometimes openly, against the original producer.* Such cases we have reported and commented upon once and again; but another, which was heard somewhat recently at the police-court, Bow Street, demands notice.

Messrs. H. Graves and Co., the print-publishers in Pall Mall, summoned a dealer in photographs residing in Endell Street, and a photographer in Holborn, for infringing their copyright in two engravings, one of Sir E. Landseer's 'Piper and Pair of Nutcrackers,' the other of R. Collinson's 'Ordered on Foreign Service.' In both cases convictions followed, and the defendants were mulcted in heavy penalties, in addition to costs. As against the first of the delinquents payment was not exacted, at the request of the prosecutor, because he had not previously offended; but the presiding magistrate condemned the second, whose guilt seemed to admit of no palliation, to disburse the full amount of the penalties incurred.†

Looking at these, and other similar cases which have come before us, from a legal point, the defendants clearly committed a wrong, and were justly punished for it. But in the interests of Art, and more especially of that portion of the Art-loving public who cannot afford to pay large sums for works they desire to possess, there is something to be said on the other side of the question. A large and well-executed photograph of a picture—and we have seen many, surreptitiously obtained—to engrave which some print-publisher has paid heavily, is unquestionably a powerful opponent of the engraving, and, if sold in any numbers, must inevitably expose the proprietor of the latter to a severe loss. But it is absurd to argue, as some do, that such a result follows the sale of a shilling photograph of a print for which two or three guineas must be paid. The purchaser of the latter is generally a man who can afford to pay more or less expensively for the indulgence of his taste, and, in all probability, requires the print to ornament his home. The buyer of the former purchases because the photograph pleases him simply on account of the subject, and its price suits his purse. In neither case is it likely that the thing bought would be reversed: the rich man is indifferent to the photograph, for he is in possession, or can possess himself if he so pleases, of the more costly and covetable work, which the poorer man cannot do even were he disposed: he must and would remain without any unless he can buy cheaply; and his investment of one or two shillings in a "miniature edition" of a fine print, is clearly no detriment to the producer of the latter. Not one in a hundred purchasers of a shilling photograph would ever enter the shop of Messrs. Graves, or that of any other eminent publishing firm, to buy their high-priced engravings, many of which, however, *come into the market at a very reduced scale of cost* at no great interval of time from their first publication, and to the extreme annoyance of those who then paid no inconsiderable sums for them.* So far, therefore, as the interest of the print-publisher is concerned, it is affected almost exclusively by the size of the pirated copy; and on behalf of those who cannot afford to "pay dearly for their whistle," we would ask if some plan could not be devised which might meet the exigencies of all parties. Suppose, for instance, that simultaneously with, or soon after, the issue of a high class and expensive engraving, the publisher of it has ready for circulation *small* photographic copies for sale at a cheap rate;—these, if the subject be a popular one, would undoubtedly be disposed of in large numbers to the great advantage of the holder of the copyright, that is, the printseller; while the fact of such photographs being in existence and easily attainable, would prevent any photographer from re-producing the work; it would not answer his purpose to attempt it. So long as large engravings of a popular character can only be issued at a price which the wealthy alone can pay—a price largely increased by the demands made for copyright, or permission to engrave, on the part of the painter of the picture, who, perhaps, has already sold it for what he considers its value—so long must the publisher expect to hear of its multiplication by some unscrupulous owner of a photographic apparatus. But the former has a remedy in his hands, as we have pointed out; and one, we should think, far more agreeable than putting in an appearance in a police-court as a prosecutor; one, also, which would benefit the public while enriching himself.

There is another aspect of the question as between the print-publisher and the photographer, which should not be overlooked. Photography has of late made such rapid strides, and sun-pictures may now be produced on so large a scale, that it is not unreasonable to infer that the *camera* may, ere long, be found superseding to a great extent the *burin* of the engraver. It may answer the purpose of some skilful and enterprising photographer to arrange with Sir Edwin Landseer, or any other eminent artist, for the reproduction on an adequate scale of their works; and under such a state of things the seller of engravings will find his occupation gone. We do not say this contingency will arise, but there is nothing to prevent it, and the possibility must not be disregarded by all who are interested in the matter, whether as sellers or buyers.

* It is but justice to the professors of photography generally, to state that the persons who break the eighth commandment are but few. The photographers are, for the most part, gentlemen of undoubted integrity, as incapable of wrong doing as any other class of the community.

† Since this was written we find that other "dealers" have been summoned, and dealt with "according to law."

* Advertisements may be read, daily, informing the public that engravings, originally published for guineas, may be obtained for shillings. This evil thus arises: a plate is sold to an inferior dealer in prints, who either takes impressions from it as he finds it, or gets it touched up, and circulates impressions *cheap*; so cheap, indeed, as to be had for almost nothing, even when sold in a frame.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: HERO WORSHIP.

JAMES HOGG.



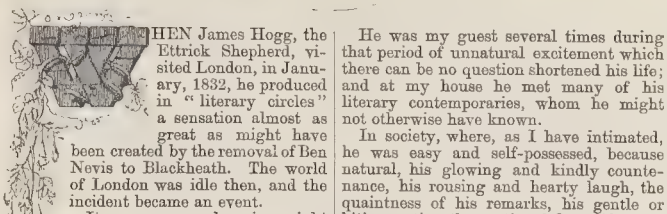
WHEN James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, visited London, in January, 1832, he produced in "literary circles" a sensation almost as great as might have been created by the removal of Ben Nevis to Blackheath. The world of London was idle then, and the incident became an event.

It was a rare and curious sight to see the Shepherd fêted in aristocratic salons; mingling among the learned and polite of all grades—clumsily, but not rudely; he was rustic, without being coarse; not attempting to ape the refinement to which he was unused; but seeming perfectly aware that all eyes were upon him, and accepting admiration as a right.*

He was my guest several times during that period of unnatural excitement which there can be no question shortened his life; and at my house he met many of his literary contemporaries, whom he might not otherwise have known.

In society, where, as I have intimated, he was easy and self-possessed, because natural, his glowing and kindly countenance, his rousing and hearty laugh, the quaintness of his remarks, his gentle or biting satire, the continual flow of homely wit, the rough, but perfectly becoming manner in which he sung his own Jacobite songs, all gained for him, personally, the golden opinions previously accorded to his writings; and the visit of James Hogg to the Metropolis was not a failure, but a success.

On the 25th January, 1832, a public dinner was given to him in the great hall of the Freemasons' Tavern; nominally it was to commemorate the birthday of Robert Burns, but really to receive the Shepherd. There were many men of note present; among others, two of the sons of Burns, Lockhart, Basil Hall, Allan Cunningham, and others of equal or lesser note; the most conspicuous of the guests being Mr. Aiken, then consul at Archangel, to whom Burns had, half a century before, addressed his famous lines—"Epistle to a young Friend."



I'll not tell you how much I think of you for I am very angry with you

Your's most affectionately

James Hogg

The dinner had been ordered for two hundred; but long before it appeared on the table, four hundred persons had assembled to partake of it; it will be easy to conceive the terrible confusion that ensued, as steward after steward rushed about the room, seizing food wherever he could find it, and bearing it off in triumph to the empty dishes laid before his friends, over which it became necessary for him to stand guard, while the wrathful clamour of those who had nothing was effectually drowned by the bagpipes—two pipers pacing leisurely round the hall; it was no wonder, therefore, if the guests were indignant, for each had paid twenty-five shillings for his ticket of admission, and certainly many were sent hungry away.

Sir John Malcolm, a gallant Scottish soldier who had gained "the bubble reputation" in the east, and who, as an author, added bays to his laurels, was in the chair.

When the usual toasts had been given, THE toast of *the evening* was announced; but the toast-master had no idea that a guest thus honoured, was nothing more than a simple shepherd, and consequently conceived he was doing his duty best, when to the assembled crowd he announced "a bumper toast to the health of *Mister Shepherd*;" there was a roar throughout the building, and the hero of the day joined in the laugh as heartily as the guests.

Up rose a man, hale and hearty as a mountain breeze, fresh as a branch of hill-side heather, with a visage unequivocally Scotch, high cheek bones, a sharp and clear grey eye, an expansive forehead, sandy hair, and with ruddy cheeks, which the late nights and late mornings of a month in London had not yet sallowed. His form was manly and muscular, and his voice strong and gladsome, with a rich Scottish accent, which he, probably, on that occasion, rather heightened than depressed. His appearance that evening may be described by one word—and that word purely English. It was HEARTY!

He expressed his "great satisfaction at meeting so numerous and respectable an assembly—met in so magnificent an edifice for such an object." He was proud that he had been born a poet, proud that his humble name should have been associated with that of his mighty predecessor Burns. That indeed was fame, and nobody, henceforward, would venture to insinuate that he had not acquired some share of true greatness after the honour which had been conferred upon him by the literary public of such a metropolis. He loved literature for its own sake, and he gloried in his connection with his country. The muse, it was true, had found him a poor shepherd, and a poor shepherd he still remained after all, but in his cultivation of poetry, he was influenced by far prouder motives, and more elevated considerations, and he was not without his reward. After expatiating on his literary labours, the shepherd concluded by repeating his thanks for the favours he had experienced, and hoped that the overflowings of a grateful heart would not be the less acceptable because they might be conveyed in "an uncouth idiom, and barbarous phraseology."*

The applause that followed his "racy" remarks—a brief history of his life—and his expressions of wonder at finding himself

* Hogg, in one of his Lay Sermons, says, "For upwards of twenty years I have mixed with all classes of society, and as I never knew to which I belonged, I have been perfectly free and at my ease with them all."

* I copy this passage from the *Times*, of January 26, 1833.

where he was, and how he was, might have turned a stronger brain than that of James Hogg.*

I have always understood that this was his first and only visit to London, and so I believe it is described by all his biographers. But in his autobiography he states—"I went to England during the summer,"—the date is not given; it seems to have been in the year 1801, and he does not intimate that he went so far as London. Yet in Lucy Aiken's "Memoirs and Remains," I find this story told by her in a letter to Mr. E. Aiken. It is dated 1817.

"Mrs. Opie, who is still in London, was holding one of her usual Sunday morning levees, when up comes the footman, much ruffled, to tell her that a man in a smock frock was below—who wanted to speak to her—would take no denial—could not be got away. Down she goes to investigate the matter. The rustic advances—nothing abashed. 'I am James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.' The poet is had up to the drawing room, smock frock and all, and introduced to everybody. Presently he pulls out a paper—some verses which he had written that morning, and would read, if agreeable. With a horrid Scotch accent and charity boy twang, he got through some staves, nobody understanding a line. 'Mr. Hogg,' says Mrs. Opie, 'I think if you will excuse me, I could do more justice to your verses than yourself;' so takes them from him, and with her charming delivery, causes them to be voted very pretty. On inquiry it is found that the shepherd is on a visit to Lady Cork, the great patroness of lions."

For this very circumstantial statement, I believe there is no foundation whatever; certainly in that year, 1817, Hogg was not in London, and one is at a loss to comprehend whether some pretender imposed on good Mrs. Opie and her friends, or whether the story is pure invention.

Hogg has given us an autobiography, from his birth up to a late—but not a very late—period of his life. His vanity was so inartificial as to be absolutely amusing; he avowed and seemed proud of it, as one of his natural rights. "I like to write about myself"—that sentence begins his autobiography; and the sensation is kept up to the end. Accordingly, he speaks, "fearlessly and unreservedly out;" but bating his belief that he beat Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth, on their own ground, and that he originated *Blackwood's Magazine*—enough remains to exhibit a man of great natural powers, who merits the high place he obtained in the literary history of his age and country. It is, indeed, a record of wonderful triumphs over difficulties almost without parallel.

He stated himself to have been born on the 25th January, 1772: but the parish register gives the date of his birth—9th December, 1770. There is, consequently, a confusion as to the actual time,† as there is about the actual place, some according the honour to "Ettrick Hall," others to "Ettrick House," each of which, notwithstanding its high-sounding title, was a humble cottage not far removed from a hut. The unpoetic name, Hogg, which he was always better pleased to exchange for that of the "Ettrick Shepherd," is said to have been derived from a far away ancestor—a pirate, or a sea king, one Haug of Norway. He was born a shepherd, of a race of shepherds, the youngest of four sons. His father was in no way remarkable,* but, as with all men of intellectual power, he inherited mental strength from his mother, Margaret Laidlaw, "a pious, though uneducated woman, who loved her husband, her children, and her Bible; her memory was stored with border-ballads; she was a firm believer in kelpies, brownies, and others of the good people," stories concerning which from his earliest infancy she poured into the greedy ears of her son. They were the seed that bore the fruit.

He had a few months' schooling—the school-house being close to his cottage door. At seven years old, however, it was needful that he should do work; and he was hired by a neighbouring farmer, his half year's wage being "one ewe lamb, and a pair of shoes."*

From his childhood he had a perpetual struggle with untoward fate; "chill penury repressed his noble rage;" from his birth almost to his death, as his biographer writes, "he was always in deep waters, where nothing was above the surface but the head;" yet the historian of his singular and wayward life has little to say to his discredit, and nothing to his dishonour. He has to record more of temptations resisted than of culpabilities encouraged; and although by no means a man of regular habits, Hogg never so far yielded to dissipation as to be ignored even by the very scrupulous among his countrymen. Wayward indeed he was; he quarrelled with his true friend, Scott, but the magnanimous man sought reconciliation with his irritable brother. To Wilson, another true friend, he wrote a letter which, according to his own admission, was "full of abusive epithets;" with all the publishers he was perpetually at war.

In judging a character, regard must be had to the circumstances under which it is formed; and Hogg might have been pardoned by posterity if he had fallen far more short than he did of the high standard which it is perhaps necessary for our teachers to set up; while it is certain that his voluminous and varied writings were designed and are calculated to uphold the Cause of Righteousness and Virtue.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES HOGG.

He was employed, almost from infancy, in tending sheep, herding cows—doing anything that a very child could do—and ran about, ill-clad, bare-footed, learning from Nature, and Nature only, eating scanty meals by wayside brooks, and drinking from some crystal stream near at hand; serving twelve masters before he had reached his fifteenth year, enduring hunger often, suffering much from over-toil, sleeping in stables and cow-houses, associating only with four-footed beasts over which he kept watch and ward, picking up, how and when he could, a little learning, hearing from many—from his mother especially—the old ballad-songs of Scotland, and acquiring in early youth, the cognomen of "Jamie the Poeter," writing poems as he tended his unruly flock; and at length rising out of the mire in which circumstances seemed to have plunged him to become notorious—nay, famous—as one of the men of whom Scotland, so fertile of great and glorious women and men, is rightly and justly proud.

These are the eloquent words of his eloquent countryman, Professor Wilson, in reference to the earlier career of Hogg:—

"He passed a youth of poverty and hardship—but it was the youth of a lonely shepherd among the most beautiful pastoral valleys in the world; and in that solitary life in which seasons of spirit-stirring activity are followed by seasons of contemplative repose, how many years passed over him rich in impressions of sense and in dreams of fancy. His haunts were among scenes

'The most remote and inaccessible
By shepherds trode.'

* He does not appear to have written much in reference to his stay in London. A passage on the subject, however, occurs in one of his Lay Sermons (to which I shall refer presently) that may be worth quoting. "I must always regard the society of London as the pink of what I have seen in the world. I met most of the literary ladies, and confess that I liked them better than the blue stockings of Edinburgh. Their general information is not superior to that of their northern sisters; perhaps it may be said that it is less determined; but then they never assume so much . . . . . Among the nobility and gentry, I felt myself most at home, and most at my ease. There was no straining for superiority there. . . . . The impression left on my mind by mingling with the first society of London, is that of perfection, and what I would just wish society to be."—*Lay Sermon on Good Breeding.*

† The birthday of Robert Burns was the 25th January. Hogg dearly loved to be likened to his great countryman, and it is believed in this case, "the wish was father to the thought;" that he post-dated his birth. The point, however, is by no means settled, and we have a right to give James the benefit of the doubt.

* In 1814, Wordsworth, during his visit to Scotland, had "refreshment" at the cottage of Hogg's father, "a shepherd, a fine old man, more than eighty years of age."

* Scott, writing to Byron, says of Hogg, "Hogg could literally neither read nor write till a very late period of his life, and when he first distinguished himself by his poetical talent, could neither spell nor write grammar;" and Lockhart states that he had "taught himself to write by copying the letters of a printed book, as he lay watching his flock by the hill-side."

And living for years in solitude, he unconsciously formed friendships with the springs, the brooks, the caves, the hills, and with all the more fleeting and faithless pageantry of the sky, that to him came in the place of those human affections from whose indulgence he was debarred by the necessities that kept him aloof from the cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain-top. . . . . To feel the full power of his genius, we must go with him

'Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,'

and walk through the shadowy world of the imagination. . . . . The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed his youth inspired him with ever-brooding visions of fairy-land—till, as he lay musing in his lonely shieling, the world of fantasy seemed, in the clear depths of his imagination, a lovelier reflection of that of nature, like the hills and heavens more softly shining in the waters of his native lake."

In 1801, a chance visit to Edinburgh, in charge of a flock of sheep for sale, led to his "engaging" a printer to print sundry of his poems. They did not find, nor were they entitled to find, fame; and he continued a shepherd until another and a happier "chance" came in his way.

When Scott was seeking materials for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," he made the acquaintance of William Laidlaw, a peasant with whom he contracted an enduring friendship. Hogg had been his father's servant, and as Laidlaw knew his enthusiasm concerning the subject of Scott's search, he brought them together, being especially anxious to do so because "Jamie's mother" had "by heart" many old Scottish ballads. Scott found a brother poet, a true son of Nature and Genius, and continued to befriend him to the close of his life.

Soon after "auspicious fate" thus brought him into connection with Walter Scott, he was cheered and invigorated, for awhile, by the sun of prosperity. Subscribers to his "Mountain Bard," and a sum paid to him for what he calls "that celebrated work, Hogg on Sheep," made him so suddenly rich (for he was master and owner of £300) that he "went perfectly mad," took a large pasture farm, lost all his money, and was again as poor as ever; until, in 1810, he wrapt his plaid about his shoulders and marched to Edinburgh to become a man of letters "by profession." The wayward, vain, and erratic man of genius encountered more than the usual impediments. At that period, he wrote of himself that he was "a common shepherd, who never was at school, who went to service at seven years old, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty;" yet who had "set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius." Thus he alludes to a periodical work, "The Spy," of which he was for a time the editor.



THE MONUMENT AT ST. MARY'S LOCH.

He became, therefore, "by profession a man of letters." Afterwards, he pursued that "profession" through many varied paths—writing plays, poems, and prose, getting money now and then, by fits and starts, but on the whole, "doing badly," and obtaining a large amount of popularity with an infinitesimal portion of actual gain.

In 1814, he was presented with the small farm of "Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow," by the Duke of Buccleuch: no doubt the suggestion came from Walter Scott; it was a great boon to Hogg, for "it gave him a habitation among his native woods and streams." Here he built a cottage, married, took a large farm, Mount Benger; found he had not half enough money to stock it, and gradually drooped down, until at the age of sixty, he had "not a sixpence in the world."*

Yet, on the whole, he led a happy life—"Some may think," he writes, "that I must have worn out a life of misery and wretchedness; but the case has been quite the reverse. I never knew either man or woman who has been so uniformly happy as I have been; which has been partly owing to a good constitution, and partly to the conviction that a heavenly gift, conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul. Indeed, so uniformly smooth and happy has my married life been, that, on a retrospect, I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, and curling on the ice."

I have great pleasure in again transcribing a few passages from one of his Lay Sermons:—

"I am an old man, and of course, my sentiments are those of an old man; but I am not like one of those crabbed philosophers who rail at the state which they cannot reach, for, in sincerity of heart, I believe that hitherto no man has enjoyed a greater share of felicity than I have. It is well known in what a labyrinth of poverty and toil my life has been spent, but I never repined, for when subjected to the greatest and most humiliating disdain and reproaches, I always rejoiced in the consciousness that I did not deserve them. I have rejoiced in the prosperity of my friends, and have never envied any man's happiness. I have never intentionally done evil to any living soul; and knowing how little power I had to do good to others, I never missed an opportunity that came within the reach of my capacity to do it. I have not only been satisfied, but most thankful to the Giver of all good, for my sublunary blessings, the highest of all for a grateful heart that enjoys them; and I have always accustomed myself to think more on what I have than on what I want. I have seen but little of life, but I have looked minutely into that little, and I assure you, on the faith of a poet and a philosopher, that I have been able to trace the miseries and misfortunes of many of my friends solely to the situation in which they were placed, and which other men envied; and I never knew a man happy with a great fortune, who would not have been much happier without it. Nor did I ever know a vicious person, or one who scoffed at religion, happy."

We have other testimony beside his own that the goodness of his nature made the happiness of his life.

The Rev. James Russell of Yarrow, at a festival in honour of the poet, when the statue was inaugurated, thus touchingly referred to the social and domestic habits and feelings of the poet he had long known and loved:—

"Much it testified for his home affections that, while spending a season in London, where he was fêted and flattered by all parties, he sent down 'A New Year's Gift for his children,' in the form of a few simple prayers and hymns, written expressly for their use. I cannot forget him as the kind master of a household, indulgent perhaps to a fault, and how he was wont, as the Sabbath evening came round, to take down 'the big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride,' for the worship of God, and to exercise his domestics in the Shorter Catechism. I cannot forget the attractions of his social companionship, his lively fancy, or his flashes of merriment that set the table in a roar. I cannot forget his intense sympathy with the joys and sorrows of cottage-life, nor his generous aid in bringing the means of education (all the more valued from his own early disadvantages) within the reach of the shepherds and peasantry around him."

Perhaps the name of the Ettrick Shepherd was made more famous in England by the lavish and sometimes inconsiderate use of it in *Blackwood's Magazine*, than by all his many poems and tales in prose and verse. Few read now-a-days, his "Mountain Bard," or his "Queen's Wake;" and "Bonny Kilmeny" is known chiefly by its pleasant sound, while the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" and his "Tales of the Covenanters" were long ago laid on the shelf.* The shepherd

* "A pardonable vanity," writes Lockhart, "made him convert his cottage into an unpaid hostelrie for the reception of endless troops of thoughtless admirers;" the natural consequence was a mesh of pecuniary difficulties from which he was never disentangled.

* A very beautiful edition of Hogg's works, poetry and prose, was published in 1865, in two large volumes, by Messrs. Blackie of Glasgow. It is a worthy monument to his memory; far more enduring than the statue that stands

is, however, immortalised in the "Noctes." It is understood that Hogg protested against the "too much familiarity that breeds contempt," and it is certain that he was often "shown up" in a way that could not have been agreeable; but of a surety, it gave him notoriety, if it did not bring him fame; and it is not improbable that he preferred thus to be talked about to the not being talked about at all. That his friend Wilson meant him no serious wrong is certain, for Wilson was of those who most esteemed and regarded him. In one of his letters to Hogg, Wilson promises to abstain from introducing him into the "Noctes;" "*if, indeed, that be disagreeable to you.*" "But," he adds, "all the idiots in existence shall never persuade me that in those dialogues you are not respected and honoured, and that they have not spread the fame of your genius and your virtues all over Europe, America, Asia, and Africa."

Like Wordsworth's Pedlar, he was

> "a man
> Whom no one could have passed without remark;
> Active and nervous in his gait; his limbs
> And his whole figure breathe intelligence."

Thus he is described by one who loved him much, and whose name might have been associated with the foremost worthies of his country, had not an "evil destiny" placed him, while yet young, in a position of independence—to whom "letters" have, therefore, ever since been a relaxation and not a pursuit; but who, sometimes, supplies proof that Scotland in obtaining a valuable sheriff lost a rare poet. I refer to Henry Glasford Bell, who, on the occasion of inaugurating the statue of Hogg, thus pictured his friend:—"We remember his sturdy form, and shrewd, familiar face; his kindly greetings, and his social cheer, his summer angling, and his winter curling, his welcome presence at kirk and market, and border game; and, above all, how his grey eye sparkled as he sang, in his own simple and unadorned fashion, those rustic ditties in which a manly vigour of sentiment was combined with unexpected grace, sweetness, and tenderness."

This is Lockhart's portrait ("Peter's Letters"):—"His hair is of the true Sicambrian yellow; his eyes are of the lightest, and at the same time of the clearest, blue; his forehead is finely, but strangely, shaped, the regions of pure fancy and of pure wit being largely developed; his countenance is eloquent, both in its gravity and levity," and he adds, "he could have undergone very little change since he was a herd on Yarrow."

The Rev. Mr. Thomson, his biographer, thus pictures him. "In height he was five feet, ten inches and a half; his broad chest and square shoulders indicated health and strength, while a well-rounded leg, and small ancle and foot, showed the active shepherd who could outstrip the runaway sheep." His hair in his younger days was auburn, slightly inclining to yellow, which afterwards became dark brown mixed with grey; his eyes, which were dark blue, were bright and intelligent. His features were irregular, while his eye and ample forehead redeemed the countenance from every charge of commonplace homeliness. And Lockhart thus, with unusual generosity, gives an insight into his character:—"The great beauty of this man's deportment, to my mind, lies in the unaffected simplicity with which he retains, in many respects, the external manners and appearance of his original station, blending all, however, with a softness and manly courtesy, derived, perhaps, in the main, rather from the natural delicacy of his mind and temperament, than from the influence of anything he has learned by mixing more largely in the world."

The following tribute to the memory of Hogg, I take from the speech of Professor Aytoun, delived at the Burns Festival in 1844: a scene I have described in my Memory of Professor Wilson:—

"Who is there that has not heard of the Ettrick Shepherd—of him whose inspiration descended as lightly as the breeze that blows along the mountain sides—who saw, amongst the lonely and sequestered glens of the south, from eyelids touched with fairy ointment, such visions as are vouchsafed to the minstrel alone—the dream of sweet Kilmeny, too spiritual for the taint of earth? I shall not attempt any comparison—for I am not here to criticise—between his genius and that of other men, on whom God, in His bounty, has bestowed the great and the marvellous gift. The songs and the poetry of the Shepherd are now the nation's own, as indeed they long have been, and amidst the minstrelsy of the choir who have made the name of Scotland and her peasantry familiar throughout the wide reach of the habitable world, the clear, wild notes of the forest will for ever be heard to ring. I have seen him many times by the banks of his own romantic Yarrow; I have sat with him in the calm and sunny weather by the margin of Saint Mary's Lake; I have seen his eyes sparkle and his cheek flush as he spoke out some old heroic ballad of the days of the Douglas and the Graeme; and I have felt as I listened to the accents of his manly voice, that whilst Scotland could produce amongst her children such men as him beside me, her ancient spirit had not departed from her, nor the star of her glory grown pale. For he was a man, indeed, cast in nature's happiest mould. True-hearted, and brave, and generous, and sincere; alive to every kindly impulse, and fresh at the core to the last, he lived among his native hills the blameless life of the shepherd and the poet; and on the day when he was laid beneath the sod in the lonely kirkyard of Ettrick, there was not one dry eye amongst the hundreds that lingered round his grave."



THE GRAVE OF JAMES HOGG.

I quote the testimony of Professor Wilson, in respect to the peculiar character of his poetic power:—

"Whenever he treats of fairy-land, his language insensibly becomes, as it were, soft, mild, and aerial—we could almost think that we heard the voice of one of the fairy folk—still and serene images seem to rise up with the wild music of the inspiration, and the poet deludes us for the time into an unquestioning and satisfied belief in the existence of those 'green realms of bliss,' of which he himself seems to be a native minstrel. In this department of pure poetry, the Ettrick Shepherd has, among his own countrymen at least, no competitor. He is the poet-laureate of the Court of Faëry. The pastoral valleys of the south of Scotland look to him as their best-beloved poet—all their wild and gentle superstitions have blended with his being."

Of all his many original, and some of his very beautiful compositions, there are not a few that take their place among the more perfect poems of the age. That from which I quote this verse is surely of them:—

> "Bird of the wilderness,
> Blythesome and cumberless,
> Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
> Emblem of happiness,
> Blest is thy dwelling-place,
> Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!
> Wild is thy lay, and loud,
> Far in the downy cloud,
> Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
> Where, on thy dewy wing,
> Where art thou journeying?
> Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth!"

Southey—ever a safe guide—writes of James Hogg as "a worthy fellow, and a man of very extraordinary powers;" and

by St. Mary's Loch. The illustrations, of which there are many, are from the admirable pencil of D. O. Hill: the landscapes, that is to say; for there are several capital figure-prints by an artist of rare merit with whom we are too little acquainted, K. Halswelle. The biography is by the Rev. Thomas Thomson; it is charmingly written, with a genuine love of the subject, a thorough appreciation of the man, and an earnest desire to do him justice. Altogether, no writer of our time has been more satisfactorily dealt with, as regards editor, artists, and publisher.

Wordsworth pays a graceful and grateful compliment to one who was his "guide" when first he saw "the stream of Yarrow."

The poet also wrote some memorable lines when he learned the death of one he esteemed and valued—when "Ettrick mourned her Shepherd dead."

Mrs. Hall, in one of her Recollections, describes an evening-party at her house, in which, among the guests, were James Hogg, Maria Edgeworth, Allan Cunningham, Colonel James Glencairn Burns, Lætitia Landon, Procter, Miss M. J. Jewsbury, Emma Roberts, William Jerdan, Mrs. Hofland, Laman Blanchard, Richard Lalor Shiel, and Sir David Wilkie. Others, no doubt, might be called to mind who there met on that evening. They have all (excepting Procter and Jerdan) passed from earth. This is the portrait she then drew of Hogg:—"I can recall James Hogg sitting on the sofa—his countenance flushed with the excitement and the 'toddy'—(he had come to us from a dinner with Sir George Warrender, whom some wag spoke of as Sir George Provender)—expressing wild earnestness, not, I thought, unmixed with irascibility. He was then, certainly, more like a buoyant Irishman than a steady son of the soil of the thistle, as he shouted forth, in an untuneable voice, songs that were his own especial favourites; giving us some account of the origin of each at its conclusion. One I particularly remember—'The Woman Folk.' 'Ha, Ha!' he exclaimed, echoing our applause with his own broad hands,—'that song, which I am often forced to sing to the *leddies*, sometimes against my will, that song will never be sung so well again by any one after I be done wi' it.' I remember Cunningham's comment, 'That's because you have the *nature* in you!'"

Hogg's birth-place and his grave are but a few hundred yards asunder. Ettrick kirk is modern; but the kirkyard is so old that the rude forefathers of Ettrick have been laid there for many centuries. A plain headstone marks the poet's grave, it contains this inscription:—

"James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was born at Ettrick Hall in 1770, and died at Altrive Lake the 21st day of November, 1835."

The place of his death was some miles distant from that of his birth and burial; but there his people lay; there he desired to lie, and to that kirk-yard his widow rightly conveyed him; his widow—for in 1820, he married Miss Margaret Phillips, a young lady of respectable family; "and," writes his generous biographer, "no choice he ever made was so wise, and at the same time, so fortunate."* She survived him, and so did one son and three daughters.

When he was interred in Ettrick kirk-yard, a thoughtful and loving friend, a peasant, as he himself had been, brought some clumps of daisies from one of the far off nooks he loved, to plant upon his grave; and by its side stood Professor Wilson; as one of Hogg's friends writes, "It was a sight to see that grand old man, head uncovered, his long hair waving in the wind; the tears streaming down his cheeks."

Thus, the shepherd sleeps among his kindred, his friends, his companions—associates from youth to age—in the bosom of Ettrick Dale, so often the subject of his fervid song. The debt he asked for has been paid; the green turf of his native valley covers the clay that enclosed the lofty, genial, and generous spirit of a truly great man:—

> "Thee I'll sing, and when I dee,
> Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
> Passing swains will say, and weep,
> 'Here our Shepherd lies asleep.'"

But the grave-stone at Ettrick is not the only monument to James Hogg. "Auld Scotland," after pausing, perhaps, too long, made a move; and a statue of the Ettrick Shepherd was erected in Ettrick Dale.

That monument is the work of Mr. Andrew Currie, R.S.A., and was erected in 1860, by subscription, mainly owing to the efforts of the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D. The Bard of Ettrick is seated on "an oak-root—an appropriate relic of the Forest." The poet's well-knit muscular form is partly enveloped in his plaid, which crosses one shoulder, and falls gracefully upon his finely-moulded limbs. His coat is closely buttoned; he plants his sturdy staff firmly on the ground with his right hand, and holds in his left a scroll, inscribed with the last line of the "Queen's Wake"—

> "Hath taught the wandering winds to sing."

"Hector," the Poet's favourite dog, rests lovingly at his feet, with head erect, surveying the hills behind, as if conscious of his duties in tending the flocks during the poetic reverie of his master.

The panels of the pedestal contain appropriate inscriptions from "The Queen's Wake."

The statue stands on an elevation, midway between two lakes—St. Mary's Loch and the Lowes Loch. They are in the centre of a district renowned in picture and in song, rich in traditionary lore and consecrated by heroic deeds in the olden time. Legendary Yarrow pours its waters into St. Mary's Lake. It was "lone St. Mary's silent lake," that specially delighted the poet Wordsworth, visiting Yarrow; suggesting the often quoted lines:—

> "The swan on still St. Mary's lake
> Floats double, swan and shadow."

It was the lake that moved the muse of Scott:—

> "Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink,
> And just a trace of silver sand
> Marks where the water meets the land."

The poet while he lived must have often looked from that very spot over the grand view thence obtained of fertile land and clear water; and here, no doubt, if his spirit is permitted to revisit earth, he often wanders—about the scenes he has commemorated in prose and in verse.

These are the eloquent words of Sheriff Bell, at the festival when the statue was inaugurated:—

"And now that monument is there before you, adding a new feature to this romantic land; announcing to all comers that Scotland never forgets her native poets; teaching the lowliest labourer that genius and the rewards of genius are limited to no rank or condition; upholding in its Doric and manly simplicity the dignity of humble worth; and bidding the Tweed, and the Yarrow, the Ettrick, the Teviot, and the Gala, sparkle more brightly, as they 'roll on their way;' for the Shepherd who murmured by their banks a music sweeter than their own, is to be seen once more by the side of his own Loch Mary. There let it remain in the summer winds and the winter showers, never destined to be passed carelessly by, as similar testimonials too often are in the crowded thoroughfares of cities, but gladdening the heart of many an admiring pilgrim, who will feel at this shrine that the *donum naturæ*, the great gift of song, can only come from on high, and who, as he wends on his way, will waken the mountain echoes with the Shepherd's glowing strains, wedded to some grand old melody of Scotland, one of those many melodies which have given energy to the swords of her heroes, and inspiration to the lyres of her poets!"*

Hogg survived but a short time his sympathising and generous friend, Sir Walter Scott. Lockhart says, "It had been better for Hogg's fame had his end been of earlier date; for he did not follow his best benefactor until he had insulted his dust." But that blot upon his memory is not justified by evidence; Lockhart's indignation was excited by Hogg's publication, "The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott," published after Scott's death. I have not seen it, and it is not reprinted in Blackie's edition of his works; but I willingly accept the statement of his biographer, that "notwithstanding the little vanity that occasionally peeps out," it is amply redeemed by "high and just appreciation of his illustrious mentor, and the affectionate enthusiasm of his details." Neither has there been a reprint of his very singular book, "Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding," published by Fraser, in 1834, a copy of which he presented to Mrs. Hall. It is full of practical wisdom, contains some striking anecdotes concerning himself and his experience, and bears the strongest and most conclusive evidence of his trust in Divine Providence and his entire faith in Christianity. I must express my regret that this most beautiful and useful volume has been overlooked by the Rev. Mr. Thomson in republishing the works of James Hogg; and I earnestly counsel Messrs. Blackie to reprint it, not only as an act of justice to the memory of the writer, but as a means of rendering incalculable service to the cause of virtue and religion.

Among the worthies of Scotland, James Hogg holds, and will ever hold, a foremost place. A country so fertile of great men and great women may be, as it is, proud of his genius. Among "uneducated poets" he stands broadly out—beyond them all; generally they were "poets," and nothing more. The prose of Hogg has many claims to merit; his tales are full of interest, and often manifest great power; and if he wrote much—far more than others of his "class"—he wrote much that was good, and nothing—at least so far as general readers know—that was bad.†

* Margaret, the widow of James Hogg, received in January, 1854, one of the crown pensions, £50 a year, "in consideration of her husband's poetical talent," and in February, 1858, an annual sum from the same source was awarded to Jessie P. Hogg, "in consideration of the literary merits of her father."

* Professor Wilson, writing as Christopher North, in 1824 ("Noctes Ambrosianæ"), thus prophesied the after-destiny of Hogg:—"My beloved Shepherd, some half-century hence, your effigy will be seen on some bonny green knowe in the forest, with its honest face looking across St Mary's Loch [illegible] towards the Grey Mare's Tail, while by moonlight all your own fairies will dance round its pedestal."

† I have preserved one of his letters to Mrs. Hall; it is characteristic, and I may be justified in printing it.

"Mount Benger, May 22, 1830.

"My dear Mrs Hall,

"It signifies little how much a man admires a woman when he cannot please her. I think it perhaps the most unfortunate thing that can befall him, and of all creatures ever I met with, you are the most capricious and the hardest to please. I wish I had you for a few days to wander with me through the romantic dells of Westmoreland. As this is never likely to happen, so I have no hopes of ever pleasing you. I have received both your flattering letters, and I'll not tell you how much I think of you, for I am very angry with you, and have always been since ever I saw your name first in print, to say nothing of writing, which is far worse; but if the face and form be as I have painted them mentally, and a true index to the mind, you are a jewel. It will be perhaps as good for us both that my knowledge of you never extend further, as it would be a pity to spoil a dream so delicious.

"I sent you a very good tale, and one of those with which I delight to harrow up the little souls of my own family. I say it is a *very good* tale, and *exactly* fit for children, and nobody else; and your letter to me occasioned me writing one of the best poems ever dropped from my pen, in ridicule of yours and the modern system of education. Give it to Mr. Hall. As I think shame to put my name to such mere commonplace things as you seem to want, I have sent you a letter from an English widow.

"Yours most affectionately,

"James Hogg."

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

To this collection important additions have been made since our last notice. These are a bust and portrait of Cobden—the former by Woolner; a small wax profile model, at the age of nineteen, of the Duke of Kent, the father of the Queen, by Inglehart; a portrait of Queen Elizabeth in old age; others of George II., a celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, Lord Russell, &c. The last-mentioned, which is by Riley, is really a fine head; being well drawn, and showing in colour and treatment that the painter studied Vandyck with so much profit as to evince taste and feeling superior to the affectations of Lely and Kneller. That of Queen Elizabeth is superb in the realistic detail of the dress; yet this intense manipulation makes the face look ghastly. But she insisted always on being painted without even a sufficiency of marking to round the features. She is here presented as an aged woman—perhaps not long before her death; but the painter has done his utmost to mask the ravages of time. In the youthful portraits of her, the hair is light and sandy; here it is a dark auburn, in fact a *chevelure* too evidently false. She wears a white satin dress, studded with square-set rubies, emeralds, and pearls, and richly laced with gold. On the head is a heavy gold ornament, set with rubies, emeralds, and pearls, from which falls a dark veil, by no means in harmony with the dress. The Countess of Shrewsbury, known as "Bess of Hardwicke," is a gaunt-looking woman, in a black velvet dress, and without any other ornament than a necklace of very large pearls pendent to her waist. The headdress is similar to that which Queen Mary (Tudor) wore. This lady has left a reputation for a magnificent taste in architecture, of which the extant evidences are the princely mansions of Chatsworth, Hardwicke, Oldcotes, Bolsover, and Worksop; and to her for a time was confided the custody of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The rooms and the staircase are now filled with pictures, and recent additions are placed on the floor. It is indeed time that some more commodious abiding place be provided for these works than the dark rooms in George Street. For their fitting exhibition three times the space into which they are now crowded were not too great. The subject of removal has for some time been entertained, but the determination of their future abode waits upon the settlement of important Art questions, the solution of which is imminent. On looking round the walls there are seen likenesses of men by no means entitled to a distinguished commemoration. Still, a collection of this kind must be a mixture; and we find ourselves accordingly in its midst, not more frequently doing willing homage to its celebrities than formally saluting its notorieties; and often the bearers of questionable reputations are more charmingly set forth on canvas than others famed for the virtuous tenor of their lives.

The earliest royal portrait in the collection is that of Richard III., which has been painted by some aspirant with whom the practice of the Art seems to have been only by-play; yet it cannot be doubted that we see the man precisely as he was in life. We know as yet of nothing authentic anterior to this, but the line downwards to the present time will be completed by well-attested representations. There is as yet, however, no portrait of Henry VII., but the small painting of Henry VIII. is a gem. It is attributed to the school of Holbein, and the artist may have been a pupil of Holbein; but he has left on his work rather the impress of the school of the Van Eycks, for the work is all but equal to the exquisite Van Eyck heads in the National Gallery. Turning from this to the portraits of Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, it is marvellous that any attempt at painting so wanting in life and substance should have sustained itself in the face of such Art as that of the schools of Van Eyck and Holbein.

BIRMINGHAM AND ITS PRODUCTS.*

Second only in importance in the catalogue of our national "industries" to the manufacture of textile fabrics, of which Manchester and Glasgow are the centres, are the hardware productions of every description produced in Birmingham and the towns immediately surrounding it. Sheffield has earned a good reputation for metal-works of a particular kind, but the extent and variety of the manufactures of Birmingham leave the Yorkshire artisans far in the rear, and have established the fame of the Midland Hardware District over the world. For upwards of two centuries the fires of the forge have been seen, and the not unmusical thud of the hammer—who does not know Handel's air, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," and the origin of its composition?—has been heard there. A topographical work, published at Oxford in 1627, mentions "Bremincham inhabited with blacksmiths, and forging sundry kinds of iron utensils;" and Camden describes the place as "swarming with inhabitants, and echoing with the voice of anvils, for here are great numbers of smiths." Nature had given to the locality the materials, coal and iron, requisite for the labours of the townsmen, and for successive ages they have continued to employ them with increasing ability and energy to enrich themselves and add to the comforts and enjoyments of mankind.

The annals of so remarkable a place as this combine to make a story of more than ordinary interest; and it is well put forth in the series of papers which had their origin in the meeting last year of the British Association at Birmingham, and which are now collected and published in a volume of about seven hundred pages. We learn in it the whole history of its manufactures, from a pin to a rifled cannon, from a brass button to enormous metal-plates; from a gilt brooch to a group of bronze statues. The statistics of industry afford nothing so varied and curious as do the pages of this book, which traces the diversified products of Birmingham from their earliest establishment almost to the present time, and describes, in the majority of instances, the modes of manufacture, the improvements which have been made, the statistics of each trade,—in fact, everything which can be said within a certain space, and that by no means a limited one, respecting the district and its history.

These reports, the editor remarks, "make no pretension to literary merit. They have been written, collected, compiled, and edited by those who are busily engaged in the trade-life of the town. The whole of the matter is original, and the difficulties encountered have been almost insuperable, no such work having been attempted before." Among the names of those gentlemen who have contributed largely to the work we see that of Mr. W. C. Aitken, whose pen has often been enlisted in the service of the *Art-Journal* on behalf of the manufactures of the "Hardware" country, and other kindred subjects. The papers by Mr. Aitken are those on "Brass and Brass Manufactures," "Cast and Electro-Deposit Statuary," "The Revived Art of Metal-Working," &c., "Paper Maché Manufacture," and "Coffin Furniture Manufacture." Mr. H. Adkins writes upon "Soap" and "Red Lead;" Mr. H. Chance upon the various kinds of "Glass;" Mr. J. Hardman Powell, on "Stained Glass;" Mr. T. Middlemore, on "Saddlery;" Mr. J. S. Wright, on the "Jewellery and Gilt Toy Trades;" Mr. Ralph Heaton, on "Birmingham Coinage;" Mr. J. D. Goodman, on "Guns;" Mr. J. P. Turner, on "Buttons;" Mr. T. Yates, on "Pewter and Britannia Metal Trade;" Mr. E. Peyton, on "Iron and Brass Bedsteads." But the list is too great to be prolonged. Then there are papers on the geology of the district by Messrs. J. B. Jukes, F.R.S., H. Johnson, F.G.S., S. Bailey, F.G.S., E. Myers, F.G.S., and others; while the "Social and Economical Aspects of Birmingham" are treated by Mr. J. T. Bunce, F.S.S., and the "Medical Aspects" by Dr. T. P. Heslop. The "Industrial History of Birmingham" is a concise and carefully-written contribution from the pen of the editor, Mr. Samuel Timmins, by whom we also find a chapter on the "Steel-pen Trade." The task of this gentleman in collecting and preparing for press the large mass of information to be found in the volume, must have proved most laborious, and the greatest credit is due to him for the comprehensive and lucid manner in which it is performed.

All who know what the Art-Manufactures of Birmingham were a quarter of a century ago, and what they now are, and who have traced our career during the same period, will not be surprised to find that the exertions of the *Art-Journal* to improve the taste of the manufacturer and artisan are duly recognised in the pages of the volume before us. We extract—but not by way of self-glorification, though that might be considered a venial offence under the circumstances—the following passage, which appears in a short paper headed "Literary and Pictorial Influences which have operated on the Brass Trade." The writer, after referring to sundry costly publications in existence prior to the appearance of our Journal, says,—

"To workmen these were sealed books, and these books in time circumscribed the style of work designed and produced. The process of designing then consisted of drawing pieces from the works named, and sticking them together. In the year 1839 the *Art-Journal* appeared, and took up the subject of Art applied to the results of Industry. It grappled manfully with the question of applied ornament, and showed how utility and beauty could be combined. Woodcuts illustrated the descriptions of the pen, and new forms were presented for the consideration of the designer. The work, being cheap, passed into the hands of the artisan; and then began that improvement in designs in metal, which has not ceased, and will not cease, so long as Birmingham produces metal work. To the editor of the work named is unquestionably due the merit of introducing or originating a work which, while it educated the taste of the purchaser, operated on that of the producer, designer, and artisan, too. Other competitors entered the field, but failed; and still, month after month, the *Art-Journal* conveys its lessons of Art, and its illustrations of Art and Industry, to the amateur's library, to the designer and modeller in their manufactory studio, and to the artisan in his workshop."

In 1839 the first exhibition of British industries was held in Birmingham; our Journal was then just established, and we were not in a position to do more than report the proceedings briefly. In 1846 a similar exhibition was opened at Manchester; this we reported and illustrated to a considerable extent, as we did also that which took place in Birmingham in 1849. One has only to refer to these illustrations, and compare them with those in our Illustrated Catalogue of the International Exhibition of 1851, and yet more with that of 1862, to see the immense progress made by our manufacturers during these intervening periods. To that progress our efforts, both with pen and pencil, were directed, and we have constantly received confirmatory proofs from those engaged in the production of Art-industrial works, that our pages have proved of essential service to them, and especially those containing "Original Designs for Manufactures," which were commenced in 1848, and have been continued as occasions demanded.

It is something to know, as we have long had the privilege of knowing, that our labours through many years have been instrumental in elevating the character of numerous branches of English manufactures; but it is doubly gratifying to find them thus acknowledged in a work which must be regarded as a compendious history of one of the most important industrial communities in the United Kingdom, and, indeed, in the whole world.

We are thankful to the compilers of this useful work for the compliment they convey to us. They permit us to think they only do us justice; but justice is not always accorded when it may be considered due.

* The Resources, Products, and Industrial History of Birmingham and the Midland Hardware District. A Series of Reports, collected by the Local Industries' Committee of the British Association at Birmingham, in 1865. Edited by Samuel Timmins. Published by R. Hardwicke, London.

METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL WORKING-CLASSES' EXHIBITION.

The Agricultural Hall, Islington, presented a gay appearance on the afternoon of September 3rd, when the Industrial Exhibition to which we referred in our last number was opened with considerable ceremony, Mr. R. C. Hanbury, M.P., presiding. The proceedings commenced with the performance, on Willis's Great Exhibition organ, of a triumphal march, by Dr. Sparks, of Leeds, composed by himself. When the chairman, the council, the adjudicators of prizes, with other gentlemen, had taken their places on the platform erected for them, the choir of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, numbering about six hundred voices, sang the Old Hundredth Psalm. The secretary, Mr. W. J. Watts, then read the report of the council, and after the chairman, accompanied by many of those by whom he was surrounded on the platform, had taken a cursory survey of the contributions to the Exhibition, the choir sang the "Ode to Labour," written for the occasion by Mr. John Plummer, formerly a factory operative at Kettering. The poem, one of more than average merit, both in ideas and language, was set to music by Dr. Sparks, Madame Louisa Vinning and Mr. Weiss sustaining the solos. Mr. Hanbury then delivered an appropriate address, the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung, the Rev. Dr. Miller, Vicar of Greenwich, offered a prayer, and the ceremony terminated with the "National Anthem."

Without entering upon any detailed description of the various works contributed, it may be remarked that the Exhibition contains much which serves to show that the artisan classes, who are its only supporters—if we except a collection of various objects lent by the South Kensington authorities, and by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, which occupy a room by themselves—have evinced skill, ingenuity, industry, and intelligence in very many of the productions sent in. True, we noticed some works the utility of which is scarcely questionable; but even these are not to be pronounced absolutely worthless, because they are the fruits of hours which might have been less creditably occupied, because they show perseverance in the pursuit of an object requiring thought and labour, and because, above all, they evidence a wish to perform something worthy of commendation. Such efforts, therefore, are not to be altogether disparaged as the idle offspring of idle hours, however desirable it may be to see industry and skill employed on more useful objects.

That the Exhibition has proved a subject of wide-spread interest, may be adduced from the fact that the list of contributors reaches nearly to 1,600. A very large majority of these reside in the metropolis and its immediate vicinity, but Birmingham, Bristol, Norwich, Plymouth, and other comparatively remote places, have sent in their quotas. The number of occupations represented, either in skilled or amateur work, is 320. Of these 93 are clerks, 44 printers, 41 engineers, carpenters and carvers, 37 of each, 35 engravers, 12 watchmakers, 12 labourers. In the class of "Inventions, Improvements, and Ingenious Contrivances," are no fewer than 134 entries. In the class "Skilled Work," are numerous excellent specimens of cabinet and upholstery work, wood-carving, and modelling, and some examples of cutlery and other hardware attracted our notice.

Great credit is due to Mr. Watts, the secretary, for the manner in which he, in conjunction with the other members of the Executive Council, has managed an undertaking that required no inconsiderable time, labour, and discretion. That their exertions will produce a satisfactory result, no one need doubt. The Hall, with its multifarious attractions, is worth visiting. In the words of the report,—"It is impossible to look around upon the thousands of objects collected within the hall without feeling that the working classes have nobly responded to the invitation of the Council, and furnished a display worthy of their known character for industry and ingenuity. But these, valuable though they be, are not the only illustrations to be obtained of working-class progress. There exist among us societies devoted to the cultivation of music, to the advocacy and promulgation of certain principles calculated to improve the social position of the people, and associations having for their object mutual assistance in time of misfortune. With many of these, therefore, the Council conferred, and the result has been the organisation of a series of musical and other demonstrations, which, while giving a distinctive and original character to the undertaking, will also popularise the idea of co-operation, and prove its adaptability to recreative as well as industrial projects."

The Exhibition will, in all probability, remain open through the months of September and October. We shall find occasion to refer to it again.

ENCAUSTIC AND ZOPISSA.

In the present day the incitement to the application of Art and Science in the direction of public utility is so intense that we hear daily of the most stupendous projects, which are calmly discussed as feasibilities; and with some reason, because enterprises have been lately entered upon, and carried out, the bare contemplation of which was pronounced insanity by the last generation of philosophers. The activity of the sciences is incredible. If a comet is expected to look at us in passing, innumerable telescopes are continually sweeping the sky in search of it; if a new colour be announced, the resources of hundreds of laboratories are put in requisition, with a view to penetrate the precious secret. He who supplies a common want is not without his reward, for fortunes have been realised, and will continue to be so, by very simple contrivances. Among the most patient of inquirers to a useful end is Colonel Szerelmey, a gentleman well-known as having devoted his life to research into the nature of the Zopissa and Encaustic processes of the ancients. Encaustic requires no explanation, but of the word Zopissa we have to remark, that it means a certain so-called pitch or resin scraped from the bottoms of ships; and thus it in nowise indicates the method of its preparation for the various uses to which it is applicable. M. Szerelmey's discovery is not made public, as after having spent the best part of his life in his investigations, no one has a better right to benefit by the result of his inquiries than himself. Acquiescing in the spirit of the time, cheapness and usefulness are especially considered in the account to which he turns his Zopissa.

As the method of preparing the material is not published, and the scholar might be misled by the dry interpretation which a Greek Dictionary would give of the term, it may be well to state that the Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks, and Romans used this very composition extensively in their buildings, both for indurating the stone, and cementing it together. Their material must, therefore, have been compounded of ingredients commonly indigenous in these countries. The Zopissa, as we see it at the Albion Works at Battersea, is a pitchy mass which, when required for immediate use, is ladled out of a cauldron in a boiling state, and when used either as a cement or a facing for stone work, dries in three minutes, with a surface very much resembling the slag from a smelting furnace. But when applied as a facing and preservative to stone work, it settles with a vitreous surface, which is said to resist all the evil influences of our climate. The greatest curiosities of science and industry are frequently the most useless of the productions of learned labour, but the most remarkable effort of M. Szerelmey, is the association of Zopissa with paper in the construction of a house, a curiosity which cannot be placed among the inutilities. It consists, at present, of but one long room on the ground-floor, 40 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 15 high, but it can be divided into two or three apartments, at the discretion of the proprietor. It is admirably adapted for the convenience of emigrants, or any temporary purpose. There seems to be no limit to the variety of the articles which may be made of Zopissa-paper; among the many shown at the Albion Works, are water-tanks, safety cartridge-cases for shipboard, coffins which may be hermetically sealed, large and small water and gas pipes, planks of all sizes and thicknesses, coach panels, double armour-plates for ships, filled in with Zopissa-paper, and for the different purposes to which the material is applied, we are assured that it is, for cheapness and durability, more eligible than materials in common use. As a cement for building, we are assured that the compound is all but indestructible, and certainly the readiness with which it sets is an invaluable property. Its wonderful tenacity is shown in many ways, especially by two Memel deals, 3 inches thick, and 9 inches deep, supported by bearings, 17 feet apart. They were loaded in the centre, and broke only under a weight of 9,272 lbs. The appliances, indeed, of M. Szerelmey's discovery are so diverse that we recommend them to all whom such things may concern.

THE CAMPO SANTO AT PISA.

To this subject attention is called by a set of photographs of the works of Benozzo Gozzoli, which take rank among the most perfect examples of the art.* The operator, it is true, has had to deal with subjects which, from their plenitude of light and detail, are very favourably conditioned for this kind of reproduction. As these frescoes were executed between the years 1469 and 1485 (the probable year of the painter's death), some surprise may be felt at their present state of preservation, when the uncertainty of fresco-life even in Italy is remembered. As well as these, however, may be instanced for their permanence the frescoes in the cloister of the Nunziata at Florence. The other artists who were employed in the decoration of the Campo Santo were,—Spinello Aretino, Antonio Veneziano, Giotto, Buffalmacco, Simone Memmi, Andrea Orcagna, Pietro Laurati, and Bruno, all of whom were accounted among the most famous painters of their time, and were Gozzoli's predecessors in the Campo Santo. Buffalmacco, whose real name is Buonamico di Cristofano, is the facetious individual whose jokes, as recorded by Boccaccio and Sacchetti, have enhanced his reputation more than his pictures have done. He was a contemporary of Giotto. His contributions to the series are four pictures, 'The Creation,' 'The Death of Abel,' 'Noah's Ark and the Deluge,' and 'The Crucifixion,' in all of which he seems to have aimed at nothing beyond a dry and often fantastic record of fact. Simone Memmi, of Siena, the reputed painter of Petrarch and Laura, was also a contemporary of Giotto, and although his labours in the Campo are in all respects superior to those of Buffalmacco, yet he, like the latter, is more indebted for the tradition of his name to the esteem of a literary friend than to his own artistic efforts.

Orcagna, properly Andrea di Cione, was one of the most eminent of the Giotteschi. In the index before us, two of the Campo Santo subjects are attributed to him, whereas one is believed to have been painted by his brother Bernardo: they are, 'The Triumph of Death,' and 'The Last Judgment.' The latter is said to be by Andrea. But the name of Orcagna is upheld more by his architecture than his

* The publishers of these photographs, or rather the sole agents for their issue in England, are Messrs. A. Mansell and Son, of Gloucester; they have been executed, we believe, by various artists at Pisa, and are in number twenty-five, contained in a portfolio, each photograph measuring about six inches by four, generally. As examples of photography they are unsurpassed; it is indeed impossible for works of the class to be more beautifully clear or more remarkably distinct, the figures, no matter how small, giving all the expression they derived from the artist. It is greatly to the credit of Messrs. A. Mansell and Son, enterprising publishers of a provincial city, that they have undertaken the issue of so interesting, valuable, and *instructive* a work; we trust it may be made sufficiently known among artists and Art-lovers to ensure success, for unquestionably it is an experiment of a costly, and it may be of a hazardous, character.

painting. He built the Loggia de' Lanzi, in the Piazza del Popolo (*quondam* Granduca) at Florence, and also the monastery of Or San Michele, in that city.

There hangs on one of the screens in the Italian school of our own National Gallery, the portrait of a young man painted by himself. He presents himself without pretension; indeed the termination of his nickname informs us how careless he was of personal appearance. He tells us he was poor; but we also learn that he was earnest, studious, laborious, and he has left evidence of powers to which all painters since his time have done homage. Like some of those above mentioned, he has a *soubriquet*. It is Masaccio, and if his works were mentioned as those of Tommaso Guidi (his real name), they would not be identified with the famous remains in the Brancacci Chapel in the Chiesa del Carmine at Florence, which, for a hundred years after their execution, were, in certain leading points, held up as the best examples of the Art which had up to that time been produced in Italy; and hence, in a great measure, that development, gradual from the first quarter of the fifteenth century, which characterised the composition of the Italian schools.

These brief and hasty considerations have direct reference to the history of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and also to the Art-life of him who painted so many of them—for Gozzoli shook off the old faith, and became wedded to the new heresy. For us, the Art of the fifteenth century has an absorbing interest, but we can only allude to the chapter it has added to our Art-history. The gentlemen who long ago lectured pleasantly at Somerset House to applauding audiences, and whose essays we have treasured as our class-books—these eminent authorities never dreamt of the rising of the spirits of quattrocentism after the successive exorcisms of four centuries. The delirium has, however, prevailed for twenty years, and its cure is being effected by applications similar to those by which the inferior condition of early Art was improved.

A comparison of the frescoes of Baffalmacco, Orcagna, and the others employed in the Campo Santo, with the labours of Gozzoli in the same place, show at once that the Italian schools were in a state of rapid transition. Those to whom the works in the Campo Santo may be well known, might perhaps be in some degree startled by the subversion, in these photographs, of the general harmony occasioned by the reds and yellows coming out black, and the blues as white; for which, in all such reproductions, allowance must be made; but as to their breadth, light, and detail, we have looked again and again at them, and each time with increased pleasure.

Masaccio's labours ended with his life, in 1443, therefore his compositions had been open to the world of Art twenty-six years before Benozzo Gozzoli commenced his task; and so far from his being censurable for having profited by the frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel, he would have been behind the spirit of his time had he not availed himself of them. We see, therefore, almost without change, entire passages transferred, as certain aggroupments in the history of St. Peter, notably the grand drapery of St. Paul on one of the prominent figures in 'The Departure of Hagar,' and others, which we have not space to particularise. At the period of which we write, there was little feeling for the grandeur of simplicity; no effort was recognised as great without a considerable degree of complication. Hence we find in every one of this master's productions material enough for several pictures. What infirmities soever we find in the works of the painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, their weaknesses are always multiplied when they insist on detailed versions of locality. Vasari complained that in his time artists worked too quickly; that they painted six pictures in two years, whereas their more earnest predecessors took six years to perfect one. The men of that time, the forerunners of Da Vinci, who escaped from externals, and threw themselves entirely into the life and soul of their work, presented fewer weak points to criticism than those who laboured for diversity of material. Very few men have withstood the taint of the fashion of their time. Thus when Benozzo Gozzoli paints scenes in Babylon and Jerusalem, his architecture is Greek, Roman, or modern Italian. We find, therefore, interspersed in his frescoes fragments of buildings in Rome, Florence, and other cities, and it is by no means improbable that many of the buildings represented have been designed by himself. In 'The Destruction of Sodom,' for instance, the city is Etruscan. There occurs in some a reckless mixture of Greek, Roman, Italian, and Etruscan. We recognise at once the ever sunny Fiesole and the mountain slopes near Florence, an erection like the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, pieces here and there of the ancient walls with their machicolations, and many a light façade from the *piazze* of the Tuscan cities. But the decoration of the Campo Santo withal was one of the most remarkable works of its age, and the influence that, through these compositions, their author exerted on the progressive school of Florence, during the next half century after their completion, is everywhere acknowledged in the essays of that time. To mention a few of the subjects treated. They are,—'Noah and his Family,' 'The Curse of Ham,' 'The Building of the Tower of Babel,' 'Abraham and the Worship of Baal,' 'Abraham and Lot in Egypt,' 'Abraham's Victory,' 'The Departure of Hagar,' 'Abraham's Sacrifice,' &c.; and as the architecture is contemporaneous, so also is much of the costume. Not only, however, have artists immediately posterior to Benozzo Gozzoli been deeply indebted to his labours, but they have been profitable to even living and recently departed painters.

CUPID.

FROM THE STATUE BY SIR R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.

This is the work of one of the most prolific as well as distinguished sculptors of the English school. A generation has passed away since his last production appeared in the sculpture-gallery of the Royal Academy, and it is now ten years since he was borne to the grave ripe in years and full of the honours gathered through a long and laborious life: but under the roofs of the glorious old Abbey of Westminster and the stately cathedral of St. Paul, and in the halls, and corridors, and banqueting-rooms of many a noble mansion in the land, there remain unquestionable evidences of his genius and his industry.

Ideal, portrait, and monumental sculpture may be found among the works which Sir Richard Westmacott left behind him. Of the principal of these a list was given when we recorded, in 1856, the death of this eminent sculptor. Though he studied under Canova, he seems rarely to have adopted his graceful, but somewhat florid, style, preferring to it the severely simple manner of the antique. The numerous examples of his works which, from time to time, have appeared in our Journal, testify sufficiently to this; his 'Cupid,' here introduced, bears witness to the same. Artists, whether painters or sculptors, usually represent the "god of love" as a boy, but Westmacott has made him a youth, almost out of his "teens," wearing a fillet to confine his long, flowing locks, and gracefully poising himself on his unstrung bow in an attitude of intense watching that bodes mischief. There is, perhaps, more muscular development in the form than is usually seen in the body of one so young; but the old Greek sculptors frequently modelled their figures in this manner; and one who had studied closely in their school would scarcely do otherwise than imitate example.

The original marble is, we believe, in the possession of the Duke of Bedford.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

Dumfries.—The Scottish papers have somewhat recently announced the death, in this town, of Mr. David Dunbar, a portrait-sculptor in good repute in Scotland. Mr. Dunbar studied in Italy, and, on his return from that country, became an assistant, in London, of Sir Francis Chantrey. He made several excellent copies of antique statues, but his principal original works are busts, among which may be noticed those of Earl Grey, Earl Durham, Lord Brougham, and Grace Darling: of this last he made several copies for admirers of the heroine.

Birmingham. — More than a year ago we stated that a proposition was being entertained for erecting in this town a memorial of James Watt. Although the subscriptions do not yet reach the required amount, sufficient sums have been collected to justify the committee in ordering the work, which has been entrusted to Mr. Alexander Munro. He has submitted a sketch of which the committee approves: this is, a colossal statue of Watt, representing him leaning against the cylinder of a steam-engine. The figure is to be placed on an elevated pedestal.

Canterbury. — A monument, by Mr. H. Weekes, R.A., has recently been placed in the north side of the Cathedral nave, in memory of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. It consists of a recumbent figure, habited in full archiepiscopal vestments, with the hands folded over the chest on an open Bible. The tomb on which the effigy lies is of Gothic character, richly decorated. At one end appear the armorial bearings of the See of Canterbury, and at the other those of Chester, the bishopric held by Dr. Sumner till his elevation to the archbishopric. The monument is a work of high artistic merit.

Liverpool.—The Nelson monument, which has hitherto occupied a place on the Exchange, is to be removed—and probably by this time is removed—to a site nearer the Town Hall, where it will stand on a granite pedestal.

Radstock.—An exhibition of objects of Art and Industry was opened last month in this small town, at no great distance from Bath, for the benefit of the Working Men's Hall and Institute, now nearly completed. The contributions were very numerous, and the majority of them of a right good order, comprising some valuable works of Art, lent by the surrounding gentry, antiquarian specimens, steam and other engines, printing-presses, curiosities, &c. &c.

Reading.—The annual distribution of prizes to the successful competitors in the School of Art took place on the 30th of August. Reading, with regard to its population, takes a high position both as to the number of pupils and to their attainments. The town, with a population of about 27,000, has 96 pupils in the School of Art—19 works of Art have been transmitted for national competition—7 pupils received third grade prizes, in lieu of local medals—84 pupils attended the March examination, and 41 of them were successful. The pupils generally are young, but the majority have, under the careful training of the head master, Mr. C. Havell, attained to very great efficiency. It may be remarked as a somewhat unusual circumstance that each of four brothers of the name of Scrivener carried off a prize. They were all educated at the British school, and attended the evening classes of the School of Art.

Winscombe.—Among the Mendip Hills lies a picturesque valley consisting chiefly of the parish of Winscombe, with its fine church and ancient yew tree. In this remote village is a small *School of Art*, modestly called "a drawing class," which is attended by several men, lads, and boys of the village, amongst whom are a carpenter, a gardener, a stable-boy, and others, including a poor lad who breaks stones for his livelihood, and spends his leisure hours in studying science and Art; he is well informed in astronomy, geology, botany, and chemistry, and studies Greek, Latin, mathematics, and drawing. An Industrial and Horticultural Exhibition was lately held at Winscombe, and included a screen well covered with drawings, many of considerable merit.



BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

Some four months ago it was our pleasant duty to notice the very excellent collection of water-colour drawings brought together by the above-named Society. We have now the pleasure of directing attention to what is understood as its Annual Exhibition. Two exhibitions in one year are rarely undertaken by even Metropolitan societies, and the second exhibition marks in a peculiar degree the untiring energy with which the office-bearers of the Birmingham Society of Artists do their work. If we express a doubt of the general character of the exhibition just opened as regards the excellence of the works exhibited, it must be understood we do so from no hypercritical motives, knowing, as we do, the difficulty in securing great pictures for Provincial exhibitions, the best of them shown in the London spring-exhibitions being almost invariably bought by collectors, who, as a rule, decline to lend in the year of purchase that of which they have so recently become possessors. Eventually, however, these works do, after a few years, by the liberality of their owners, find their way into Provincial exhibitions, and they form the chief centres of attraction, as in that now under consideration, wherein the local galleries of Joseph Gillott, S. Mayou, A. Dixon, Sidney Cartwright, T. Ryland, Esqs., and the collections of John Ruskin, Alexander Collie, and John Marshall, Esqs., have furnished paintings which go far to enhance the value of the contents of the exhibition. The pictures, 777 in number, are contributed by 369 artists, of which 156 are by local artists; these fill all the available space in the six saloons of the building. Not one single example of sculpture is exhibited; even the vice-president (Mr. Peter Hollins) fails to contribute.

The great picture of the exhibition is the 'Val d'Aosta' by Brett, already familiar to most of our readers by the noble criticism written upon it by its proprietor, John Ruskin. Far different in treatment, but a very noble picture, is the out-spread landscape, 'At Husting Coombe, Sussex,' cutting and carrying wheat introduced, painted by George Cole. The great size of, and careful work in, the 'Charlemagne Oak,' by A. MacCallum, merits attention. 'Bravo Toro,' by J. B. Burgess, displays the interest taken by the Spaniards in their national amusement of the bull-fight; and a sudden gleam of physical and mental light irradiates the expressive countenance portrayed by J. Sant in his charming illustration of 'Light thrown on a Dark Passage.' Marcus Stone gives us a pleasant glimpse of the interior of the dwelling, 'The Early Home of James Watt,' with the future improver of the steam-engine when a child, teaspoon in hand, checking the issue of the steam from the kettle spout, and pondering on the irresistible power which has revolutionised the world of manufacture, &c. J. Follingsly, a new name in Birmingham exhibitions, illustrates that passage in the lives of Queen Elizabeth and her aspiring but pliant courtier, Sir W. Raleigh, wherein he expresses his desire to rise, but fears to fall in doing so, written on the glass pane of the window. The queen is represented in the act of recording her opinion and advice, that "he who lacks courage ne'er will rise or fall." Another name new to Provincial exhibitions, Jean Robie, has a richly coloured, broad, and freely handled work, representing flowers and fruit. 'The Queen receiving the Wounded Crimean Guards at Buckingham Palace,' by John Gilbert, is an effective water-colour rendering of a touching and memorable scene.*

In addition to the works named, there are many by artists not local, of great excellence; the names of — Absolon, Bond, Rosa Bonheur, Bouvier, Brandard, Claxton, James Danby, Frost, Sir F. Grant, W. Gale, Mrs. Golingsby, Houston, Hemsley, Joy, Mrs. W. Oliver, A. Perigal, J. Pettitt, Riviere, Syer, Vickers, Warren, Wehnart, Weigall, Woolner, Mrs. Ward, &c., all contribute works of greater or less interest and excellence.

As already indicated, the local artists come out in great force, as regards the number of works they exhibit. In portraiture Mr. Roden holds on improving; there is, however, a tendency to the indulgence in brown as flesh shadows, which the artist should be careful of; several of his works have suffered from this. His portrait of James Johnston, M.D., Consulting Physician of the General Hospital, Birmingham, is an admirable likeness, as no doubt also is that of Timotheus Burd, Esq., of Shrewsbury; and the powerful colour, chastened with masterly discrimination, leads us to notice a portrait by his son, W. Roden, as indicating a likelihood of future excellence. Mr. H. T. Munns, who exhibits for the second time, has some very excellent portraits; the purity of his flesh tints should be attended to. Mr. C. J. Burt is still forcible in his execution; his touch gets broader and bolder, but there is atmosphere in everything he does: if we say a little more careful manipulation would be to his advantage, the hint might be taken. Mr. Chattock again contributes liberally; on the present occasion he does not surpass his previous efforts. Mr. C. W. Radclyffe, always industrious, sends numerous contributions. Mr. W. Hall's subjects are all marked by careful, solid execution, and quiet colour. Mr. F. H. Henshaw, always careful, earnest, and industrious, sends no fewer than six works; 'High on the Mountains,' the most important, is, however, liable to a charge of prettiness, which ill accords with the subject; it is so good, we could wish it were better; the details suggest whether, going so far, their finish should not be carried further. An indiscriminate distribution of lights robs Mr. Henshaw's pictures of their real value, destroys the effect of his distances, by bringing them out too prominently, and detracts from the value of his always earnest, honest, and apparently laborious and evidently painstaking work. Mr. J. Steeple and his daughter, Miss Steeple, are both liberal contributors; as may be supposed, the relationship induces similarity of treatment, colour, &c. Certain minuteness of execution does not at all times produce fidelity to nature, or suggest that identity of the object copied, or intended to be copied, has been secured. Mr. C. R. Aston has made advances.

The department of fruit and flowers is a favourite one, and in it many are the local contributors. Some six or eight years ago Mr. Thomas Worsey essayed this walk, in which he still continues to maintain his superiority.

For collectors whose galleries are limited in accommodation, there are abundance of cleverly executed little "bits," the purchase of which would materially aid in encouraging and developing artistic taste and excellence.

Among pictures by local artists, of the *genre* and small-sized works, we note contributions from S. H. Baker, A. Deakin, J. Banner, E. and W. H. Hall—sons of an artistic father, they seem to take as naturally to Art as young ducks take to water—F. H. Harris, F. S. and H. Hill, the Misses Osborne and Procter, W. Reeves, Sims, Valters, Vernon, Wilkins, &c. &c. Many contributors connected with the town space necessitates our passing over: it should, however, be understood that many of these works are of equal excellence with those produced by exhibitors who have been named.

The energy with which the Birmingham Society of Artists works in getting up its exhibitions, always securing a fair proportion of good and instructive pictures, in addition to others contributed directly from the artists themselves, shows what can be done when men are honestly interested in a particular pursuit and calling. A very great share of the success of the society is due to the untiring exertions of Mr. A. E. Everitt, the honorary secretary, whose labours in the direction named does not preclude his annually sending works for exhibition. On the present occasion he contributes three, interesting from their antiquarian architectural character. Birmingham on all occasions succeeds in accomplishing one of the best Provincial exhibitions; the present forms no exception to the rule.

* Most of the pictures here alluded to have already undergone the ordeal of our criticism; still, we allow our Birmingham correspondent to express his own ideas concerning them. [Ed. *A.-J.*]

THE OPTICS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

At the meeting of the British Association lately held at Nottingham, M. Claudet, the eminent photographer, read a paper "On a new process for equalising the definition of all the planes of a solid figure represented in a photographic picture." We have not seen M. Claudet's instrument, nor any of the results it yields, but from the description given of its effects when in use, it must be regarded as supplying an aid to the practice of photography, the want of which has long been a source of embarrassment. The value of the invention will be intelligible to general readers when it is explained that by its means the different parts of a photographed figure are maintained in their natural relative proportions. It has occurred to everybody to see photographic portraits of their friends in which certain features or members are correlatively in excess either of enlargement or diminution. This is due to the fact that the lens *truly* focusses only the objects on that plane to which it is adjusted; and hence the very limited variety of poses that an operator has at command. It is a common practice to adjust the lens so as to obtain the most perfect definition of the eyes; thus the extremity of the nose, in a front face, being in a nearer plane, is at times so much exaggerated as to ruin the photograph as a likeness. It will also be understood with respect to objects which are made to assist a composition, that they lose definition in proportion to their distance from the plane focussed. In order in some degree to meet this difficulty, it is customary to use stops, or diaphragms, to reduce the aperture through which the image is admitted, insomuch as to cut off all the oblique rays, and to work only with the direct rays. By this expedient is procurable a definition of the material on different planes so nearly equal that the slight disproportion is inappreciable save by exact comparison. But the light admitted to the lens being reduced in proportion to the contraction of the size of the aperture with which we work, the time of exposure is necessarily increased; and hence the difficulty of a sitter maintaining a pose sufficiently firm for many seconds.

M. Claudet advances the idea that a likeness would be perfect if the nose, eyes, and ear could be photographed in their respective foci, and then from these images "a collective portrait could be formed." However impossible this may at first appear to the photographer, or unintelligible to the general reader, it is nevertheless the germ of the principle which he seems to have worked out. He has invented an instrument called a "focimeter," in order to test in what degree the chemical and visual foci of lenses coincided or differed. This instrument is made of eight separate segments of a disc, mounted at the distance of an inch and a half from each other, on a horizontal axis of twelve inches. These segments are numbered 1 to 8; the first is nearest to the lens, and the adjustment of the whole is so perfect that the image thrown on the ground glass is that of a perfect disc—in fact, a lens which, by being moved during the time of exposure, adapts itself consecutively to every plane of the subject. In ordinary experience the alteration of the focus during exposure blurs the image; but the result of M. Claudet's invention and practice seems to be an image which yields a print characterised by all the softness of an artistic study. The most important part of the discovery is the "attainment of greater perfection without moving the frame holding the plate in order to adapt it consecutively to the focus of each of the planes of the figure. In moving the frame it is evident that in one direction we increase, and in the other we reduce the size of those parts of the image which are consecutively brought into focus;" but by effectively working the lenses, we adapt the focus of every plane to the immovable frame holding the plate, which thus receives a representation of every plane with less increase or reduction of size than when the power of the double combination remains the same. As far as we understand M. Claudet's invention, it must be, especially for large portraits, invaluable.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy.—Arrangements with the Government having been brought to a close, the Academy has, by unanimous vote, appointed Sydney Smirke, Esq., architect of the buildings to be erected at the back of Burlington House. The appointment cannot be otherwise than satisfactory; Mr. Smirke holds foremost professional rank, the reading-room at the British Museum bears evidence of his adaptive faculty, and there are many structures in all parts of the kingdom that are accepted proofs of his ability. With the architect will be associated Messrs. Scott, Hardwick, Creswick, Cope, Marshall, and Weekes, for "consultation." No doubt especial care will be taken to provide a proper gallery for painters in water-colours; at present the two bodies are very insufficiently accommodated in Pall Mall and in Pall Mall East. We trust the several galleries will be so constructed as that no one shall be better than the other, and that no provision will be made to hang pictures where they cannot be seen. Hereafter there must be no complaint of "want of space" to hang all the good pictures that may be offered, while it may be considered certain that all officials will be paid according to their worth. The Academy will no longer have hanging over them a threat of being rendered houseless—a threat that undoubtedly did in a measure excuse the lack of liberality which has always been a barrier between it and public sympathy. Its annual income will in future promote the cause and extend the influence of Art.

The National Gallery.—A picture by Rembrandt has been added to the collection, but it will not be placed until the recess. The subject is our Saviour blessing little children, and it presents one of those interesting studies of *chiar-oscuro* with which the works of the master abound. The Saviour is seated, before Him stands a child; and these, the principal figures, are hemmed in by a crowd composed partly of idlers and partly of parents bringing their children to participate in the blessing. In this work, as in others, Rembrandt has taken his models at random from the people among whom he lived; and his inveterate habit of portrait-painting enables us to recognise here heads that have appeared in others of his works. It is a large upright picture, in very good condition, and is, we believe, the first addition to the gallery under the direction of Mr. Boxall. The price was, we understand, £7,000.

New National Gallery.—The Act of Parliament having reference to this building is published. It states that £67,000 are to be paid for the site on which the workhouse of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields now stands. That building is to be occupied as at present till October, 1868.

Mr. Wallis will again hold his annual Winter Exhibition in the gallery of the British Artists, Suffolk Street. It will open in the next ensuing month.

A Mosaic of the Lord's Supper, which has been executed by Dr. Salviati for Westminster Abbey, is temporarily deposited in the Jerusalem Chamber; but it is there seen to great disadvantage, as being placed very low. The subject admits of very little variety in the dispositions; the Saviour must be the centre figure, near Him is always the beloved disciple, and among the others should always be distinguishable he who denied Him, and he who betrayed Him. The work was designed by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, London, but executed in Venice; and it will be acknowledged to be the best example of the art that has recently appeared among us. The figures are small, and hence the greater difficulty in following out the modelling, especially in the heads and hands. The general tone is light, with middle gradations, and only one or two indispensable telling darks; and thus it is at once understood that the picture is intended for a subdued light. It will be placed just above the communion-table, where it is hoped it will be seen to advantage by persons standing below the steps of the altar. The arrangement of the figures is extremely simple, while there is evidence of careful study in the attitudes, and the expression of the figures bespeaks at once the startling effect produced by the denunciation of Judas. The figure of the Saviour is relieved by a crimson screen, from which, on each side, extends a series of gilt panels, extremely well laid in, the lines being all horizontal. We remark this because in other mosaics, lately made, the lines run at different angles, to the utter destruction of the necessary flatness in the background. The surface of Dr. Salviati's work is so satisfactory that the mosaic seems to have been laid in, face downwards; if it be not so, that is a sufficient evidence of the extreme care with which it has been composed. Little has as yet been effected by our artists in this direction; but if the art become popular, there is no reason why it should not be carried to a degree of excellence equal to that of the schools most signalised in this kind of decoration. The mosaic measures 10 feet by 5½ feet. As the estimation of the work will depend so much upon its effect *in situ*, we defer further remark until it is placed.

Society of British Artists.—At a recent meeting of the members of this society, Mr. Hurlstone, its president, in behalf of his brethren, presented to Mr. Henry Hawkins a purse of money, to mark the respect felt for him as one of the founders and the oldest member of the institution.

Injury to National Sculptures.—In consequence of the damage done to the statues of Hampden and Lord Clarendon, by some person or persons, extra police are now stationed in St. Stephen's-hall to prevent a repetition of such wanton acts. These statues are both seriously injured: that of the Earl of Clarendon was damaged by some person who mischievously climbed on the pedestal to place a tobacco pipe in the hand of the statesman, and in doing so materially defaced the elaborate embroidery of the robe. It is much to be regretted that the scoundrel who wilfully committed such outrages was not detected and severely punished. We are pleased to feel assured that such offences are not *now* of frequent occurrence, though, as may be seen at Westminster, there still are individuals who can degrade themselves by abusing the privileges allowed them, when they desecrate that which they have not the sense to appreciate.

A Bust, in marble, of the late W. Mulready, R.A., by H. Weekes, R.A., has recently been placed in the entrance lobby of the National Gallery. The sculptor has done his work well, the likeness is life-like, the pose easy and natural, and the execution vigorous. Mulready's name, with the years of his birth and death, are engraven on the pedestal. The bust is, we believe, the result of a subscription chiefly by artists.

The Exhibition of the Royal Manchester Institution opened on the 15th of last month, too late for us to notice it in the present number. We hope to refer to it in our next.

Statue of O'Connell.—Peace and concord are at last dawning on the Dublin O'Connell statue project, a committee having been formed to act decisively in the selection of an artist and design; and as the committee comprises the names of gentlemen of the highest position, we may confidently hope that steps will be immediately taken whereby the good intentions of the promoters of the movement may be realised.

The British Archæological Association recently held its twenty-third annual congress at Hastings, where, during the week devoted to its meetings and explorations among the mass of interesting material afforded by that locality, the reception of its members was marked by the warmth of welcome and the reciprocity of fellow labourers in a similar field of research. The Sussex Archæological Society, one of the most active bodies in the kingdom, by judicious arrangement largely contributed to the success with which the gathering celebrated the eight hundredth anniversary of that battle whereby this land became subject to Norman rule and was embellished by Norman arts. Monday was devoted to a public reception of the association by the Mayor and Corporation; the address of the President of the Congress, the Earl of Chichester; and a lengthened examination of the antiquities of the town, T. H. Cole, Esq., M.A., acting as *cicerone*. On Tuesday the old towns of Rye and Winchelsea were visited, at which latter place the company were received by the mayor *en fête*. Wednesday was occupied by an examination of the remains of the archiepiscopal palace at Mayfield, under the guidance of E. Roberts, Esq., F.S.A. On Thursday the old moated towers of Bodiham echoed to Mr. Savery's discourse on its former occupants and its Norman features. In the afternoon of the same day a large company visited Battle Church and Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Cleveland, the interesting details of which were graphically set forth by Gordon M. Hills, Esq.: the hospitalities at the deanery on this occasion deserve special mention. Friday witnessed a numerous assemblage at Pevensey (the *Anderida* of the Romans), *en route* for Hurstmonceux, once the handsomest brick-built castle in the kingdom, but now in roofless ruins. In the evening the Mayor of Hastings entertained the association at an evening *soirée*. Saturday closed the week's proceedings by a visit to Lewes under the hospitalities of the Sussex Archæological Society. Papers were read at the evening meetings by J. R. Planché, Esq., G. R. Wright, Esq., F.S.A., Rev. F. A. Arnold, J. C. Savery, Esq., &c. &c.

The Rev. Mackenzie Walcott states that a remarkable discovery of wall-paintings has been made at Battle Church (since the visit of the British Archæological Association), by Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., assisted by Mr. Rutley. They had previously been described by the Irish artist Brooke, who resided at Hastings during the later years of his life,* but had been recovered with whitewash. Mr. Ward, by a careful application of size, is now engaged in restoring them to light, and pronounces them to be of a high class of Art, and of the close of the twelfth century.

The late M. de la Rue's collection of "old Wedgwood" will, it is understood, be

* Mr. Brooke illustrated, among other works, the first edition of Croker's "Fairy Legends of Ireland."

sold by Christie during the spring of next year: it is of immense extent, including vases, busts, statuettes, &c. &c., many large plaques, and some thousands of medallions. M. de la Rue was a collector when these works were obtained easily—there were few or none to appreciate them; he purchased for shillings specimens that will sell for pounds. There will be great competition, for the productions of the "mighty master" have nearly all gone out of the market; they are rarely found, now-a-days, at any of the dealers, and are greedily acquired wherever they can be met with, In Paris, and in Germany also, they bring prices higher than they even do in England.

Miss Meteyard has nearly completed the second volume of her Life of Wedgwood; it will, we understand, far surpass the first in interest and in the number and quality of its illustrations. Her plan having been made extensively known, she has obtained much valuable aid, many new sources of information having been opened to her.

Mr. McConnell.—Numerous contributions towards the formation of a portfolio of drawings have been made to enable this well-known wood-engraver to have the benefit of a temporary change of climate, with a view to the re-establishment of his health; which has been so seriously impaired, by perhaps too close application to his profession, as to have rendered him for the last two years unable to work. The little collection contains drawings or sketches by Sant, W. Collins, R.A., Charles Kean, Tom Hood (the elder), E. Hargitt, G. Cruikshank, Flaxman, Hayes, C. Cattermole, John Constable, D. Roberts, Brierley, D. C. Watson, Sandys, and many others. Mr. McConnell has, we believe, engraved for *Punch*, *The Illustrated London News*, *The Leisure Hour*, *London Society*, &c. His address is 17, Tavistock Street, Bedford Square.

The Photographs of Mr. F. Frith, of Reigate.—This admirable and justly popular photographist has enabled us to examine a portfolio of his works. They are of surpassing excellence, the productions of an artist who feels and comprehends nature, and who brings to his aid the skill that is derived from experience. Each of the views before us is a picture, carried to such an extent of perfection as the artist will try in vain to reach, for while the best points have been, in all instances (in reference to many of them we can speak from our own knowledge), selected, there has been due consideration given to the light and shade, on the effects of which so much of value invariably depends. It will be difficult to over-rate the worth of the collection. They seem to supply all the enjoyment that Art is capable of conveying to the eye and mind. Mr. Frith has made innumerable tours to obtain this extensive series. He has been in Rome and in Norway, and apparently over the whole of Switzerland; at least, his list contains the names of every place, with the name of which the general reader is familiar,* and, no doubt, the traveller and the tourist will acknowledge the debt they incur to the photographist for these delicious reminders of the charming or majestic beauties of the richly gifted country, nearly every step of which is known to hundreds of thousands in Great Britain. We are narrow-minded enough, however, to prefer the natural graces—here so abundantly pictured—of our own island; and we may believe that Mr. Frith fully appreciates the charms supplied by the mountains and valleys, the hills and dales, the rivers and lakes, the woods and hedge-rows, the moors and glens, that are "delights" in England, Scotland, and Wales. Unhappily, he has not yet visited Ireland. We have in the collection views of the most picturesque of the "ruined" abbeys the three countries present—Melrose, Dryburgh, Fountains, Rivaulx, Kirkstall, Tintern, Glastonbury; while of our ancient castles there are several—Raglan, Kenilworth, Hurstmonceux, Conway, Caernarvon, Pembroke, Bamborough. The landscape beauties of Great Britain have furnished many subjects, gathered in North and South Wales, in Devonshire, at Matlock, in the Isle of Wight, in Derbyshire, and in other of our home-counties, where nature is most lavish of her choicest gifts.

Mr. Foley's Statue of the late Lord Herbert of Lea has been cast in bronze at the foundry of Messrs. Prince & Co., Southwark. The figure is of colossal size, and is to be erected in the open space of the War Office, Pall Mall, a government department over which the deceased statesman, who is, perhaps, best known as the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, long presided.

Bust of Joseph Hume.—The Queen has given permission for the bust of the late Mr. Hume, presented to the House of Commons by his widow, to be placed within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament.

Stereoscopic Slides. — Mr. F. C. Jeanneret, a young amateur photographist residing at Cheltenham, has been very successful with a number of landscapes taken in Wales and elsewhere. His subjects are well chosen, and are treated artistically. As deserving of special notice we may point out two views in the vicinity of Chepstow, one of these, a wintry scene, the distance partially obscured by fog, is remarkable for truth of effect. Chepstow Castle, on a hazy day, is also good. 'Wood-cutters at Noverton,' 'Fishing on the Chelt,' 'Pont-y-Pair,' 'Bonchurch,' and 'Rustic Courtship,' all show that the artist knows how to employ his camera advantageously.

The Fine-Arts' Quarterly Review, after the lapse of about a year in its course of publication, has again made its appearance, under the management of its original editor, Mr. Woodward, Librarian to the Queen. The principal papers in the new number are a review of Mr. Tom Taylor's "Reynolds and his Times;" a notice of Jehan Fouquet and the collection of miniatures by him in the possession of M. Brentano, Frankfort-on-the-Maine; a biographical sketch of the late President of the Royal Academy; "The Sistine Chapel and the Cartoons of Raphael;" a review of Texier's and Pullan's "Principal Ruins of Asia Minor;" "Hippolyte Flandrin;" a notice of Mrs. Jameson's and Lady Eastlake's "History of our Lord;" an article upon etching; "Studio-Talk. No. I.—Landscape-Painting;" "Cornelius Vischer," &c., &c. The *Fine-Arts' Review* has passed into the hands of Messrs. Day and Son (Limited), who publish it, and have enriched the current number with some excellent coloured and plain prints from the works of the ancient masters.

West London School of Art. — A *conversazione*, by permission of Council of Education, was held some time since in aid of the funds of this school, which has been gradually falling into pecuniary difficulties. We have not heard to what extent the institution is likely to be benefited by the experiment.

* Of Switzerland, the list contains upwards of two hundred views.

REVIEWS.

The Marriage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Painted by G. H. Thomas. Chromo-lithographed and Published by Day and Son (Limited), London.

Many of our readers, doubtless, availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing Mr. Thomas's picture when exhibited, in 1864, at the German Gallery, in Bond Street. It was undertaken, we believe, expressly for the purpose of being reproduced in the way in which it is now before the public. The artist was present at the ceremony, and subsequently had "sittings" from a large majority of the distinguished personages who took part in it. Of the high merits of the picture we spoke in our description of it when exhibited.

Independent of its value as a work of Art, the national interest which is attached to the picture merits reproduction, and it has been so copied in colour-printing that, allowing for difference of size and the rich *impasto* of the artist's pigments, one can almost fancy the original painting is again before us. Considering the difficulties which surround the process of chromo-lithography when engaged on such a subject, the result is really astonishing. Not only is the varied and brilliant colouring of silks and satins, velvets and superfine cloths, gold and silver, most successfully imitated, but even the faces of the bevy of fair ladies who were associated with the magnificent scene are scarcely less delicately tinted than is a miniature from the hand of a Ross, or a Richmond, or a Thorburn, while the likenesses of all present, from the Queen in the royal chamber of the chapel to the yeomen of the guard on duty, may be easily recognised by those acquainted with the features of each. Some of the ladies may object, perhaps, to a certain severity of expression, or an unaristocratic "staring" given to the countenance, but they must bear in mind it is not easy for even a painter, much less a printing-machine, to catch all the graces which nature has lavished upon them. All the architecture of the building, too, stands out with great clearness and decision of lines, and the general effect as regards light and shade is most skilfully preserved.

The print is of unusually large dimensions, but not one inch too large; it is a work that thousands will desire to possess, though it can only come within the reach of the comparative few, for the cost of production must have been great. There is not a mansion in the country or her colonies where it might not find a home of which it is worthy.

The Oberland and its Glaciers: Explored and Illustrated with Ice-axe and Camera. By H. B. George, M.A., F.R.G.S., Editor of the "Alpine Journal." With Twenty-eight Photographic Illustrations. By Ernest Edwards, B.A. And a Map of the Oberland. Published by A. W. Bennett, London.

Had any one told us a few years ago that we should live to see the day when there would be established among us an "Alpine Club" and an "Alpine Journal," we should have smiled quite as incredulously as if we had also been told that within our own lifetime a few hours only would suffice to send or receive messages across the Atlantic. But this is an age of such activity and discovery, of such striving after novelties for mere amusement, no less than for useful and worthy ends, that each year, if not day, brings its "wonder." Locomotion is a great modern feature, conveying travellers of almost all conditions and of both sexes into regions the remotest and paths the most inaccessible; the love of adventure and the attractions of the grand and beautiful in nature prevailing over personal discomforts of every kind, and even over all apprehensions of individual safety. The strong, and the brave, and the loved of their fellows, have gone forth in this spirit to face death, and have found it; yet others have followed in the

same path, but, happily, not always with the same result; and this immunity from a fatal catastrophe seems to act as a stimulant urging others still to undertake similar enterprises without the shadow of fear as to the result.

In the autumn of last year Mr. George and a party of eight ladies and gentlemen—four of each sex—assembled at Grindelwald to explore the ice-country of the Bernese Oberland. From this expedition arose this handsome volume in our hands. No apology appears to be needed for its publication, but the author would not "rush into print" without assigning a reason for so doing. He says:—"Books on Alpine travel and photographs of Alpine scenery have, of late, become so familiar to the public, that no suggestion for adding to the number of either would ever have been seriously entertained, had it not been for a belief that a new and useful combination of the two might be made." This explains the object of the work, which is to render the illustrations and the text aids to each other. Photography, that uncompromising delineator of nature, reveals to us truths which no pencil of the most skilful artist could render with fidelity. Hence we see in Mr. Edwards's clear and brilliant pictures the marvels, the strange configurations, of the glacier-world copied with the greatest accuracy, and shown under the most extraordinary effects of light and shade. "Heaven-descended in its origin," writes Principal Forbes, with reference to the glacier, "it yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountains which brought it forth. At first soft and ductile, it acquires a character of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it in its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers which fix limits to its movements, it yields groaning to its fate, and still travels forward seamed with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles. All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power—it evaporates, but is not consumed. On its surface it bears the spoils which, during the progress of existence, it has made its own—often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value; at times precious masses sparkling with gems or with ore."

Mr. George's record of the travels of his party is pleasant reading, the descriptions of the wonderful scenery among which they moved are graphic and sometimes practical, while the scientific portion of the book—that especially which relates to the theories of glaciers and glacierial motion—though not new, as it is based on those of Professor Tyndall—is written lucidly, and, therefore, comprehensively. For the inexperienced Alpine climber routes, instructions, and advice are laid down perspicuously. Not only as a narrative of adventure, but also as an intelligent guide book, we commend "Oberland and its Glaciers" as a work to be read for the interest which attaches to its matter, and to be looked at for the beauty of its photographic illustrations.

Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst. Published by Seeman, Leipzig; Trübner, London.

This is a new Art-periodical for Germany, with the addition of illustrations, of which it must be said that they are selected with much judgment. Each number contains well-written articles, technical, critical, or historical, as the case may be, followed by notices and announcements of all kinds bearing on the interests of Art. The correspondence of the journal is extensive, as it touches on the leading subjects of the Art-news of Paris, Brussels, Vienna, Prague, Munich, Pesth, Berlin, and the Rhine cities. The first number opens very appropriately with a paper on the Art of the day by Lübke, who treats very philosophically the relations between artists and the public; and in succeeding numbers other important articles are—"Kaulbach as illustrator of the German Classics," and an essay on the works of David and the contemporary French schools by Julius Meyer, who handles the subject with more thoughtful discrimination than it has yet been treated withal. In a paper "On the Participation of Austrian Artists in the Paris Exhibition of 1867," the following observations occur:—"According to the regulations of the Central Committee in Paris, works sent to the Exhibition must have been executed since 1855. With respect to the classification of the objects there are provisions which do not accord with our views. Paintings on glass, for instance, are excluded from the Art-categories, and placed in those of Industry; neither are executed models of buildings admitted among productions of Art. . . . . The number of Austrian artists who propose contributing exceeds two hundred, but it is clear that only a part of these can become exhibitors in consequence of the limited space assigned. Thus we do not envy the Committee its task of pronouncing on those works which are to be withheld."—The illustrations are interesting, and besides the names just given we find as contributors to the journal others of well-known writers on Art.

Ferns, British and Foreign. Their History, Organography, Classification, and Enumeration; with a Treatise on their Cultivation, &c., &c. By John Smith, A.L.S., &c., Ex-Curator of the Botanic Gardens, Kew. Published by R. Hardwicke, London.

But a few years ago the fern was held in as little regard comparatively as the most ordinary plant which grows in our woodlands or on the swampy moor; it was a weed that claimed no attention from any but an enthusiastic botanist. Now it is a cherished and popular object of cultivation. The suburban, as well as the country, garden, displays its "fernery;" the plant inhabits the hothouse and the conservatory, it adds to the elegance and the enrichments of the drawing-room and the boudoir; the carpet-manufacturer weaves it into his designs, the cotton-spinner into his muslin, the paper-stainer introduces it into his wall-decorations. The fern is ubiquitous. Mr. Smith tells us that in 1857 he could enumerate only five hundred and sixty exotic species as known in British gardens. This was a large number, but the constantly increasing demand, consequent upon their wide-spread cultivation, has greatly stimulated the introduction of new ones, and our collections have since increased at the rate of about fifty species a year. His book shows a list of more than nine hundred exotic species now cultivated in this country, of which the greater number has been introduced during the last quarter of a century.

The volume appears to comprehend within it every information on the subject which the fern-grower can desire to know, both with reference to the distinguishing characteristics of the plant, and to its proper cultivation, whether in the open ground or under shelter. The enumerated catalogue is illustrated by woodcuts of the various ferns mentioned, which are also fully described, but in terms that to the unlearned in botany must undoubtedly prove very puzzling and unintelligible. We must commend Mr. Smith's scientific labours to those—and they are a numerous class of the public—to whom the cultivation of the fern is a matter of interest.

Handbook for Travellers in Westmoreland and Cumberland. With New Travelling Maps. Published by J. Murray, London.

Guide-books to the English Lake Districts are numerous enough, and some of them answer the purpose for which they were intended; but Mr. Murray's "Handbook" is not limited to the lakes, it takes in the whole of the two counties of which these constitute such an attractive charm; and thus includes localities of historic interest, and places associated with deeds sung by poet, and narrated by the writer of romance. The "border" country is the land of ancient raid and foray, where might often contended with right for the mastery.

Like all similar publications issued from Albemarle Street, this is thoroughly well done. The editor, as we are informed, resides amidst the scenery he describes, and it has been his object to direct attention to the places most worthy to be visited, and how they may be most conveniently reached. In pointing out, and commenting upon, the different routes which travellers may follow, nothing practically useful seems to be omitted, nor anything which may not be found interesting to those who travel, perhaps, less for pleasure than to gain knowledge of some kind or other—the antiquarian, the botanist, the geologist. The maps are excellent, particularly one of the Lake District.

Normandy; its History, Antiquities, and Topography. With an Itinerary for the Tourist. Published by Cassell & Co., London

Another of the "Topographical Guides" recently issued by the enterprising firm whose names appear on the title-page. Normandy is a country which ought to be peculiarly interesting to us English in whose blood both that of the old Norman and of the old Saxon mingle: it is, too, a country for the tourist, be he antiquarian, artist, sportsman, or only a lover of the picturesque. This guide-book will serve as a good introduction for the traveller; it contains much information, historical as well as topographical, and especially concerning those towns and cities he would be most desirous to visit.

Provincial Papers; being a collection of Tales and Sketches. By Joseph Hatton, author of "Bitter Sweets," "Against the Stream," &c. Published by C. J. Skeet, London.

This is just the kind of book that one who has a few minutes hanging unemployed on his hands would be pleased to take up *pour passer le tems*; a series of short papers, several of which have "done duty" in sundry newspapers, &c., of the provinces: hence the title. Mr. Hatton is evidently a writer of observant and cultivated mind, savoured, too, with a considerable spice of humour, and he has well employed it in the discussion of a multitude of topics that form very agreeable reading. Most of the subjects have been suggested by the author's experience and knowledge of provincial "life," which he has studied to good purpose. As a descriptive sketch of "professional" work, his account of the making-up a country newspaper in the printing-office, a chapter headed "Locking-up," is most amusing, yet by no means overdrawn.

Aunt Margaret's Trouble. By a New Writer. Published by Chapman and Hall, London.

"A New Writer" has commenced her career well, and if she continues to write with the same care and the same object, we may congratulate the "reading public" that a healthful and earnest author has come to the rescue of English morality and the English language in the "world of fiction."

"Aunt Margaret's Trouble" is sufficiently exciting to rivet attention from the first page to the last, without outraging probability or steeping its records in deeper passion or crime than is found in real life. The character of the two sisters is finely contrasted, and the hero of the tale is no worse, and certainly no better, than the every-day men whose vanity leads them into the peril of making love to one woman while their honour, and whatever real affection they possess, binds them to another. The author looks on the world with clear but not hard eyes, and if "Aunt Margaret's Trouble" does not make those who read better, it is the reader's fault, not hers.

Benaiah: a Tale of the Captivity. By Mrs. Webb, author of "Naomi," &c. Published by Jackson, Walford, & Co., London.

Mrs. Webb has written some very charming stories for young people, and "Benaiah" will not, for a certainty, prove the least interesting of those from her pen. On this occasion, as on others, this lady finds in Jewish history, as recorded in the Scriptures, and in the traditions of Hebrew writers, a profitable field of subject, which she turns to a pleasant and useful account. There is enough in this history of what we are apt to call romance for the foundation of many a stirring tale, and when such materials fall into the hands of those who know how to employ them to advantage, as this lady does, the result cannot fail to be successful.

THE ART-JOURNAL.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1866.

HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES.

BY MRS. BURY PALLISER.

PART VI.

SPAIN.

SISENANDA, King of the Goths, 631, having destroyed his numerous enemies, and overcome the obstacles to the Gothic throne, took as device an elephant covered with flies, which it destroys, according to Pliny, by suddenly contracting the wrinkles of its skin. "Covered their skin is neither with haire nor bristle, no, not so much as in their taile, which might serve them in good stead to drive away the busie and troublesome flie (for as vast and huge a beast as he is, the flie haunteth and stingeth him); but full their skin is of crosse wrinckles lattisewise; and besides that, the smell thereof is able to draw and allure such vennine to it, and therfore when they are laid stretched along, and perceive the flies by whole swarmes settled on their skin, sodainly they draw those cranies and crevises together close, and so crush them all to death. This serves them instead of taile, maine, and long haire." —Book viii. chap. 10. Motto, *Al mejor que puedo*, "In the best way I can."

THERESA, daughter of Alphonso V., King of Leon and the Asturias, 999, when married by her father to Abdallah, the Saracen king of Toledo, whose assistance he sought against the Moorish king of Cordova, took for device a mortar in which gunpowder is being pounded, with the motto, *Minima maxima fecit*, "A little makes much;" meaning that as a small spark would ignite the whole, so wrath should be extinguished as soon as kindled, and that wrath often causes the destruction of the author.

Others attribute this device to Garcias, 910, son of Alphonso III., or Great, and that he bore it on his standard in war against the Moors, 876, whom he so successfully defeated as to build with the spoils of his victory the church of San Salvador, in which he lies interred.

PETER II., King of Aragon, 1196. An eagle. *Sub umbra alarum tuarum*, "Under the shadow of thy wings."

JAMES I., King of Aragon, 1213, the Conqueror. A knight overthrowing another. *Dubia fortuna*, "Doubtful fortune."

PETER III., King of Aragon and Sicily, 1270, the Great. The contriver of the horrible massacre known as the Sicilian Vespers in 1282, originating in the plot of Procida, and ending in the expulsion of the French and the separation of Sicily from Naples. Peter, who was married to Constance, daughter of the usurper Manfred, was crowned king of Sicily.

A caltrops; French, *chaussetrappe;* a ball of iron, with spikes so placed that when thrown upon the ground one spike is always erect. It was used to maim horses.

> "I think they ha' strewed the highways with caltrops,
> No horse dares pass them."
> BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Love's Pilgrimage.*

Peter's motto was *Quocunque ferar*, "Wherever I may be cast."

MARTIN I., 1396, King of Aragon. Victory seated upon a globe (Fig. 1). *Non in tenebris*, "Not in darkness."



Fig. 1.

JOHN, King of Aragon, 1458. A salamander in the fire. *Durabo*, "I will endure."

FERDINAND I., the Great, 1035. By right of his wife Sancha king of Leon, and by that of his mother Elvira, of Castile. When deceived by a nobleman of Grenada, he took the device of the pomegranate,* with the motto, *Flos mentis*, alluding to his native town and to his disloyal perfidy.

FERDINAND III., the Saint, King of Castile, 1230. A helm and globe. *Te gubernatore*, "Thou, the pilot."

ALFONSO X., the Wise, King of Castile, 1252. A pelican in its piety (Fig. 2).



Fig. 2.

Motto, *Pro lege* (not *rege*, as engraved in the cut) *et grege*, "For the law and the people."

The poets loved to celebrate the maternal love of the pelican:—

> "The loving pelican,
> Whose young ones poison'd by the serpent's sting,
> With her own blood to life again doth bring."
> DRAYTON, *Noah's Flood.*

Again,

> "The Pelicane, whose sons are nurst with bloode,
> . . . . . she stabbeth deep her breast,
> Self murtheresse through fondnesse to hir broode."
> *Burds forbidden*, printed in *Bibliotheca Biblica*, *black letter.*

And when the king, in *Hamlet*, reproaches Laertes for venting his revenge at his father's death alike on friends and foes, Laertes says,—

> "To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
> And, like the kind, life-rend ring pelican,
> Repast them with my blood."
> *Hamlet*, Act iv. sc. 5.

PETER I., the Cruel, King of Castile, 1350—1368. A hand armed with a lance. *Hoc opus est*, "This is the labour."

Deposed by his subjects for his cruelty, Peter was reinstated by Edward the Black Prince, but was afterwards slain by Henry de Transtamare, who succeeded him.

HENRY II., De Transtamare, 1368. Two anchors crossed with the pole star. *Buena guia*, "A sure guide."

JOHN I., King of Castile, 1377. An arm with a falcon on the wrist. *Maiora cedunt*, "The greater yield."

HENRY III., King of Castile, 1390. The oak. *Semper eadem*, "Always the same."

> "He is the rock, the oak not to be windshaken."
> *Coriolanus*, v. 2.

A pyramidal tower. *Nisi domino frustra*, "In vain but by the Lord's help."

FERDINAND THE CATHOLIC, 1572, King of Aragon, who, by his marriage with Isabella of Castile and his conquest of Granada and Navarre, united the kingdoms of the Peninsula, and became king of all Spain.

Being much devoted to St. John the Evangelist, Ferdinand and Isabella adopted his eagle, sable, with one head, as the supporter of their common shield. They each had their separate device. Isabella took a bundle of arrows, *Flechas*, and the letter F, initial of her husband's name. Ferdinand a yoke, *Yugo*, and the letter Y, initial of his wife Isabella, and of the despotic machine which he fixed alike on Moor and Spaniard. Also the Gordian knot (Fig. 3),



Fig. 3.

with the motto, *Tanto monta*, rendered by Mr. Ford as "Tantamount," to mark his assumed equality with his Castilian queen, which the Castilians never admitted. Other writers refer the motto to a dispute with regard to the succession of Castile, which finding no means of obtaining justice except by the sword, led Ferdinand to adopt the device of the Gordian knot, the motto implying that it was easier to solve the difficulty by cutting than untying it.

The same device was taken by Jacques d'Albon, Maréchel d'André, who formed with the Duc de Guise and the Constable Montmorency, the famous triumvirate which was to extinguish liberty in France. His motto was *Nodos virtute resolvo*, "I loose the knot by strength."

So, when extolling the virtues of the

* When Granada was captured, 1492, the pomegranate was added to the shield.

young King Henry V., the archbishop says—

"Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter."
King Henry V., Act i., sc. 1.

And Iachimo, when he takes off the bracelet of Imogen, finds it

"As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard."
Cymbeline, Act ii., sc. 4.

JOAN OF CASTILE (Jean la Folle), daughter of Isabella and Ferdinand, succeeded, on her mother's death, 1504, to the throne of Castile, jointly with her husband, Philip the Fair of Austria. Philip dying, 1506, and Joan becoming insane with grief at his loss, her father, Ferdinand, continued to reign, and thus perpetuated the union of Castile with Aragon.

The device of Joan was a peacock, in his pride, upon the terrestrial globe (Fig. 4). Motto, *Vanitas*, "Vanity."

That of Philip, her husband, a knight on horseback, armed at all points, with a lance



Fig. 4.

in his hand, riding before the lists. Motto, *Qui volet*, or *Quis vult*,* "Who wills."

CHARLES I., son of Jean le Folle and Philip le Bel, 1516, afterwards, 1519, Emperor of Germany as Charles V. When Charles became emperor, the apostolic one-headed eagle of his grandfather gave place to the double-headed eagle of the Germanic empire, described by the Florentine poet Alamanni as

"L'aquila grifagna
Chè per più divorar due becchi porta."
"The rapacious eagle, which the more to devour bears two beaks."

When Alamanni, who had been banished from his native city for being concerned in a conspiracy to assassinate Pope Leo X., and had withdrawn to France, was sent on an embassy from Francis I. to invest Charles V. with the order of St. Michael, in his oration before the emperor he had frequent occasion to name the imperial eagle, upon which Charles, having attentively listened till the close of the speech, turned suddenly towards the orator, and with sarcastic emphasis repeated the above lines, "L'aguila grifagna," &c. Alamanni promptly replied, "When I wrote those lines I wrote as a poet, to whom it is allowed to feign; but now I come as the ambassador of one great sovereign towards another. They were the productions of my youth, but now I speak with the gravity of age; they were provoked by my having been banished from my native place, but now I appear before your Majesty divested of all rancour and passion." Charles, rising from his seat and laying his hand on the shoulder of the ambassador, told him with great kindness that he had no cause to regret the loss of his country since he had found such a patron as Francis I., adding, that to a virtuous man every place is his country.

Conscious of the elements of greatness within him, Charles V. took for the motto of his maiden shield, when but eighteen years old, at a tournament at Falladolia, *Non dum*, "Not yet;" meaning that he would bide his time.* Typotius gives him the device of the sun ascending the meridian (Fig. 5), with the motto, *Non dum in auge*, "Not yet in its zenith;" expressing



Fig. 5.

the character of a person whose ambition is not satisfied, but who aspires to higher things.

Charles afterwards assumed his proud device of the pillars of Hercules† (Fig. 6), with the motto, *Plus oultre*, "More beyond," a Burgundian or French motto, altered by Italians to *Più oltre*, or *Plus ultra*. These words refer to the acquisition of a world unknown to the ancients, or



Fig. 6.

perhaps not only to the actual passing of the boundaries prescribed by Hercules, but to show that he would surpass the fabled hero, in fame, valour, and glory.

These pillars of Hercules are constantly mentioned—

"Altri lasciar le destre e le mancine
Rive, che due per opra ercules fersi."
Orlando Furioso, C. xv.

"Some pass the pillars rais'd on either strand
The well-known labour of Alcides hand."
HOOLE'S *Translation.*

And thus Tasso—

"Tempo verrà, che sian d'Ercole i segni
Favola vile ai naviganti industri."
Ger. Lib., C. vi, st. 220.

"The time will come when sailors yet unborn
Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in scorn."

"Hercules Pillars" was a sign in Fleet Street, probably after the visit of the Emperor Charles V. to this country.*

When Charles V. besieged Metz in 1552, François Duke de Guise, its youthful and chivalrous defender, happily alludes, in his address to his army, to the proud boast of the emperor. He says, "Apprenez à toute l'Europe qu'il n'a pas été impossible à un petit nombre de Français d'arrêter un empereur qui les asscegeoit avec trois armées, et qui se vautait de n'avoir per estre arresté par les colums d''Hercule."

It was on being compelled to raise the siege of Metz—

"Où le destin avait son *outre* limité,
Coutre les nouveaux murs d'une faible cité."
ROUSARD.

that Charles V. exclaimed, "I see that fortune resembles a woman, she prefers a young king to an old emperor."

On this occasion the device was made of an eagle attached to the column of Hercules, with the motto, *Non ultra metas*, "Not beyond the boundaries;" but there is an equivoque in the word *metas*, which signifies the city of Metz as well as boundaries. François de Guise having obliged him to retire, chained the imperial eagle to the columns, with the motto, "Thou shalt not go beyond Metz."†

When Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, had been successful over the Spaniards, a medal was struck, in 1631, on the reverse of which were the columns of Hercules, the one falling, the other borne up by the line of Holland above. Motto, *Concussit utranque*, "He has shaken both."‡

After his victory over Francis I., Charles had the device of a *fleur-de-lis* withered by blasts from winds blowing from the south. Motto, *Perflantibus Austris*, "The south winds blowing;" making allusion to the house of Austria, and to a passage in one of the Fathers, which says that the lily fades when the south wind blows.

Charles also took the device of the stag, which, when he sheds his horns, lies in the sun that they may be hardened by its rays. Motto, *Tu perficis*, "Thou makest perfect;" meaning that no glory is perfect unless derived from the Almighty, the author and giver of all good gifts.

"So long as they be destitute of theire hornes, and perceive their heads naked, they goe forth to releife by night; and as they grow bigger and bigger they harden them in the hot sunne, eftsoons making proof of them against trees; and when they perceive that they be tough and strong enough, they goe abroad boldly."—PLINY, book viii., chap. 32.

PHILIP II., 1556. When yet Infant of

---

* The same device, with the motto *Qui cupit*, is assigned to Sancho IV., king of Castile.

* Prescott's "Life of Philip II.," vol. i., p. 278.

† Calpe and Abile. Hercules, when seeking the oxen of Geryon, separated this mountain, and having gathered the golden apples of Atlantis, he left these two rocks as termini, or signs to navigators not to pass beyond.

"Il segno che prescritto
Avea già a' naviganti Ercole invitto."
Orlando Furioso, C. vi., st. 14.

"That region where
Unconquer'd Hercules, in ages past,
His boundary to mariners had plac'd."
HOOLE'S *Translation.*

"La meta che pose
Ai primi naviganti Ercole invitto."
Orlando Furioso, C. xxxiii.

"And now the bounds he trac'd
Which once for mariners Alcides plac'd."
HOOLE'S *Translation.*

* Pepys mentions taking a friend "to 'Hercules Pillars' to drink;" and again, "with Mr. Creed to 'Hercules Pillars' where we drank." On a token is a crowned male figure, erect, and grasping a pillar in each hand, which, but for the inscription, might be supposed to represent Sampson pulling down the pillars of the Temple of Dagon.

"No. 3455. A silver-gilt diamond shaped ornament, with portrait of Charles V. of Germany, with *Plus ultra* device behind 1547."—*Bernal Catalogue.*

† Fulsin de le Colombière.

‡ Bizot—*Hist. Metallique de la Hollandes.* 1688.

Spain, he took the chariot of the rising sun, Apollo holding the reins (Fig. 7), with the motto, *Jam illustrabit omnia*, "Soon it will light all." *

A horse leaping the barriers of a circus, with the motto from Juvenal, *Unus non sufficit orbis*, "One world is not enough," alluding to his empire in the New World.



Fig. 7.

After the abdication of his father, Philip took Hercules relieving Atlas † from the weight of the globe (Fig. 8). Motto, *Ut quiescat Atlas*, "That Atlas may repose."

> "Si come già depose, e vecchio e stanco
> Sopra gli omeri d'Ercole possenti
> Athante il giro de le stelle ardenti,
> Che sotto il peso eterno venia manco,
> Così," &c.—SILVIO ANTONIANO.

When Philip married Mary of England, he took Bellerophon fighting with the monster, with the motto, *Hinc vigilo*, "Hence watchfulness," to imply that he awaited



Fig. 8.

the favourable moment for attacking the monster heresy in England.

The terrestrial globe, of which half is in darkness. *Reliquum datur*, "The rest is given."

Two batons in saltire. Motto, *Dominus mihi adjutor*, "God is my helper."

Two sceptres passed in saltire through a crown over an open pomegranate (Fig. 9). Motto, *Tot Zopiro*, "As many of Zopiros," originating in the following incident. One day Philip being asked of what he would like as large a number as the seeds of a pomegranate, answered he would like as many of Zopyros, that is, as many faithful friends, alluding to the well-known self-devotion of Zopyros, who, by cutting off his nose and ears, wounding himself, and pretending to be a fugitive, placed Babylon in the power of his sovereign Darius.

Philip also took the device of the world, with the motto, *Cum Jove*, "With Jove," from Virgil.

> "Deviso et mondo con Giove Cesare have."
> *Æneid*, ANNIBAL CARA'S *Translation*.

ELISABETH, or (as the Spaniards styled her) ISABELLA OF FALOIS, second wife of Philip II. As her marriage formed one of the articles of the peace of Cambray, she was called by the Spaniards Isabel de la



Fig. 9.

Paz, La Reyna de la Paz y de la bondad, and by the French L'Olive de la paix.*

As Philip took the rising sun, his queen took for device a serene sky studded with stars, on one side the sun, on the other the moon. Motto, *Iam feliciter omnia*, "Now all is well."

This device of Queen Isabella, with the crescent of Henry II. of France, and the rainbow of Catherine de Medicis, all point to the tranquillity of the Christian universe at the period in which they all lived.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA, third wife of Philip II. Two doves on a tree, in a ring. *Æterno conjugi*, "In eternal union."

HOUSE OF ORANGE.

WILLIAM OF NASSAU, Prince of Orange. Elected Stadtholder, 1579, fell, 1584, by the hand of the assassin, Balthazar Gerard. One of the noblest characters in modern history; to him the republic of the Seven United Provinces owes its foundation.

After the taking of Brill, and William's subsequent successes, he caused a medal to be struck, 1572, bearing on the reverse a poplar tree, with the words of Turnus from the Æneid, *Audaces fortuna juvat*, "Fortune favours the brave." The poplar being a tree that lives best in marshes, was especially appropriate as the emblem of Holland.

Another of William's mottoes was, *Usque quo fortuna*, "Thus far fortune."

He also bore on some of his standards the pelican, on others the motto, *Pro lege, grege, et rege*, "For the law, the people, and the king." As says the poet Burns,—

> "For while we sing, 'God save the king,'
> We'll ne'er forget the people."

The same motto was used by William's son and successor, Maurice of Nassau, the defender of his country at

> "Ostend's bloody siege, that stage of war,
> Wherein the flower of many nations acted,
> And the whole Christian world spectators were."
> (BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Love's Cure*),

but to whom posterity can never pardon the execution of the aged Barneveldt, or the persecution of the followers of Arminius.

William's customary device was a kingfisher building its nest upon the sea (Fig. 10). Motto, *Sævis tranquillus in undis*,



Fig. 10.

"Tranquil in boisterous waves," meaning that he remained as serene and unruffled amidst the political storms that surrounded him as the fabled halcyon on the waters of the ocean.

The kingfisher, say the naturalists, waits for those days in the winter solstice, called the summer of St. Martin,* during which period the scene is perfectly calm, to build her nest.

Dryden thus translates Ovid's description of Alcyone—

> "Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest;
> A wintry queen: her sire at length is kind,
> Calms every storm, and hushes every wind;
> Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
> And for his hatching nephews stills the seas."
> DRYDEN.

And again Drayton,

> "The halcyon, whom the sea obeys,
> When she her nest upon the water lays."
> DRAYTON, *Noah's Flood*.

Pliny thus describes the habits of the kingfisher. "They lay and set about midwinter, when daies be shortest, and the time whiles they are broodie is called the Halcyon daies; for during that season, the sea is calm and navigable, especially in the coast of Sicilie. In other ports also the sea is not so boisterous, but more quiet than at other times: but surely the Sicilian

---

* Bronze medal of Philip II. *Obverse*, bust to the right. *Reverse*, the chariot of the sun. Diameter 2⅝ in. (6759.)—*Catalogue Museum South Kensington*.

† "Quel vecchio stanco,
Che con le sue spalle ombra a marocco."
PETRARCA.

* Brantôme.

* The Maid of Orleans says to the Dauphin of France, when foretelling her successes—

> "Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
> Since I have entered into these wars."
> *King Henry VI.*, 1st Part, Act i., sc. 2.

That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, fair weather after winter has begun.

sea is very gentle, both in the straights and also in the open ocean. Now about seven daies before midwinter, that is to say, in the beginning of December, they build; and within as many after, they have hatched. Their nests are wonderously made, in fashion of a round ball, the mouth or entrie thereof standeth somewhat out, and is very narrow, much like great spunges."—Pliny, book x. chap. 32.

When the kingfisher is engaged in hatching her young, the sea is believed to remain so calm that the sailor ventures his bark upon the main with the happy certainty of not being exposed to a storm.

"As calm as the flood
When the peace loving halcyon deposits her brood."
COWPER.

"Halcyons of all the birds that haunt the main,
Most loved and honour'd by the Nereid train."
THEOCRITUS, Idyl vii., FAWKES'S *Trans.*

The brothers Sinibaldo and Ottoboni Fieschi, of Genoa, used the device of two kingfishers sitting on their nest, with the motto, *Nous savons bien le temps*, when they were waiting a favourable opportunity for joining the party of the Emperor against the French.

THE GUEUX.

To this period belongs the celebrated confederacy of the Gueux, who assumed the well-known device of the beggar's wallet. We cannot better relate its origin than in the words of the elegant author of the life of Philip II.

"At one of the banquets given at Cutemborg House, when three hundred confederates were present, Brederode presided. During the repast he related to some of the company, who had arrived on the day after the petition was delivered, the manner in which it had been received by the duchess. She seemed at first disconcerted, he said, by the number of the confederates, but was reassured by parliament, who told her 'they were nothing but a crowd of beggars.' This greatly incensed some of the company, with whom, probably, it was too true for a jest. But Brederode, taking it more good humouredly, said that he and his friends had no objection to the name, since they were ready at any time to become beggars for the service of their king and country. This sally was received with great applause by the guests, who, as they drank to one another, shouted forth, *Vivent les Gueux*, 'Long live the beggars.'"

"Brederode, finding the jest took so well, an event, indeed, for which he seems to have been prepared, left the room, and soon returned with a beggar's wallet and a wooden bowl, such as was used by the mendicant fraternity in the Netherlands. Then pledging the company in a bumper he swore to devote his life and fortune to the cause. The wallet and bowl went round the table; and, as each of the merry guests drank in turn to his confederate, the shout arose of *Vivent les Gueux*, until the hall rang with the mirth of the revellers.

"It happened that at the time the Prince of Orange and the Counts Egmont and Horn were passing by on their way to the council. Their attention was attracted by the noise, and they paused a moment, when William, who knew the temper of the jovial party, proposed they should go in, and endeavour to break up their revels. 'We may have some business of the council to transact with these men this evening,' he said, 'and at this rate, they will hardly be in a condition fit for it.' The appearance of the three nobles gave a fresh impulse to the boisterous movements of the company, and as the new comers pledged their friends in the wine cup, it was received with the same thundering acclamations of *Vivent les Gueux*. This incident, of so little importance in itself, was afterwards made of consequence by the turn that was given to it in the prosecution of the two unfortunate noblemen who accompanied the Prince of Orange.

"It (name of Gueux) soon was understood to signify those who were opposed to the government, and, in an under sense, to the Roman Catholic religion. In every language in which the history of these acts has been recorded, the Latin, German, Spanish, or English, the French term Gueux is ever employed to designate this party of malcontents in the Netherlands.

"It now became common to follow out the original idea by imitations of the different articles used by mendicants. Staffs were procured, after the fashion of those in the hands of the pilgrims, but more elaborately carved; wooden bowls, spoons, and knives became in great request, though richly inlaid with silver, according to the fancy or wealth of the possessor.

"Medals, resembling those struck by the beggars in their bonnets, were worn as a badge;* and the Gueux penny, as it was called—a gold or silver coin—was hung from the neck, bearing on one side the effigy of Philip, with the inscription, *Fideles au roi*, and on the other two hands grasping a beggar's wallet (Fig. 11),

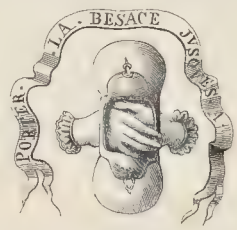


Fig. 11

with this for the legend, *Jusques à porter la besace*, 'Faithful to the king, even to carrying the wallet.' Even the garments of the mendicants were affected by the confederates, who used them as a substitute for their family liveries; and troops of their retainers, clad in the ash-grey habiliments of the begging friars, might be seen in the streets of Brussels and the other cities of the Netherlands." †

GRANVELD ANTONIE PERENOTS, CARDINAL DE,‡ 1586. "Endure,"§ a ship beaten by the waves (Fig. 12). Motto, *Durate*, from



Fig. 12.

the Æneid, when Æneas, in the act of being shipwrecked, through the instrumentality of his enemy, Juno, addresses a consolatory speech to his companions, which concludes, *Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.*

"Endure the hardships of the present state:
Live and reserve yourselves for better fate."
DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

Hold out and preserve yourselves for more prosperous circumstances. The hope of better times is the strongest argument that can be used to inspirit the drooping resolution.

We introduce into this chapter an anecdote of this celebrated minister, suggested by the story told in Plutarch of Sciluruo calling his eighty sons on his death-bed, and giving them a bundle of arrows to break, which is identical with Æsop's fable of the old man and the bunch of sticks.

"It was at this time that, at a banquet at which many of the Flemish nobles were present, the talk fell on the expensive habits of the aristocracy, especially as shown in the number and dress of their domestics. It was the custom of many to wear showy and costly liveries, intimating by the colours the family to which they belonged. Granvelle had set an example of this kind of ostentation. It was proposed to regulate their apparel by a more modest and uniform standard. The lot fell on Egmont to devise some suitable livery, of the simple kind used by the Germans. He proposed a dark grey habit, which, instead of the aiguillettes commonly suspended from the shoulders, should have flat pieces of cloth, embroidered with the figure of a head and a fool's cap. The head was made marvellously like the cardinal, and the cap, being red, was thought to bear much resemblance to a cardinal's hat. This was enough. The dress was received with acclamation. The nobles instantly clad their retainers in the new livery, which had the advantage of greater economy. It became the badge of party. The tailors of Brussels could not find time to supply their customers. Instead of being confined to Granvelle, the heads occasionally bore the features of Arschot, Aremberg, or Viglius, the cardinal's friends. The duchess at first laughed at the jest, and even sent some specimens of the embroidery to Philip. But Granvelle looked more gravely on the matter, declared it an insult to the government, and the king interfered to have the device given up. This was not easy, from the extent to which it had been adopted. But Margaret at length succeeded in persuading the lords to take another, not personal in its nature. The substitute was a sheaf of arrows. Even this was found to have an offensive application, as it intimated the league of the nobles. It was the origin, it is said, of the device afterwards assumed by the Seven United Provinces."

MOWBRAY.—THOMAS DE MOWBRAY, first Duke of Norfolk, the fated rival of Henry of Lancaster, is described at the combat at Coventry as entering the lists, his horse barded with crimson velvet, richly embroidered with lions of silver and mulberry trees, the rebus of Mowbray, his surname.* The blanch lion appears on the helmet, placed over his tomb at St. Mark's, Venice.

NEVILL: BARONS NEVILL OF RABY, EARLS OF WESTMORELAND.—The dun bull and the silver saltire (Fig. 13) were the



Fig. 13.

badges of the great family of Nevill, which with the Percys divided the supremacy of the north.

* Sandford.

* No. 3451. "A small oval badge, silver gilt, with portrait of Philip II., of Spain, and the legend, *En tout fidelles au Roy*; and on the reverse, two united hands, and two beggar's wallets, with the legend, *Jusques à porter la Besace.*"—*Bernal Catalogue.*

† Prescott's "Philip II.," vol. ii., 14.

‡ The skilful minister of Charles V., and Philip II., associated with Margaret of Parma in the government of the Low Countries, until superseded by the Duke of Alou, a Burgundian by birth. He was of the family of Plantin, the celebrated printer of Antwerp, a patron of letters and a collector of paintings, books, and MSS.

§ "Endure and conquer, Jove will soon dispose
To future good our past and present woes."
DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

ROBERT NEVILL, one of the barons of Henry III., is described:—

"Upon his surcoat valiant Nevelle bore
A silver saltire upon martial red."
DRAYTON, *Baron's War.*

RALPH, the great and first Earl of Westmoreland, elevated to the earldom by King Richard II., is buried with his two wives at Staindrop Church, Durham, and under his head is a helmet bearing a bull's head, and on his surcoat is the saltire.

CHARLES, sixth Earl, joined the Earl of Northumberland in the great insurrection, 1569, called "the Rising of the North," brought about by a negociation between some of the Scottish and English nobility to effect a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, then a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk. The affair coming to Queen Elizabeth's knowledge, Northumberland was executed at York. Westmoreland escaped to Scotland, and subsequently to the Netherlands, where he lived to an advanced age "meanly and miserably," and his immense possessions in York and Durham became forfeited to the crown.

The Westmoreland banner is often described in ballads relative to this insurrection:—

"Lord Westmoreland his ancyent raysde,
The dun bull, he rays'd on hye,
And three doge,* with golden collars,
Were there set out most royallye."
Rising of the North Countrie.

And again:—

"Now spread thy ancyent, Westmorland,
The dun bull faine would we spye:
And thou, th' Erle of Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.

"But the dun bull is fled and gone,
And the halfe moone vanished away:
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay."
The Rising of the North.

Bishop Percy quotes another ballad:—

"Sette me up my faire Dun Bull
With the Golden Hornes, hee beares soe hye."

The epithet of this family is "The noble Nevills." On a ceiling at Brancepeth, the stronghold of the Nevills in time of war, as Raby was their festive hall in time of peace, is the motto *Moys*, or *Men's Droyte*, and *Ou je tiens ferme*, the ancient motto, replaced in later times by the punning *Ne vile velis*, "Incline to nothing base," "Form no mean wish," which was altered by the Fanes to *Ne vile fano*, "Bring nothing base to the temple."

NEVILL: LORD BERGAVENNY (now Abergavenny).—Two staples interlaced, the one



Fig. 14.

gold, the other silver. Also a fret gold, derived from the Le Despencers.

On an old monument in Mereworth, Kent, is the Abergavenny shield with quarterings, having on one side the badge of the staple, on the other the fret.

The standard of Sir George Neville, Lord Bergavenny, the companion in arms of Henry VIII. in his French wars, is *semée* of double staples, with the motto, *Tenir promesse vient de noblesse.*"

* Greyhounds.

Lord Abergavenny bears at the end of the chain of the bulls which support his arms, two gold staples. He also has on the right of his escutcheon a red rose, placed there by Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, the King Maker, in token of his adherence to the house of Lancaster. On the left side Lord Abergavenny has a golden portcullis badge, to show his descent from the house of Beaufort.

Two other badges belong to the Nevills, a sable galley (Fig. 14), with sails furled, in allusion to their Norman ancestor who held the office of Admiral, from whom probably they also derive the buoy (Fig. 15).



Fig. 15.

OGLE. A slip of oak with golden acorns (Fig. 16). The upper half of a rose-argent, rayonnated below (Fig. 17).



Fig. 16.

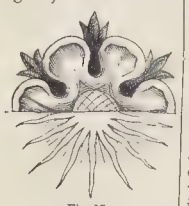


Fig. 17.

These badges are now used by the Duke of Portland, eldest co-heir of the barony of Ogle. They were painted on the hatchment of the late Duke.

PARR. Baron Parr of Rendal.

A maiden's head was the badge of Sir William Parr, K.G., one of the strong adherents of King Edward IV. The same, issuing from a red and white rose, has the badge of his grand-daughter, Queen Catherine Parr.

A tuft of daisies (Fig. 18), derived by marriage from Ross of Kendal.



Fig. 18.

PECHE, SIR JOHN, Kt.—The most splendid among the knights of the Court of King Henry VIII., at whose coronation he was captain of the King's body-guard, a corps so expensively dressed as to cause it to be of short duration. Sir John was using the gallant train at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and tradition records the visit of his royal master to his seat at Lullingstone in Kent. His remains repose in the church. On the spandrils of the tomb and on the monument itself are the rebus of his name—peaches inscribed with the letter E. His motto, "*Prest à faire*," and his arms encircled by a wreath of peaches.*

The same badge is upon his standard.

PELHAM.—A buckle. This family, now represented by the Earl of Chichester, bear, as a quartering, gules, two demi-belts pale-ways, the buckles in chief argent, an augmentation granted to the family in the seventeenth century, but they had long borne the buckle (Fig. 19) as a badge, and occasionally as a crest, together with a cage (Fig. 20)



Fig. 19.

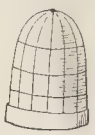


Fig. 20.

in commemoration of the capture of John, King of France, at Poictiers, by Sir John de Pelham, conjointly with Sir Roger la Warr, as already related (Sir Dela Warr). This buckle of a belt was sometimes used by his descendants as a seal manual, and at others, on each side of a cage emblem of the captivity of the King of France.

No badge, says Lower, has been of more various applications than the Pelham buckle. It occurs on the ecclesiastical buildings of which the family were either the founders or benefactors, on the architectural ornament of their mansions, on their ancient seals, as the sign of an inn, and among the more humble uses to which the buckle has been applied, may be mentioned the decoration of the cast-iron chimney-backs in the farmhouses on the estate, the embellishments of milestones, and even the marking of sheep. Throughout the whole part of eastern Sussex, over which the Pelham influence extends, there is no household word more familiar than the Pelham buckle.*

* Stothard.

* LOWER. The badge is also used by the Duke of Newcastle.

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

ALTHOUGH the building on the "Champ de Mars" is only beginning to indicate arrangements for the purposes of its construction, there can be no doubt that all will be ready there by the 1st of April, when the exhibition will, it is said, be opened. It is not improbable, however, that the day will be postponed, and that the inauguration will not take place until the traditional first of May. For many reasons the change will be beneficial. The turmoil that, for many months, affected Europe cannot but have retarded the progress of the manufacturers of the German kingdoms and states; indeed, those of France, being by no means assured that peace would so soon follow war, had deferred active preparations; and the Emperor will have more than a rational excuse for giving another month to contributors "all over the world"—to whom it will be a boon of magnitude.

Meanwhile, the Commission is working eagerly and zealously to have all ready in time. M. LE PLAY, who is at the head, is giving very general satisfaction. There are complaints everywhere—as usual—with regard to the allotments of space. They were universal in England, in 1851 and 1862; and we imagine so it would be if the acres allocated were doubled, and the Champ de Mars were as large as the Bois de Boulogne.

The Commission seems resolved that the

exhibition shall not be unproductive in a monetary sense. They are making huge financial bargains with all persons who are speculators for gain. Some of these appear so enormous as to induce belief that although on the one side there will be profit, on the other there must be loss. A sum of twenty thousand pounds is to be paid by M. Dentu, the well-known publisher of the *Palais Royal*, for the exclusive right to issue the official catalogues. There will be of course a catalogue to cost a franc; but there will be also a descriptive catalogue issued in parts; hence, no doubt, he anticipates a return that will justify the speculation. As far as we can understand, there will be no attempt to produce an *illustrated catalogue* in France. Certainly at present there are no preparations for any such work; probably the necessary cost of such a production will deter M. Dentu; possibly, also (we are justified in the surmise), he is aware that he is not likely to produce one of greater excellence, or more comprehensive in character, than that we have announced in association with the *Art-Journal*—prospectuses of which have been extensively circulated, not only in France, but in the several countries of the Continent. Under any circumstances, M. Dentu has paid a liberal price for his privilege; and we trust his project will be prosperous and profitable.

A still more startling fact is this; no less a sum than one hundred thousand pounds will be paid by an associated company for the right to advertise on *all the walls* of the building. How that speculation is to pay it would be difficult to conceive. No doubt, however, the parties to the treaty know what they are about; and we understand a fifth of the contract has been taken by an English adventurer.

Even more astounding it is to learn that a sum of eight thousand pounds will be paid for the license to build a series of "retiring rooms," independent of those to which the mere public will have access.

If the arrangements for refreshment rooms, restaurants, cafés, &c. &c., are munificent in proportion, an enormous sum will be obtained previous to the opening that must secure the undertaking from peril of loss, especially when it is considered that every exhibitor pays a stipulated rent for the space he is to occupy; and that the charges for admission, on reserved days and on special occasions, and for "season tickets," are high.

There can be no question that THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION will very far surpass its predecessors in France and in England. Not only with reference to its vast and numerous ramifications, and the singular novelties to be introduced, but with regard to the objects of Art and Art-manufacture that will be transmitted from all parts of the world. Prussia and Saxony and Bavaria may make a less brilliant display than in 1862, and possibly Austria may withdraw altogether from it, as a *national* effort; but France will go far beyond what she has hitherto done. The national jealousy has been roused; a spirit of emulation excited; and every manufacturer in the empire seems resolved to do his best. We have no fear for England in the coming contest of Peace. The most prominent of our provinces are making preparations for the struggle; and, of a surety, our honour will be upheld; although we do not think it likely that the contributions of any of the British exhibitors will exceed in excellence those of 1862.

Our observations apply only to the gathering of the works of manufacturers; in pure Art, we apprehend the exhibition will fall short of that of 1855. In France, even more than in England, there is an indisposition to part, for so long a time, with pictures that are the adornments of private houses; and no very long period has elapsed since the artists universally were represented by their works. Twelve years is not an age; many of the great men of the world have left it, and their places have not been adequately supplied.

On the whole, however, we are sure the Universal Exhibition will be by no means a disappointment. France, as we have intimated, is resolved to outdo herself, to maintain her unquestionable right to supremacy in all, or nearly all, the productions of manufacture into which Art enters. There is a general disposition to invite competition, and to rejoice when it is honourable to both sides; a willingness to teach as well as to learn; while there is manifested by all "the authorities" a liberal and enlightened policy that cannot but exercise beneficial influence, and illustrate the wisdom as well as the grandeur of Peace.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Emperor will be in health during the year 1867, for on his personal influence much of the issue must depend.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

CANADA.—Mr. W. Raphael's painting, of which mention was made in the *Art-Journal* for October, has been sent to Glasgow; if not disposed of in that city, it will be forwarded to London. Lovers of the Fine Arts will thereby have an opportunity of seeing a good Canadian production, and, at the same time, a graphic representation of a scene in rear of the Bonsecour Market and Church, Montreal, together with the St. Lawrence River, and part of St. Helen's Island. We may here state that the same artist has just completed another picture, entitled 'The Fortune Teller.' It carries us back to "long, long ago;" and sets us down in a wood situated near an old castle, a glimpse of which may be had through the trees. In the foreground are an elderly man and his family, who are having the future unveiled to them by a gipsy fortune-teller, several of whose companions, in a variety of attitudes, are standing around. The picture displays considerable genius, and speaks well for the artist.—Mr. A. Vogt, the "Canadian Landseer," is certainly a very promising young artist. His latest production is a composition picture of size, combining landscape and cattle, which has won the admiration of even our severest connoisseurs. When viewing such excellent home-productions, one is tempted to look forward to the time, when in the Fine Arts we may see

> "(Canada) conscious of her claim,
> Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame."

—The architects and contractors of Montreal contemplate erecting a monument in Mount Royal Cemetery, to the memory of the late Frederick Lawford, Esq., Architect, as a tribute of the respect in which his character was universally held.—Government has granted nine months' leave of absence to the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, in order that he may visit Europe to recruit his health, and, at the same time, take measures for the improvement of the Upper Canada educational system. Among other objects he has in view, he is to add to the collection of models and works of Art for the proposed Provincial Schools of Art and Design, and to engage the services of a properly qualified master from the graduates of the Governmental Schools of Art and Design in England, to take charge of the same.

CAPE TOWN.—A new building for the School of Art has been opened in this town.

SELECTED PICTURES.

IN THE COLLECTION OF JOHN GRAHAM, ESQ., SKELMORLIE CASTLE, LARGS, NEAR GREENOCK.

THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

T. Webster, R.A., Painter. G. Greatbach, Engraver.

PAINTERS, both modern and those whom we are accustomed to designate as the "old masters," are and have been often known to change, as they advance in practice, their subjects, if not their style of work; sometimes we find them doing both. Mr. Webster seems to have marked out for himself at the very commencement of his career one especial class of subject, and he has continued it, the only variation being an increase of excellence in treatment as his powers became more and more matured. The pictures he painted thirty years ago are the same in purpose and character as those he produces at the present day. Time may have "thinned his flowing hair," but it has not rendered him an hour older in his Art-feeling, nor abated one jot of his sympathy with the scenes and circumstances of boyhood. Mr. Webster's Art is always young.

Though this is a comparatively early picture—it was exhibited at the Academy in 1838—the artist had already achieved considerable notoriety by the works he had previously sent out from his studio; but in almost every instance they were of a more humorous character than 'The Breakfast-Table.' In this composition we have a simple domestic scene—the interior of an old-fashioned country-house, it may be a farmhouse, though its occupants scarcely seem to belong to the strictly agricultural class. Three generations are seated round the homely-furnished table on which the morning meal is spread. First, there is the old couple; the grandfather has on his knee the youngest child, who holds in its hands a slice of bread, which the old man is covering with some dainty, to the evident disturbance—real or assumed, but more probably the latter—of his venerable wife. The little one, however, is undoubtedly the pet of the family, and grandfather's offence will be readily condoned, even by his son, the stalwart man whose attention has been diverted from his business of "cutting bread and butter" to watch what is taking place by the fireside. His wife—now a staid matron—is preparing for her husband and the old folks the "cup that cheers but not inebriates," and two girls are busy discussing the contents of their basins of porridge, or of bread and milk; a puppy by the side of one of these children seems very desirous of sharing the meal with her, and in all probability will come in for a morsel or two. As for the boys, one has finished his breakfast, and is packing up his school-bag, preparatory to his early departure; the other is, apparently, still as hungry as when he rose from his bed; he has not yet learned his lesson, and his mother, like a sensible woman, the head of a well-ordered family, has given him to understand that till he has mastered his task there will be no breakfast for him: and so he stands moodily, and with no very agreeable expression of face, leaning against the wall, his thoughts more intent upon what ministers to the bodily wants than upon his book.

The story of 'The Breakfast-Table' is told in a very simple and truthful manner, without any embellishment of extraneous matter. The picture is of considerable size, and is painted with great care and solidity.



DAVID RAMSAY HAY, THE MATHEMATICIAN OF TASTE.

"At 7, Jordan Bank, Edinburgh, on the 10th of Sept., D. R. Hay, Esq., aged 68. Friends are requested to accept of this intimation." It was with poignant grief we read this announcement that a self-made man and true philosopher had passed away. We remember the days and nights at that very Jordan Bank, where men, like William and Robert Chambers, Leitch and Handyside Ritchie (not brothers), Sheriff Gordon, Professors Goodsir, Kelland, and Donaldson, the late George Wilson, and his brother, Daniel Wilson, James Ballantine, P. S. Fraser, and the wits of Edinburgh were at all times sure of being found assembled along with any visiting celebrities that might, for the time, have been found thrown up on the waves of chance; and where the talk always verged with rapid freedom "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." We remember the wonder and amazement of the learned sheriff when informed by the present writer, then but a fledgling *protegé* of the genial host, that Dysart (a coast town in Fife) had once been an emporium of Scottish commerce. "I know Dysart very well," said the sheriff comically, "but I never heard it called an Emporium." "Oh, sheriff," was the retort, "I noticed an *immense* emporium in your own jurisdiction, yesterday, at the Netherbow Port, just under Adam and Eve;* and it was *a rag-store*." Again, when P. S. Fraser, to astonish a Swedish professor, sang "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch," the professor listened with rapturous delight to it; but when called upon for his opinion of Scotch songs in general, and that one in particular, answered that it was "all very goot, but ze zingar have omitted ze best verze." "What verse?" asked Fraser in amazement; "Oh, ze very best—mine vife, a Scotch ladie, and she always sing—

> 'I wat she was a canty quean,
> Weel could she dance ze Hieland walloch,
> How happy I had she been mine,
> Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!'"

And Mr. Fraser *had* omitted it, and sat corrected. It was, we believe, the self-same evening that a grandson and representative of the celebrated Bishop Watson, the apologist of the Bible, being present, together with several leading members of the great Edinburgh Whig party, it was thought only right, although some of us were of Dr. Johnson's opinion, perhaps, concerning the origin of Whigs, to propose the young gentleman's health as a worthy descendant of the Whig Bishop. His reply was given in the Dundreary style, just then becoming fashionable —"Gentlemen, I *am* a wig—by all my twadwitions a wig," &c. We could go on *ad infinitum* with these reminiscences of the evenings at Jordan Bank, more especially Mr. Hay's own racy anecdotes—his travels in Ireland—how the beggars of Ennis sold him a baby, and ere they parted with him on the top of the coach, made him pay for its keep—how in Cumberland he was shown a stream of water running up hill—how he corrected Sir Walter Scott himself in emblazoning the shield of the Nesbits, one of the Border Clans at Abbotsford, not with three tortoises "proper" crawling in their shells, but with the real cake of gold with a bit nipped out like a barber's bason, *the* tortoise awarded for each of the three crusades, and indicating that the Nesbits had been in all the three. But we do not intend to touch so much upon the life as on the works of the deceased, relying that some affectionate hand will duly trace his instructive career from the time when David Roberts, R.A., and he were "printers' devils" together in Ballantine's printing-house to the time when Sir Walter Scott took him by the hand, placed him as an Art-Student in "The Trustees' Academy" at Edinburgh, told him that as a common limner he *might* succeed to eminence, but that, as an artistic decorator he might, as he did, make an ample fortune, Sir Walter himself paving the way to it by entrusting him with the decorations of Abbotsford, many of which are the work of Mr. Hay's own hands, for he was not only the most industrious, but the best man of business among the tradesmen of Edinburgh.

Somewhat in contrast to the philosophical severity of what follows we have prefaced the present notice with such pleasant memories; and instinctively will these and similar recollections pass before all who knew the late D. R. Hay, and the surroundings with which he loved to associate himself in his luxurious villa home. Perhaps they will not be deemed inappropriate when we add that ever philosophical in his turn of mind, Mr. Hay himself never failed to conjure up and descant upon his favourite topics of harmony and taste. And amidst all the undoubted enjoyments that prevailed, a tone was invariably imparted to these occasions which told that paramount over all was Mr. Hay's own peculiar philosophy. A reviewer, indeed, once arrived at the conclusion that his name would some day be hailed as that of a great discoverer who had drawn together the boundaries of physical and metaphysical facts—the modern Pythagoras, in short, who, if he had not compassed the harmony of the spheres, had extracted and defined the subtle elements of earthly beauty and tendered a mathematical definition of them which could be grasped by the eye as well as the understanding. As the author of nearly thirty volumes devoted to establish scientific principles in Art, Mr. Hay has left behind him a whole library of æsthetics; but as his works may not necessarily fall within the reach of every one, we would propose to indicate briefly the principles he has developed.

There is one thing observable in this present age. No mere speculation in science runs a chance of acceptance. We prefer mathematical certainty to metaphysical doubt; the boast of the age is physical research—everything, even the *spectrum analysis*, and the Atlantic cable, must now stand or fall by its facts. The age of dreams is past (with exception, perhaps, of President Grove's dream of continuity of the sciences at Nottingham), that of realities has arrived. The Avatar of a New Baconian impulse seems to have come over the spirit of inductive knowledge. It has taken a long time to accomplish, but at length, instead of multiplying subtleties we are carefully ascertaining truths; and results are appreciated in proportion only as they appear tangible. How far back this inquiry dates from its commencement may be judged by a quotation:—

> "Now then," says one of the earliest disciples of physics, "this whole controversy is reduced to the alteration which the logic and physics of the ancients may receive by this change. As for their metaphysics, they scarce deserve to have place allowed them in this consideration. Nor does that prevail with me which the lovers of that *cloudy knowledge* are wont to boast, that it is an excellent instrument to refine and make subtle the minds of men. For there may be a greater excess in the subtlety of men's wits than in their thickness, as we see those threads which are too fine aspinning are found to be more useless than those which are homespun and gross."—*Bishop Sprat's History of the Royal Society—Preface.*

Yet it is not altogether the old battle betwixt the followers of Aristotle and those of Plato that nowadays excites the world as it used to animate the schoolmen combatants. Those sects and factions were forgotten early in our day; for the enlightened research of modern philosophy can boast of the power to press Plato himself, to say nothing of Aristotle, into the service of physical investigation. A science may be conceived, in which, when all merely practical considerations have been exhausted, the pervading principle and key-note may be found beyond, in the region of abstract thought. Many recent writers on the beautiful have striven to penetrate thus far, with what success the world is well aware. It was Mr. D. R. Hay, however, that led and showed the way.

These things are all the more remarkable since it is too true, in consonance with Professor Huxley's complaint at Nottingham, that general education is scarcely keeping pace with scientific discovery and philosophical advancement. The provisions for public instruction in physics are totally inadequate to the requirements of the time; and either we must soon calculate on receding as fast as we advance in knowledge, or steps must be adopted toward a *novum organum*—steps to supplant by a new and methodical organisation the present haphazard sources of investigation—those mere impulsive and personal predilections that guide the scientific inquirer as it were by accident and not by design, and alone create our existing irregular army of scientific volunteers. The standards of our university education are by no means low. But in despite of recent attempts to multiply new colleges or remodel old, to provide professorships, and institute "physical sciences, tripos"—the education itself is limited in its range. The *most* educated are hardly enough enlightened to perceive that while the walls of separation have been already thrown down betwixt many of the sciences and their "continuity," as Mr. Grove calls it, established, there are still more of them capable of being fraternised, and Aristotle may be made to embrace Plato on a platform of blended investigation where principle will not upbraid practice, but, on the contrary, practice will only elucidate principle. Thus, in place of the old empirical attempts with which reason never mingled, the conventionalities of reasoning which tradition sanctioned, no one knew why; instead even of glittering fragments of astonishing revelations derived, like the theory of gravitation itself, from casual accident or experiment; abstract rules and laws really elementary—the new allies of general investigation—begin to afford steady lights to guide, and hints to rectify experimental inquiry. There is neither mysticism nor transcendentalism in these remarks. They tell of our undoubted progress towards an enlarged, but systematic development of truth.

Already has exact science made its essay, along with the doctrine of final causes, in defining that most permanent in type and least constant in form of all the rules of natural science, the law of development in animal life. The union has, perhaps, been unequal; for biological science, which includes physiology, anatomy, and final causes, has disclosed much, and mathematical science as yet but little. It is twenty years since Professor Moseley, in a paper in the "Philosophical Transactions," known only to a few mathematicians as embodying a curious and singular suggestion, propounded from an investigation of the shells of molluscous animals, the geometrical law of a force which reduced itself to the known spiral form of the logarithmic curve. By bringing forward that solitary exemplar of a development lying within the scope of precise calculation, he not only left it to be hoped that the true development of every other form of animated nature lay also within the compass of laws capable of mathematical expression and subject to numerical valuation; but he actually affirmed the moral certainty of all such truths being sooner or later discovered and explained. It is in reference to Mr. D. R. Hay's contributions towards this result that we would more especially wish to exhibit the nature and tendency of his philosophical labours.

The geometry of the human figure, particularly that of the human head, which seems naturally to resolve into globular forms beneath the most casual glance, appears to promise the first rewards of research in this direction; and it was here that Mr. Hay most successfully pushed his inquiries, thinking it not improbable that he might obtain the co-operation of natural philosophers in bringing out that necessarily complex geometry * of forms existing in nature, and manifested in obedience to express laws and forces. Proceeding, however, as an artist rather than a naturalist, having taste for his topic, and *perfect* ideal beauty for his object, it was thus that, notwithstanding any intricate composition of curves the *imperfect* beauty of nature might present, Mr. Hay descried the possibility of simpler rules, and, in fact, elementary laws existing sufficient to define the outlines of that ideal *towards* which all natural beauty tends, but *to* which it never altogether attains. Here, then,

* Well-known Roman medallions inserted in a house-front, opposite John Knox's corner.

* It seems absurd to use the word "geometry" as applied to the human head and figure, instead of to the earth from which they sprung: yet "mensuration" would not do.

the practical artist rather than the lover of nature helped him out in his proposition, and illustrated by the creations of Art the principles he assumed to have reached. It is thus that in his numerous works Mr. Hay takes a conclusive appeal from living Art to the almost fabulous excellence of Greek antiquity. He applied, in fact, the spheroidal and oblate spheroidal figures produced by the revolutions of a circle and ellipse, inscribing triangles representative of his ratios of proportion, to the reputed fragments of Lysippus, Praxiteles, and Phidias, or other antique models of the best Art of Greece; and he held that whilst the result has furnished the artistical geometry of the human head, the rules on which these artists proceeded must have been known to antiquity, though lost to us; nay, that they could not have been materially different from certain facts rendered mystic to the uninitiated by the cabalistic numbers of Pythagoras, and "caviare to the general," by the sublime rhapsodies of Plato. They imparted to the old Greek Art its unique type of undeviating ideal beauty, never again surpassed by the hand of man.*

W. Wallace Fyfe.

OBITUARY.

HENRY CHAWNER SHENTON.

The old school of line-engravers is being rapidly thinned in its ranks. Mr. Shenton, one of the few survivors of those who earned a reputation more than a quarter of a century ago, died suddenly on the 15th of September, at his residence at Camden Town. In the palmy days of the "Annuals" he did good service with his graver for these much-coveted little volumes, but his largest and most important plates are 'The Stray Kitten,' after W. Collins, R.A.; 'A Day's Sport in the Highlands,' after A. Cooper, R.A.; 'The Hermit,' after A. Fraser; 'The Loan of a Bite,' after W. Mulready, R.A.; 'The Tired Huntsman,' from the picture by C. Landseer, R.A.; 'The Death of Cœur de Lion,' from the picture by J. Cross; and 'The Labour for Love,' after T. R. Dicksee: the three last-mentioned plates were engraved for the Art-Union of London. For our series of plates from the Vernon Gallery, he engraved 'Country Cousins,' after the picture by R. Redgrave, R.A.; and he also carried towards completion 'The Death of Cleopatra,' by Guido, in the Royal Collection; but owing to a failure of sight, an affliction which entirely prevented him during the later years of his life from working at his profession, we put this plate into the hands of Mr. H. Bourne to finish. 'The Labour of Love' was also completed by another hand, owing to Mr. Shenton's indisposition.

He was born at Winchester in 1803, and studied his art under Charles Warren, whose daughter he married. Warren was an excellent engraver, whose talent was chiefly employed in small book-plates. Warren, who died in 1823, was, we believe, one of the earliest engravers who worked on steel for Fine Art plates.

HENRY TELBIN.

The newspapers have reported the untimely death, on the 5th of September, of this promising young artist, son of the well-known scene-painter. He was out sketching on a lofty rock near Grütli, in Switzerland, when his foot slipped, as he attempted to resume the seat from which he had risen, and he was precipitated over the edge into the lake below.

* To be continued.

OUR PUBLIC STATUES.

It is not long since Chantrey's statue of George IV. in Trafalgar Square was cleaned so as to restore the proper colour of the bronze; and it is fair to suppose that this proceeding was then intended as the beginning of a course of purgation to be extended to all the figures in the Square. But as the cleansing has not been continued, it was, perhaps, meant to be limited to this single instance, as preparatory to some process to be employed with a view to the preservation of the colour of the metal. It can scarcely be believed that the statue was scoured without some ulterior purpose, as it is well-known that an out-door exposure of two or three years suffices to blacken our bronzes. If any process supplementary to the cleaning were contemplated, it does not appear to have been effected; or if it has, it has proved useless, for the statue will soon be as black as ever. The state of our public sculptures is disreputable; any means therefore that would secure to them permanently some semblance of the metal of which they are composed, would be so much to place to the credit of national taste. Of the demerits of some of these works, enough has already been said; so much indeed it were perhaps better that certain of them should be left in the dark. We are not of the "medicine men" who satisfy themselves and console others with the assurance that our climate alone is in fault—so bad that its consumption of the flesh is even surpassed by its consumption of metal. The condition of all our bronzes, as compared with that of similar works in some foreign cities, suggests inquiry as to the material of which the former are composed, rather than prompts a condemnation of the climate to which they are exposed. If we look for a standard of the appearance which statuary metal should present after lengthened exposure, we find it in the figure of James II. in Whitehall Gardens, which was cast about 1686. It is not necessary to inquire whether this statue has ever been cleaned, since it is evident that its colour is the settled hue of the metal independently of climate. Most of us remember the erection in Trafalgar Square of the last statues placed there, and some of us can recall the erection of the earliest. On their first appearance they were of course as clean as coin of the newest mintage, but the lapse of a few years was enough to supersede their lustre by that opaque oxidation which frequently assumes the appearance of a sooty efflorescence. A comparison between these works and that at Whitehall shows without question that the latter is formed of a metal fitter for its purpose than that of which the former are made. We may, indeed, go the length of saying that the bronzes generally of any antecedent time are superior to those of modern date; but this preference will not include the statue of Charles I., which makes no better appearance than those constituted of the basest metal. Both horse and rider were, we believe, found on examination, some years since, to be in an advanced state of decay, caused probably by the indifferent material of which they were formed. It would be instructive to know the qualities employed in the composition of the bronze at Whitehall, but they cannot depart far from a common formula, such as, copper 88 parts, tin 9, zinc 2, and lead 1. This, we believe, is not absolute—if we knew the composition of many beautiful specimens; that of the statue of Louis XV., for instance, is copper 82½, tin 5, zinc 10½, and lead 2. We know not the quantities of which our public memorials consist, but if it is a creditable property of a composition that it look like bronze, then our statues which do not look like bronze would appear no worse, but better, if they were made of cast iron. That of Canning facing the Houses of Parliament is perfectly black; that of Peel in Cheapside is equally so—between this and the iron fencing round St. Paul's there is not that difference in colour which ought, to the eye, to distinguish bronze from painted iron, but the latter has the advantage of a cleaner appearance than the former; hence if it be an inexorable condition of our public sculpture that it be black—it were better that it were of iron, which yields a much finer cast than copper, and would be free from the sooty oxide that seems to lie in flakes on all our public works.

But we have the alternative of good metal; for it cannot be believed that the composition of any of our statues approaches either of the formula above mentioned, and if one of them had been erected in any Italian piazza, the result would have been the same as that we now lament. On the other hand, had Cellini's Perseus or Gian Bologna's Mercury been set up in Trafalgar Square, either of them would have preserved its bronze face as well as the statue in Whitehall Gardens.

The use of military metal for our sculpture has been unfortunate. On the carriage of the mortar in St. James's Park we read that it was cast at Woolwich; but it is evidently composed of a metal very inferior to that of the gun itself, and the latter does not look like standard bronze. The Achilles in Hyde Park is gun metal; and so is the Havelock, and, we believe, also the Napier, both in Trafalgar Square. To attribute the "black death" of our public sculpture to climatic mischief is not enough. Sculptors, it is to be feared, are not generally sufficiently careful with respect to the composition of the metal in which their works are to be cast. We are aware, indeed, of one or two instances of, we may say, recklessness as to the quality of the so-called bronze; and the appearance of many induces the belief that the material in other cases has not been sufficiently cared for, and this persuasion is justified, not only by the appearance of these works, but by the converse state of small pieces (*parva componere magnis*) of ornamental bronze distributed in various parts of London, which have, under long exposure, retained the surface and appearance of a material compounded, either approximately or strictly, according to the standard formula. To refer to the reproductions of Italian bronzes in the South Kensington museum, it is only necessary to look at the modelling to be convinced that it bespeaks the condition of these works to be yet sharp, fresh, and clean, even after centuries of exposure. This remark will of course be met by an objection based on the fitness of the climate for the preservation of such productions; but this demurrer cannot be admitted until it is shown that our composition is identical with that of the Italian metal.

Without further reference to foreign examples, our desire is to point attention to the discreditable state of our own monuments; to suggest that something in the way of a revival of their colour be attempted, and if possible maintained; and that in all future public works the amalgam should be known. These remarks are prompted by the deferred hope that "something" was to follow the cleansing of the statue of George IV., and perhaps the expectation of such a project is not visionary. There are certain well-known fluid compounds which resist moisture, and set with a surface like transparent enamel. One application of such a solution would probably, for a period of twelve or fifteen years, secure a statue from becoming black, and as the cost of the operation would be nothing in comparison with the appearance of value thus given to the figure, we submit, is due to public decency that some attempt be made towards restoration. They are nearly all testimonials of the virtues of eminent men raised by subscription of their admiring fellow-countrymen. This is very well, but to give effect to these projects, their execution has been usually confided to a committee, the members of which find themselves for the first time in their lives involved in the intricacies of an Art-question, and hence those tears which will never cease to flow until we have changed all that. We may finally offer a suggestion or two, for the proposition of which ample grounds could be given. No material should in future be employed for statues of which the amalgam is not precisely known, and it should be stipulated that the artist or some skilled person has at all times, during the preparations and the castings, access to the foundry.

MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. X.—E. VERBOECKHOVEN. C. TSCHAGGENY. L. VAN KUYCK.

IT is only to repeat a remark we have often made, when we say that the Art of a country generally takes its tone from the manners, customs, and pursuits of its inhabitants. The works of the old Dutch and Flemish painters are notable examples. Historical Art certainly had its followers in Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, and others; but the majority of their contemporaries and immediate successors drew their inspirations from those things, chiefly, by which they were surrounded. So it is that we recognise Backhuysen and W. Vander Velde in the naval engagements of the Dutch fleets, or "taking notes" of sundry merchant vessels and fishing-boats on the coasts and rivers of Holland; Teniers and Ostade attending village feasts, and lounging about the doors of ale-houses; Gerard Douw, Mieris, Terburg, and others, setting up their easels in the boudoirs of the rich Flemish and Dutch citizens; Ruysdael and Hobbema, Both and Vander Neer sketching in the open fields and the wooded landscape; Paul Potter and Cuyp among the cattle in the pastures; and Berghem transferring to his canvases horsemen refreshing themselves at the roadside inn, cavaliers starting on a hunting expedition, and peasants driving their herds to market or the meadows. The painters of the Netherlands were, chiefly, naturalistic and domestic; ideal and poetical Art was rarely practised by them.

In the Chaussée de Haecht, Shaerbeck, a pleasant locality in the immediate outskirts of Brussels, stands a mansion of considerable pretensions. It is approached by a carriage-way through a small garden and shrubbery, prettily laid out, and flanked by numerous fine trees. The house is the residence of EUGENE VERBOECKHOVEN, whose studio forms part of the building, but has a separate entrance from a lane running down by the side of the front garden; this is an absolute necessity, for the artist has a little menagerie of animals which he makes his "sitters," while his studio is filled with plaster models of heads, limbs, &c., that give it the appearance of a small museum of natural history. These are for the most part his own work, and had M. Verboeckhoven turned his attention to sculpture, he would assuredly have earned a reputation as high as that he has obtained for painting; we saw last year in his studio a lion, sculptured life-size, most vigorous in design, and executed with consummate ability.

He was born in 1799, at Warneton, a small village in Belgium. The works of Ommeganck, a Flemish animal-painter, held in much estimation, who died nearly half a century ago, seem to have influenced his early studies; but he had too much independence to become a mere imitator of any painter, however renowned, and nature had given him talents which enabled him to adopt and maintain a style of his own. Pictures of the class Verboeckhoven produces do not admit of that detailed description which a writer can give to historical and *genre* works; but even a painter of animals need not repeat himself nor his models. A list of some of the subjects this artist has placed on canvas shows how diversified they are:—'Cattle on the Road to Ghent,' 'A Tiger in his Den,' 'Cattle in a Meadow,' 'Deer in a Landscape,' 'Cattle alarmed at a Storm,' 'The Way to the Ford,' 'Deer pursued by a Wolf,' 'Horses attacked by Wolves.' One of his pictures, 'Cattle crossing a Ford,' painted expressly for the *Art-Journal*, was published as an engraving by us a few years since. The enumeration of these few works suffices to show that the artist does not limit his practice to one particular class of animals, as did his great predecessors, Paul Potter and Cuyp, but that his pencil takes in a wide range of animal-life, all of which he treats with equal truth of character and artistic feeling. The landscape portion of his pictures is very meritorious, and often assumes a prominent feature, instead of being made, as is not unfrequently the case with painters of this class, a mere background to the animals. Many years ago he visited Italy, which resulted in the introduction of the scenery of that country into some of his compositions.



Drawn by W. J. Allen. *E. Verboeckhoven, Paxt.* [*Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

A FLEMISH HOMESTEAD.

The picture we here engrave, 'A FLEMISH HOMESTEAD,' is a good example of M. Verboeckhoven's style and manner. The ordinary occupants of a farmyard are arranged with an eye to pictorial effect, and the drawing of the animals is perfectly true. This quality is one of the chief excellences of the painter; it is apparent in the most trivial portions of every work; his thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the animal is most conspicuous; his pencilling is delicate, though his colouring sometimes has too greyish a tone to fully satisfy one accustomed to the brilliancy of our own school. The picture belongs to an English collector, Mr. Teesdale.

The works of this artist have occasionally been seen in the Royal Academy, and more frequently, especially of late, in the French Gallery, Pall Mall. This year, for instance, he exhibited

in the latter rooms five pictures. He is a member of the Antwerp Academy, is an Officer of the Order of Leopold, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Portuguese Order of Christ, and Chevalier of the Order of Merit of Bavaria. In the studio of Verboeckhoven, at Brussels, many painters who have risen to eminence acquired a knowledge of their art; among them Mr. T. Sydney Cooper, A.R.A., C. and E. T'Schaggeny, Francia, the marine painter, and Mr. Adolphus R. Jones, the latter of English descent, and speaking our language as a native, though born in Brussels, and a naturalised Belgian. He paints very much in the manner of his friend and preceptor, in whose atelier we saw him at work. Mr. Jones's pictures are sometimes to be found in the French Gallery; he received a medal at the Brussels exhibition in 1845, and was nominated, in 1860, Chevalier of the Order of Merit of Saxe Coburg.

Among the Belgian painters who, as just stated, studied under M. Verboeckhoven is CHARLES T'SCHAGGENY, born at Brussels in 1815. At the age of twenty-two, he quitted the civil service of the Belgian government, in which he held an appointment, to devote himself to painting. In 1845 he exhibited at Brussels 'The Labourer at Rest,' for which a gold medal was awarded him; the picture was purchased by the late king of the Belgians. In 1848 he came over to England, and resided here nearly two years, in London and at Oxford, receiving in both places numerous commissions for portraits of horses. M. T'Schaggeny exhibited at the Royal Academy two pictures, 'An Episode of the Field of Battle,' and 'The Strawyard.' In the royal collection at Osborne are two paintings by this artist, both of which were engraved for our Journal and published in the series of "Royal Pictures." The first was 'The Harvest Field,' exhibited at Brussels in 1851, where it procured for its author the decoration of a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. Among the contributions to the Dublin Industrial and Fine Arts Exhibition of 1853, it was there seen and purchased by the Queen. The second, a capital picture of its class, is called 'The Cow Doctor.'

Though T'Schaggeny has sometimes introduced other animals into his pictures, the horse is his "speciality;" but it is almost invariably accompanied by figures, which give to the composition a higher character than it would otherwise assume, for these figures do not, generally, occupy a subordinate place; they sometimes are important adjuncts to the rest of the subject, and



Drawn by W. J. Allen. *C. T'Schaggeny, Pinxt.* *[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

CHANGING THE PASTURAGE.

sometimes may be strictly looked upon as principals. Several photographic copies of his works are before us which exemplify the truth of these remarks. 'The Harvest Field,' differing from that just referred to; a loaded waggon, on which the labourers are piling the last sheaves; by its side, and in the middle distance, are women and girls gleaning:—'Going to Plough;' the exterior of a stable; by the doorway stand two fine Flemish horses, harnessed; on one of the animals the owner or driver has placed his little boy, to give him "a ride:"—'Going to Market;' a woman leading down hill a horse on which a child is seated among the panniers; another horse, laden, follows quietly in the rear; the landscape is barren of trees, the weather is wintry and windy:—'The Blacksmith's Forge;' here the smith is pulling vigorously at a noble cart-horse unwilling to enter the shop; a boy stands by holding two other horses, both of which are gazing intently on their recusant companion:—'Learning to Plough;' though the soil of Belgium is usually light and friable, the farmers seldom plough with fewer horses than three, which are harnessed abreast, as we find them in this picture; the plough is guided by a young boy, at whose side is a man holding the reins, and apparently giving some instructions to the juvenile rustic. In all these compositions the figures play as prominent a part as the animals, and both are presented with equal power and truth of delineation.

One of the most spirited designs we have seen from the hand of this painter is that we have engraved, 'CHANGING THE PASTURAGE;' excellent in the grouping of the animals, the action of each is natural, and the drawing correct. There is great vigour, too, as well as truth of action in the drawing of the man, who certainly has not learned to restrain his temper under circumstances calculated to excite angry feelings, though the cause here is not quite perspicuous. There are difficulties in the way of representing animals in motion which the artist has not to contend with when they are at rest; but M. T'Schaggeny shows himself able to overcome them. He has been an occasional exhibitor at the French Gallery, and contributed two characteristic pictures to the International Exhibition of 1862, 'A Mail-coach in the Belgian Ardennes,' and 'Smugglers on the Franco-Belgian Frontier.' His brother Edmund has acquired a good reputation by his clever paintings of sheep, to which, so far as our knowledge of his works goes, he limits himself.

Louis Van Kuyck is another Belgian artist who may be classed with the preceding, though differing from either of them. He was born at Antwerp in 1821, and, when a boy, was placed with a watchmaker to learn the business. This employment he followed about four years, when his health failed, and he was recommended by his medical attendant to pass as much time as possible in the country, and especially in the fields. To this it is owing that his vocation in life was changed; for, possessing a taste for drawing, and a love of it, he, while obeying the injunctions of his doctor, indulged his inclinations by sketching in crayon whatever pleased his fancy. A friend of the family seeing some of these youthful drawings—for Van Kuyck was only then about sixteen years of age—advised his parents to let him study Art with a view of making it a profession; and, accordingly, he entered the schools of the Antwerp Academy, then under the direction of Van Bree. After the death of the latter artist, he worked for some time by himself, and, subsequently, in the studio of Baron Wappers, with whom he remained till the baron left Antwerp to reside in Paris.

M. Van Kuyck's earliest works are of the strict *genre* kind. We have, however, never met with any of them. It was quite by chance he quitted this department of Art to adopt that in which he has earned a high reputation in his own country as well as elsewhere on the Continent. One of his friends having made a sketch from nature of the interior of a stable, requested him to complete it. From that sketch he painted a picture, which found its way into the Museum of Munich, where it now is. Its success induced him to devote his talents henceforth to these subjects.

While in the studio of Baron Wappers, Van Kuyck was commissioned by that artist to make a series of drawings for an album for our Queen, who, with the late lamented Prince Consort, had been on a visit to the King of the Belgians. This was in the year 1852. On her return to England, the royal party landed near Terneusen, a village on the right bank of the Scheldt, as the traveller passes down the river, and not far from Antwerp. Her Majesty, on disembarking, got into one of the ordinary carriages used by the country people, and was driven round the environs of the village, alighting once at a small farmhouse, which she entered. The Queen was so pleased with what she saw in and about Terneusen, and with its inhabitants, that she desired to



Drawn by W. J. Allen. *L. Van Kuyck, Pinxt.* *[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

A FLEMISH INN-YARD.

possess some reminiscences of the visit, and expressly desired that the "state-carriage"—one of very primitive and picturesque form—should not be omitted from the series. Baron Wappers, then president of the Belgian Academy, was requested to select some artist to execute her Majesty's wish, and he, knowing Van Kuyck's peculiar fitness for the work, put it into his hands. He related to us an amusing anecdote in connection with this commission. It so happened that when he went to Terneusen to make the sketches, accompanied by his wife and the Belgian consul resident there, they occupied the identical vehicle which her Majesty had used; and the country people, who seemed to have been ignorant of the persons of their former distinguished visitors, mistook Madame Van Kuyck for the Queen, and the artist for the Prince. It required some explanation to undeceive those simple-minded folk.

The selection of a subject as an example of Van Kuyck's pencil has not been easy. As already intimated, the interiors of rural Flemish stables, so picturesquely constructed with their heavy roof-beams and wooden supports; their occupants—horses, and dogs, and poultry, and pigeons; and the men and lads employed about the farm, are now the staple of his compositions. But instead of any of these we prefer giving 'A Flemish Inn-Yard,' because it includes much of what is seen in the others, and is in itself yet more picturesque. The hostelry was sketched in the vicinity of Antwerp. It is one of those quaint old buildings which abound in the country, and which are so appreciated by the artist. A man is "backing" a horse into the shafts of a tilted cart—one of those vehicles used by Belgian farmers to convey produce to market—a process that seems to rivet the attention of sundry lookers-on. The materials of the picture are well put together, and compose very agreeably. We have several of M. Van Kuyck's "stable" subjects before us as we write, all of them showing his skill in drawing the horse, and his taste in "making up" an effective picture. A gold medal was recently awarded to him at the Brussels Exposition for one of these works. In 1864 he exhibited two such subjects in Pall Mall. Van Kuyck is an excellent colourist as well as draftsman.

James Dafforne.

SIGNBOARDS.*

THE custom of employing signs to indicate a particular trade or business may, in all probability, be traced back to a period antecedent to the time of Roman greatness, when it was known to exist, as exemplified by the two illustrations introduced below, copied from the walls of Pompeii. Neither has it been so long discontinued in England as to be beyond the memory of any man who has reached the age of fifty or sixty years. For example: over the door or window of the grocer was suspended a grasshopper, the draper hung out a lamb, a roll of tobacco showed where the noxious or fragrant "weed"—as taste dictates either term—might be obtained; and a black doll was the



WINE MERCHANT.
(Pompeii, A.D. 79.)

attraction of the dealer in marine-stores. The pawnbroker still suspends his three balls, and other trade-signs may even now be met with occasionally. These were, or are, specialities, but the houses of public entertainment must be examined for varied and curious revelations of the subject as set forth by "mine hosts."

Such a task Messrs. Larwood and Hotten have undertaken, and with a result that shows how diligent was their research, and how much historical and antiquarian knowledge has been brought to bear on the subject. "The History of Signboards" is a book singularly entertaining and very far from uninstructive. Landlords of the hostelry or the "public," and the painters of signboards, were frequently odd fellows in the way of business, and evidenced their humour in a most amusing manner. It



SHOEMAKER.
(Herculaneum.)

is sometimes remarked of an indifferent picture that it "would disgrace a signboard," but one does not expect to find a work of Art, worthily so called, meeting us on the highway; yet there are many artists who rose to eminence, whose earliest school of painting was in the shop of the house and sign painter; and even when they have become famous, a whim, or a desire to do an act of kindness, has led them to set their mark, in the form of a picture outside some inn or alehouse in which they had a special interest. Richard Wilson, Hogarth, Morland, Ibbetson, and others, did so; David Cox painted the sign of the "Royal Oak" for his favourite place of resort at Bettws-y-coed; "Old" Crome, of Norwich, painted "The Sawyers," for a house in that city; Harlow, in discharge of the landlord's bill, painted the



KING'S PORTER AND DWARF.
(Newgate Street, circa 1668.)

portrait of Queen Charlotte, for an inn at Epsom; Sir W. C. Ross the "Magpie," at Sudbury; J. F. Herring is said to have painted several; and Mr. Millais, according to the authors of this book, "painted a St. George and Dragon, with grapes round it, for the Vidler's Inn, Hayes, Kent."

Mr. Larwood and his fellow-labourer went to



THE VALIANT LONDON APPRENTICE.
(From an old chapbook, 17th cent.)

work methodically in the arrangement of their materials, which, so far as their almost infinite diversity allows, are classified under distinct headings; as signboards "Historic and Commemorative;" "Heraldic and Emblematic;" what we may call "natural history" signboards, as birds, beasts, trees, &c.; "Biblical and Religious;" signs of "Saints and Martyrs," with a multitude of others. The mass of information, of anecdote, and of biographical incident, collected together, is immense; and it seems almost a wonder that, considering what materials for book-making the subject supplies, a work of this kind has never, in anything approaching to a complete form, appeared till now. That the authors of this might have



BULL AND MOUTH.
(Angel St., St Martin's-le-Grand, circa 1660.)

amplified its pages, they readily admit; and accordingly, they invite communications which may be added to the further stores in their possession, for any future edition of the book demanded by the public.

The general reader, as well as the antiquarian and the man of letters, will scarcely fail to find much interest in the perusal of these records of the past; calling up, as they do, "many a picture of the olden time; many a trait of by-gone manners and customs—old shops and residents, old modes of transacting business; in short, much that is now extinct and obsolete. There is peculiar pleasure in pondering over these old houses, and picturing them to ourselves as again inhabited by the



GOAT IN BOOTS.
(Fulham Road; said to be by Morland.)

busy tenants of former years; in meeting the great names of history in the hours of relaxation, in calling up the scenes which must have often been witnessed in the haunt of the pleasure-seeker—the tavern with its noisy company, the coffee-house with its politicians



GREEN MAN AND STILL.
(Harleian Collection, 1630.)

and smart beaux; and, on the other hand, the quiet, unpretending shop of the ancient bookseller filled with the monuments of departed minds." For though houses of public entertainment form the staple of the volume, as might be



RUNNING FOOTMAN.
(Charles Street, Berkeley Square, circa 1730.)

expected, the "signs" of other tradesmen are not forgotten.

Some examples of Mr. Larwood's curious illustrations are introduced here.

* THE HISTORY OF SIGNBOARDS, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten. With One Hundred Illustrations in Fac Simile by J. Larwood. Published by J. C. Hotten. London.

VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

IX.

RAPHAEL AT ROME. THE FRESCOES OF THE VATICAN AND OF WESTMINSTER. THE IDEAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL STYLES. RAPHAEL AND THE ANTI-RAPHAELITES, CURRENTLY STYLED THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

THE hall in the Vatican which Raphael painted first, when at the heavenly height of his youthful imagination he "burst out into sudden blaze," may be styled the very Hall or Pavilion of *Expressive* Beauty, enshrining, as it does, the highest of that kind which any art now left us has accomplished; and hence, his later serial designs not being executed by his own hand, or fully wrought out, the paintings here, and in the room adjoining, remain by far the greatest of his finished works. Later in his brief career, he alighted into finer depths of dramatic power; and our Cartoons are as a Shaksperean advance in conceptions of character and emotion; but being only drawings for tapestries, they have not the completed Art of these frescoes. When first he came to Rome, in his twenty-sixth year, his genius was stimulated wonderfully by the greatness of the Eternal City, and the high demands upon him by Julius II., a man of gross defects, but as an æsthetical patron, entitled to by far the first place in gratitude after Pericles; since without his peculiar aspiring energy of character, our world, it is nearly certain, would have remained unenriched by the divinest powers of Michael Angelo and Raphael. In Raphael's case, it was as if the tenderest and most delicate of lyrical poets should at once shoot up to the very top of the epic heights. "Master of Expression" in mere boyhood, when he refined upon the depths of Perugino,* here he began by representing, in this chamber, in three divine great pictures, those three great sources of moral culture, Religion, Philosophy, and Poetry, each embodied in characteristic groups of figures, more winningly, humanely spiritual, majestic, and beautiful, than any hitherto portrayed for us, and (as mind should precede the fuller developments of passion and action) in deliberation and thoughtfulness first. In the 'Theology,' conceptions of heavenly things, though still in much of the old cloistral forms, are with a more genial sweetness and freedom at last plainly expanding above the monkish limits; it being Raphael's first great merit to purify the religious ideal from asceticism, and endear it to us with the outer signs of the human affections, which, no longer feared or slandered as essentially earthly, base, and corrupt, according to the dreary mediæval superstition, are represented as exalted into heavenliness, according to the true Christian principle, made manifest by the Saviour, when he left not his humanity to moulder in the grave, but raised it with him. Raphael sets before us the apotheosis of simple human naturalness. In this picture the doubts of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church are disappearing before a clear bright manifestation of the Trinity, which is seen above a heavenly zone of prophets and saints; these last being figures of *touching* graciousness, of a beauty which this Evangelist of Elegance, this young Doctor of the Beautiful, had to reveal, that we might no longer with weak morbidness imagine heavenly things. The mediæval catalepsy, the Peruginesque rheumatism was cured by him. That circle of saints in varied, simply human, postures (turning to one another, nursing their knees immediately under the Divine eye!) is the most amiably heavenly conception in Art, pre-eminently fitted to inspire through the fancy a love of heavenly qualities of mind; human graces, balm to the human heart, being not *there* rejected, and left merely to sweeten and savour the food of Death. Below, what a subtle, animated, fervid drama of all the emotions that attend on doubt, inquiry, and rapt faith! Raphael had too much insight and truthfulness to leave out altogether the elements of bigotry and ecclesiastical tyranny; but rising to the spirit of the whole, one is tempted often to exclaim, "Oh that Theologians had ever been actuated by the gentle spirit of this painter!" Then had there been no grimly foolish anathemas, at least withering the hearts that launched them forth, whenever innocuous elsewhere, no earthly realisations of an imaginary *Inferno*, no roastings, no toastings. They are, I think, but whisper it low, lest we disturb their benign reflections, near, very near, the solution of the difficulty that makes men differ so—beginning to find that it is (between ourselves) Love!—the only truth which would enable them to apprehend the Trinity, in this wise, *thus*.

To appreciate justly such conceptions as this, and the two next works, we must, of course, look back to what had been done before—to the melancholy superstition of the preceding mediæval Ideal, production of catacombical, monkish abjectness, and ecclesiastical tyranny, devised to give man the meanest notion of his own powers and earthly condition, and the highest of everything distinctively priestly; and then Raphael shines forth as a leading joint labourer in the great Renaissance movement, with Luther, Bacon, and Shakspere, in rescuing man from slavish starving dogmas by liberal truths before which they wither; Raphael's course, analogous to Shakspere's, being to enlarge and brighten the imagination, especially by bringing forward the beauty and greatness of humanity, the dignity and attractiveness of its individual being, passions, and affections, systematically degraded and merged in the asceticism and *church*-worship of the middle ages.* Compare with this work, not only the mere dogmatic puppets of the Gaddi and Memmi (such as deform and blotch our National Collection with so much of their fancy-corrupting worthlessness), and the barbaric terrorism† and morgue morality of Orcagna, but the immediately precedent, sad, seraphic, star-gazing of Francia and Perugino,—and it will sufficiently appear that, in his art, Raphael, to the very moment simultaneously with Michael Angelo, was the great liberator of the encloistered fancy, leading it, not like him to heights of awful sublimity and meditative thought, but, even more divinely, to a lovely and elevated conception of our nature in its more sensitive aspects. Melancholy, most mistaken, was even that beautiful mystical absorption of every distinctively human faculty in the creations of the Beato Angelico, too Brahminical for Christianity, or for an intelligent nature of the various affections with which the Almighty has endowed it, suitable to the various objects of his creation, which he has declared himself as loving. Truly, Raphael, god-child of the "affable archangel," was, even here, more enlightened than Giovanni, male nun, ward of St. Dominic; and this is *the Reformation in Art*, handmaiden to that which "Brother Martin" was just then diffusing elsewhere.

And in that other serene Vision opposite, where the Philosophers of Antiquity are assembled in the ideal hall, inquiring, teaching, such beautiful *philosophy*, serene, indeed, as Periclean Athens! Surely, in their several ways (I used often to say when meditating among them) they are all demonstrating some high Platonic theory, as near as may be to the last of the ecclesiastical dogmas which the doctors *vis-à-vis* to them are at length on the eve of slowly finding out. A singularly gracious spirit, a young Philosopher of most sweet subtlety and power, who taught through the eye instead of through the ear, and, as Vasari says, "subjugated the soul not by Art only, but by goodness," is here inculcating especially the beauty, the majesty of modesty and gentleness in matters intellectual. The beauty of intellectual manhood, and of old age in particular, is ideally given: never, surely, in paintings were old men made so attractive before or since. But for several most comely youths in the composition to divert her from that eccentricity, I really think, and believe, that a girl of the finest sensibilities might fall in love with some of these dialectitians advanced in years—with Aristotle, than whom a more harmoniously majestic figure cannot be, or with Plato, in whom the benignant beauty of Garibaldi seems shadowed forth; a certain likeness to our military Plato, or Timoleon in a pork-pie hat (whose touch has consecrated the glove I keep for his sake), being indeed unescapeable. And as for the *air* pervading the whole assembly, it may be said that the painter, with very little learning, but by serene affinity of spirit, has here produced something so classical that subsequent erudition has not equalled it in that respect; yet all is thoroughly Raphaelesque.

Formerly, this was dwelt upon as *the* philosophical picture of philosophy, full of the finest distinctions of character; and particularly admired were such instances as the upward-pointing ideal Plato, the earthward action and reference of the physicist Aristotle, the demonstration by thumb and finger of the dialectic Socrates, and the cynical conceit of Diogenes, who, having thrust himself alone in the very midst, parades his disregard of the rest. But, now, German critics, perpetually propelled by their profundity, with Herman Grimm at their head, must needs change all this. Vasari having called some of the figures *Evangelists!* and an inscription on an old print denoting the subject as St. Paul at Athens, they will have it that not Plato stands by Aristotle, but St. Paul, and that the whole represents "the predictions of astrologers verified by the Evangelists, whose words are considered and affirmed by the Philosophers." The absence of emotion and of concentrated interest in the figures being inadequate to such a subject, a most admirable composition, whose merit is its calmness, is thus Germanised into a most flat and tame one. But first, this bringing together of the great Philosophers in defiance of chronology, though by fre-

* For instance, in Earl Dudley's 'Crucifixion,' done when he was a lad. The youthful Tobit, the finest part of "Perugino's masterpiece" in our National Gallery, is, from both external and internal evidence, almost certainly the work of his boyish assistant. A preparatory drawing for this figure, undoubtedly by Raphael, is in the Oxford Collection; and the colour and execution are more like his than Perugino's.

* Da Vinci, during many years, had laboured at *one* pathetic and nobly beautiful attempt of this kind (which Raphael never saw), but his constant repetition of the same "motives" throughout his few pictures indicates that, *as a painter*, he had extremely little invention. Fra Bartolommeo had been brightly cheerful in some of his lovely religious idylls; but no one approached Raphael in comprehensiveness, and variety, and in amazing fertility of imagination.

quent custom allowable in an ideal assemblage of *characters*, would in a picture of *an historical event*, be an unimaginable device utterly unworthy of the judgment of Raphael; and secondly, and we trust conclusively, the principal figure resembling the busts of Plato closely in its aged and calmly venerable aspect, is entirely uncharacteristic of St. Paul. Vasari's "Evangelists" are probably a mere slip of his careless pen; and it is equally likely that the old engraver preferred a religious title as something more saleable. In their metaphysical speculations, and generalities, the Germans stand at the head of criticism; but on descending to particular works, their love of ingenuity and paradox thus often supersedes the use of their eyes, and carries them away wonderfully.

This mild youth Raphael was at once called "the philosophical painter;" and indeed his ideal of philosophic virtue, serene, refined, and gracious, is so touching, that on the spot one wishes it photographed in every philosopher's study, instead of thus confined in one shadowy room of remote brief access, with a pope and cardinals for non-circulating media. Why, to contemplate these benignant and venerable figures might be a lesson to our periodical cynics, to the weekly Journal of Superciliousness itself, which has certainly soured somewhat the very name of the sixth day, as well as to acrid essayists less fugitive. Touched by their courteous dignity, softened, civilised by the beauteous example, they would perhaps perceive something unbecoming in caprices of severity, something better than a habit of dreary superciliousness, breaking poor flies on wheels laboriously, homaging assured success, indeed, with gracious laxity; but whenever ebbing in the accustomed vein, sneering, with a trivial prolixity, without energy, or wit, or care, to remedy anything. Others we have heard of (Philosophers who leave out of their calculations nothing but the human heart and soul), who have the will to set everything to rights, and are thought by many to have the intellectual power, and yet do express contempt, and a kind of constitutional dislike for Raphael. But the ungenial cold hardness of their *minds* generally, explains that their repugnance arises from deficiencies not in *him*, but in *themselves;* and a dreary incompleteness may be apprehended in the moral systems of scientific theorists on whom the humanities and graces of Raphael's pencil can produce no effect. No doubt, these in the sweetly great graphic moralist, represent the very virtues, the absence of which in *the intellectual department* of themselves will cause very many of their speculations ultimately to fail, as falling short of the higher requirements of the human heart and soul.

In the third picture, the 'Parnassus,' female loveliness, for the first time since her antique goddess-ship, is coming fully forth from the rosy indistinctness of poets' fancies, to abound in the eye with delightful perspicuity. The Muses listening to Apollo are brought to a pause of deep creative feeling; and around, in a heaven of green banks and laureate groves, the poets are gathered; these—the blind old Homer rhapsodising above on the far-seeing epic height, the refined Virgil, the genial Boccaccio, the poets in the lyrical vale below, and others—being all distinguished with the painter's usual fine intellectual ingenuity. The Sappho struck me as a singularly happy conception of character—the ideal of a "strong-minded woman" of the poetical cast, actually! in an attitude which, though graceful, is full of will, self-assertion, and triumphs; her boddice braced finely, energetically awry; and her hair dressed up fantastically, in a taste *oddly* beautiful, therefore proper to poetesses. The fiery, haughty South Carolina (if only she had been successful), might something thus have been personified, and indeed the other Carolina, and Virginia, and Georgia, and Miss-Ourie and Missis-Sippi, heroic ladies all, whom the very victors would now with fraternal pride generously enlaurel, to comfort their sad Un-Sapphic silence. The new order of loveliness brought forward in this picture is somewhat large and happily rounded, but full of refinement and exquisite sentiment. Beauty is at length *un-nunned*, smoothed out, and brightened with fresh Parnassian air, and pure Petrarchian love. "Grecian in eye, but Christian in heart," as some German critic or other has felicitously said, Raphael has infused into these countenances a pure warm tenderness not in our antique remains; and, indeed, without disparaging the fine pensive Praxitelean spirituality which we reverence so, there is, of course, an awakening of the soul, a brightness of faith, hope, and charity, kindled in the countenance by Christianity, not fairly to be looked for in Hellenic productions; and it was for Raphael to unite these with something not far from an antique beauty.

There is, doubtless, feeble drawing in the picture; this youngster of seven and twenty not having conquered every difficulty. Nevertheless, the youthful with gifts for painting, *or verse*, should sit at the foot of this 'Parnassus;' since it embodies those best principles suitable to both, of late too little regarded amongst us. Our very Laureate, I venture to advance, might here derive a lesson. For here is no mosaic of imagery, or thoughts, which cannot naturally be entertained by the feeling at the same moment, such as is frequent in his highly concrete verses; where, for instance, the most curiously laboured touches of landscape description are subsequently dove-tailed, and embroidered into passages having for their subject moments of the most pathetic, all-absorbing passion; such combinations, surely, being heterogeneous, cold, unimaginative. No curious *in*felicities (such as with a merely graphic sharpness and oddity deform the Tennysonian verses, frequently) are here, in Raphael's graphic poetry; no minute excursions in quest of a trivial intensity, an ugly brilliancy to prevent flatness. All is homogeneously natural, with nothing of irrelevant littleness and harshness, to draw down the mind from the high purpose of the work, and jar away, even like a sharp little disenchanting noise, the smooth, broad, simple, harmony meet for the visionary tone.* The ignoring of the essentials of Raphael's style, with some most superficial likeness to it, is perhaps best seen in the works of Cornelius, Kaulbach, and other Germans like them, where the imaginary assemblages of figures, and aim at dignified composition, are plainly learnt from these frescoes, yet do little more than exemplify lofty intentions (in which inability may be equally strong), rendered abortive by turgidity, and a thoroughly bad style of Art. The gracious soul, the sense of beauty, and of humanity, are wanting in these Germans; who, countrymen of Mozart and Beethoven though they be, have no sweet touching music in their Art, strange to say. All the while, their rigid lines, sharp insurrectionary details, frozen draperies, and other forms are unconsciously Dureresque rather than Raphaelish; their expressions phantasmal and frigid; their virtues being, like their vestures, congelated, and their vices zoological rather than human, often, indeed, definitively feline, in mane, in eye, and whisker. Nothing in Art is more discordant, more delusive, than Michael Angelo and Raphael thus Munichised. Yet, in due honour of the Fatherland, let it not be withheld that now that true Raphaelite, Knaus, is, in all meritorious respects, an æsthetical Count Bismarck, and such a picture as his 'Funeral in the Forest,' an Art-victory worthy of compare with the Battle of Sadowa.

In these frescoes, and in the simpler but most lovely one in the same chamber, of 'Jurisprudence,' it may be said that Raphael ranks high among those who have brightened the mind. Comparing them with what had been done before, one enters into the immediate astonishment they excited, comprehending Vasari's eulogy that "they who create such works are a kind of mortal gods;" for a new and higher order of beings is conceived, a more exalted type of humanity for our emulation and desire—one of the greatest achievements of pure imagination. A diviner beauty is unfolded, answerable to an enlightened Christianity, a healthier goodness beams persuasively through our eyes; and not slight its charm in instilling a love of whatsoever is noble, refined, and gracious. The best artists of the excellent new schools of France and Germany have been worthily and profitably impressed by it. But our English Art, oscillating between insipid commonplace and morbid phantasy, and seeming to forget that there is such a thing as *Style* (that most essential requisite) regards it not. We have among us scarcely a painter but is so satisfied with himself (or with his income) as to slight with supreme indifference every allusion to Raphael's example, and a public so *indoctrinated*, that the highest beauty of nature, and of the heart and mind, seems little more to them than an idle truthless dream.

And throughout these four divine pictures what fertile happiness of invention—a quality, by-the-bye, rarely remembered by our recent æsthetæ in their criticisms. In assemblages of figures thus only thinking, conversing, monotony might be looked for. But Raphael has so varied the groups with incident, character, and expressive action, that nothing could be more diversified; his invention (easy to him as breathing) being shown beautifully, down to every detail—in draperies remarkably; though we English (who now have only haberdashers' taste with respect to raiment) may seldom see anything in them. And every fold and form is a constituent beauty in the whole composition, not without much injury to be displaced by mere antiquarian forms; for what is archæologically homogeneous would, very likely (as we so frequently see in our own pictures), be artistically most heterogeneous. In universality of invention Raphael is alone; but two other painters having the gift to an extent that admits of a moment's comparison—Michael Angelo and Rubens;

* The jargon which our young versifiers now concoct in their "poetical studies," is well exemplified in the passages extracted with high praise in the *Saturday Review* for August 18th, *last*, "On Philoctetes," by M. A. Such imagery and diction, those neither of gods nor men, are simply those of a dainty young scholar fed too highly on the intellectual fopperies of the hour—a puzzle of images, a metrical Pyrotechny, flickering with the sharp points and angles of incoherent things. Extremes and dregs are given, with a morbid intensity, in a language often nauseous with affectation. As different this from the broad deep manly view, and genuine passion of our forefather Poets, as our similar paintings are from the 'Parnassus.' Is Mr. Swinburne's "Cleopatra," in the *Cornhill* for September last, a quiz on the new style, or a most monstrous specimen of it, meant seriously?

after whom would come one or two Englishmen we could name. Looking over a collection of old Italian prints, or Majolica ware, and meeting, for the first time, with any design charming for spirited expression, in attitudes and groups, naïve, picturesque, and beautiful, you may be pretty sure that it is Raphael's. No rudeness in his copyist can altogether conceal him, or deprive his work of vital value.

The Pavilion of the Beautiful—its merely Papal name being *La Camera della Segnatura*—has a matchlessly beautiful ceiling, a memorial of Raphael's considerate feeling also. To make room for his works, Julius II. would have swept away all that the other artists had begun here; but Raphael preserved these compartments of Razzi's (a painter of fine sensibilities, whose hand he should have retained, too, as his chief assistant), for a framework to his own loveliest impersonations; a fair 'Justice' to whom one would most hopefully commit one's cause, preferring, certainly, that there should be no jury. She waves away her sword, it must be, gracefully acquitting; she is, very Raphaelesquely, tempered with mercy; a fascinating 'Theology,' at whose feet mere Levity would hardly tire of sitting; a 'Philosophy' equally soft and bewitching; a 'Poetry' whose spirited wingedness promises ethereal flights. These are probably the most exquisite idealisms of womanhood ever limned; and none of them have any messengers, or ministers, but child Loves. Yet amidst all these gentle aspirations of a youthful mind in its spring-time teeming with thoughts of beauty (and of a profundity, by-the-bye, too delicate for our recent æsthetæ), there is one picture, the earliest deep indication of that tragical power in which he so soon became matchless abundantly—the 'Judgment of Solomon,' the most sagacious and grandly simple version of the subject. Capitally conceived is the *insolence* with which the excited mother stares at the king, as she rushes forward to stay the executioner's hand; her convulsed features visibly saying, "Wretch, you countenance this!" Maternal instinct rages above customary awe; the king, meanwhile, quietly with his watchful hand saying, "Ah ha! I knew how it would be." Nor less admirable is the excited swelling acquiescence of the pretended mother. The anatomical ambition in the executioner's figure is emphatically Michael Angelical. By this time, Bramante had stolen for Raphael's ardently-acquisitive mind a glimpse at the marvellous paintings of that reserved and solitary man then at work in the chapel only two or three walls away. And thence, by those infant Loves on whom the Creator is pleased to lean himself when moving through the air, was Raphael inspired to endue his little children on this ceiling, and likewise their lovely Patronesses, with something of a celestial strength and power, though they are his own true offspring, not the less; since he appropriates, not mere form, but inmost spirit, that vitalising germ which kindred genius alone can seize.

In the second Hall, Raphael's frescoes represent the Divine protection of the Church from dangers within and without; and here this most progressive and comprehensive of graphic geniuses proceeds to express at large action and passion, clearest perceptions of the actual life around him, glimpses romantic in the nice sense of the term, beauteous glow and intensity of colour, and even poetical effects of light and shade, indicating an advance to limitless powers, which, alas, needed only—*only* a life long as Methuselah's, with health and strength, for their due unfolding. In the 'Miracle of Bolsena,' a representation of a Romish ecclesiastical scene, besides the emotions incident to a miracle, the very physiognomy of the Roman Catholic ceremonial devotion, in its best aspect, is given with finest truthfulness; pretty nearly you smell incense as you gaze. And there are portraits of ecclesiastics and court officials, Italian prelates and German guards (the two levers of the world in those days), which would have done new honour to Titian, painted, too, in deep rubious transparent tones which anticipate the Venetians very singularly; since they did not attain this kind of excellence till about a dozen years afterwards. And here they are in union with a lovely gracefulness, and tenderness, and dramatic life, incomparably beyond anything of Venice. In the picture opposite, the 'St. Peter liberated by the Angel,' the dreamy awe of the sentinels on their moonlight watch is something Shaksperean in its imaginativeness, worthy of compare with the haunted platform of Elsinore. One soldier points with subdued wonder at that strange golden radiancy within the prison bars; another thinks himself still in his dream, a third shrinks reverently, with a beauteous natural grace. And besides those sweet seraphic scintillations, glimpses of moonlight and torchlight are really well rendered in this night-piece, the first great attempt of the kind, moreover, and anticipating much of that peculiar excellence which made Correggio's '*Notte*' so famous, *and for its originality, especially*. But where in the soft idyllic Correggio shall we find such deep and noble dramatic touches as abound here?

In this second Hall is likewise the 'Heliodorus,' Raphael's first great attempt at violent action, in which the group of mysterious spirits hunting down the sacrilegious thief is a masterpiece of light swift movement, with very much of the virtue of the thunderbolt in it, yet expressed with consummate beauty of composition and design; just as the poet rounds off some fierce and wild tumult in most orderly harmonious verse, without losing one jot of freshness and vigour; or as a Mozart would melodise it, in some most grand *finale*. The crowd of alarmed ladies, graceful, handsome, and full of speaking life as they are,* may perhaps be somewhat too artificially ornate for such a crisis, when the mind would be hurried along by the main event; and the chaired Pope Julius, brought in "by desire" to calmly review the miraculous incident, notwithstanding his profundity as an *idea*, as an *object*, lessens the reality of the rest. Extreme complacency in beauty, that last infirmity in youthful poets (would that our young painters' infirmities were of such a kind), perhaps here seduces this one into an elaborated elegance, which fascinates the eye too much from the swift terrors opposite. Yet as a magnificent picture of action and tragic emotions (coloured, too, with a depth and richness unrivalled in fresco), the 'Heliodorus' was a vast flight forward in Art, and must have taken away the breath of the shrimpish other painters when first they beheld it, making all previous attempts of the kind seem cramped and poor indeed.

The 'Conflagration at Borgo' is the last of these works to which his own execution and distinguishing graces give in the highest degree an interest purely Raphaelesque. The three earliest frescoes are not without defects in difficult parts of the drawing; but here, attaining his highest mastery in that respect, he makes an elaborate and noble display of the undraped form; the more gently rounded style, however, being something quite distinct from the unrivalled power and grandeur of Michael Angelo.* Those women all ruffled by the wind, bearing water-vessels, driving forth their children (with boxed ears), and teaching them to implore the pope to stay the fire, are superb ensamples of womankind, worthy to be run off with to a new colony, by noblest heroes, under stimulating difficulties. Profuse vermilion, people in masses swayed more vehemently, would more have spread the heat of this conflagration through our fancies; but this greatest painter of humanity is here thinking more of magnificent men and women (bent on improving the imperfect types of his art), and of varieties of human emotions delicately, nobly distinguished, and therefore has, characteristically, and from *his* point of view we think finely, omitted the glare itself. To him the truths of beauty were as sacred as the truths of expression; and it may be that, in these two pictures, the former somewhat weaken the latter. But elsewhere, he was, in our Cartoons, at the same time (now entering the mid-life of the intellect), proceeding to that purely dramatic treatment, in which beauty is more sternly subordinated. Of the corresponding period in the progress of the poet of whom Raphael is the only parallel amongst painters, Coleridge says, "the period of beauty is now passed, and that of insight and grandeur succeeds;" and our graphic Shakspere lived to exemplify the two periods, in the 'Heliodorus,' and in the 'Ananias.'

Of the later frescoes, the 'Attila' less interests, partly from the subject; but that vast battle-piece of Constantine and Maxentius is not only a prodigy of invention, but the most humane and noble of battle-pieces, through which the spirit of the "affable Archangel's" godson moves, pausing with sympathy on whatsoever is generously devoted. The last of these works in which his own hand is traceable, 'Charlemagne crowned by Leo III.,' abounds with his charming lively grace of invention; but it is curious to see the continuance of his work in decorating these halls when he was no more—what the scholars could do when the master was gone. Here and there is a group, obviously of his design, spoilt by coarse painting; and a poor mimicry of him is traceable frequently. But, in the main, what crowds of fantastical unmeaning figures, what vapid ostentation of design, what academical exuberance of nothing! A monument to his genius is all this helplessness without him. His chief disciples, Pippi and Penni, seem to have had as little cognizance of his true spirit as Miss Power Cobbe herself.

The prints often give a poor, wholly erroneous notion of the heads painted by Raphael himself. Their life-like individuality, coming from the "ideal Raphael," would surprise those who know not that his portraits in the Pitti Palace at

* Fuseli says that Raphael in the most gracefully averted cheek of one of these ladies, has suggested more beauty than he could have directly shown. But both Barry and Fuseli, though full of admiration of his supreme dramatic genius, strangely deny that he excelled exquisitely in beauty. The judgment explains their own failure; their turgid minds being deficient in that sense which alone can make ideal beings deeply interesting to us, by elevating them into beautiful representations of human beings.

* Mr. Wornum (Notes on Barry's Lectures) says that these figures are in the style of Michael Angelo, but that the fresco was not executed by Raphael, and is among his inferior productions. Certainly nothing can be more different from the style of Michael Angelo than these figures; they are very finely painted, and chiefly by his own hand, I doubt not.

Florence throw some of the finest of Titian's into the shade.* In the silent and solitary halls, these speaking faces of Raphael's *grow on you* into realities—as if their emotions *would change*, according to the fluctuations of a living nature within. The execution of the finer works is matchless, of course. Of course, too, Beauty is here, clear and light of form, neither cramped, like our odious distempered purism, nor vapidly relaxed and slurred, like the prettiness of our Book of Beautyish painters, modish Vandals as they are (ignorant of the sanctity of fine lines subtly sustained); neither limited is it, in the vulgar way, to girls' forms and faces, but traceable in every thing, as the finer style of nature, and the natural language of the painter's mind. But as his task expanded, he had to call in other hands, nay (since life is short), to paint hastily himself; and so there is, inevitably, some *diminuendo* of delicacy and beauty in these pictures; his pleasing golden-russet tones of colour, and matchless refinement of drawing, giving way frequently to a coarseness of style, which, from the evidence of contemporary work unquestionably by his own hand, cannot be ascribed wholly to his assistants.

Yet had his conceptions altogether languished, the decline would not have seemed strange, on lingering in those chilly halls where he spent so many of his few days. Disinterring his remains some years back, they found such a skull as phrenologists well-nigh worship, with but a slight framework for the rest of his so evanescent mortal composition; the bones of his right arm being larger than those of the other, no doubt from dragging the brush so much in these great big frescoes. And besides those bad habits of swift production, the society of Rome cannot then have been favourable to spirituality of imagination. Of the very little known of his life, one passage accounts something for the much closing of Raphael's ethereal wing during his later years. "He permitted himself," Vasari says, "to be devoted somewhat too much to the pleasures of life, in this led away by his admirers." To which unfavourable tendencies (*of a social nature*, WE affirm, since a liberal mood may surely at length dogmatise a little as well as an austere one) my own most uncomfortable experience urges me to add the irritating, life-wearing climate of Rome, where he exhausted his last twelve years with little intermission. And, no doubt, the same cause, co-operating with Aretino and others on Michael Angelo's temper, tended much to begloom away those heavenlier graces of *his* prime, whose lapse is never to be thought of without the profoundest æsthetical regrets. Ay, depend upon it, Sirocco has very much to answer for among the causes of the fallings off, perturbations, and backslidings of which Rome has been pre-eminently the scene—has had a good deal to do even with the eccentric wickednesses, democratic, aristocratic, imperial, and papal—Marian, Syllatic, Neronian, and Borgian, for which it is so immortally famous.

These great frescoes were not always accessible; but in the arching of the loggia outside is a numerous series of small paintings designed by Raphael, which were never shut up; and often they beguiled the time when we waited for further admittance, forming in their long perspective overhead, with their setting of gay grotesques, imitated from those of Nero's palace on the Esquiline, and the pontifical courts beneath, and an horizon of the city beyond, a scene most highly, centrally Roman. These subjects from the Bible are in design most imaginative and poetical, but executed on so small a scale by other hands, and placed in so merely ornamental a position amidst the festive Pompeii-like arabesques, as not to impress the sublimity and profoundest beauty in them sufficiently. Had days numerous as his thoughts permitted Raphael to paint these designs himself, in large, Michael Angelo's series, though still unapproached in their profoundly thoughtful sublimity, would, on the whole, have probably been rivalled by a dramatic greatness, and a sweet patriarchal poetry, and picturesque loveliness peculiarly Raphael's own. As "motives" and compositions, they are happiest inspirations of invention, not consisting of commonplace elements *reasoned* together, but of *visions* unsought, of a beauty strangely in harmony with our conceptions, and of an expressiveness universal as well as particularly relevant. Yet in their small execution by other hands, do they seem great things dwarfed, or rather an order of lovely little creatures (some pure Pygmæan race), enacting the events of the Bible, doing the action magnificently, but wanting stature, and the great features, needful for the perfection of their business.

Raphael's greatness in expressive action in infinite variety, impressing with matchless native grace and picturesqueness the nicest shades of thought, feeling, and purpose, is here such, that you begin to think *that* his greatest merit. Here is, indeed, an *æsthetical* Bible (reverently be it said), a well-drawn copy of which should be with every family desirous of a fine civilisation, to protect it from vicious idolatries, golden calves, of taste. What a wonderful idea that seems to me of Mr. Ruskin's in his last reference to Raphael in "Modern Painters," that he is a Technical Designer, rather than an Imaginative one, such as he considers his favourite great Venetians to be—an idea supported by another highly remarkable conception, namely, that the imaginative painter, seeing all his subject at once (in actual vision), never alters his design;* the inference being, that as Raphael does so alter, he is a technical composer, inclining in principles to the mechanical. But this is, plainly, to dispense with judgment, and with Art itself, in composition; and we believe it might be just as well affirmed that Shakspere saw the play of Othello, with all its subordinate characters, incidents, and sentiments complete at the first conception, beyond all need of future amendment or alteration. If Raphael indeed alters more than others, it is probably, not only because he is more solicitous for artistic beauty of composition (which he certainly attains), but because he was gifted with an invention more active and fertile in expedients. Certainly, in imagination the Venetians are a mere nothing compared with him; and the preference for them arises, to all appearance, from languor of interest (whether temporary or not), in those infinitely varied high matters in which his great dramatic genius was insphered. In "Modern Painters" the great historical painters are considered; first, as themes for religious disquisitions, in which objects are freely, arbitrarily, coloured by the peculiar temperament of the author, and secondly, with regard only to treatment of accessories and details; those distinctively human emotions which may be termed especially Shaksperean and Raphaelesque being omitted from the account and estimate.

Subject for an instructive paper on historical painting would be a comparison between these frescoes of the Vatican and those of Westminster, viz., a comparison between the Ideal Style and that Archæological Mode of late uppermost with us in England. Uppermost, indeed, has it been so imperiously that Ideality has actually been confounded with idle fiction, and even with intentional falsehood; and nothing would do but that historical events of past ages should be represented, as far as possible, with literal accuracy, *as they actually occurred*. For which plausible purpose, in the ever well-sounding name of Truth, ever so many of the ologies are in requisition, geology, ethnology, archæology, &c. &c., till, by dint of the erudite compilation, we can look with a strong-minded faith on the result, as the closest attainable approximation to verity, based on the profoundest hypothetical circumstantial evidence—and do what?—make it available for all the purposes of the miscellaneous lecturer.

Yet a mind more old-fashioned will object, not the less, that our imaginations should, in any degree, be pinned down, restricted, and governed by these antiquarian curiosities and mere scientific dogmas—counterfeits, simulations, holding them to be, which claim an authority over our conceptions they are not entitled to, being fallaciously hypothetical, after all, representative, to a certain most superficial degree, of the times and localities of the subject chosen, but, as likely as not, the very reverse of the actual appearance of the particular persons and incidents. Imagination (here in all deeper essentials our sole resource), when strong enough, will surely ever keep within her proper limits. Disdaining to impose an illusory pretence of matter-of-fact reality, she concerns herself deeply only with those abstractions from unchanging nature, which, unlimited by fleeting customs and local peculiarities, come home to hearts and fancies everywhere, and always. As the Philosopher and man of Science from many facts and reflections generalise into a truth, so will the Imaginative Painter, composing, creating, great Types of Nature for our delightful instruction, our warning, love, and reverence. Imagination, rapt in the deeper spirit of things, the immortal, the ever-recurring, cares little (in the words of Michael Angelo's Sonnet) "for aught which doth on time depend," cares not to disinter the obsolete, is but a poor antiquarian. Very much is she her own tailor, or *cos-*

* They are not *quite* so fine in colour, but in drawing are much finer, in each more detailed, more exquisite articulation of the features, giving some more delicate indication of intellectual and moral character.

* This is one of the eminent author's favourite leading dogmas, to which he frequently, and finally, recurs. "No painting is of any true imaginative perfectness," he writes, "unless all is absolutely, to every line, composed at once." "The whole picture must be imagined, or none of it is." We submit that there is no foundation for this. Surely, one part of a subject may be admirably imagined, and not another, according to a peculiar bias of the painter's mind, or limited range of his powers. It does not necessarily follow that imagination must be complete, and universal, at all, far less complete at once. The fallacy seems to originate in assuming a "perfectness," and "absolute rightness," to characterise the works of these so-styled greater men, which being also assumed to be "composed, down to every line, at once," intelligibly, leads to the third assumption, that "perfectness" is instantaneous always. But the premises are as fallacious as the inference. Even in these "greater men," that "perfectness," and "unerring rightness," are not. Veronese, for instance, utterly delightful in his way, is one of those artists for whom one has nearly always to make the largest allowances. Of imagination in the higher sense he has none—never created a single scriptural character; his utmost being to put the best of his Venetians *en robe* in his magnificent *tableaux vivans* from Holy Writ; and his composition is often so weakly formal (with its side-scenical wings of living figures stuck together, &c.), that if really of simultaneous conception, all one can say is, it might have been better for revision—still better could he have submitted it to the correction and aid of an infinitely more imaginative and accomplished Raphael. Titian often betrays poverty of invention; and *with a few exceptions*, his compositions are technical and merely picturesque, as distinguished from imaginative.

tumier. Nay, even of the great sciences themselves she entertains a well-grounded jealousy, feeling that properly she is their pioneer, snatching at things beyond them in her free, far-darting, impassioned way, and perceiving those finer qualities which are above sights made short by rigorous analysis, and close dissections. Working from sources deep in the heart up to shapes high in the fancy arrayed in majesty and beauty, she conceives not her offspring tricked out in strange uncouth costumes and accessories, and certainly would not frounce them up in such afterwards; since so would she not only barbarise and uglify them, but the strangeness of these quaint additions would so enchain the observer's attention as to interfere with his consideration of the more essential and vital character of what is represented. They would, for instance, in a sacred subject, whose value lies in its universal application, fill him with things trivially local, obtruding, foremost perhaps, that of which no right-thoughted man would endure to feel conscious at a moment for deep awe, pity, or tenderness; so in their narrow care for the *letter*, offending against the *spirit*, in a servile devotion to physical facts, violating truth of mental impression, and subordinating, smothering up, in their scientific and mechanic littlenesses, the moral and intellectual objects of the great holy theme.

For example, all that imagination would disregard is assiduously brought forward in Mr. Herbert's parliamentary picture of 'Moses with the Tables of the Law,' a work hailed with complacency by those who glanced, superciliously, at Raphael's Cartoons. *Prima facie*, it is a picture of the sandy barrenness of the East, the most conspicuous parts being a representation of the desert heights of Sinai, than which, in form and colour, few landscapes in Nature are more sterile of picturesque interest or value. Next engages the attention a number of meagre figures, of a low type, attired in barbaric costumes, with little in aspect, or character, to distinguish them from the ordinary desert tribes of the present day, little indeed to lead back the mind to venerable sacred antiquity, and satisfy those high longings of the imagination which the sacred narrative makes flutter and wave their wings. The men seem mere modern barbarians, in mere common wonder; nay, the women are in a poor meagre style of the Book of Beauty, not even ethnological; and the whole is so made up of travellers' and antiquarians' gatherings, ugly arid mountain formations, and outlandish shawls, turbans, &c. &c., theatrically arranged, as to look excessively like a *tableau vivant;* and you almost expect the gently stealing music, and the falling of the curtain which is to relieve those breathless actors from their painful constraint. Notwithstanding the spareness of the forms and masses, the grouping is pretty good; and the atmospheric light is rendered very skilfully; but of that higher spiritual illumination with which an imaginative painter would have raised the mind far above all local considerations in the universal and timeless import of the theme, comparatively little thought seems to have been taken.

To this perfect example of our boasted new archæological style, the antithesis in Art-principles is one of Raphael's Cartoons, masterpieces (so far as they are carried out, of course) of the ideal style, which in a subject in all deep essentials referable to imagination alone, does not attempt simulation of actual verity by dint of archæological gleanings (*probably full of mistakes, after all*); but is, of course, tenfold more real by the ideal force of grand character, passion, and action.* Journeying in the Holy Land of his imagination, rather than to the mere earthly Jerusalem, where Messrs. Herbert and Holman Hunt went, we cannot help thinking but to little purpose in search of local facts and characteristics, Raphael worked on precisely the same principles as Shakspere. For everything analogous to the objects of those gentlemen's research that literary Raphael disregarded in just the same degree, recking little of fugitive customs and habits designedly (unless they were beautiful, grand, or poetically characteristic), that he might draw us from the fleeting, the trivial, to that which has immortal significance and value, and enrich us with types of immutable humanity for everlasting, instructive delight. Such, precisely, is this graphic Shakspere, his prime object the passions, sentiments, and movements of human beings, in such high and deep relations that any accretion of finical barbarisms would but lower the whole with a most rude disharmony. The result sets before our imaginations a high standard of humanity for our loving emulation. Will a knowledge of syenite rocks, and of Jewish costumes and features (even when represented accurately), accomplish anything of this order?

Exceedingly, I wish that at South Kensington they could hang Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of 'Christ with the Doctors' beside Raphael's 'Healing the Sick,' or 'Paul Preaching.' For the simple juxtaposition would surely put the whole question to rest, demonstrating in the objects in Art which interest nowadays, an unfelt immensity of decline from the heart-deep to the superficially trivial, from touching exemplars of exalted humanity to apparent portraiture of Jewish slop-sellers, and rhubarb merchants, and "faithful and conscientious study" of the gleanings of Oriental curiosity shops. But the opposition (worthy of compare with that between the portraits of Hamlet's papa and uncle), might, furthermore, lead to a perception of the very elements of true Art, by confronting Raphael with the Anti-Raphaelite, (so presumptuously and absurdly self-styled Pre-Raphaelite),* thus making obvious those lapses from fundamental truth in the latter manner, which have been so morally, scientifically, eloquently, overlooked. Then, observers without much perspicacity could scarcely fail to perceive the want of chiaroscuro in the Anti-Raphaelite work, the lack of the modification of colour by shadow, resulting in a painful glare,—and in the eye-pricking, eye-troubling minuteness everywhere, a departure from the generalising simplicity, not only of Art, but of the effects of Nature itself. And—which goes to the root of the whole matter of vitality, mobility, of healthiness, beauty, sweetness, and consequently of sound humanity of expression,—they would discover the difference between the drawing of Raphael, and a drawing so *falsely* rigid, so devoid of fine modulation and emphasis, as to be incompatible with the higher requisites, and a niggling and overpainting of the faces till they acquire a mask-like inflexibility, a not Un-Tousseau-like stare. On such elementary differences a learner cannot dwell too nicely; for they cannot but lead him to the most needful discovery that our admired "Lights of the World" are mere phosphorescence, an *ignis-fatuity*, which could glisten only in a midnight of æsthetic darkness.*

The author of "Modern Painters" (who omits Michael Angelo and Raphael in his final disquisitions on the religious history of Art) alludes to this, and another of Mr. Hunt's works 'Claudio and Isabella,' as the finest instances of "expressional purpose" in the art. The term "purpose" much weakens this encomium; since here we have to do, not with purposes, but achievements; the *Hades* of Art, no less than the general *Hades*, being paved with good intentions, much with amiable, pious purposes, no doubt, which, unfortunately, have in them nothing incompatible with false or imbecile painting; for though Faith may move mountains, it is not said that she will be able to paint them. After much consideration of the picture, I am unable to doubt that the Saviour's head in the 'Light of the World' is cold, expressionless, and not far removed from vulgarity; the features being clumsily drawn, with nothing of that fineness of form essential to depth and elevation of character. Mr. Hunt's Claudio rebuked by his sister, the other object of transcendent praise, *is a hideous awkward lout*. Shakspere having made him one of refined thoughtful discourse, who alludes to his much modified trespass with periphasis of extreme delicacy, and deprecates its eternal penalty in the sublimest poetry, Mr. Hunt, in mere harmony of conception, should, surely, not have denied him some little tincture of the personal graces. We may be gravely reminded that "sin is so ugly." But setting aside the obvious fact that personally she is only too much the contrary, the identification of sin with ugliness is a little hard on poor plain people; and, moreover, if Sin be ugly, Virtue should, for parity of pictorial edification, be made beautiful, certainly; whereas Mr. Hunt's cold, hard, goggle-eyed Isabella is but an ugly combination of features commonly considered beautiful, made ugly by exaggeration and feelingless coarseness of line. But with beauty Mr. Hunt's heavy badly-mannered drawing is simply incompatible.

By comparisons such as these might we rise to the elements of something vitally valuable, something beautifully, nobly human. From patterns of shawls and oriental trellises (and of the harness of foreign donkeys and mules, elsewhere), we might ascend, for instance, to patterns of noses, mouths, and eyebrows; the varied arches of the two latter being, pre-eminently, in all their exquisite varieties of curve and emphasis, the triumphal arches of expression, under which alone we can proceed up the Parnassian Hill to the seat of the unnamed tenth Muse—the Muse of Painting.

W. P. Bayley.

* The contrast between the real Pre-Raphaelites and our titular ones is almost perfect. Perugino, Francia, and Fra Bartolommeo were distinguished by a graceful ideality, a beautiful form of devotional tenderness and pathos, extreme elegance of taste, and a most broad and simple manner; our Anti-Raphaelites being astonishingly the reverse of all these things.

* It is disagreeable to say these things; but the corruption of Art, and of our imaginations in sacred things, is no slight matter; and without clear distinctions between Raphael and Anti-Raphaelism there is no advance for us. And where artists are so enormously encouraged in their particular course, by wealth, they can well afford to disregard the poor remains of taste. For the first named of these two pictures (a small one), the painter received somewhere about 5,000 guineas; and by the other, the purchaser, according to his own statement, made £10,000 in one year. So supremely grateful and flattering to the general English mind is the matter-of-fact treatment of a religious subject; whether that subject is lowered into a mere curiosity, or the mind raised to it, being, of late, little considered.

AN EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL.

Every art is an index to the taste and mental culture of the nation among whom it is practised. It matters little how insignificant in itself the work may be, its form and the character of its ornamentation aid in determining the artistic *status* of its producers; and thus we see in an ordinary clay water-bottle of the old Greeks as sure evidence of refined taste as in their noble masterpieces of sculpture and architecture. All students of numismatics know how to estimate the Art of a people by the coins and medals struck by them at different epochs of time; these serve not only as valuable records of history, but often as the only available examples which have come down to us whereby we can form some idea of the position Art of a certain kind had assumed. One has but to



examine the numismatic collection in the British Museum to see how the character of the different specimens varies, and the degree of beauty or coarseness which they manifest; all this is as apparent to a cultivated eye as would be a gallery of pictures ranging from the dawn to the meridian of the art of painting.

Our readers have been made cognizant of the fact that a very successful Exhibition of Industrial and Fine Art was recently held at Wisbech. The Council of Management, desirous that the medal intended for a prize to successful exhibitors, should differ from the ordinary kind of such works, placed the matter in the hands of Messrs. Hardman & Co., of Birmingham, both for design and execution. This eminent firm is well known for its mediæval works in metal, and it could, therefore, only be expected that any design emanating from the



house would be of mediæval character, in contradistinction to the classical type, with its semi-draped or quite nude figures, its cornucopiæ, &c., &c. After due consultation with the Council, the work took the form in which it appears in this column: the obverse requires a little explanation. The parish church of Wisbech is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul; it was, therefore, not altogether an inappropriate idea to introduce the emblems of the apostles into the design; connecting in this way the medal with the town that originated it. Thus we have the keys of St. Peter and the sword of St. Paul forming the principal features of the design, with other appropriate ornamentation uniting and surrounding them.

We commend the taste which has led to the production of this medal—it is in bronze—and the skill that Messrs. Hardman & Co. have shown in its execution.

MEDIÆVAL ILLUMINATIONS.*

Mr. Shaw has long established himself as an authority on a peculiar and most beautiful department of the Arts of the Middle Ages. To him, Mr. M. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Owen Jones, and Mr. Noel Humphreys, must be ascribed the merit of making us fully acquainted with the decorative and ornamental arts as practised in the far-off days of old, and of reviving their practice in this country. Under the guidance of these artists, or through the lessons their works have taught us, not a few edifices, both public and private, and some portion of our illustrated literature, have assumed an appearance whereof the generation before us knew little or nothing. And if it be a vain hope to look for a new style of Art, we ought to be greatly indebted to those who resuscitate a dead one, more especially if it be worthy of a new life,—an Art which by its delicacy, grace, and splendour commends itself to the judgment and taste of every educated mind.

The art of illuminating has now got a strong foot-hold among us, as is evidenced not alone by the numerous publications in which it is found merely as a form of illustration, but in books that treat the subject scientifically, or as modes of instruction. In some degree Mr. Shaw's "Handbook" is associated with the latter class; it would altogether belong to it, but that the examples introduced lack the "light" of colour, a necessary ingredient in illumination, though not in design. The reasons he gives for not employing chromo-lithography are not without their force. First, it would make the book too costly to be within the reach of persons of ordinary means, and, moreover, the process of colour-printing would fail of being *completely* satisfactory, especially when the examples chosen are those showing the highest degree of refinement. In the finest works of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, the most careful gradations of colour are found; and both the miniatures, the frames in which they are enclosed, and the other ornamental accessories, gradually display, as the Art emerged from the various conventional styles to a more natural mode of treatment, the most skilful blendings of the richest and most delicate tints. The printing-press, as we have frequently noticed when examining chromo-lithographs of illuminations, has, hitherto, been found inadequate to the production of these refinements, and we can scarcely hope for any material improvement; as, independently of the difficulty of producing these gradations and blending by machinery, some of the most beautiful pigments used in drawing are, when combined with the necessary varnish, of too thin a quality to be employed successfully in the process of printing, unless mixed with others less brilliant but of greater density.



Another objection made by Mr. Shaw to the adoption of the chromo-lithographic process to illustrate his work is one, he remarks, "looming in the future" rather than apparent on the first appearance of these mechanical copies. In all the styles of illumination, in all ages, gold formed a leading feature. But this metal is too costly for the printer's purpose, and what is used as a substitute for it will not bear the light. If only exposed occasionally, its comparative brilliancy may be preserved for a long period; if otherwise, it gradually fades and becomes a dull, heavy mass, sadly in contrast with the gay colours by which it is surrounded.

With these convictions, justified, no doubt, by the author's knowledge and experience, he has adopted wood-engravings for the illustrations of his book; and most beautiful specimens of the art they are, as the two examples introduced here show. The majority are by Mr. J. D. Cooper; the others by Mr. R. B. Utting, Mr. O. Jewitt, Mr. J. L. Williams, Mrs. Gould, and Miss Byfield. The selection of subjects has been made with a view to present the prevailing peculiarities of each century in as great a variety as could be accomplished within the necessary limits of the undertaking. They number in all thirty-one, including initials and borders: we will examine a few of them, somewhat in detail; and first of all, the two which appear in our pages.

The initial P (engraved by Mr. Cooper) is from an illuminated volume bearing this title-page:—"Prince Charles of Viana, son of John II., King of Navarre, made this translation of the Ethics of Aristotle from the Latin Version of Leonardo Aretino, into Romance, for his uncle, Alfonso V., King of Arragon, who died on the 27th of June, 1458." The book contains ten large letters similar to the engraving, all of them Moorish in character. The letter itself is blue on a burnished gold ground, diapered with light yellow; the foliage within is coloured pink, green, and orange. The extremely delicate ornament on the framework of the letter must not escape notice.

In the British Museum is a splendidly illuminated volume known as the Gospels of Canute, which is presumed, from a certificate,

* A Handbook of the Art of Illumination, as practised during the Middle Ages. With a Description of the Metals, Pigments, and Processes employed by the Artists at different Periods. By Henry Shaw, F.S.A., author of "Illuminated Manuscripts of the Middle Ages," "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages," &c., &c. Published by Bell and Daldy, London.

in Anglo-Saxon, that precedes the title-page of the Gospel of St. Mark—the subject of our second engraving (also by Mr. Cooper), to have been the property of King Canute, "it is probable," writes Mr. Shaw, "that he presented it to the cathedral of Canterbury upon being received into that church." Assuming this to be the case, the work must be of very ancient date, as early as the eleventh century; and it testifies, by the chasteness and beauty of design of the frame, and by the extreme elegance of the initial, to the degree of excellence attained by the illuminators of that early period.

On page 25 Mr. Shaw has introduced a leaf from a manuscript, also in the British Museum, entitled "Epestre au Roy Richard II. d'Angleterre, par un Solitaire de Célestins de Paris." The upper portion of the leaf, or page, exhibits a picture on a kind of diapered background. To the left of the composition a monk on his left knee, holding in his left hand a banner charged with the symbol of the Lamb, presents with the other hand his book to King Richard, who is seated on his throne, crowned, and bearing his sceptre. On the right of the monarch are four figures, in the fantastic costume of the time; the three principal are supposed to be his uncles, the Dukes of York, Lancaster, and Gloucester. Below the picture is inscribed a portion of the epistle, preceded by initials, and interspersed with foliated ornament; the whole is enclosed within a slender frame,—each side varying in pattern,—from which are projected scrolls of leaves.

Without exception, two of the most beautiful plates, if they may so be termed, in the volume



are those selected from the copy of the "Hours of the Virgin," which formerly belonged to Isabella of Castile, wife of Ferdinand II. of Spain, the other copied from a finished miniature of St. Barbara. Both are remarkable for the bold and elegant borders that surround them; but the second contains a full-length portrait of St. Barbara, seated on the terrace of a castle, the background showing incidents of the persecutions to which she was exposed on account of her adherence to Christianity. It is only justice to Mr. Cooper that we should point out the high merits of this engraving: nothing on steel or copper could exceed in delicacy and *substance* what he has here accomplished on wood.

There is not an illuminated page in this beautiful work that does not deserve some favourable comment from us; our limited space, however, forbids any further special reference. But, for the benefit of those who practise illumination as amateurs, or who desire to learn something of it, we must point attention to the essay, at the end of the volume, on the art itself, and the best methods of acquiring it; it will be found of great value to the learner. We have had before us manuals and treatises on the subject, but none that seem so concise as this; none that teaches so much within the compass of a few pages of letter-press. Whether in the drawing-room, the studio of the artist or of the ornamental designer, Mr. Shaw's "Handbook of the Art of Illumination" ought to be welcomed.

METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL WORKING-CLASSES EXHIBITION.

Several visits paid to the Agricultural Hall, Islington, since the opening day of this Exhibition, enable us to deal more specifically with its contents than we were able to do in our former notice. Primarily, however, we may remark that, so far as the guarantors are concerned, they need not apprehend being called upon to make up any deficiency in the expenditure, for the Exhibition is, in every way, a "paying concern."

It must be borne in mind that this Exhibition is strictly one of the "Working-classes:" but the exhibitors by no means limit the productions sent in to the specialities of their trade. Thus, under the head of "Inventions and Improvements," we find a printer, W. H. Myers, contributing a number of signals for ships and railways, an improved coffee-pot, &c. &c.; a storekeeper, C. J. Hammond, sends the model of an invalid bedstead; a dentist, F. A. Wishart, a breech-loading rifle, a gas and nut wrench; a butcher, R. C. Dunham, is there daily explaining a most ingenious method of decimal calculating, which, he informed us, has met with the highest approval of those best able to test its utility; and a short-hand writer, T. Dunbar, exhibits several useful mechanical objects.

The Furniture and Upholstery section is not so well supported as might be expected; still there are some good specimens of inlaid work, and a few examples of well-made, but not very ornamental, furniture.

The Carving and Modelling department includes much that is really excellent. Among these works may be pointed out E. Bedford's 'Dead Game,' J. F. Booth's carved panel, J. Mimes's specimens of wood-carving, and those by J. C. Richards, of Bristol,—very good. Two heads sculptured in wood by J. Leafe, a boy of fourteen, are entitled to great credit; a plaster group of L'Africaine, and a recumbent figure of Prometheus, by A. W. Thornton, might claim no unworthy place in the sculpture-room of the Royal Academy exhibition. J. Hollingsworth, paper-hanger, shows, as an amateur, a casket carved in lime-wood, elegant in design, and very carefully executed. R. Pinner, cabinet-maker, who also exhibits as an amateur, has some wood-carvings from nature of a high class. But undoubtedly there is not a more clever and artistic work in this department than the plaster model in relief exhibited by G. Tinworth, wheelwright; it contains several figures engaged in a street *fracas;* the design, whether original or not we cannot tell, is most spirited, the modelling true and good. T. H. Gibb, draper, shows two large groups, modelled in plaster, one of an otter and salmon, another of a merlin and weasel; both of them are entitled to high praise.

There is little worthy of special notice under the section, Jewellery, Precious Metals, &c., with the exception of some very ingenious and delicate filigree work by N. J. Alexander, and some marvellously deceptive imitation jewellery by J. Jeffrays. A specimen of ornamental engraving by W. Keith, a boy of fifteen, is of a very superior order.

General Decorative Work is most successfully represented by designs for paper-hangings by W. C. Cadman and F. W. Bailey, respectively, both apprentice designers; by W. Featherstone's Grecian design for a cabinet door; R. Holland's designs for a dining-room cabinet, and for the ceiling of a theatre; and by T. Wells's graining in imitation of woods and marbles.

The display of China and Glass ware is meagre. J. Tucker's specimens of engraved glass are of a superior kind; H. Kane's china ornamented in raised and chased gold, and A. Fisher's enamel-painting, deserve mention here; as also do J. Wild's dessert-plates, &c.

On the Picture Gallery we have no room to dilate: there is abundance to look at, but little to call for favourable comment, if even we had space for notice. A few works might deserve a word of praise, and one has no right to expect to find more among a class of amateur painters whose ordinary avocations are so diametrically opposed to "Fine-Art" productions.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Mr. Brodie's statue of the Queen, to which we have already alluded, was unveiled to the public, by the Prince of Wales, on the 21st of September, with great ceremony.

Dunrobin.—A statue of the late Duke of Sutherland, by Mr. M. Noble, was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales, on the 24th of September. The work is a testimonial to the memory of the deceased nobleman from his tenantry.

Devonport.—The statue of the late Lord Seaton, by Mr. G. G. Adams, has reached its destination, and will, in all probability, be raised on its pedestal on the garrison parade, before this number of our Journal is at press.

Frome.—An "Art and Industrial" Exhibition was opened at the Mechanics' Hall in this town, in the month of September. The walls of the room were hung with many valuable pictures, contributed by the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Cork, Sir H. A. Hoare, Mr. W. Duckworth, the Rev. Prebendary Horner, Mr. Hippesley, Mr. J. H. Festing, and others of the neighbouring gentry and clergy. Conspicuous among these works were Rembrandt's notable painting, 'The Raising of the Widow's Son,' belonging to Sir H. A. Hoare, Vandyck's 'Deposition from the Cross,' now the property of Mr. Brimson, but formerly in the gallery of Sir John Guise; Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Strayed Sheep.' The "Industrial" portion of the exhibition was well supported, and various prizes were awarded in this department.

Manchester.—The annual meeting of those interested in the Manchester School of Art was recently held. The financial condition of the school appears satisfactory, the annual subscriptions amounting during the past year to £413, and the students' fees to £682, while the expenditure reached only to £1,018, leaving a balance of £77 in favour of the institution. Mr. F. Worthington, one of the speakers at the meeting, advocated the breaking off all connection with the Department of South Kensington, and argued that if this were done the school would receive much greater local support than it now does. The prizes awarded for the last sessional year by the Science and Art Department were: two silver medals, six bronze medals, one prize of books, and five third-grade prizes. The report alluded to the valued and efficient services of the head-master, Mr. W. J. Müekley.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—An exhibition of pictures, &c., was opened in this town in the month of September. The number of works, many of them of great value, amounted to about 500.

Portsmouth.—A project is being entertained in this borough for erecting a statue of the late Lord Northbrook, who, as Sir F. Baring, so long was its representative in parliament.

Shrewsbury.—An exhibition of pictures and works of manufacturing Art was opened in this town, with every prospect of success, in the month of September. The Committee of Council on Education contributed many works, and various residents in the locality largely assisted. The exhibition is in connection with the Shrewsbury School of Art.

Southampton.—As a financial success the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Loan Exhibition promises to be a failure, so far, at least, as relates to one of the results the committee hoped to attain; that is, the retention of the temporary exhibition building for the purposes of the School of Art. At a meeting held shortly before the close of the exhibition, the chairman of the committee stated that the receipts, though very considerable, would not warrant the expectation of there being any surplus over the expenditure.

Wolverhampton.—The managers of the School of Art have determined to give gratuitous instruction for a year to twelve scholars from each public school who have already taken prizes for drawing in the first grade; the term is to be renewed if the pupil's progress be satisfactory. The school appears to stand in need of greater pecuniary support, and the committee has appealed to the town and neighbourhood on its behalf.

SELECTED PICTURES.

HAY-TIME.

D. Cox, Painter. E. Radcliffe, Engraver.

No real lover of English landscape but must admire the works of David Cox; provided, that is, that something more than the "prettiness" of Art is expected in a picture. One may be ignorant of the means employed in the production of the work, may have a preference for what is commonly called "style," and may prefer to bold and vigorous handling the patient and laborious dotting and stipplings of an elaborately-finished drawing or painting; but if he loves nature, if he can see nature when transferred to canvas or paper, in all her infinite varieties and beauty, if he can appreciate Art unadorned, and yet adorned with all that is fresh and pleasant, then the pictures of Cox will receive that award of commendation to which their truth of rendering, their simple pastoral poetry, and their *unaffectedness* entitle them. Cox was an ardent lover of English scenery, and whether we meet him in a hay-field at the hours when

> "The breezy call of incense-breathing morn"

invites to the pastures; among the mountains of Wales at noonday or twilight, in sunshine or in rain-storm; on the sands of Lancaster when market-folk are crossing the dreary and treacherous waste; or among the fishers on the sea-coast; he is ever welcome, because everywhere his works are as true as they are beautiful in colour and living expression.

No two landscape-painters ever showed more originality of manner than Turner and David Cox; compare them with all who preceded or have followed them, and none will be found to stand the test, except imitators among the latter. Cox, by the way, had pupils who, of course, adopted his style as far as they could. It was long before the public "took to" either; and even to this day there are those who can see nothing to admire in the gorgeous canvases that constitute the "Turner Gallery," and in the masterly but more modest productions of the great water-colour painter whose youth was passed amid the forges of Birmingham.

Very few of his pictures have been engraved, and he did not, as did many of his brother landscape-painters—Stanfield, Roberts, Harding, Prout, Pyne, and others—prepare any large work for publication, though two or three elementary books upon drawing and water-colour painting were published by him. We are glad, therefore, to introduce here an engraving from one of his most attractive drawings. The locality we cannot identify with any certainty, but the character of the scenery is Welsh, probably on the borders of one of the lakes, a portion of which is seen in the distance on the right. But it is one of those open landscapes we often find among the works of this artist; a wide out-spread tract of level ground backed by a range of hills, here standing out in partial sunshine against a mass of purple clouds. Cox possessed a rare faculty for representing space and distance by light and shade intermingled, and this power is abundantly evident in the picture before us. The subject is simple, and would be comparatively uninviting to an eye that sees beauty only in the grandeur of nature, but the judgment, feeling, and skill of the painter have transformed a kind of desert into a "smiling plain," fragrant with the breath of mown grass, and fresh with the gales of heaven.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

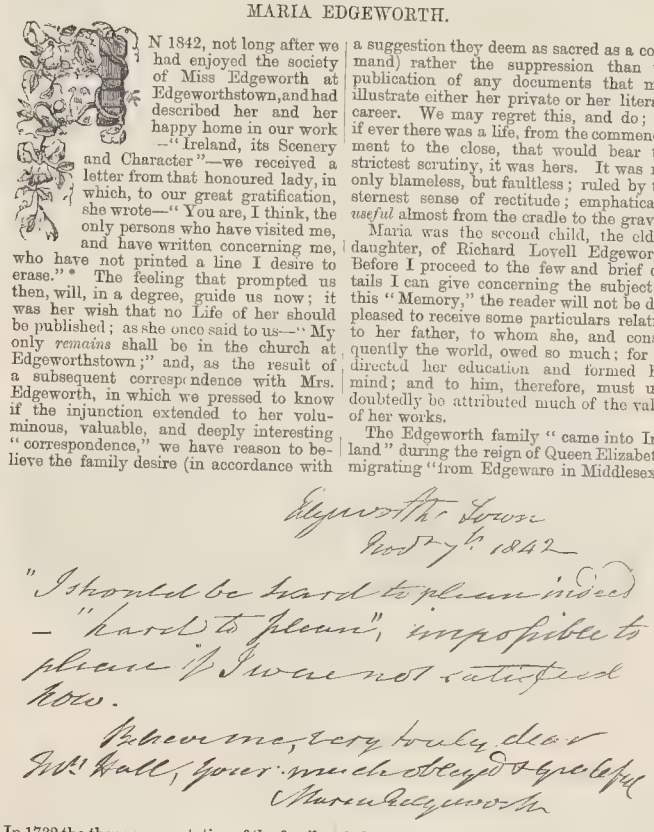
"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's History, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did." CARLYLE: HERO WORSHIP.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

IN 1842, not long after we had enjoyed the society of Miss Edgeworth at Edgeworthstown, and had described her and her happy home in our work —"Ireland, its Scenery and Character"—we received a letter from that honoured lady, in which, to our great gratification, she wrote—"You are, I think, the only persons who have visited me, and have written concerning me, who have not printed a line I desire to erase."* The feeling that prompted us then, will, in a degree, guide us now; it was her wish that no Life of her should be published; as she once said to us—"My only *remains* shall be in the church at Edgeworthstown;" and, as the result of a subsequent correspondence with Mrs. Edgeworth, in which we pressed to know if the injunction extended to her voluminous, valuable, and deeply interesting "correspondence," we have reason to believe the family desire (in accordance with a suggestion they deem as sacred as a command) rather the suppression than the publication of any documents that may illustrate either her private or her literary career. We may regret this, and do; for if ever there was a life, from the commencement to the close, that would bear the strictest scrutiny, it was hers. It was not only blameless, but faultless; ruled by the sternest sense of rectitude; emphatically *useful* almost from the cradle to the grave.

Maria was the second child, the eldest daughter, of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. Before I proceed to the few and brief details I can give concerning the subject of this "Memory," the reader will not be displeased to receive some particulars relative to her father, to whom she, and consequently the world, owed so much; for he directed her education and formed her mind; and to him, therefore, must undoubtedly be attributed much of the value of her works.

The Edgeworth family "came into Ireland" during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, migrating "from Edgeware in Middlesex."



In 1732 the then representative of the family married Jane Lovell, the daughter of a Welsh judge, and their son, Richard Lovell, was born in Pierrepoint Street, Bath, in 1744. In early boyhood he was taken to Ireland, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1761, being removed to Oxford the same year, and entered at Corpus Christi as Gentleman Commoner. "While yet a youth at college"—in 1763—he married "Miss Elers," the daughter of "his father's friend," a family that resided at Black-Bourton, not far from Oxford. She was a lady well descended, and of high connections: that is nearly all we know of her. It would appear that he respected more than he loved her; having engaged her affections, he conceived it a point of honour to become her husband. Being under age, they were "married in Scotland;" but his father, although disapproving the match, had them subsequently remarried by license.* She was the mother of Maria, and many circumstances lead to the conclusion that if she lacked some of the attractions the young and gay Irishman looked for, she was thoroughly amiable, prudent, and good. A son, he tells us, was born at Black-Bourton, in 1764,† and there also Maria was born in 1767. In 1768 Mr. Edgeworth records that he visited Ireland taking his son with him, leaving his wife and infant daughter in England.*

At Black-Bourton, then, Maria Edgeworth was born, in 1767;† she was the daughter of an English lady, and the granddaughter of an English lady; moreover, her father was of English birth and English descent, and she was English born. Nevertheless she was, to all intents and purposes, Irish: so she must be considered, and so she considered herself.

She was born on the 1st of January (as she tells Mrs. Hall in one of her letters), a God-given "New Year's gift" to her almost boy-father, and to the world for all time.

Mr. Edgeworth has not recorded the date of his first wife's death, but on the 17th of July, 1773, he was again wedded, at Lichfield, to Miss Honora Sneyd. Soon afterwards they settled in Ireland, and Edgeworthstown became, with few brief intervals, thenceforward his permanent home. His second wife did not live long, but her husband bears testimony to her many virtues. Some time after her death he married her sister Elizabeth, who thus became his third wife, on Christmas Day, 1780, at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. In 1798, being again a widower, he again married—Miss Frances Anne Beaufort, the daughter of Dr. Beaufort, "an excellent clergyman, and a man of taste and of literature." That admirable woman survived him many years. She was, Mr. Edgeworth writes, "a young lady of small fortune and large accomplishments;" and "his marriage with her," Maria, writing twenty years afterwards, says, "of all the blessings we owe to him, has proved the greatest."‡

In 1814 time was telling on the vigorous frame of Mr. Edgeworth. In one of his conversations with his daughter, he spoke of the later years of his life as by far the happiest, and pleasantly said that "if he were permitted to return to earth in whatever form he might choose, he should perhaps make the whimsical choice of re-entering the world as an old man. His latest letter—to Lady Romilly, in 1817, when he knew he was dying, in the midst of physical suffering, resigned and cheerful—contains this passage:—"I enjoy the charms of literature, the sympathy of friendship, and the unbounded gratitude of my children." His prayer had been that as long as he lived he might retain his intellectual faculties, and that blessing was mercifully granted to him. He thanked God that his mind did not die before his body. On the 13th of June, 1817, he died, and

* About the same period we received from Mrs. Wilson, Miss Edgeworth's sister, a letter in which occurs this passage:—"I, as one of the family, my dear Mrs. Hall, must give you my grateful thanks for the delicacy with which you have avoided saying anything that could hurt our feelings, or violate the privacy of the domestic life in which my sister delights."

* Of his father Mr. Edgeworth says, he was "upright, honourable, sincere, and sweet-tempered; loved and respected by people of all ranks with whom he was connected." He was in the Irish parliament for twenty-five years. The Abbé Edgeworth was a relation, though not a near one; he was descended from a branch of the Edgeworth family. Mr. Edgeworth, soon after the restoration of Louis XVI., addressed the minister of the king, claiming, "as the nearest relation of the Abbé Edgeworth, from the justice of France that his name should be inscribed on some public monument with those of the exalted personages who relied for consolation on his fidelity and courage, ... to show that monarchs may have friends, and that princes can be grateful."

† Mr. Edgeworth records of this son, that "having acquired a vague notion of the happiness of a seafaring life," he became a sailor. In a note to her father's autobiography, Miss Edgeworth informs us that he some years afterwards went to America, married Elizabeth Wright, an American lady, and settled in South Carolina, near George Town. He died (August, 1796), leaving three sons, whose descendants are still resident in America.

* It is stated by Miss Kavanagh (I know not on what authority) that Maria was born at Hare Hatch, near Reading, and "that her birth cost the mother her life." Maria was born at Black-Bourton, and her mother lived six years after her birth.

† The proper name of Black Bourton is Bourton Abbots. I am informed by the late incumbent of the parish that "the old manorial pew belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church College formerly belonged to the Eliers, or Elers family; at the back of it is the old family marble tomb and effigy; that the family came originally from Germany, and settled at Bourton Abbots, in a fine old mansion house, a vestige of which is not now to be found, though relics of the old oak carvings are scattered among neighbouring cottages." My correspondent adds, that after the decease of the original family, the younger branches became reduced in circumstances, the estate merged into other hands, and none of the name are now known at Black Bourton.

‡ She was an aged woman when I had the happiness to know her. It was a beautiful sight to see the mingled homage and affection paid to her by every member of her family—by her step-children as well as by those who were more peculiarly her own. Maria's hopes and anticipations, in 1798, were more than confirmed nearly half a century afterwards, and during all the intervening years. She was born at or near Navan, in 1769; her father and grandfather were clergymen, and both rectors of Navan, and her brother, Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, was hydrographer to the Admiralty. She died in 1865, having attained the venerable age of ninety-six, and in the sixty-seventh year of her residence at Edgeworthstown.

his remains were deposited in the family vault in the churchyard of Edgeworthstown, to which, in accordance with his written directions, he was borne on the shoulders of his own labourers, his coffin being "without velvet, plate, or gilding." And the stone that covers his remains contains no inscription beyond his name and the dates of his birth and death.

That his was "a useful and a well-spent life" there is abundant evidence; as a member of parliament, as a county magistrate, as a landed proprietor (acknowledging the duties as well as the rights of property), he was entirely worthy; in all that appertained to his family and to society he was considerate, generous, just; while of the influence he exercised over his own family we have the proofs not only in his own writings, but in those of his daughter.

To estimate rightly both father and daughter, some notes on the state of Ireland nearly a century ago are needful. When, in 1782, Maria may be said to have first visited Ireland, and her father became "a resident Irish landlord," the country was in a condition very different indeed from that which it now presents and presented at the period of her removal from earth.

"If ever any country was governed by an oligarchy, Ireland was in that situation before the Union;" thus Mr. Edgeworth wrote in 1817. Society was in a deeply degraded state; recklessness and extravagance were almost universal. "As landlord and magistrate, the proprietor of an estate had to listen to perpetual complaints, petty wranglings and equivocations, in which no human sagacity could discover truth or award justice." A large proportion of the gentry dwelt in "superb mansions," so far as regarded size, but "lived in debt, danger, and subterfuge, nominally possessors of a palace, but really in dread of a jail." The dominant party regarded themselves as the masters of slaves; "drivers" were the satellites of every landlord, and middlemen farmed nearly all the land, taking it at a reasonable rent (paying usually in advance), and reletting it immediately to poor tenants at the highest price possible to be pressed out of their necessities. It was generally a hopeless task that which strove to make the tenant even moderately comfortable. Justice was a thing never looked for; it was always the landlord against the tenant, and the tenant against the landlord.*

It is certain that Mr. Edgeworth was far in advance of his time. The poorer classes did not understand him; they were not prepared for the advent of a magistrate who required evidence only with a view to ascertain truth, nor for a gentleman who preferred rather to pay than to give, and whose established rule was to do right for right's sake; while neighbouring gentry were utterly incapable of comprehending a man who was indifferent to field sports and never drank to excess; who was faithful to his home, and happiest when his children were his playmates; who was a politician, yet of no party; whose religion was based on universal charity, and who was the protector of the poor and the advocate of the oppressed. The records of Ireland towards the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, are now happily gone-by histories; but something should be known of them to comprehend the character of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. In the end he triumphed over prejudice, disarmed hostility, and set an example the salutary influence of which can scarcely be exaggerated by any historian of the perilous time in which he lived.*

His life was especially valuable as forming the mind of his daughter Maria—the minds of all his children, indeed; she writes—"Few, I believe, have ever enjoyed such happiness or such advantages as I have had in the instruction, society, and unbounded confidence and affection of such a father and such a friend."

At that period it absolutely required some such intelligence to usher such an intellect into the world of letters. Authorship was considered out of the province of woman; and although Mr. Edgeworth records as an astonishing fact (on the authority of Burke) that there were then actually 80,000 readers in Great Britain, very few of them were of the gentler sex. He tells us that his own grandmother "was singularly averse to all learning in a lady, beyond reading the Bible and being able to cast up a week's household account," and did her best to prevent her daughter from "wasting her time upon books;" in vain, however, for she became a thoroughly educated woman, and to "her instructions and authority" her son acknowledges himself indebted for the happiness of his life.

The critic Jeffrey writes:—"A greater mass of trash and rubbish never disgraced the press of any country than the ordinary novels that filled and supported our circulating libraries down nearly to the time of Miss Edgeworth's first appearance." There were some exceptions, no doubt, and some works that have kept their places in the hearts of millions; but "the staple of the novel market was, beyond imagination, despicable, and had consequently sunk and degraded the whole department of literature of which it had usurped the name." The "rabble rout" of the Minerva press was scattered as by the wand of an enchanter when this admirable woman appeared; and to her we are perhaps indebted



THE EDGEWORTH FAMILY.

for "the Waverley novels," for it is avowed by Scott that he was prompted by the example of Miss Edgeworth to a desire to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland.†

The growth of Maria's mind she traces wholly to her father, and very often she humbly and gratefully acknowledges how much her writings were improved by his critical taste and matured judgment. "In consequence of his earnest exhortations," she writes, "I began, in 1791 or 1792, to note down anecdotes of the children he was then educating;" writing also, for her own amusement and instruction, some of his conversation-lessons. In their system of educating these children "all the general ideas originated with him; the illustrating and manufacturing them, if I may use the expression, was mine." The "Practical Education" was thus a joint work of father and daughter; it was published in 1798, "and so commenced that literary partnership which, for so many years, was the pride and joy of my life." The next book they published "in partnership" was the "Essay on Irish Bulls;" the illustrative anecdotes there retailed owed little to invention, and nearly all of them were facts; sometimes he told them, with racy humour and point, while she wrote them down. He was always at hand to advise, not often to write. In "Patronage" he did not pen a single passage, but the "plan" was his suggestion; it originated in a story invented by him, and the leading characters were sketched as he imagined them. "All his literary ambition was for me." His skill was exercised in "cutting:" "'It is mine to cut and correct,' he once said, 'yours to write on;' and such, happily for me, was his power over my mind, that no one thing I ever began to write was ever left unfinished." In the few letters he addressed to her—for they were rarely apart even for a day—he signs himself "Your critic, partner, father, friend."

* In 1793 (thus writes Maria Edgeworth in her memoirs of her father) "a statute of King William III., entitled 'An Act to prevent the Growth of Popery,' ordained no less than a forfeiture of inheritance against those Catholics who had been educated abroad; at the pleasure of any informer it confiscated their estates to the next Protestant heir. That statute further deprived Papists of the power of obtaining any legal property by purchase; and simply for officiating in the service of his religion, any Catholic priest was liable to be imprisoned for life. Some of these penalties had fallen into disuse, but, as Mr. Dunning stated in the English House of Commons, 'many respectable Catholics still lived in fear of them, and some actually paid contributions to persons who, on the strength of this act, threatened them with prosecutions.'"

* The Sir Condys and Sir Murtaghs of Castle Rackrent had their originals in most Irish families at the time Maria Edgeworth wrote that tale.

† "Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact, which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles."—SCOTT.

To write for children was then considered below the dignity of authorship. Dr. Watts and Mrs. Barbauld had indeed thus "condescended;" but, with these exceptions, there were few or none able or willing to make their way into the minds and hearts of "the little ones."

There is abundant evidence that much of the true greatness of Maria Edgeworth's mind—and the inestimable value of her writings—resulted from the duty which nature imposed upon her when she was placed at the head of a family consisting of children of varied ages from infancy to youthhood. In 1814 she writes, "His eldest was above five-and-forty, the youngest being only one year old." It therefore became the duty of the eldest to train the younger branches—children who were learning to speak when she was sedate and aged. Hence that educated power by which she brought the elevated sensibilities and sound moralities of life to a level with the comprehension of childhood; rendering knowledge, and virtue, and consideration, and order, the companions—almost the playthings as well as the teachers—of the nursery.

Mr. Edgeworth had sons and daughters by each of his four wives: he was their parent, their preceptor, their friend, their companion, their playmate; they lived with him on "terms of equality that diminished nothing from respect," giving to him gratitude and affection. "Those who knew him longest loved him best." "I have heard him say," writes Maria, "that he never in his whole life lost a friend but by death." And that which he wrote to Darwin, in 1796, of Edgeworthstown—"I do not think one tear per month is shed in this house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt,"—continued to be as true in 1844, when we visited Edgeworthstown, as it had been half a century earlier; so it was through all changes, anxieties, and responsibilities, during fifty years.

Edgeworthstown was, and is, a large country mansion, to which additions have been from time to time made—but made judiciously. An avenue of venerable trees leads to it from the public road; it is distant about seven miles from the town of Longford. The only room I need specially refer to is the library; it belonged more peculiarly to Maria, although the general sitting-room of the family. It was the room in which she did nearly all her work—not only that which was to gratify



EDGEWORTHSTOWN.

and instruct the world, but that which, in a measure, regulated the household—the domestic duties that were subjects of her continual thought; for the desk at which she usually sate was never without memoranda of matters from which she might have pleaded a right to be held exempt. Mrs. Hall described it in our work, "Ireland, its Scenery and Character," and I may borrow in substance that description here. It is by no means a stately, solitary room, but large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and "furnished" with suggestive engravings. Seen through the window is the lawn, embellished by groups of trees. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying point of the family, who are usually around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious that the inmates of the house shall each do exactly as he or she pleases—sits in her own peculiar corner on the sofa; a pen, given her by Sir Walter Scott while a guest at Edgeworthstown (in 1825), is placed before her on a little, quaint, unassuming table, constructed, and added to, for convenience. She had a singular power of abstraction, apparently hearing all that was said, and occasionally taking part in the conversation, while pursuing her own occupation, and seemingly attending only to it. In that corner, and on that table, she had written nearly all the works which have delighted and enlightened the world. Now and then she would rise and leave the room, perhaps to procure a toy for one of the children, to mount the ladder and bring down a book that could explain or illustrate some topic on which some one was conversing: immediately she would resume her pen, and continue to write as if the thought had been unbroken for an instant. I expressed to Mrs. Edgeworth surprise at this faculty so opposed to my own habit. "Maria," she said, "was always the same; her mind was so rightly balanced, everything so honestly weighed, that she suffered no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer."

She was an early riser, and had much work done before breakfast. Every morning during our stay at Edgeworthstown she had gathered a bouquet of roses, which she placed beside my plate at the table, while she was always careful to refresh the vase that stood in our chamber; and she invariably examined my feet after a walk, to see that damp had not induced danger; "popping" in and out of our room with some kind inquiry, some thoughtful suggestion, or to show some object that she knew would give pleasure. It is to such small courtesies as these that we owe much of the happiness of life. Maria Edgeworth seemed never weary of thought that could make those about her happy; the impression thus produced upon us is as vivid to-day as it was twenty-five years ago.

A wet day was a "god-send" to us. She would enter our sitting-room and converse freely of persons whose names are histories; and once she brought us a large box full of letters — her correspondence with many great men and women, extending over more than fifty years—authors, artists, men of science, social reformers, statesmen, of all the countries of Europe, and especially of America—a country of which she spoke and wrote in terms of the highest respect and affection.

Although we had known Miss Edgeworth in London—and, indeed, had often the honour of receiving her as a guest at our house—it will be readily understood how much more to advantage she was seen in her own home; she was the very gentlest of lions, the most unexacting—apparently the least conscious of her right to prominence; in London she did not reject, yet she seemed averse, to the homage accorded her. At home she was emphatically at home!

The last time we saw her was at the house of her sister, Mrs. Wilson (now also departed), in North Audley Street; she was, of course, a centre of attraction; the heated room and many "presentations" seemed to weary her. *We*, of course, were seldom near her in the crowd, and as we were bidding her good-bye, she made us amends by whispering, "We will make up for this at Edgeworthstown." Alas! that was not to be; not long afterwards, she returned to Edgeworthstown, and was suddenly called from earth.

She had complained somewhat, felt languid and oppressed, and consented that her friend and physician, Sir Henry Marsh, should be sent for; half an hour after the letter was written, Mrs. Edgeworth entered her bedroom; passing her hand under the patient's head, she gently raised it, and as it reclined on her breast the soul passed away. She died without either physical or mental suffering, in the eighty-third year of her useful and happy life, "full of years and honours" indeed![*]

It is to be regretted that there exists no portrait of this admirable woman; a hint I gave that to obtain one would be a vast boon was not well received, and there was some hesitation in permitting Mr. Fairholt, who was our companion during our visit to Edgeworthstown, to introduce into his drawing of the library, her portrait as she sate at her desk examining papers; that sketch I have engraved. Mr. Sneyd Edgeworth (who was not long ago removed from earth) gave me, however, a photograph of a family picture, of which also I give an engraving.

Her contemporaries have not said much concerning her; indeed, of late years, she was but little seen out of Edgeworths-

[*] In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall (who wrote to her on her birthday every year during several years) she says, "Your cordial, warm-hearted note was the very pleasantest I received on my birthday, except those from my own family." That was the last birthday she passed on earth. She adds, "You must not delay long in finding your way to Edgeworthstown if you mean to see me again. Remember you have just congratulated me on my eighty-second birthday."

town, her visits to London being rare and brief. It is known that Sir Walter Scott much loved and honoured her, yet there is little concerning her in his journal, although he spent some days with her at Edgeworthstown.* "She writes," he says, "all the while she laughs, talks, eats, and drinks;" and, in another place, "I am particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good-humoured ardour of mind which she unites with such formidable powers of acute observation." She was well appreciated by Sydney Smith, who thus wrote of her: "She does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation, as makes it very brilliant." This passage, however, I find in Lockhart's life of Scott:—

"It may be well imagined with what lively interest Sir Walter surveyed the scenery with which so many of the proudest recollections of Ireland must ever be associated, and how curiously he studied the rural manners it presented to him, in the hope (not disappointed) of being able to trace some of his friend's bright creations to their first hints and germs. On the delight with which he contemplated her position in the midst of her own large and happy domestic circle, I need say still less. The reader is aware by this time how deeply he condemned and pitied the conduct and fate of those who, gifted with pre-eminent talents for the instruction and entertainment of their species at large, fancy themselves entitled to neglect those every-day duties and charities of life, from the mere shadowing of which in imaginary pictures the genius of poetry and romance has always reaped its highest and purest, perhaps its only true immortal honours. In Maria he hailed a sister spirit; one who, at the summit of literary fame, took the same modest, just, and, let me add, *Christian* view of the relative importance of the feelings, the obligations, and the hopes in which we are all equally the partakers, and those talents and accomplishments which may seem to vain and short-sighted eyes sufficient to constitute their possessors into an order and species apart from the rest of their kind. Such fantastic conceits found no shelter with either of these powerful minds."

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of Maria Edgeworth in 1842: In person she was very small—she was "lost in a crowd;" her face was pale and thin, her features irregular—they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manners were so perfectly well bred—partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness—that one never thought of her with reference either to beauty or plainness; she ever occupied, without claiming, attention, charming continually by her singularly pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed from her bright blue—very blue—eyes, increased the value of every word she uttered; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to those from whom she sought it; her attention seemed far more the effect of respect than of curiosity; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she more than once suggested to me the story of the good fairy, from whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they were opened. She was ever neat and particular in her dress, a duty to society which literary women sometimes culpably neglect; her feet and hands were so delicate and small, as to be almost childlike.* In a word, Maria Edgeworth was one of those women who do not seem to require beauty.

Miss Edgeworth has been called "cold;" but those who have so deemed her have never seen, as I have (Mrs. Hall writes), the tears gather in her eyes at a tale of suffering or sorrow, nor heard the genuine hearty laugh that followed the relation of a pleasant story. Never, so long as I live, can I forget the evenings spent in her library in the midst of a family, highly educated and self-thinking, in conversation unrestrained, yet pregnant with instructive thought.

Of the *twenty-two* children born to Richard Lovell Edgeworth there are but three now left; there is, however, happily, another generation to reap the harvest of the seed that was planted at Edgeworthstown nearly a century ago.

The long career of Maria Edgeworth illustrated her own and her father's system of education—practical education; she was, by her own example, that which she laboured to make others—active, energetic, cheerful, ever at hand everywhere when needed.

It was—and possibly still is—made a charge against the Edgeworths, that they put aside "religion" from their plans of education. The subject is certainly not prominent in their writings, but Mr. Edgeworth emphatically affirms his conviction that "religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people in every part of the world," and considered "religion, in the large sense of the word, to be the only certain bond of society." His daughter also strongly protests against the idea that he designed to lay down a system of education founded upon morality, exclusive of religion.*

It may be worth noting, that during our residence at Edgeworthstown the family assembled at prayers every morning, that they were regular attendants at the parish church, and that other evidence was supplied of the strength of their religious faith.

I may be permitted to make some extracts from the few of her letters we have preserved. The first is a passage from one dated January 2, 1848; it concerns her little book for the young, "Orlandino:"—

"Chambers, as you always told me, acts very liberally. As this was to earn a little money for our parish poor in the last year's distress, he most considerately gave prompt payment. Even before publication, when the proof sheets were under correction, came the ready order on the Bank of Ireland. Blessings on him! and I hope he will not be the worse for me: I am surely the better for him, and so are numbers now working and eating; for Mrs. E.'s principle and mine is to excite the people to work for good wages, and not by gratis feeding to make beggars of them, and ungrateful beggars, as the case might be."

* * * * *

"I do not deserve the very kind, warm-hearted letter I have just received from you, dear Mrs. Hall; but I prize and like it all the better. So little standing upon ceremony, and so cordially off-hand and from the heart. Thank you for it with all *my* heart, and be assured it gave me heartfelt pleasure, and this I know will please you."



MISS EDGEWORTH'S LIBRARY.

I copy a passage from one of the criticisms on her contemporaries, in which she sometimes indulged in her letters to Mrs. Hall, all marked by sound observation and generous sympathy:—

"A book has much interested me; it is unlike any other book I ever read in my life, and yet true to nature in new circumstances. To be sure I cannot judge of the circumstances or the narrative; never having been in the country; but the descriptions full of life, and marked by that seal of genius which we recognise the instant we see it, obtains perfect credence from the reader, and hurries us on through the most romantic adventures, still domestic and confined to a few persons not in number beyond the power of sympathy. One or two the most powerfully drawn may, perhaps, touch the bounds of impossibility. The book I mean has a title which does not do it justice, and which would rather lead one to expect a gossipping chronicle. It is called 'The Neighbours.' Its author, I understand, is a Miss Bremer, of Stockholm, translated by Mary Howitt, and the best and most just praise I can give to her translation, is that one never, from beginning to end, recollects her existence; never does it occur to our mind that it is a translation. Pray tell me if you know anything of this author, and how I should address her at Stockholm."

"How very much one is obliged to the genius which can snatch one from oneself away, in times of great depression of spirits! At those times when we are not wise enough to be able

* During Miss Edgeworth's visit to Abbotsford, in 1823, previous to the return visit to Edgeworthstown, an incident occurred that has been stated of others, I believe. Miss Edgeworth told us that one moonlight night she proposed to Scott to visit Melrose, quoting his famous lines—

"If you would see Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Scott at once assented, adding,—"By all means let us go, for I myself have never seen Melrose by moonlight."

* She once commissioned me to procure for her a pair of shoes from Melnotte's, in Paris; and when I handed the model to the shoemaker, I had difficulty in persuading him it was not the shoe of a little girl.

* Robert Hall, after greatly praising her writings, laments that they are without even allusion to Christianity:—"She does not attack religion, or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting perfect virtue without it."

to give *a reason for particularly liking;* but the involuntary feeling is perhaps the most gratifying to a writer of benevolent heart, as well as superior genius."

* * * * *

"I am afraid you are soaring above us. I read of such fine doings at the Rosery—such a grand breakfast on the marriage of Miss M——. But as she is good Irish, you are true to your national affections, and there may be room in your heart for all of us."

She was with Sir Walter Scott when he visited Killarney. There had been a rumour that the great author had been treated with slight during his visit to the Irish lakes, and that he had spoken of them with contumely: I thought it right to set that question at rest. The following letter is now before me; she writes:—

"Edgeworthstown,
"*June* 18, 1843.

"My sister, Harriet Butler, and I were in the boat with Sir Walter Scott, the day, and the only day, when he was on the Killarney Lakes. We heard him declare that he thought the Upper Lake the most beautiful he had ever seen excepting Loch Lomond; more could not by mortal tongue be expressed by a Scotsman. I did not hear him find fault, or say that he was disappointed, during the whole row. He appeared pleased and pleasing; and why any people should have imagined he was not, I cannot imagine. 'Rude' I am sure he was not; he could not be. We were sorry that we could not stay another day; but all experienced travellers know full well that they must give up their wishes to previous arrangements and engagements, and that they must cut their plans and pleasures according to their time and promises. As to the affair of the stag hunt, I can only say that *I* received no invitation to see one; that *we* did not receive any; that I heard at the time that a stag hunt would not be offered to us, because the stag hounds belonged to some near relation of a gentleman much respected in the country, who had just died suddenly, and was not buried. I recollect passing by the gates of his place, and seeing two men in deep mourning, with weepers, sitting on each side of the gate. As I had never before seen this custom, I made inquiry, and was told why they mourned, and who for; and this confirmed and fixed in my memory what I have above mentioned." *

I have quoted from the last letter Mrs. Hall received from Miss Edgeworth; it may be permitted me to make an extract from the first, dated July 30, 1829, in reference to Mrs. Hall's first production, "Sketches of Irish Character."

"It has been sometimes my fate to have gratitude and sincerity struggling within me when I have begun a letter of thanks to authors; I have no such struggle now, but with pleasure unmixed, and perfect freedom of mind and ease of conscience, I write to *you*. The 'Sketches of Irish Character' are, in my opinion, admirable for truth, pathos, and humour; *all* the sketches show complete knowledge of the persons and things represented, and some of the portraits are drawn with uncommon strength, and with more decided and *fine* touches, which mark a masterly hand."

I may quote this generous tribute to a writer concerning Ireland who was then entering a career Miss Edgeworth was about to leave. There are other parts of the letter I abstain from quoting; but the reader of this Memory will readily appreciate the effect on the then young author of "Sketches of Irish Character."

* The matter-of-fact mind of Maria Edgeworth receives illustration from the following letter which she required her sister to write:—

"Dear Mrs. Hall,—My recollection of the circumstances mentioned by my sister at Killarney, in 1825, exactly coincides with hers; I remember our being told, as we drove into Killarney, that we should have no stag hunt, as the master of the hounds had died that morning.

"Yours truly,

"Trim, 19*th June*, 43." "Harriet Butler.

Although it forms no part of our plan in this series of "Memories" to bring under review the works of the authors we commemorate, it is impossible to treat of Maria Edgeworth without some observations on the influence of her writings. She had one great advantage over almost all others, *she never wrote for bread;* she was never *compelled* to furnish a publisher with so much matter at so much per sheet. In her home there was always independence—entire freedom from debt; and with few responsibilities beyond those that appertain to a household. At Edgeworthstown there was emphatically that of which the poet tells us—

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence."

It is to their honour that women were the first to use the pen in the service of Ireland. At the beginning of the century a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman, were synonymous terms in the novel or on the stage; they were deemed exceptions who did honour to their country; and although a *gentleman* from Ireland, in contradistinction to an *Irish* gentleman, was considered everywhere the perfection of grace, refinement, and chivalric courtesy, there were, unhappily, too many "specimens" that gave force to prejudice and confounded the all with the many. Churchill wrote, more than a century ago—

"Long from a country ever hardly used,
At random censured, wantonly abused,
Have Britons drawn the shaft, with no kind view,
And judged the many by the rascal few."

When prejudice was at its height—about the time of "the Union"—two women with opposite views, and very opposite training, but moved by the same ennobling patriotism, "rose to the rescue;" Miss Owenson, afterwards Lady Morgan, by the vivid *romance*, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of actual portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury, spreading abroad the knowledge of Irish character, and portraying, as till then they had never been portrayed, the chivalry, generosity, and devotedness of Irish nature. They succeeded largely in evaporating suspicion, in overcoming prejudice, by obtaining ready hearers of appeals. Neither of these eminent and greatly endowed ladies did by any means ignore the faults, serious or trivial, of their countrymen and countrywomen; but they made conspicuous their virtues, maintained their right to respect and their claim to consideration, and succeeded in obtaining verdicts in their favour from adverse judges and reluctant juries.

It is indeed a privilege to render homage to the memory of this admirable woman; her works are "not for an age, but for all time." They were marvels in her day, two-thirds of a century ago, when either coarseness or frivolity was too generally the staple of the author. Her affection for Ireland was fervent and earnest, yet she was of no party—even in that age and there. She had enlarged sympathies, with large views for its advancement; neither prejudice nor bigotry touched her mind or heart. Her religious and political faith was *Christian*, in the most extended sense of that holy word; a literary woman, without vanity, affectation, or jealousy; a perfect woman—

"Not too pure nor good
For human nature's daily food."

Studious of all home duties, careful for all home requirements, ever actively thoughtful of all the offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life, genius gave to her the rare power to be useful during seventy of her eighty-three years.

HOW OUR PENCILS ARE MADE IN CUMBERLAND.*

It may be interesting to our readers to know something of an article which is to be found in daily use in every English household—the lead pencil. While we see long descriptions written of almost every other article of manufacture, the poor little pencil seems to have been quite neglected and left unnoticed. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which pencil-making is carried on, and also from the fact that its head-quarters is an out-of-the-way town in the north of England, little known except to tourists, and which, until lately, was only approachable by a coach-and-four.

Blacklead is found in various foreign parts, particularly in Germany, but no lead that has *ever* been discovered is equal to that found in Cumberland; for richness and purity, for beauty and fineness, it stands without a rival; and although many other kinds of lead are employed in pencil-making, that found in Cumberland has always been considered the best, and is still only used in the manufacture of the finest drawing-pencils. When we say Cumberland lead, we mean the pure "wad,"† unmixed with any other substance. The celebrated plumbago mine is situated in Borrowdale, one of the most beautiful spots in England, about nine miles from Keswick, near a little hamlet called Seathwaite. Majestic rocks tower round on all sides, and the visitor is at once impressed with the solemn grandeur of the valley. A traveller, in speaking of this wild and beautiful dale, says:—"Here in the depth of winter the sun never shines; as the spring advances, his rays begin to shoot over the southern mountains, and at noon to tip the chimney-pots of the village." We believe we are correct in saying that there is no record of the first opening of this mine. Although many traditions exist concerning it amongst the country people who inhabit the surrounding mountain sides, or "fells," as they are called in Cumberland, yet none of them are sufficiently authentic to be worthy of credence. By some it has been alleged that the mine was *accidentally* discovered during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but of course this is merely traditional. It, however, is noticed by Camden in his Britannia, which was written in Latin, and appeared in 1586. In speaking of Borrowdale, he says:—"Here is also found abundance of that mineral earth, or hard shining stone, which we call blacklead, that is used by painters in drawing their lines and shading their pieces in black and white, which, whether it be Dioscorides's Pnigitis, or Melanteria, or Ochre (a sort of earth burned black), is a point that I cannot determine, and so shall leave it to the search of others." He also says there is a mine of it in the West Indies, but adds, there is no need to go there for it, as there is enough dug in one year in Borrowdale to serve all Europe.

From this statement, we may infer that the demand could not have been very great. Borrowdale lead is again noticed in the early part of the seventeenth century, for there exists a deed, bearing the date of 1614, in which reference is made to the mine.

* This article has been some time in type, but we have only now been able to find room for it. We make this statement because a somewhat similar communication—not, however, from the same writer—has appeared in a contemporary publication; but we do not think it necessary on this account to withhold our own.

† Wad, in Hiberno-Celic, *wadhe*, a road direction. "It lies in the same wad." Wad lead, probably so called because lying in strata. See Sullivan's Cumberland.

Borrowdale, or at any rate a part of it, seems to have belonged to the Abbot of Furness; however, when the dissolution of the monasteries took place, it appears that the manor of Borrowdale came into possession of the Crown, and probably remained crown land until the reign of James I. From the deed we have mentioned, we find that James I. granted certain lands in Borrowdale to one William Whitmore, together with Jonas Jerdon. They afterwards sold them to thirty-seven persons, Sir Wilfred Lawson being amongst the number; but they made one important exception, they reserved "all those wad-holes and wad commonly called black cawke, within the commons of Seatollar, or elsewhere, within the commons and wastes of the Manor of Borrowdale aforesaid, of the yearly rent or value of fifteen shillings and four pence." The mine, at the beginning of the present century, belonged to a family named Banks, a name universally known in connection with the best made pencils. It is now in the hands of a "Limited Liability Company;" however, it has not been worked for the last few years. Occasionally, when the shepherds are herding their flocks on the "fell" side, and near the mouths of the old workings, they find small pieces of the "wad," which are eagerly bought by the Keswick pencil makers.

The wad, or lead, is found in cells, or "sops," but never in a continuous vein. The cliff or rock among which it is found is a grey felspar porphyry, and the specific gravity of the finest lead is to that of water as two to one. It is found in solid lumps of irregular shapes and different sizes, with small quantities of stony matter adhering to it, and it undergoes no process to prepare it for market beyond removing the particles of stone. The produce of this extraordinary mine has always been held in the highest estimation, and year by year the small store which now remains will become more valuable. It has been a matter of great difficulty, at different times, to preserve the mine from depredation; and in the reign of George II. an Act of Parliament was passed, by which it was enacted that any person found entering any mine or wad-hole, carrying away any wad, or receiving any, knowing it to be stolen, would be tried for felony. In the olden times, before the common carriers ventured to travel over the mountain passes, the lead used to be conveyed on pack-horses from the mine in Borrowdale to Kendal; the casks of lead were then transferred to the regular waggons travelling to London. During the journey from Borrowdale, the lead was carefully guarded by a convoy of men armed with blunderbusses, as its value was well known by the wild mountaineers. On its arrival in London it was safely lodged in the warehouse of the Mining Company, where it was bought by the manufacturers, and sent back to Keswick to be made into pencils. The mine has been only worked at intervals. Sometimes it has yielded very large and valuable sops, and at other times quite the reverse. Records exist of the produce of the mine since 1759. From that time to the present, the year 1803 seems to have been the most successful. Calculating that the lead was sold at £1 10*s.* per pound, which, we believe, is far below the average, we find that in the three years from 1800 to 1803, after paying all expenses, the profit amounted to the enormous sum of £26,769 per annum. The price of pure lead has latterly varied from 2*s.* 6*d.* to £1 1*s.* an *ounce;* but the value is now nominal, from the uncertainty of the supply.

We have said that the mine is not worked at present, nor do we think there is any likelihood of its being again opened, at least for some time to come. There are many opinions expressed by local authorities as to the amount of plumbago which remains undiscovered beneath the mountains of "bonnie Cumberland;" some hold that there is a great quantity still left, and that the richest vein in Borrowdale is as yet untouched: this, of course, is merely conjecture. So little seems to be known by scientific men of the nature of this extraordinary mineral, and so little of its origin, that geologists, having no data to work upon, are consequently unable to lay down any definite rules with respect to the amount of "wad," or, more properly speaking, graphite, which still remains buried in Borrowdale. Again, a different opinion has been held by others: Jonathan Otley, an old Cumberland worthy, and no mean geologist—a man who spent his life in solitude amongst the mountains making observations—a constant student of the great book of nature, and a companion of Professor Sedgwick in his geological rambles, predicted, in 1825, with regard to plumbago, "that the most prolific part of the mountains had been already explored, and the principal body, or trunk, of the mine excavated, and that posterity must be contented with gleaning from the branches." So far the old man's prophecy has proved true. The reader who may wish to know more of the geology of the Cumberland mountains, is referred to the essay appended to Mr. Lynn Linton's admirable book, "The Lake Country."

It seems difficult to fix the date when pencils were first used. Their antiquity certainly cannot be compared with that of the pen, for the latter has been used from the earliest times, and pens are frequently mentioned in Scripture. The passage we have quoted from Camden does not mention that pencils of the same form which we now have were used in the sixteenth century. The lead may have been used by artists in lumps, as found in the mine, or, perhaps—and this conjecture is far from improbable—the lead may have been cut, and placed in hollow reeds. Perhaps it may be asked—Why is cedar employed in pencil-making in preference to any other wood? Cedar is easy to cut, does not warp, and is thus well adapted to the workman as well as to the artist. It is also very light in weight; its lasting and fragrant perfume is by no means its least recommendation. The smell of the cedar is only rivalled by that of the Australian *myall*, or violet-wood, which, however, could never be used for making pencils, in consequence of its extreme hardness.

We must now ask our readers to accompany us in our visit to one of the largest pencil-mills in Keswick, situated on the river Greta, and at the foot of mighty Skiddaw.

As we approach the establishment, we find no tall chimney pouring forth volumes of smoke, like the monster mills of Manchester, as all the machinery is worked by the mountain torrent over which the works are built. On entering the building, we are at once impressed with the great economic truth that the efficiency of labour is increased by its division, when we see the number of workmen all engaged in different processes; for every pencil passes through nearly twenty hands. The large logs of cedar, which are brought from the Southern States, and also from parts of South America, first attract our attention, and we are told that more than five thousand cubic feet of this wood are annually converted into millions of pencils. The logs are first cut into planks about five inches thick, which are afterwards cross-cut into different lengths, some of them long enough to make four pencils. All this is done by circular saws. These planks are then reduced to the proper size, and are handed over to another workman, who, by means of a delicate instrument, saws them into oblong lengths. While doing this, he regulates with his feet a smaller saw, placed in a horizontal position. This saw, making about two thousand revolutions per minute, enters the cedar, and cuts the groove which is to receive the lead. The action of the horizontal saw is completely under the control of the workman, and it can at once be stopped by the movement of his feet; this is necessary, as the lead does not always occupy the whole length of the wood. Another thin piece of cedar is then prepared to place over the groove. The slips are next handed over to another man, who, with a fine saw, cuts them to equal lengths, and removes all the faulty ends. Great care is required in this operation, so as to exclude any wood which may be knotty. This being completed, the pieces are ready to receive the wad.

Since the Cumberland lead has become so scarce, a large quantity of inferior material has been annually imported from Germany. This lead, however, has to undergo a chemical process before it is fit for use. It is first cleansed from all the sand and dirt which may have adhered to it; it is then crushed and ground down until it becomes fine. Being mixed with some chemical substance, it is next exposed to the action of heat, and is finally converted into blocks, which, when sufficiently dry, are cut into small slips to fit the grooves. The great advantage which the Borrowdale lead has over the foreign, exclusive of its purity, is, that it does not require grinding, as the scantlings, or slips, are cut out of the solid lump. The little lengths of lead are then placed in boxes, and taken to another room, where the grooves are being filled. This part of the process is most interesting, from the extraordinary activity which the workmen display in handling the lead. The operator sits at a table, with a pot full of hot glue before him, and a bundle of cedar slips, which have been previously grooved. Having arranged these slips in order, he takes a piece of lead, which is made to fit the groove, dips it into the boiling glue, and then inserts it in the cedar. This operation is continued until all the grooves are filled, care being taken that no part be left unoccupied. The pieces of cedar now filled with lead are carefully wiped, and laid by to dry; when sufficiently so, the sides where the lead lies are lightly smoothed with a small plane. All the workpeople in this department are nearly as black as colliers, and their polished hands and faces would even do justice to an industrious housemaid. The slips being now ready to be covered, are taken to another man, who has also a glue-pot before him, and a frame on which the slips are placed; he then takes a leaded slip and a plain one, glues them firmly together, and so goes on alternately until one side of the frame is filled. When a sufficient number are thus prepared, the embryo pencils are put aside to dry.

The next process in the manufacture is giving the pencils their proper shape, as they now have the appearance of rough square rods. For this purpose they are taken to another room, in which is placed a most curious machine for rounding them. To the eye, this process appears very simple.

The machine consists of two small wheels, placed at a sufficient distance from each other to receive the long cedar rods; behind the wheels are revolving gouge-cutters. The operator has nothing to do but to present the rod to the hole between the wheels; it is at once seized, propelled forward, and in an instant comes out at the other side perfectly round, although somewhat rough. When the pencils have arrived at this stage, they are handed over to the planers, who, with delicate tools made for the purpose, bring them to the required smoothness. During this process, the pencils are placed in grooves, on the workman's bench. They are next placed under rollers, to give them a polished appearance. This process is done by boys, and as each boy can polish four or five pencils at a time, *many thousands* pass through their hands every week.

The rods are now ready to undergo the most unpleasant part of the manufacture, which is the varnishing, and this process seems unnecessary. It may make a pencil look well, but it certainly cannot improve its contents, and this is proved by the fact that the *best* pencils are never coloured with varnish. When our readers wish to buy a really good pencil, let them remember the old proverb, that "good wine needs no bush." When the rods are polished, or varnished, as the case may be, they are taken to a circular saw, over which a boy presides, to be cut to the usual pencil-length. The boy places the rods on a table, and after gauging them, presents them to the action of the saw. As the ends are left somewhat rough, the pencils are handed over to another man, who, with a peculiar kind of knife, sharp as a razor, pares off any rugged or jagged ends which may have been left; while doing this, he rejects any that may be found faulty.

The pencil may now be called finished; yet there is one other process it must undergo before it is sent out on its mission, and that is the christening. The pencil is now stamped with the maker's name, and also with an initial letter, or letters, to indicate its quality. There are two kinds of stamping; some pencils, and especially those which are not varnished, have plain letters, while the coloured ones are impressed with gold or silver. The former process is carried on with extraordinary rapidity by means of a curious instrument. The machine consists of two wheels: one of them is grooved, and is revolving rapidly; on the other the name of the manufacturer is cut in raised letters: an aperture sufficiently large to receive a pencil is left between the two.

The workman stands before the instrument with a bundle of pencils in his hand, and as fast as he can supply it the pencils are taken from him, pass between the wheels, and fall into a box prepared for their reception at the other side. By this process an "old hand" is capable of stamping about one hundred and fifty pencils in a minute. When the late King of Saxony visited the celebrated pencil-works of Banks and Co., at Keswick, he worked for a considerable time at the stamping-engine, and showed great dexterity for an amateur. Stamping in gold or silver takes a great deal more time, as the work must be done by hand. The gold or silver leaf is deposited on the pencil, which is placed under a screw-press furnished with movable type; heat is then applied, and by the action of the screw the impression of the letters is left on the wood; the leaf which has not been touched by the type is next brushed off, and the pencil is completed. The pencils are finally tied up in dozens, and launched into the world to do their duty. Pencils are made at all prices to suit purchasers, but, like most other articles, a very cheap pencil is dear at any price. The prices vary from 2*s.* 9*d.* to 72*s.* a gross; so, in fact, the manufacturer sells his cheap pencils for less than one farthing each.

The pencil makers are a quiet, industrious, hard-working people, and seldom go beyond the bounds of their native mountains. They commence work when they are quite little boys, and often remain in the same mill until they become old men. Many of them are well educated, and what is still better, good religious men. They are by no means destitute of poetic feeling, and their knowledge of the Lake poets would surprise many who have enjoyed greater advantages. The following pathetic incident will illustrate the affection and good feeling which exists among these people. A young lad, the son of a widow who had seen better days, had been working for some time at the mill which we have been describing; from his good conduct and amiability he was much respected by his employer and liked by his companions. A few months ago he was taken ill, fell into a decline, and the doctor soon gave up all hopes of his recovery. During his illness he received much kindness from his fellow-workboys, who were ever ready to do what they could for the poor invalid. Nothing seemed to gratify him more than a little gift which he received from them shortly before his death; it was a trivial one, but it was their own work. It consisted of two pencils; on one were stamped in letters of gold his name, and the words "Jesus is my shepherd, I shall not want;" on the other, "Cling to Jesus, John,—he'll save thee." A few days after he departed in peace.

When our readers are discussing the annual question, "Where shall we go?" let them take our advice and pay the English Lakes a visit. Let them see the glorious pass of Borrowdale; let them watch how the water comes down at Lodore; and let them be initiated into the mystery of how our pencils are made.

R. FITZGERALD SMITHWICK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

A VOICE FROM THE PROVINCES.

SIR,—In the August number of your instructive Journal your readers are informed that eight years ago Mr. Ruskin advised that the unappropriated drawings of Turner might be profitably employed by sending them to the provinces. "Thus," said he, "five or six collections, each illustrative of Turner's mode of study and succession of practice, might easily be prepared for the academies of Edinburgh, Dublin, and the chief manufacturing towns of England." The provinces languish for want of practical instruction in Art, whilst the galleries of the metropolis are filled to repletion with valuable studies. And yet, after eight weary years of mental privation in Art-matters, red tape makes no sign. Surely from the vast wealth of our national collections one or more of those Art-teaching works with which these galleries are filled might be sent round periodically from town to town, especially to places where the municipalities would find a fitting home for such treasures. And the Art-students and connoisseurs of these towns might be permitted, under certain regulations, to study and copy them. However cheap and rapid travelling may be made, the country student cannot profit largely from studying our national collections, when they are located permanently so far from their homes and business. And as the whole country has to pay the taxes necessary for the purchase and support of our national establishments, it is but equitable that some scheme should be adopted which shall place a part of our vast wealth of Art within the reach of the whole people. That this may be done safely has been already demonstrated by our spirited Fine-Art publishers. Pictures of inestimable worth have been sent again and again over the whole kingdom. What private enterprise can do so well, can surely be done by the State, if the right man be put into the right place. All who have mixed largely amongst the people in manufacturing towns, have felt keenly the want of noble works of Art to put before them as authorities. So little is great Art at present understood by them, that they are apt to prefer the lowest style of Art to that of higher quality, from their inability to judge high-class work by well defined Art-principles. And it is the constant presence of this base style (if style it may be called) that tends to blunt the feelings, and prevents men from perceiving the beauty which is ever present in work based upon higher principles, and that makes our Art-appreciation so slow and unsatisfactory. If the pictures and casts from the works of good men could be sent down to the country, the towns so favoured would soon find their Art-instruction promoted thereby. The composition of these works, the lighting, breadth, space, keeping, and manipulation, the aim of the artist, why he had succeeded, and the apparent methods by which success was gained, would all become subjects of conversation, thus creating and perfecting the judgment. To the artist especially they would furnish subjects of emulation. To towns like our own, which have not the advantage of annual or periodical exhibitions, the boon would be invaluable. I hope, then, the practicability and justice of this, or some such scheme, will be duly considered by those in high places, and assuredly our Art-knowledge would be promoted thereby. You, sir, with a life-labour, have done much to promote the study and love of Art; may I hope for the insertion, if not the approval, of this letter.

Yours, &c.,

Sheffield. CHRISTOPHER THOMSON.

ENGRAVING *v.* PHOTOGRAPHY.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the remarks in this month's *Art-Journal*, "Engraving *v.* Photography." I am a clerk, one of that class who by education, habits, and associations, too often acquire tastes above their limited means. I visit Art-galleries, and examine with interest the exhibitions in printsellers' windows, only, however, to sigh that some scintillation of genius cannot be transferred to my own walls as the highest proof of my appreciation thereof. Again and again has the thought presented itself, "Would that the artist produced his picture in such dimensions that it might be more tangible by us;" for, first, in many cases the size of the picture is out of all proportion to the size of my rooms; and secondly, still more out of proportion with the contents of my purse. I have seen several of these gems of Art photographed, whether surreptitiously or not I cannot say. Some of them, however, were among the finest specimens of photography I have ever seen, so we need not wonder that the beauty, size, and price have made them a good marketable commodity. I ask not that any artist shall be deprived of his due meed of reward; I rather seek to reward him by some such plan as you suggest. I desire more profit for the artist, more pleasure for the public. The surest way to cultivate a pure taste is by the production of such works as are fitted for this purpose at such prices that many more can afford to purchase them than at present. I fear a parallelism may be instituted between the pen and the pencil, to the disadvantage of the latter. Pardon me trespassing on your time thus far, and believe me

Yours respectfully,

Bradford, Oct. 2nd. H. E. C.

SELECTED PICTURES.

WEARY TRAVELLERS.

Rembrandt, Painter. Mauduit, Engraver.

It is the attribute of great genius, whatever course it takes, and however wayward and eccentric that course may be, to attract to it the homage of the few, if not of the many; for inasmuch as all see not with the same eyes, and are not endowed with like understanding, a variety of opinions is the natural result. Men too often speak of what pleases them rather than of what they comprehend, applauding or condemning, not according to judgment, but to what fancy or taste dictates. Perhaps there is no class which includes within it men of genius so subjected to these whims or vagaries of appreciation as artists, and especially living artists, whose works are tried by standards often diametrically opposed to each other, and are elevated or depreciated by mere caprice and not by knowledge. It is sometimes well for the artist's fame that he has in posterity a more righteous judge than in his contemporaries, for the world frequently accords to the dead what it denied to the living.

It may be questioned whether any one of the "old masters" of painting finds so few admirers as Rembrandt. His pictures, with the exception of his portraits, are not attractive to the multitude. The magic of his *chiar-oscuro* and the glowing beauty of his colour are unintelligible to the masses of those who look at his works in our National Gallery, or elsewhere, while the vulgarity of his forms, their often inappropriate costumes, and the extravagance of his compositions, sadly mar his excellences in the eyes of those whose ideas of Art are bounded by the refinement and beauty of such painters as Raffaelle, Guido, and others. Rembrandt never sought after elegance, a word of which he knew not the meaning. The son of the miller of Leyden, though no little coxcomb in his own personal appearance—at one period of his life, at least—found the models of his subject-pictures in the burly forms of his own countrymen and countrywomen.

What was the original title given to the picture engraved here as 'Weary Travellers,' we have not been able to ascertain; but it seems to us as if the subject were a version of 'The Flight into Egypt,' of which Rembrandt is known to have painted three or four. The composition bears out such a rendering; for we have Joseph and Mary, the Infant in a kind of improvised cradle, and the ass feeding in the background. A reference to any one of Rembrandt's pictures from Scripture need not surprise us that the "Virgin Mother" resembles a Dutch matron, nor that her husband, who has somewhat of the Hebrew in appearance, is armed with a sword; anachronisms in Art seem never to have entered the mind of this painter, who was too independent to pay regard to historic truths.

But there is truth of nature here; the attitudes of both man and woman are perfect; sleep comes to the weary, however they may dispose themselves, and the heavy slumber which has fallen upon the travellers is a reality. Neither is there lacking in the arrangement of the figures an amount of elegance unusual with Rembrandt; taking it as a whole, the composition is certainly one of the most pleasing that has come under our observation from his pencil.

"WRIGHT OF DERBY."

A LOAN exhibition of a most interesting character, the main feature of which was a collection of the paintings of "Wright of Derby," has very recently been held in the town that gave him birth, and from which he takes the name that universally distinguishes him. The exhibition, which consisted of about five hundred paintings by various artists, with special reference to those connected with Derbyshire by birth or residence, was instituted for the purpose of augmenting the funds for the erection of the two new churches of St. Andrew and St. James, in Derby, and was managed by a committee of gentlemen of the town, among whom were some well conversant with local Art. The pictures lent were the property of residents in Derby and its immediate neighbourhood, and, in addition to their attractions, a fine assemblage of old Derby and other china, and other articles, were lent by Mr. Jewitt, Colonel Wilmot, Mr. Bemrose, Mr. Jones, Mr. Haslem, and others.

The local artists, living and dead, whose works were exhibited on the walls were "Wright of Derby," Barber, Bassano, Billingsley, Battelle, Boot, Brassington, Brewer, Bristow, Broadhead, Chantrey (Sir Francis), Chappel, Corden, Coffee, Deacon, Eyre, Foster, Gadsby, Glover, Gresley, Grimshaw, Haslem, Hill, L. Jewitt, Keys, Lucas, Macconnell, Moore, Oakley, Pratt, Price, Rawlinson, Rayner, Miss Rayner, G. Smith, Stainsby, G. Turner, Vawser, &c., &c.

As we have said, the great feature of the exhibition was the fine assemblage of pictures by Wright, which possessed attractions sufficient for an exhibition in themselves. To this painter and his works the present notice will be confined.

Joseph Wright, generally known as "Wright of Derby," to distinguish him from another painter of the same name not unusually known as "Old Wright," was born on the 3rd of September, 1734, in the Irongate, Derby, in the house now numbered 28, and occupied as a refreshment room, and by the Churchman's Union Society. He was the third son of Mr. John Wright, an attorney of extensive practice, who was also the son of an attorney. Mr. John Wright was a man of the strictest probity and honour, and was much esteemed. He was generally known by the flattering name of "Equity Wright," and bore a high character for liberality and for soundness of judgment.

Joseph Wright was educated at the Free Grammar School in Derby, under the Rev. Mr. Almond. From a very early age he showed a great liking for mechanics, and spent whatever time he could get from home at different workshops in the town, watching the men, and imitating, as best he could, their operations. Some interesting relics of this kind, made by the boy genius, are still in existence, and much prized by their owners. When about eleven years of age a taste for drawing began to develop itself, and soon engrossed his entire attention. Mechanics were thrown aside, and the pencil and brush were his only companions. His father, fearing that drawing would never be of any practical service to the boy, but would, on the contrary, divert his attention from more profitable studies and pursuits, discouraged, and indeed forbade, him from following his inclination in this respect. The boy, however, was not to be daunted, and every moment he could snatch from his studies, or from the family, he stole up to the garret of the house, and there spent his time in drawing whatever he could get to copy. Having but little to study from, young Wright amused himself by drawing heads, and by sketching from memory the signs of the various public-houses in the town. It is recorded that he would stand studying one of these signs for a considerable time, and then run off home, and up into the garret, and make his sketch as far as he was able from memory. He would then go back and study another portion of the picture, and return in haste to commit the impression it had made on his mind to paper. This he would continue to do day by day, as opportunity served, until his picture was completed. Four signs, the "Robin Hood and Little John," the "Buck in the Park" (the arms of the borough of Derby), the "Angel," and the "George" ("St. George and the Dragon"), as well as the "King's Head," are said to have been favourite studies with young Wright, and to have been reproduced on paper by him with remarkable skill. His mother, having wondered to see him so often going out and returning in haste to the garret, discovered what he was about, but at his earnest solicitation promised him that she would not tell his father, but allow him to go on. This kindly, and truly motherly, indulgence had its proper and happy effect, and settled the boy's tastes at once and for ever. So things went on for some time, and at length Mr. Wright, finding that it was useless longer to attempt to thwart his inclinations, and feeling convinced that his love for painting was a sound and permanent one,* most wisely determined to give him every assistance in his power. To this end he made careful inquiries in London, and at length, in 1751, placed Joseph Wright, then in his seventeenth year, with Hudson, the tutor of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mortimer, with whom he remained as a student for a couple of years. At the end of that time young Wright returned to Derby much dissatisfied with the progress he had made, and at once commenced taking portraits. Among the first of these were the portraits of his father and mother, of his two sisters, his brother, and himself. He also, at this time, painted portraits of several of his friends, and of members of many of the leading families of the town and county. Dissatisfied with himself, and with the progress he was making in his chosen art, Joseph Wright, in 1756, determined upon again studying in London, and accordingly he returned to his old master, Hudson, for want of a better instructor, and remained with him for fifteen months. At the expiration of this time he returned to Derby, and was soon overwhelmed with commissions for portraits from persons in that and the adjoining counties.

About the year 1760 Wright began painting his historical pictures, and soon showed to the world that for fire-light and analogous effects he was unrivalled. One of his principal pictures of this period was 'The Orrery,' which he exhibited in 1765 "at the Great Room in Spring Gardens, Charing Cross," with another. In the following year he exhibited this and two other pictures, which "confirmed his reputation as a painter of candle-light and fire pieces." 'The Orrery' was purchased by Earl Ferrars, and, as is well known to print-collectors, was finely engraved in mezzotint by Pether in 1768. The portraits introduced into this splendid picture, which is now the property of Mr. F. Wright, of Osmaston Manor, are said to be Wright himself; Burdett, the engraver; young Cantrell, son of the Rev. Mr. Cantrell, of Derby; Mrs. Sale; Mr. A. Winterman; Mr. G. Snowden; and Mr. Denby, the organist of All Saints' Church, who is here immortalised as "the philosopher." From this picture the painter was frequently called "Orrery Wright," † and he is spoken of by that appellation in the following lines from "A Poetical Display of the Merits and Demerits of the Capital Paintings exhibited at Spring Gardens, 1767:"—

> "Orrery Wright shall there the test abide,
> In high historic style and epic pride;
> His Indian Captain makes the critics stare,
> And awes their envy with his martial air.
> This piece comes out and meets the eager eye,
> And gives to touch, almost to sight, the lie.
> The canvas stands behind, detach'd by art,
> The whole is noble, and sublime each part.
> His candle-lights afford no mighty treat—
> The puny playthings of a hand so great."

In another poem of the same period, entitled, "The Exhibition, by an Impartial Hand," Wright and his famous "Orrery" picture are thus spoken of:—

> "What bright phenomenon there strikes my eyes?
> What new-rais'd constellations in those skies?

* In the Derby Exhibition was a remarkably interesting drawing made by young Wright about this period. It is an Indian ink copy of a mezzotint, full-length portrait, very carefully drawn, and bearing the name written beneath it —"Delineata a Josepho Wright, anno Ætatis suæ 16." It is the property of Wright's grandson, Mr. T. C. Cade.

† In Derby he was generally known as "Limner Wright"—a name which attaches itself to his memory even now.



With splendour strange, and rays unseen before,
Thro' dusky mediums glitter more and more;
Delightful prodigy, amazing skill;
But let me near approach—nay, nearer still;
Were ever Truth and Fallacy so joined?
Such graceful truth with such deceit combined;
Enchanting group, strong magic hides the wall!
Some more than human hand hath wrought it all
What mighty wonders by his art are done,
The glorious Orrery without a sun
Illumines all with magic mimic blaze,
And fills the wide expanse with borrow'd rays:
What striking characters are here display'd
In bright fictitious lights serene array'd,
What awful science in that face appears,
Replete with wisdom and made grey with years;
All see yon prompt impatient pupil glow,
Now mark the children at their sport below;
Betwixt the two extremes a medium find.
That sage seems satisfied with feasted mind.
And cool attention listens to the lore
Of learned lecture, and enjoys his store.
Without a rival let this 'Wright' be known,
For this amazing province is his own."

From between this time and 1770, Wright, besides 'The Orrery' and a vast number of portraits, painted 'Two Boys with a Bladder,' * and a companion picture, for the Earl of Exeter; 'The Air-Pump,' † in which nearly the same portraits are introduced as in 'The Orrery,' and which was engraved by Valentine Green; 'The Gladiator' (painted for Dr. Bates and engraved by W. Pether), in which a portrait of Wright himself is introduced in profile, in the act—along with the other two figures, which are portraits of his friend Burdett and John Wilson, of the Devonshire Almshouses, Derby—of comparing the drawing he has made with the statue he has been drawing from; 'The Drawing Academy,' painted for Lord Melbourne, and engraved by Pether and by Normand; a 'Blacksmith's Shop,' small, purchased by Mr. Parker, and another 'Blacksmith's Shop,' of larger size, by Mr. Alexander; ‡ a pair of pictures—'An Old Woman Knitting, her Husband Smoking,' and 'A Girl at her Toilet,' painted for Mr. Parker; 'The Chemist discovering Phosphorus' (generally known as 'The Alchemist'), engraved by Pether; 'Miravan, a Young Nobleman of Ingria, who, having extravagantly lavished away his Fortune, breaks open the Tomb of his Ancestors, expecting to find Great Treasures,' painted for Mr. J. Milnes, and engraved by Valentine Green; 'The Iron Forge,' one of his most celebrated pictures, painted for Lord Palmerston, and engraved by Richard Earlom; 'An Iron Forge viewed from Without,' painted for the Empress of Russia; 'A Captive King,' 'Belshazzar's Feast, with the Handwriting on the Wall,' and others.

In July, 1773, Joseph Wright married, and on the 1st of November following, having long had a desire to visit Rome, set sail in the *Jupiter* for Italy. On this journey he was accompanied by his young wife and by his friend Mr. Hurlestone, a young and promising artist; who, soon after his return to England, was killed by lightning while crossing Salisbury Plain. The party embarked at Star Cross, in Devonshire, as will be seen from the following portion of a letter to his sister "Nancy," in my own possession. The letter is written on the back of a charming sketch, by Wright, of Nice, taken on the 9th of December, 1773. It runs thus:—"Nice, Italy, December 6th, 1773. My dear Nancy,—I wrote you from Exeter, where we stay'd two or three days, then went to Star Cross, a little village on the Devonshire coast, from whence we embarked early on Monday morning, November 1st. The wind was favourable to us but a few hours, the weather then came on squally and tempestuous, and we fell sick." At Nice, Wright remained some little time, and made many interesting sketches, one of the most pleasing of which is that to which I have just referred.

In Italy Mr. Wright remained about two years, and during that time studied, "especially, the inimitable productions of Michael Angelo in the Capella Festina of the Vatican, of many parts of which he made faithful drawings upon a larger scale than has generally been attempted, as he considered the subjects but ill adapted for pocket-book sketches. Those treasures of Art have hitherto remained, in a great degree, lost to the world, having scarcely been seen except by Mr. Wright's particular friends, to whom he showed them when his imagination was warmed with a description of their divine originals." * Through excess of application to his studies in Rome, Wright undermined his health, and produced in his system the germ of nervous disorders, from which, in after life, he suffered very severely.

While in Rome, Wright's first child, a daughter, was born, and was, in honour of the great city which gave her birth, christened *Romana*, in addition to Hannah, the name of her mother. Of this child, who on the 23rd of April, 1795, became Mrs. Cade, two truly charming pictures—one half-length as a little child with a dog fondling her in front, and the other, a full-length seated figure, as a woman, and both the property of her son, Mr. J. C. Cade—were shown at the Derby Exhibition, and attracted considerable attention.

During his stay in Rome Wright painted his grand picture, 'The Captive,' † from Sterne; and in connection with this picture the following extract from the *Universal Magazine* for June, 1795, will be read with interest and amusement:—

"When this celebrated painter (Wright of Derby) was at Rome, he painted that very fine figure, 'The Captive,' from Sterne, and consigned the picture to a friend in London, who having advice of its being landed, and deposited in the Custom House, presented a petition to the Board, stating that it was a portrait painted by an English artist, and praying it might be delivered duty free. In answer to this he received an order to attend on a given day, and was brought before their honours. The picture was produced, and the first question asked was, 'Of whom is it the portrait?' The gentleman replied with truth, it was the portrait of a Roman (for it was copied from a Roman beggar), and the Board seemed inclined to let it pass; but an old gentleman who had long been a commissioner, made a shrewd objection, and remarked that this was such a portrait as he had never before seen in his life, and taken in a manner that he did not believe either Roman, Greek, Turk, Jew, or infidel, would ever consent to 'sit.' 'If,' he added, 'Any gentleman at this honourable Board chose to have his picture drawn, would not he put on a clean shirt, and have his wig fresh powdered, and be clean shaved; answer me that? To be sure he would. Now, it is here pretended, that this fellow sat for his portrait, who had hardly a rag to cover his nakedness; gentlemen, if he could have afforded to have paid for painting his picture, he could have afforded to buy himself a pair of breeches!' He added by moving that the duty might be paid; and the duty was paid accordingly."

During his stay in Italy Wright visited most of the places of interest, and was fortunate enough to witness a grand eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Of this he made many sketches, and afterwards painted several magnificent pictures, which were remarkable for their gorgeous effect, and for their truthfulness to nature. "Remember me," says Wright in one of his letters, "with respect to all my friends. When you see Whitehurst ‡ tell him I wished for his company when on Mount Vesuvius. His thoughts would have centered in the bowels of the mountain, mine skimmed over the surface only. There was a very considerable eruption at the time, of which I am going to make a picture. 'Tis the most wonderful sight in nature." This picture he painted in Rome, and intended it for the Empress of Russia. "I have stayed a month longer," he writes from Rome, "than I intended, to have an answer from Mr. Baxter, the Russian Consul, concerning the picture I have painted of Mount Vesuvius in a great eruption. 'Tis the grandest effect I ever painted. If the Empress is to have it, it must be shipped from Leghorn to St. Petersburgh, and I must wait here to see it off."

Llewellynn Jewitt.

(*To be continued.*)

* This picture Wright several times reproduced, with variations, and always with remarkable success. It was engraved by Burdett.

† Now at South Kensington.

‡ This subject, like many others, was frequently painted with variations by Wright for his numerous patrons. One of these, now belonging to Mr. A. Buchanan, was lent to the Derby Exhibition, and has been engraved.

* These drawings thus spoken of in the *Monthly Magazine* for October, 1797, are now in the possession of Mr. W. Bemrose, junior, who married a grand-daughter of Wright, and who communicated a memoir of that painter to the *Reliquary* quarterly journal.

† 'The Captive,' was painted several times by Wright. One of these was engraved for Mr. Milnes of Huddersfield, its owner (by J. R. Smith), who destroyed the plate after twenty impressions only had been taken from it.

‡ John Whitehurst, F.R.S., of Derby, author of "A Theory of the Earth," and one of the most eminent scientific men of his day, whose portrait, painted by Wright, (and engraved) was shown in the Derby Exhibition by Mr. W. Bemrose, junior.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The clearance of the late Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington will shortly be so far effected as to admit of the marine model rooms being again thrown open to visitors. It is at present understood that the arrangements for the second gathering will be similar to those of the last, as far as concerns the reception of the pictures and the opening of the collection; but the convenience of the public will be consulted by such a disposition as shall concentrate the collection, rather than distribute it so as to necessitate the ascent and descent of flights of stairs and visits to distant galleries. The catalogue of next year will commence in some degree retrospectively, as several excellent portraits, of dates within the prescribed term, were sent too late for exhibition. The next series of reigns is not yet determined, nor can it be settled until something is known of the number of pictures proposed to be contributed—but it will perhaps include the reign of George III.

The Schools of the Royal Academy opened for the winter season on Monday the 1st ult., when in the "Life," the model was set to a much larger number of students than has assembled for long past.

The Society of British Artists has decided to admit water-colour painters into its category of members, and is adding an additional room to the gallery to meet the increased demand for space and for water-colour pictures. If the British Institution is closed against exhibitors, the Suffolk Street Gallery may reasonably expect to be benefited thereby.

Mulready's Monument.—A correspondent asks us for information respecting the progress of this work, and we can give him none. He says, a portion of the sum subscribed was to defray the expense of the monument, and the work was entrusted to Mr. H. Cole, of the South Kensington Museum, to be executed by some of the students there in terra-cotta and other materials; but he can get no tidings of what has been done, or is doing, in the matter. The late Mr. Godfrey Sykes left, we believe, a design for the monument, and that is all we have heard of it.

Gibson's Statue of 'The Young Dancing Girl Reposing,' to which reference was made in our April number when writing of the sculptor and his works, is in the possession of Professor W. C. Oppenheim, of Prussian Frankfort, into whose hands it passed direct from the family for whom it was executed, Count Schonberg. The statue, which the professor desires to dispose of, is life-size, and sculptured in the purest Carrara marble.

Giovanni Pisano's Pulpit.—The cast of the pulpit from the cathedral at Pisa was, on its erection at South Kensington, described in our columns; but we revert to the subject in order to communicate a few particulars of its history not generally known. As it now stands, it looks a finished reproduction of a perfect composition; but as a pulpit the work no longer exists. After a fire which occurred in the cathedral in 1596, it was removed, and from that time was only heard of traditionally, until it was unearthed a few years since by Mr. Franchi, the ingenious electrotypist and cast-maker to the Museum. Thus Giovanni Pisano's great work disappeared; and although a description of it supplied a passage of local Art-history, the authorities of the cathedral very gravely shook their heads whenever the pulpit in

its piecemeal state was asked for by travellers. It had been removed, distributed, and forgotten; more than two centuries and a half had elapsed since its dislocation. By the authority with which he was provided, Mr. Franchi gained access to portions of the pulpit; other parts of it were found in the Campo Santo and the church of San Michele Sotto Borgo. The panels, and perhaps all the principal figures, were found, and it is all but a miracle that so much was recovered after centuries of neglect. But very little of the arched frieze above the supporting columns came to light; the whole was, therefore, supplied from a remnant which afforded the key to the design. Looking at the pulpit as it now stands, the perfection of the casting is a matter of surprise, for the principal figures in the panels are round, and the others generally *alti relievi*. The subjects could not have been brought out by the ordinary method of casting, in consequence of the depth of the undercutting; but by means of a gelatine mould on the panels, and by working out his cast by supplementary processes of his own, Mr. Franchi has produced a restoration which is literally unique, for the pulpit in entirety no longer exists, nor is there extant any other cast or copy of it, Giovanni Pisano was born about 1240, and died in 1320. The pulpit was a work of his old age, having been executed 1302—11.

The French Exhibition.—It is stated (our authority being the *Journal of the Society of Arts*), in reference to pictures and statues,—"According to the original regulation, works were to be sent in for examination by the jury in the month of October; by the terms of the regulation just issued no work will have to be deposited before the month of January. In the first place, artists are invited to send to the jury, during the first half of December, a written declaration, containing a description of the works they propose to exhibit, with their dimensions; the jury will examine these declarations, and admit works of known merit, and which they deem suitable for such an exhibition, without having the works themselves before them, which will only be required to be sent in between the 15th and 25th of February; those which are not admitted without previous examination will have to be deposited at the Palais de l'Industrie between the 5th and 20th of January, so that by the new regulations the time during which the works will be out of the possession of their owners is diminished by three months in one case and four months in the other."

Photographs of National Portraits.—The *Journal of the Society of Arts* informs us that,—"Photographs were taken of no less than one thousand portraits in the recent exhibition at South Kensington. This number is within thirty of the entire collection. The owners of some few portraits objected to photographs being made, and there were besides some pictures which, from blackness or other causes, could not be photographed at all. The works, however, thus excluded, did not exceed three per cent. on the entire gallery.

A Sale of paintings and drawings, the property of Mr. W. Unwin, of Sheffield, recently took place in that town, and attracted much interest. It included works by J. F. Herring, Jutsum, Boddington, W. H. Knight, A. Solomon, J. Collinson, A. B. Clay, G. C. Stanfield, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., E. Nicol, A.R.A., Bright, J. Linnell, D. Cox, S. Palmer, Rowbotham, J. Nash, W. Hunt, Copley Fielding, Mole, W. Müller, Rayner, Cattermole, D. Roberts, R.A., Bennett, and others. The most important "lots" were:—'The Harvest Field,' H. Jutsum, 82 gs.; 'Cattle, Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 270 gs.; 'Perch Fishing,' E. Nicol, A.R.A., 180 gs.; 'Hay Harvest,' H. Jutsum, 100 gs.; 'The Harvest Field,' J. Linnell, 465 gs. (Agnew); 'Tintern Abbey,' Bright, painted for its late owner, 80 gs.; 'The Ferry Boat,' E. Nicol, A.R.A., 250 gs. (Miller); 'The Sheep Fold—Evening,' J. Linnell, 1,300 gs. (Miller, for Mr. G. Wostenholm); 'The Tower, Cordova,' and 'Moorish Gateway, Grenada,' a pair of water-colour drawings by D. Roberts, R.A., 70 gs. each.

Mr. Marshall Wood directs our attention to a statement which appeared in the August number of the Journal respecting the statue of the Queen for the city of Montreal. The letter of our Canadian correspondent informed us that, at a meeting of the Committee of the Fine-Art Association of Montreal, the Lord Bishop of the diocese, president of the association, said he "had received a letter from Mr. Wood, stating that, in consequence of his having, since he was in Montreal, risen considerably in his profession, his charge would have to be augmented." Mr. Wood writes to us:—"This is so far from the fact as to be directly the reverse;" and his disclaimer is corroborated by the printed report of the meeting in question as given in a local paper, in which the bishop states that "though Mr. Wood might be entitled from his present position to demand a larger amount than he had formerly asked, he was still prepared to fulfil his engagement at the terms on which he first undertook it." Our correspondent evidently misunderstood the bishop's remark, and it is only right that the sculptor should be exonerated from what might seem to be a charge of "sharp practice."

Messrs. Nelson and Sons have just published a series of twelve Illuminated Scriptural Texts, excellent in design and tastefully coloured; something more, in fact, than mere ornamental printing. The texts are brief, consisting only of one line of judicious selection.

The Riots in Hyde Park.—For the small sum of three pence, visitors who go to the Oxford Street Pantheon may witness this scene without terror of broken heads. An artist, Mr. Nathan Hughes, has painted it, and exhibits what he calls a "great picture," full of incidents, neither very agreeable to look at, nor very gratifying to remember. It would be better to tear the page from history. It is certainly not a fitting subject for Art.

The Statue of Cœur de Lion.—It may not be forgotten that the bas-reliefs necessary to the completion of the pedestal of this work were not fixed at the time of its erection. One, however, is now in its place; the subject is the story of the pardon of Bertram de Gourdon by Richard on his death-bed. The first impression received from this bronze is that of regret that the artist (Baron Marochetti) should have felt himself bound, in compliance with the form of the pedestal, to have expanded lengthwise his composition instead of having concentrated it. We have thus, in consequence of the frieze-like form of the bronze, some of the figures so disposed that it requires argument and calculation to connect them with the leading incident. The relative situations of the king and the aggroupment of the prisoner and his guards are not unlike those in Cross's famous picture; but this is, of course, one of those accidents of continual occurrence in different versions of the same subject. The king lies upon a couch supported by cushions, and with his right hand raised addresses de Gourdon, while the latter is being unbound by command of Richard. For the sake of better forms, the artist has taken some liberties with the military equipments of the time. The shields are too long; the head-pieces are of a pattern long posterior to the time of Richard; there is the two-handed sword of the time of Henry VIII.; and instead of the *gisarme* of the twelfth or thirteenth century, the partizan of a much later date.

Dr. Part.—The newspapers have been full of matter—an inquiry concerning the death of Richard Golding, the eminent engraver, whose body, after being nine months in the grave, was exhumed to ascertain the cause of death—in consequence of an "insinuation" (it could have been nothing more) that he had been foully dealt with by his physician. We notice the matter only to add our testimony to that which is universal: there were not the slightest grounds for suspicion. The order for disinterment on the part of the coroner was not in any way justified; he had listened to the "murmurs" and "whispers" of interested and disappointed parties without the semblance of proof, and caused, very needlessly, and for no good purpose, a large amount of trouble and grief. Dr. Part is the Honorary Physician to the Artists' Benevolent Fund; he has gratuitously attended artists for more than a quarter of a century, and is loved as well as respected by hundreds of his grateful patients. It is on that account we allude to the case here. Whatever amount of vexation and trouble the "inquiry" may have caused him, he is fully aware that he has not suffered an iota in the estimation of his friends, nor is his character in the remotest degree injured in public opinion.

Photography, Birmingham.—Mr. Sarony, to whose admirable works in photography we have heretofore directed public attention, has quitted Birmingham and returned to Canada, leaving his business and all its "belongings" to his successor, Mr. R. W. Thrupp. He has already supplied evidence of great ability in the art of which he is a distinguished professor, but has directed our attention to certain improvements in the mode by which photographs are enlarged, and of which he claims the merit—it seems to us with justice, judging from a specimen submitted to us for inspection. He does not attempt colour, but works up the photographs with sepia, neutral tint, and Chinese white—by which a very effective portrait is produced.

Statue of Sir Henry Marsh, M.D.—This work by Mr. Foley, R.A., just erected in the Hall of King and Queen's College, Dublin, is a valuable addition to the portrait-sculpture of our school. As in all the productions of this sculptor, the highest knowledge of form and perception of character are here visible. Not only is the bodily semblance of this distinguished physician rendered with powerful individuality, but in the expressive action of the face and figure we read the mind and manner of the man. Sir Henry Marsh, formerly President of the College now enriched by his statue, was an accomplished, and most skilful physician, slight in stature, of keen, penetrative aspect, and demonstrative in conversation; characteristics the statue happily unites in the force of individual resemblance and impress of shrewd intelligence peculiar to the original. The figure is standing, wearing the president's robe, which by a well-arranged

disposition of fold is made the means of enriching the unpicturesqueness of modern costume. The left hand, hanging easily by the side, holds a college cap, while the right is raised as though in the act of momentarily emphasising some point of interest on which he is conversing. The whole work is masterly and lifelike, and possesses that rare quality of portraiture, whether on canvas or in marble—the aspect of responsive intelligence with the perception and sympathies of the spectator. As a *pendant* to this figure, Mr. Foley is now engaged on a statue of Sir Dominic Corrigan, M.D.

The Holmesdale Fine Arts Club, under the presidency of W. Wilson Saunders, Esq., held its annual sketching excursion on Saturday, September 29th. Chilworth, the very centre of the most beautiful Surrey scenery, was the place of rendezvous, when after a few hours' work in the "open," a large party of members and friends, including ladies, were entertained by the club at luncheon in the village hostelry. Among the company were several members of the two water-colour societies, and many other artists of metropolitan repute.

The Dramatic College Art-Union Album, containing a collection of drawings and sketches, among which are examples of the work of very eminent artists, will be disposed of when the subscription list is full. It is proposed that the drawing and presentation shall take place at Willis's Rooms, before which ceremonies it will be handsomely bound. As there are sixty drawings, it will be understood that the contributors are numerous; and therefore every department of Art is represented as well as can be effected by drawings and sketches. Among the first of the series is a scene from *Coriolanus*, costumed as it was played in 1750, with flowing wig and the absurd stage paraphernalia of that time: it is by E. M. Ward, R.A. By W. P. Frith, R.A., is a pen sketch, perhaps an early conception of his subject, 'Pope and Lady Montague.' Creswick, R.A., contributes two small sepia sketches, one a street in Conway, the other, 'Llanberis Lake,' by moonlight. By Duncan there are also two; one is coloured, being a view of Torbay—small, but of much sweetness and elegant finish; the other 'A Man Overboard,' a pen sketch, showing the ship *Candia* under sail, and a boat about to pick up the drowning seaman. Two pencil sketches by E. W. Cooke, R.A., present respectively a marine subject, and a portion of architecture from the quaint old city of Nuremburg. In a small pencil drawing by the late J. D. Harding are conspicuous that refinement and mastery of the point which made his pencil and chalk drawings more artistically valuable than his pictures. Charles Landseer, R.A., has given a sketch of a milkwoman, and Cope, R.A., a child and a dog. A. Penley, a lake view, small, but carefully coloured; Herdman, an effective study of a head on rough paper; Calderon, A.R.A., two figures on grey paper; Sidney Cooper, A.R.A., a pencilling of sheep in a landscape; F. W. Burton, a head in pencil; Skinner Prout, a piece of lake scenery; T. M. Richardson, a view in Argyleshire; John Parry, 'A Collection of Nobodies;' Bennett, groups of trees; H. O'Neil, A.R.A., a head, chalk and tinted. Other subjects are by Marks, H. B. Willis, J. Fitzgerald, J. Holland, A. Johnstone, C. Cattermole, &c., the whole constituting such a collection as could not be obtained save at considerable expense.

REVIEWS.

The Book of Gems of British Poets and British Artists. Edited by S. C. Hall, F.S.A. 3 Vols. Published by Bell and Daldy, London.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since this work was first issued; it has gone through many, so called, new editions; that is to say, it has been reprinted perhaps a score of times since it passed from the hands of its original publishers, until the plates were "worn to rags." This edition, however, is really a new one, for the plates have been carefully retouched, some of them sufficiently, some insufficiently; but on the whole they are reasonably good impressions, not to be compared, indeed, with the early copies, that will always be rare, and of corresponding value. Messrs. Bell and Daldy have "brought out" the work in a style of considerable elegance, and it cannot, we think, fail to take high rank among coming Christmas favourites. The volumes contain examples of 150 British poets, illustrated by 120 British artists. The first two volumes comprise the poets from Chaucer to Beattie; the third volume is of the modern poets—those, that is to say, who were "modern" a quarter of a century ago—for nearly all of them have since left earth, bequeathing to mankind the rich fruitage of their lives—

> "Leaving us heirs of amplest heritages
> Of all the great thoughts of the greatest sages,
> And giving voice unto the silent dead."

So with the artists who contributed to make this really beautiful and valuable book; four out of five of them have since "died." Of the 120 there are only about 20 who are still working on earth.

The editor has added to the third volume some of the poets who have become famous in the present generation, and has re-written the memoirs of those whose deaths as well as births he can now chronicle. It is evident that his heart is with the "giants" who were on the earth in his own young days.

We repeat, the work, in its present form, is very attractive; it cannot fail to continue a public favourite; it has been so for upwards of a quarter of a century, and it is not too much to say it has never been rivalled as a collection of beautiful examples of poetry and Art. The editor has his reward in having lived to witness its popularity.

English Church Furniture, Ornaments, and Decorations at the Period of the Reformation. As Exhibited in a List of the Goods destroyed in certain Lincolnshire Churches, A.D. 1566. Edited by Edward Peacock, F.S.A. Published by J. C. Hotten, London.

Ten years ago the publication of such a book as this would have excited little or no attention, but the attempts which have been made within this period, and which are still making, to assimilate the ceremonies of modern Church worship to those that were formerly in use, may, irrespective of any interest it has for the archæologist, attract to it considerable notice.

The events which took place during the sixteenth century, first in Germany and afterwards in England and Scotland, more or less revolutionised the social fabric of a great part of Europe as their final results. The downfall of the monastic system under Henry VIII. swept away not only the fabrics in which it found a home, but the wealth and every possession these ecclesiastical communities enjoyed. It followed, almost as a matter of course, that the property of the Church became alienated from her to a great extent, and especially that all and everything connected with the performances of a ritualism rejected by the state and a large majority of the people should participate in the general destruction. The churches were despoiled of many a rich adornment, and the splendid vestments of a luxurious priesthood were transferred, oftentimes, to the persons of a rude and ignorant laity. Every lover of Art must deplore the iconoclasm and other spoliation of things beautiful in themselves which prevailed during the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth more especially, however much he may rejoice in the good effected by the Reformation. The fears, and the superstition, and the genuine piety of our forefathers, had covered the land with edifices—some of architectural grandeur, others simple and unpretentious—and had enriched them with abundant treasures, many of which were intimately connected with the devotion and social life of the people, and endeared to them by the holiest associations. To ridicule the earnest and deep respect felt for these attributes of a Divine worship even by thousands who had given their adhesion to the new state of things, is to deride the faith in which they were reared. "It requires an effort," writes Mr. Peacock in his introductory remarks, "to place ourselves, in imagination even, in the same position of affectionate reverence for mere articles of furniture—silk and gold, brass and stone—as our forefathers; but let us remember that the vestments thus wantonly cut up into hosen and cushions, or made into costumes for strolling players, were the solemnly blessed garments in which they had seen their priest celebrate the great sacrifice of the Catholic Church; that the altar slabs used as fire-backs and bridges had been dedicated by episcopal unction and the relics of the saints, and had received the far higher consecration of being the appointed place wherein that same sacrifice was consummated; that the rood was to them the visible representation of their God—of Him who had died for them on Calvary, and who, with hands, feet, and side pierced, as they saw Him there, would, as they believed, come ere long in glory and terror to judge the universe. The bells that profane persons hung to the harness of their horses had been borne before the priest through many a crowd of kneeling villagers when the Blessed Sacrament was carried from its resting-place over the altar to the bedside of the sick and dying."

Macaulay fully comprehended the existence of such a state of feeling on the part of a large body of the community. Speaking of the Reformation and its effects, he says:—"The struggle between the old and new theology in our country was long, and the event sometimes seemed doubtful. There were two extreme parties prepared to act with violence or to suffer with stubborn resolution. Between them lay, during a considerable time, a middle party, which blended, very illogically, but by no means unnaturally, lessons learned in the nursery with the sermons of the modern Evangelists; and, while clinging with fondness to the old observances, yet detested abuses with which those observances were closely connected."

The power of the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church was broken before Elizabeth ascended the throne, but this steadfast friend of the Reformation inflicted the blow which laid the old religion utterly prostrate as the creed of the nation. It was in the early part of her reign, and just about three centuries ago, that what has been termed "the last act in the drama of the great social revolution which severed the Anglican Church from visible unity with the rest of the family of Christian nations" took place; and it is with a view of throwing some light on these events that Mr. Peacock has published the series of documents existing in a mutilated manuscript preserved among the miscellaneous papers in the Episcopal Registry at Lincoln. "It has now," he says, "no other title than the inscription, Inventarium Monumentorum Superstitionis, on the outside of its parchment cover. The volume consists of returns made in the eighth year of Elizabeth to certain royal commissioners, by the churchwardens of one hundred and fifty parishes in the county of Lincoln, of such articles of church furniture as had been used in the previous reign, but were in 1566 considered by the authorities to be superstitious or unnecessary." A curious catalogue is certainly supplied in these returns, and scarcely any other is needed to show how thoroughly the work of spoliation and appropriation was accomplished. But all must not be laid at the door of the Reformers, for there are numerous entries proving the abstraction from the churches of rich garments, plate, and other valuables during Queen Mary's

reign; taken, in all probability, by the Romanists themselves, and, perhaps, to preserve them from falling into heretical hands.

The appendix to Mr. Peacock's book is by no means the least interesting part of it, for it contains the earliest lists of English church furniture that have come down to us, printed from the Cotton MSS. These are followed by the Churchwarden's Account of St. Mary's, Stamford, A.D. 1428, also printed from the Cotton MSS., and supposed to be the oldest now known. It is singular as showing how popular sports were under the patronage of the Church in the Middle Ages. Another chapter sets forth the schedules of goods presented by Sir Thomas Cumberworth, a Lincolnshire knight, to his parish church, at Sowerby, in 1440. This is taken from the Dodsworth MSS., and proves the great wealth and the religious feeling of the gentry of the period. Then we have an inventory of the goods of the Guild of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Boston, taken in 1534, the original of which still exists among the records of the borough of Boston. These peculiar guilds, which were all dispersed in the sixteenth century, often united the constant religious services of a monastic brotherhood with many of the advantages of a trade corporation and a benefit club. There is much more of an interesting character in the appendix to which we cannot allude specifically.

The editor's notes direct attention, among other matters, to most of the principal families and persons referred to in the text: he has thus made his book, in some degree, a kind of county history, but to the general public—at least, that portion of the public whom the subject may attract—its chief value will be found in the strange revelations afforded by the "Monuments of Superstition" transcribed in the Lincoln manuscript.

Texts from the Holy Bible explained by the Help of the Ancient Monuments. With a few Plans and Views. By Samuel Sharpe, Author of the "History of Egypt." Containing One Hundred and Sixty Drawings on Wood, chiefly by Joseph Bonomi. Published by Day and Son (Limited), London.

Almost every dictionary of the Bible which has come under our notice abounds with illustrations explanatory of scenes, objects, customs, &c., referred to in the sacred volume. Mr. Sharpe's book, therefore, can only be of use to those who possess no other expositor, because it contains but little, if anything, that is not to be found elsewhere. Yet there is some difference between him and previous writers, inasmuch as he comments upon, and explains, the cuts he introduces to illustrate the texts selected, while others have, generally, been content to let the cuts simply elucidate the text. Mr. Sharpe, however, illustrates some passages of Scripture which we do not remember to have seen pictorially treated before; and he does this with great ingenuity, and truthfully, as they seem. For example, the verse from Isaiah, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear," is illustrated by an engraving from an Egyptian sculpture, in which the sun, the deity of the Egyptians, is represented with a hand at the termination of each ray of light, thus, as explained by Mr. Sharpe, "telling us that his power is felt wherever his light shines." The drawings are all made from ancient records of various kinds, sculptures, manuscripts, &c., chiefly Egyptian.

The author is well known in the literary world as a Hebrew and biblical scholar, and also as a student of Egyptian history and antiquities; he is, therefore, competent to deal with the subject of his book, and he has handled it in a manner at once instructive and interesting, though the grammatical correctness of his sentences is occasionally open to question: *e.g.*, "At each corner sits an ape, *who* here, as on other occasions, *are* considered inhabitants of the region of the dead" (page 193). The words we have printed in italics should assuredly be "which" and "is," the singular number following the disjunctive "each," while the relative "who" applies only to human beings. The title-page, moreover, as will be observed, reads somewhat obscurely.

Thirty-seven Sketches and Designs in Crayon. By Richard Wilson, R.A. Intended as a Teacher's Assistant, and for the Improvement of Youthful Artists. Published by William Tegg, London.

The imprint of the title-page of this quarto volume shows the date 1863, yet it has only reached us somewhat recently. Whether, therefore, this be a re-publication or otherwise we have no means of determining, nor is it of much consequence. The series of sketches are nothing more than "ideas"—some of them, probably, scraps taken from nature—executed roughly with chalk; clever in their way, as might be expected from the hand of a great English artist, one of the founders of our school of landscape painters, but almost useless for the purposes implied. In Wilson's day, nearly a century ago, they might have proved useful, but with our advanced knowledge of Art, and with the multitude of "Guides to Art" which the last twenty or thirty years have produced, it would be difficult to find a teacher willing to put such drawings as these into the hands of a pupil, more especially as there is not a word of comment or explanation to accompany them. We who have lived in the days of Harding, and Prout, and Barnard, and half a score other skilled masters of the pencil and able instructors, can scarcely expect to go back to the semi-classic style of Wilson, as here developed. His admirers may be gratified in looking over these pages, but their interest can scarcely extend further.

A Concise Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture. By John Henry Parker, F.S.A. A New Edition, revised. Published by J. Parker & Co., Oxford and London.

For nearly a quarter of a century, we believe, Mr. Parker's valuable Glossary has been the text-book of the student of architecture. Its usefulness is proved by the popularity it has enjoyed during so many years. An abridgment of the original work was published some time after the appearance of the latter, but this has long been out of print. The demand for a new edition has afforded to the author an opportunity of thoroughly revising the book, which he has done by enlarging some articles and curtailing others that would bear such a process without injury. The woodcuts appear to have been re-engraved; if not, they wonderfully retain their sharpness and clearness. No lover or student of architecture should be without this "manual." To travellers, both here and on the Continent, it would prove most useful in aiding them to determine the style and character of the edifices, either ancient or modern, they may visit; and its portable size recommends it for such a purpose.

The Sunday Reader. Published by Hall & Co., Paternoster Row.

Opinions do, and always will, differ as to the class of books or of serial publications most suitable for Sunday reading. This new periodical, of which two or three monthly parts are before us, comes out under the superintendence of Dr. Miller, late of Birmingham, but now Vicar of Greenwich, a clergyman belonging to the extreme Low Church party, and who is well-known by his zealous and efficient labours in his sacred callllng. In the selection of subjects for his "Reader" he certainly exhibits no sectarian or narrow-minded spirit,—some people, perhaps, may be induced to think there is more to simply amuse than to instruct: but he evidently desires to avoid dulness on the day of rest, by attracting the mind to things which will elevate the thoughts and draw them onwards to what is "lovely and of good report"; and thus there is a judicious blending of that which tends to make wise in matters concerning this world and the next. The magazine is profusely illustrated by Messrs. Nicholls, and is published, weekly, at the low rate of twopence.

Scripture Prints from the Frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican. Edited by Louis Gruner. Published by Houlston and Wright, London; J. Parker & Co., London.

Turning over the leaves of this large volume for the first time, it at once occurred that some of the prints were not altogether unknown to us, though, to the best of our recollection, we had only seen them by chance. The Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, who has written for it an introductory preface, says,—"The work now offered in a complete form to the public has been issued from the press at various intervals, in Numbers, containing six plates each. It was undertaken at first by James R. Hope Scott, Esq., D.C.L., Q.C., but the plates were from the beginning prepared under the superintendence of Professor Gruner. Mr. Hope Scott, however, did not carry the work further than the five first numbers, and it was then taken up, and is now brought to a conclusion, by Mr. Gruner alone. The object for which the work was undertaken is 'to promote a feeling for the higher principles of Art in their application to the service of Religion.' The stories of Holy Writ are often remembered longer, and produce a greater effect, when they are not only related to the ear, but submitted to the eye; and this has been so universally felt that many works have been published with a view of meeting this requirement."

The decorations of the Logia di Raffaelle need neither description nor eulogy from us. Of the whole number, forty have been selected for reproduction here; namely, thirty-six subjects from the Old Testament, and four from the New; the object of the selection appearing to be the choice of the most interesting, instructive, and familiar subjects. They are drawn by Signor Consoni of Rome, in lithography, with great boldness of hand, but not always with accuracy of drawing. There are many figures we could point out which want almost every quality of this essential of good Art. Several of these Logia subjects were executed, it is well known, by Raffaelle's pupils from his designs, and, though inferior to those from the hand of the great master himself, a thoroughly competent copyist would never have committed the errors apparent in some of these drawings. However available the series may prove as an aid to the acquisition of scriptural knowledge, and though they may in some measure "raise the taste of children," there are but few among them to which we can direct the student of drawing as examples for imitation. This is much to be regretted, for the work might have been made to serve the double purpose for which it was originally intended, as set forth in Mr. Wright's prefatory remarks.

The prints are in outline, with just enough of shadow introduced to give effect to the grouping, which is increased by the high lights being "put in" with white, the ground of the paper being richly tinted.

A Smaller Dictionary of the Bible. For the Use of Schools and Young Persons. By W. Smith, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London. Published by J. Murray, London.

To meet the necessities of those who do not require, or have not the means of purchasing, Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," or his "Concise Dictionary," he has compiled from these more voluminous works one which appears to be sufficiently comprehensive for the classes whom it seeks to benefit. It contains such an account of Biblical antiquities, geography, biography, and natural history as a young student of Scripture needs; nothing, in fact, seems to be omitted which would be important to any but a scholar or a divine. Illustrations and maps add to the utility of the well-digested text. The book is printed in double columns, and in a small but clear type, so that a large mass of information is comprised within the limits of its six hundred and more pages: these constitute a ready "handbook" of reference.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON: DECEMBER 1, 1866.

AT the close of another year we again discharge the pleasant duty of addressing a few words to our Subscribers.

The ART-JOURNAL *continues to be the only work that adequately represents the Fine Arts and the Arts of Industry and Manufacture. It has a large circulation, not only in Europe but in America; it conveys interesting and instructive intelligence to all classes of Art-producers; and is accepted as "authority" upon the several subjects of which it treats, the ablest and most popular writers concerning Art being contributors to its pages.*

Each Monthly Part contains three Engravings, two from original paintings by eminent British artists, engraved specially and exclusively for the ART-JOURNAL, *and engraved in the line manner by the best English line engravers. We desire to direct public attention to the fact that the art of line engraving in Great Britain is solely upheld by the* ART-JOURNAL, *no other works in that style being in progress in this country.*

We commence a new Volume with all the aids that can be derived from experience, neglecting nothing that may be rendered useful to either the Artist, the Amateur, the Student, the Manufacturer, or the Artisan, while conveying to the general public such information as will excite interest in Art in all its manifold ramifications.

The year 1867 *will supply a subject of large and general interest. It is purposed to publish with the* ART-JOURNAL *an* ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE *of the* UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION *of the Works of All Nations to be held in* PARIS, *commencing with the opening of the Exhibition, and continuing, from month to month, until probably two thousand of the choicest works in Art-Manufacture shall have been engraved. There will be no extra charge for the* ART-JOURNAL *so illustrated; but, inasmuch as a large addition must necessarily be made to the number of pages contained in each Monthly Part, the engraving from a work in sculpture will be for a time withheld.*

The Catalogue will be DEDICATED, *by gracious permission, to the* EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH; *and it cannot be doubted that while the Work will be one of the highest possible interest, it will be largely useful as a volume of valuable instructive suggestions to all classes of Art-manufacturers throughout the world.*

Subscribers to the ART-JOURNAL *may be assured of the utmost exertions on the part of its Editor and Publishers to sustain its high reputation, to extend its continually enlarging sphere of usefulness, and to render it as attractive as it can be made by the resources of Art and the energies of its conductors.*

ECCLESIASTICAL VESTMENTS.

BY THE REV. E. L. CUTTS.

THE religious aspect of the ritual movement, which has so suddenly risen into importance, is beyond the scope of the *Art-Journal*. But there is another point of view, from which it almost demands notice from a publication devoted to the introduction of Art into the daily life of the people; for though it may be that this movement is the work of a minority who regard it as the expression of a certain school of doctrine, it recommends itself to the majority by satisfying the taste which has been created by the increased appreciation of Art in general, and of the revived Gothic Art in particular. It seems almost inevitable that when a people has been cultivated to a love of Art, *i.e.* to a love of what is graceful and beautiful, significant and dignified in form, colour, and arrangement, it should desire to see its principles developed in the displays of civil pageantry, and especially in the solemn ceremonials of public worship. It is the logical consequence that when the fabric of the church has been restored—or newly built—on Gothic principles, the windows filled with stained glass, a sculptured reredos erected behind the altar, the altar itself covered with rich embroidery, and its vessels enriched with



No. 1. BISHOP IN ALBE, CHASUBLE, AND MITRE 13TH CENTURY.

enamel and jewels—when, in short, the whole fabric and furniture of the temple have been restored with sumptuous beauty, it necessarily follows, that the restorers should at length turn their attention to the vestments of the officiating ministers, and should desire to make them harmonise in character of Art, and in sumptuousness of material, and in beauty of design and colours, with the fabric and accessories of the temples in which they minister.

It is equally a logical consequence that the style of worship under such conditions should be made more solemn and dignified than the homely, not to say slovenly, service which matched with the neglected church and sordid furniture of a past generation.

We believe, as the result of a rather wide and careful observation of men's opinions on these subjects, that there is a very wide-spread feeling in favour of a more solemn, and dignified, and impressive celebration of Divine worship than that which was the universal fashion a dozen years ago. But because we are disposed to see the clergy in robes more artistically beautiful in shape and colour than the surplice and hood and black gown, it does not follow that we must agree to adopt the mediæval albe and dalmatic, cope and chasuble, maniple and stole, amice and biretta: and even if we do desire some more dignified mode of celebrating the Divine worship than the usual monologue of the reader, with the unintelligible murmur of the responses, and the careless hymnody of the singers in the gallery, yet we do not pledge ourselves to admit all the ceremonial observances practised in some churches.

But it is easy to see that what the ritual revivalists have done is very natural as a first step towards a satisfactory conclusion. They have done as the revivalist architects did to begin with; they have gone to ancient examples, and have tried to reproduce them. We may not be satisfied with the reproductions, but, at least, a study of the ancient practice is a natural and almost a necessary first step; out of our study we shall gradually evolve principles; and principles obtained, we shall then apply them to our own tastes and requirements.

We propose to lay before our readers the results of some of our own inquiries into the subject of the ancient vestments of the clergy, and to throw out a few suggestions as to their revival, confining ourselves to the æsthetic view of the subject.

Since the Reformation the usual vestments of the clergy have been the surplice and hood, the cassock, and black gown. All the world by this time knows that there is a rubric facing the beginning of Morning Prayer in our Prayer-books, which orders that the ornaments of the ministers, at all times of their ministrations, shall be such as were in use by authority of Parliament in the 2nd Edward VI.; and it is contended that this rubric legalises the use of



No. 2. CLERIC IN SURPLICE. 15TH CENTURY.

the whole series of mediæval clerical vestments. Most of us, too, know that some of these mediæval vestments have occasionally been used in the Church of England ever since the Reformation, even down to the present day; for copes are still used at certain great ceremonials, as a coronation, or royal marriage, or the like. Still the usual ministerial vestments of the clergy since the Reformation have been the surplice and hood, the cassock, and black gown. Also some twenty years ago the black silk scarf, which used to be worn only by chaplains and doctors of divinity, was universally adopted, and of late years it has very generally assumed the modified form of the narrow stole.

Of these robes the revivalists desire, first of all, to banish the gown as a ministerial vestment. They say that it is an academical, not a clerical vestment; that it never was ordered to be used in the celebration of Divine service; that it was only used at first by the lecturer at evening service, such

lecture being no part of, but an addition to, Divine service; that it then came to be used by the preacher of the morning sermon. They argue that since the preacher or lecturer performs his function as part of his clerical office, and not merely as a member of a university, it is more fitting that he should preach in his clerical, and not in his academical habit.

From our æsthetic point of view we are very willing to abandon the gown, for though it is venerable from its associations, and though any flowing drapery of any colour is more becoming than the ordinary civil dress, yet the gown is absolutely ungraceful in shape and lugubrious in colour, and a clergyman in black cassock and gown does not harmonise very well with the architecture and accessories of a restored Gothic church.

The revivalists are willing to retain the cassock and surplice and stole for the ordinary morning and evening prayers and occasional services; only they desire to lengthen the cassock and shorten the surplice, so that the cassock should reach down to the heels and show below the surplice. There seems no objection to this, except on the part of those who set their faces against any change whatever.

There is an æsthetic reason in its favour, viz., that the fashion of wearing the cassock down to the heels looks much better than that of showing the lower part of a pair of modern trousered legs beneath the flowing white mediæval robe. In all the ancient examples which we give, it will be seen that the cassock reaches to the heels, and the surplice is shorter.

In representations of mediæval surplices we find that the collar and hem were sometimes ornamented with a simple needlework pattern in red. Such a simple ornamentation as this would probably not be considered objectionable, and it would give a little relief to the white robe. In the illustration No. 3 it will be seen that the surplices are thus ornamented. The



No. 3. SEMI-CHOIR OF CANONS. 14TH CENTURY.

woodcut is worth careful examination for the further illustration which it affords of mediæval clerical costume. It is taken from a late fourteenth century MS. "Book of Hours," and represents a semi-choir of canons engaged in Divine service. It will be seen that the bishop is in cope and mitre; his book is held by an inferior minister, who wears an albe girded round the waist. The canons wear surplices ornamented with red needlework, over long cassocks, of which some are red and some blue. Some of them wear the hood, some a skull cap. The surplice has not always had exactly the same form. One shape is shown in the woodcut (No. 3). Another very elegant form is shown in the preceding cut (No. 2) from a book of prayers, which was written for the famous l'Isle Adam, the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John. An ornamental brass of a priest at Northleach, a little before the Reformation, represents him in a surplice with hanging sleeves, like the common modern pattern, and no stole; as he is kneeling the length of the surplice cannot be seen. In the brass of a priest soon after the Reformation, at Westerham, Kent, he is in a short surplice with worked collar, over a long cassock, and wears a scarf (not a stole).

The cassocks of these canons in their stalls are, as we said, red and blue. As a matter of taste these red and blue cassocks look better with the surplice than the black cassock. We ought perhaps to explain that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the clergy wore coloured clothes in their ordinary every-day costume, and that these canons are wearing their surplices over their ordinary every-day long coat, which was the fashion of their time. The cassock of our clergy is this same fourteenth century long coat continued in use by them to the present day. Now they always wear it black, but we have still a curious relic of the time when they wore it coloured. The mediæval priest, when he put on his surplice over his ordinary dress, threw the hood, which formed a part of the ordinary dress, back over the surplice so as to be ready for use. The hoods worn by the clergy at this day are the hoods proper to the cassock which they still wear. When spread out their shape is very quaint, and at first, perhaps, unintelligible; but it will be seen that one part can be put over the shoulders like a tippet, and the other part pulled over the head; and then it is apparent that the clergyman's hood is exactly of the shape as the hood with which we are familiar in the portraits of Dante and others of the same period. The sumptuary laws of the universities at an early period prescribed certain materials and colours for certain degrees of university men, and so the hood became significant of university rank; and we have, therefore, retained not only their shape, but their colours ever since; and so we still have the clergy wearing hoods of blue and red, trimmed with fur and black and white silk, though the habit to which the hood belongs is now always black. We avow openly that as a question of taste—and it does not seem that anything else is involved in this particular matter—we should not be sorry to see a red or blue cassock worn below the surplice. No one with an eye for colour can fail to see that the combination of the flowing white robe, with the red or blue under robe, would be far more effective merely as a piece of artistic costume. The bishops, we are told, do still wear purple cassocks on certain state occasions; and, unless we are mistaken, doctors of the several faculties wear cassocks of scarlet on certain high days at the universities.

One other change the ritualists would make in the clerical robes as they are usually worn; they desire to wear coloured instead of black stoles. Let us first see what the *stole* means before we discuss the question of any alteration in it.

It is curious that the stole should have come so unobservedly into general use; in truth, it was the first piece of innovation in the direction of "vestments." If we trace back its history it seems to have more claim than any other to a religious origin. The other vestments seem to have grown out of the retention in clerical costume of garments which were originally of general secular use. But some say that the stole is derived from the *orarium* which a Roman put round his neck when about to offer sacrifice or prayer to his deity, and so it was appropriated to the order of men in the Church who were specially set apart to offer sacrifice and prayer. In the records of the council of Laodicea in the fourth century it is called *orarium* or *stole*. In the Romish communion it is the priestly badge. A priest called upon in a hurry to perform some function of his office would think it more necessary to put on his stole than his surplice. In the English Church chorister boys and men, and young men at college, wear the surplice, but only a clergyman wears the stole. The symbolists say it represents the yoke of Christ. There seems then to be no special reason why the stole



No. 4. DEACON IN ALBE AND DALMATIC.

should be black in preference to any other colour. If it be taken, as it seems to be in the English Church, to be the badge of a clergyman, it should be white, the colour

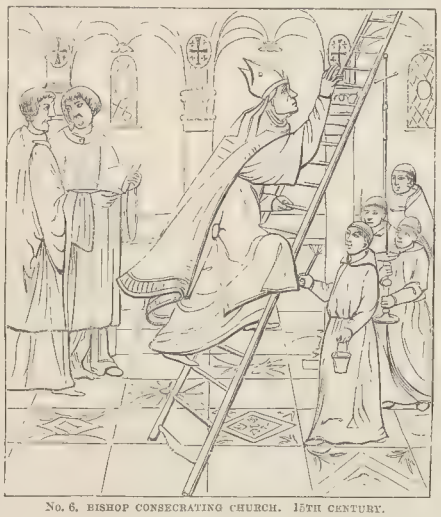
of purity, or blue, the livery of heaven, rather than black; or, if it represent the yoke of Christ, it should be of gold. As a question of taste, which is the point of view from which we are looking at the subject, there can be no doubt that a coloured stole is handsomer than a black one, on a white robe. The coloured stoles always have a significant cross worked on the middle where it falls upon the neck, and usually a cruciform or other symbolical device embroidered upon the ends, an enrichment of which an artist, looking at the matter as an artist, cannot but approve.

All these are merely trifling alterations in the costume which we have been accustomed to see the clergy wear, and no great objection, perhaps, would be made to them



No. 5. ECCLESIASTICAL PROCESSION: HOLY WATER BEARER, CROSS-BEARER, SINGING-MEN IN COPES, AND CANONS.

if the matter stopped there; but it is proposed to go much further than this, and to revive the ancient vestments, to which we have not been accustomed, on the plea that they are legal under the rubric at the beginning of the Prayer Book, which directs that the ornaments of the ministers, at all times of their ministration, shall continue as they were by authority of Parliament in the second year of Edward VI. Let us first briefly state what these ancient vestments were. All the inferior ministers wore an *albe*, or surplice. An albe was a narrow surplice with tight sleeves, and girded round the waist. (The man who goes first in the illustration No. 5, bearing a holy-water pot and sprinkler, is vested in an albe; the cross-bearer behind him wears a surplice over a cassock.) A subdeacon wore, over the albe, a *tunic*, which was in shape very like a tabard, and of any coloured silk or other rich material. A deacon wore, over the albe, a *dalmatic*, which is hardly to be distinguished from the tunic in shape and material (see illustration No. 4): when bishops are represented wearing both, one over the other, the dalmatic is represented as a little shorter than the tunic, but, perhaps, only because that was the only way in which both could be made visible. The deacon also wore a *stole* over one shoulder only, and a *maniple* over the left wrist. The priest wore different vestments on different occasions: in choir (on great occasions) or procession he wore a *cope* over the albe or surplice and stole and maniple. The two singing-men who follow the cross-bearer, in the woodcut (No. 5), wear plain copes, with embroidered hoods, over surplice and cassock. The canon who follows wears a surplice over a cassock, and the hat called a *biretta*, and has his *amyss*, or furred cape, which canons wore in choir, thrown over his arm. At the celebration of the Holy Communion a priest wore a *chasuble* over the *albe*. A bishop wore the same habits as a priest; a *mitre* and a *crozier* besides formed his special insignia (see illustration No. 1). An archbishop wore a *pall*, a circle of white lambs'-wool worn low round the neck, with long ends falling down before and behind. The curious subject in No. 6 represents a bishop consecrating a church. He has climbed up a ladder in order to sign with oil the dedecalous crosses painted on the walls (as we often discover them hidden under coats of whitewash). He has his cope thrown back from the right arm, and this enables us to see very clearly his dalmatic over the albe. The two singing-men on the left wear the surplice over the cassock. On the right are a holy water bearer, two taper-bearers, and a cross-bearer, who are probably monks.



No. 6. BISHOP CONSECRATING CHURCH. 15TH CENTURY.

There are two great objections at the outset to the revival of any of these obsolete vestments. The first is the impression that they are Romish. It is not, however, the fact that they are peculiar to the Roman Church,—the clergy of the Greek Church wear vestments of similar kind, though they are somewhat different in the shapes of the several vestments. The Reformed Scandinavian Churches, too, have retained the ancient ecclesiastical vestments in use. Mr. Curzon, in his interesting book of "Travels in Armenia," says:—

"The forms and ceremonies of their worship resemble those of the Greek Church, from which they are derived. Their vestments are the same, or nearly so: and here I will remark that the sacred vestures of the Christian Church are the same, with very insignificant modifications, among every denomination of Christians in the world, that they have always been the same, and never were otherwise in any country from the remotest times, where we have any written account of them, or any mosaics, sculptures, or pictures to explain their forms. They are no more a Popish invention, or have anything more to do with the Roman Church, than any other usage which is common to all denominations of Christians. They are, and always have been, of general and universal—that is, of catholic—use; they have never been used for many centuries for ornament or dress by the laity, having been considered as set apart to be used only by the priests in the Church during the celebration of the worship of Almighty God. These ancient vestures have been worn by the bishops, priests, and deacons of that in common with the hierarchy of every other Church. In England, they have fallen into disuse by neglect. King Charles I. presented some vestments to the cathedral of Durham long after the Reformation, and they continued in use almost in the memory of man."*

Our own Church, as we have seen, retains the rubric, which is said to legalise them, and uses some of them on occasions of very high ceremonial, though she has allowed them to fall into general disuse. No doubt the fact that all other great national branches of the Church retain the principal ecclesiastical vestments is an argument of a certain weight in favour of their use among us, who are earnestly longing for and feeling after the re-union

* Curzon's "Armenia," p. 223.

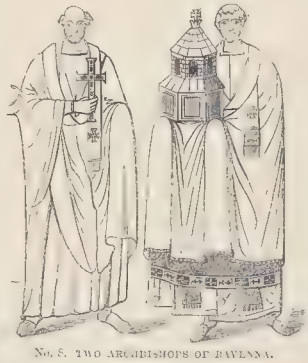
of Christendom; while we still assert our right at any time to decree our own rites and ceremonies; and therefore our right now to revive some of the ancient ones, if we judge it expedient. Another prejudice against the ancient vestments arises from the fact that they are revived by a certain extreme party in the Church. But other revivals which began with the same party have gradually come into general use, so that we are less disposed to reject without inquiry things which come from the same quarter,—we are content, at least, to give them an unprejudiced consideration, and to try them on their merits. When the Revivalists want us to take up the vestments as they are now in use in the Roman Church, we flatly refuse; when they invite us to go back to the fifteenth century, and take things up as they were when the Reformation interrupted the continuity of the tradition, we again decline. We shall examine and inquire and choose for ourselves, and we decline to take the *Directorium Anglicanum* for our guide a single step of the way. We believe that there is a widespread feeling in favour of a more sumptuous ritual, and willingness to do what may seem right to give to the celebration of the Holy Communion especially that superiority over the other services in outward circumstances which is appropriate to its superior significance and dignity. We find that for many hundred years in the Church the clergyman celebrating the Holy Communion wore a vestment different from the vestment worn at the ordinary prayers. The canons of 1602 recognise this, and sanction it when they require that in cathedral churches, and some other places where it seems right that the ritual of the Church should be most strictly and sumptuously observed, the minister officiating at the Holy Communion shall wear a cope or vestment. It is probable that many people will be willing to accept the revival of some such observance if distinctly sanctioned by proper authority. The "vestment" in question was that which is called the *chasuble*. In its origin it seems to have been merely an ordinary secular habit, which was retained by the clergy for use in church when the laity had abandoned it for some new fashion that seemed, perhaps, less decorous; just in the same way that the clergy retain as a preaching vestment the black gown which all grave citizens wore four hundred years ago, but which the laity have long since abandoned for a style of costume less grave and ecclesiastical looking. Its shape, in the earliest pictorial representations of it that have come down to us, was that of a perfect circle of about ten feet diameter, with a hole in the middle through which the head was passed, while the garment fell in full folds about the person. We give a representation of it from a mosaic picture of Pope Paschal, of the ninth century, in St. Mark's Church at Rome, from M. Didron's "Christian Iconography" (No. 7). Dr. Rock, in the "Church of our Fathers," gives an engraving of two archbishops of Ravenna, from mosaics, which he attributes to the fourth century (No. 8). The one who holds a church in his hands, has them beneath the chasuble, as in the picture of Pope Paschal. He also wears the albe, with ornamented stole, and embroidered dalmatic with a jewelled hem, and the pall. In the other, who holds a cross, we see how the chasuble was gathered into folds over the arm when the hands were to be liberated. It was probably found, especially when the chasuble was made of stiff material, that its amplitude was inconvenient to the wearer; and therefore it was gradually altered in shape. In the thirteenth century, and for two hundred years after, we find that its shape is a pointed oval, so that it fell in graceful folds, and came sufficiently low before and behind, but was not so inconveniently full over the arms (see engraving No. 1). In the sixteenth and following centuries, on the Continent, the sides were more and more cut away, and the vestments made of stiffer material, until



No. 7. POPE PASCHAL, IN ALBE AND CHASUBLE.

it assumed the ugly shape, in which we now see it in the foreign churches, of two stiff flaps, hanging behind and before, and merely fastened together at the shoulders.

The cope seems to have been originally a cloak, and was probably retained as an ecclesiastical vestment, partly from the tendency to retain old fashions in official costumes, and partly because any full and flowing drapery gives dignity and venerableness, whereas a close-fitting, scanty habit seems unbecoming in grave and dignified personages. In its mediæval shape it consisted of a semicircle of silk, or other rich material, with an ornamented border along the straight side; and was put over the shoulders so that the straight border fell in two lines of ornament in front. It was fastened at the breast by a brooch, which the antiquarians call a *morse*. It often had a hood, which was usually richly ornamented. In the woodcut (No. 5), in the habit of the two singers, the cope, with its hood and morse, is sufficiently well seen. In the cut which we here give of the monumental brass of Archbishop Harsnett, from Chigwell Church, Essex (No. 9), we have a good example of the cope, crozier, and mitre; and the brass is interesting as the latest representation of these canonical vestments: its date is A.D. 1631.



No. 8. TWO ARCHBISHOPS OF RAVENNA.

Of the "cope or vestment," the chasuble has this prior claim, that it is the Eucharistic vestment in so many other branches of the Church; moreover, if made rather long and full, it would assume very much the form of an ordinary surplice,—and if made of fine white linen or cambric, while it would satisfy all ritual requirements, it would not shock the most determined anti-ritualist, for he would mistake it for a surplice; indeed, we believe that surplices are sometimes made in this shape. If it were made of thin white silk, it would probably be accepted without difficulty by most people, for it would still differ very little in appearance from the habit to which they have been accustomed. The artist, as well as the ritualist, would desire to put a line of gold embroidery round the hem, or to embroider it all over, or to have it in other colours than white.

If either cope or chasuble were worn it would probably be found that a narrow surplice with close sleeves would be more conveniently worn under it; and for artistic



No. 9. ARCHBISHOP HARSNETT.

effect it would certainly be desirable that the under robe should be more scanty, and fit closer to the person, than the ordinary full surplice with hanging sleeves. But a scanty surplice with close sleeves is simply an albe; so that convenience and good taste would require us, if we revive the cope or chasuble, or both, to use the albe with them. Whether the clergy who assist in the administration of the Holy Communion—the Epistoler and Gospeller as we call them—shall be vested in the habits anciently appropriated to the deacon and sub-deacon is a question which stands next for settlement. They have the same wide usage in their favour as that which has been stated in favour of the chasuble for the principal minister; and, perhaps, the argument in favour of a special and more sumptuous vestment for the principal minister at this high service of the Church, applies also to the vestments of his assistant ministers. As an æsthetic question, we are not sure that it is the best possible arrangement to put the three ministers—as the ancient ritual requires—in vestments all of the same colour.

The *maniple*, which was originally a

napkin, and was very early transformed into a strip of richly-embroidered silk, is a very useless item of the ancient clerical costume, of no important significance, and not a very ornamental addition to the whole costume: it will be seen in the woodcut (No. 4), above given. The biretta is seen in the woodcut No. 5, but it very seldom occurs in the illuminations from which we derive most of our information of the ancient ecclesiastical vestments and costumes in the English Church; it is not necessary, now that the clergy do not use the tonsure, it is foreign to our modern habits for men to wear their hats in church, and lastly, the thing is very ugly. We do not desire to see either maniple or biretta revived.

We have not space left to enter at any length into the origin of the costume which is now ordinarily worn by the bishops. It consists of a rochet, which is a surplice of fine lawn without sleeves; over that the chimere, which is a black satin gown; the lawn sleeves, which seem to belong to the rochet, and which would convert it into a surplice, are tied on separately, and are gathered and tied at the wrist, so as to convert them into balloon sleeves. We beg leave to say that, from our point of view, the whole costume is very unsatisfactory. We need not go far to find one which would satisfy our sense of what would be artistically becoming. Why should not their lordships wear always the costume which they adopt on certain state occasions? Our readers may see what it is and how it looks in the popular engravings of the Queen's coronation and her marriage. It consists of a surplice (with the sleeves tied at the wrist) and a cope. As for the special insignia of the chief pastorate, the bishops are themselves reviving them; several have adopted the use of the crozier, and one at least has recently worn on his head the mitre, which for a long time previously had appeared only as a heraldic badge on the panels of their lordships' coaches.

FINE-ART DOOR AND BELL FURNITURE.

To combine the useful with the beautiful is the province of the Art-manufacturer, and that utility and beauty may be wedded together, decoration adding to the appearance without interfering with the usefulness of the article beautified and adorned, is a fact which is every day becoming more and more apparent. These remarks we consider peculiarly apposite on the present occasion, when we are about to introduce to the notice of our readers a series of ornamental useful objects in metal of a very high order of merit—objects which hitherto have, until now, failed to attract the attention of manufacturers as those whereon really the highest Art-ornamentation could with success be applied. We allude to the metallic fittings for doors as knobs, keyhole escutcheons, finger plates; also bell furniture, as levers, pulls; a series of which in various styles of ornament have just been submitted to us by the justly celebrated establishment of Messrs. Elkington & Co., of Birmingham and London. An examination of these examples of Art-manufacture, so excellent in design, and exquisite in execution and finish, proves to us that there are few objects which the artistic mind cannot elevate into the confines of Art; and at the same time we may express our wonder that objects so easy of artistic treatment should have so long escaped the notice of Art-manufacturers. Yet true it is that up to the present time the class of objects we have named—despite repeated calls for really first-class works of a high character—have remained *in statu quo*. Brass-founders engaged in the manufacture of cabinet and bell furniture, in whose province it is to manufacture these articles, have contented themselves with the smallest infusion of the modeller's art. The traditions of the manufacturer of brass door and bell furniture were confined to the knowledge of casting, as regards the solid parts of lock furniture, the knobs being raised out of sheet-metal, the finger plates being either perforated out of sheet metal, or cast, objects in relief being produced thereon by stamping. More recently the china or earthenware manufacturer supplied knobs, escutcheons, and finger-plates formed of earthenware, decorated occasionally with gilding, the more expensive varieties with enamelled groups of flowers, in colour and gilding. A more recent introduction is that of glass. While metallic examples were in general bald, and in form tiresome from their continued repetitions, the two last-named varieties, *i.e.* earthenware and glass, though very pretty, are objectionable from their fragile nature. In like manner bell levers were cast, but the mode of casting adopted did not admit of relief; and, as in door-furniture, china and glass roses, and knobs, were occasionally introduced, associated with metal.

The superior style of internal decoration now adopted in first-class dwellings intuitively suggested an improved style of metallic fittings, and the idea undoubtedly suggested to the influential house we have named the production of the works under notice, wherein availing themselves of their resources as leaders in the art of electro-deposition, they have succeeded in producing works of great beauty and usefulness. The advantage arising from the use of elastic moulds in connection with their depositing troughs, secures that degree of relief in connection with shadow of which the ordinary mode of casting does not admit, and superior effect results as a consequence, in connection with the most charming and minute detail. The contrast also between the finger plates of the Elkington Works and the best hitherto produced by stamping or casting, is very marked. In the former we have the most exquisitely modelled, graceful figures introduced, the drapery arranged in the harmonious lines as delicate as the gossamer-like work of *repousse*, the features well pronounced, the expression faultless. One series represents chubby little cupids with wreaths of flowers, the modelling of which would have been no discredit to Fiamingo; in another series two graceful figures represent Night and Morning; the Seasons form the subject of another set. In others renaissance and grotesque ornament are introduced. Masks, groups of flowers, fruit, &c., are introduced, *en suite*, with the finger-plates, on the knobs of the doors, covers of the keyhole escutcheons, knobs of the bell-levers and their roses; the handles of the bell-levers are skilfully dealt with. In the Cupid series a cupid forms the handle, to which the knob is attached; in the Seasons group, an inverted cornucopia, with fruit, serves a like purpose; every portion of the ornament is worked out with the most painstaking care, and with the utmost attention to the purpose it is intended to serve. As regards the finish, it is as exquisite and in equal variety with the designs, from the rich, red, coppery brown bronze to that of the verde antique, with its mouldy green, accepted by connoisseurs as the evidence of antiquity; in oxidised silver, which conveys the impression of age and subdues the brilliancy of the original metal; parcel gilt, in which the pale-hued silver is contrasted with rich colour of the royal metal.

As in all the works issued by the house of Elkington & Co., we detect the superior excellence of what they produce; achieving, as they have done, the summit of excellence in their own peculiar sphere, they with equal success essay other walks. It is gratifying to record progress, and doubly so to recognise the continued perseverance in well-doing of a house which, from its starting, entered the field with the intention of improving the manufactures of our country as regards the finer metals, which they have done, and are continuing to do, far more effectively than other houses whose existence can be dated from many years anteriorly.

FONTEVRAULT EFFIGIES.

It is understood that the Plantagenet effigies at Fontevrault are, by permission of the French Government, about to be conveyed to England, and added to the royal series in Westminster Abbey. The figures represent Henry II.; his queen Eleanor; Richard Cœur de Lion; and the fourth, that of a queen, is, according to some authorities, Berengaria, the wife of Richard, according to others, Elizabeth, the wife of John. The earliest effigy of a king of England that we now possess is that of John, in Worcester Cathedral; hence, the acquisition of these figures will be the more interesting and valuable. It has been customary with writers, foreign as well as English, to assume that such monuments were more or less portraits of the deceased, and it is true that certain fashions of their time are determinable by them. We learn, for instance, whether the beard or hair was worn long or short, and the regal costume is rendered with scrupulous exactness; but we have nothing in the way of royal portraiture to be at all relied on before Richard III., or Henry VII.

Stothard and others, in describing the tombs at Fontevrault, advert to the account given by Matthew Paris, who says that Henry II. was arrayed in the royal vestments, having a golden crown on the head and gloves on the hands, boots wrought with gold on the feet, and spurs, a great ring on one of the fingers, a sceptre in the hand, and was girt with a sword. Stothard adverts to the general accuracy of this, but observes that the sword was not girt to the body, but lay on the bier by the left side. When, according to Stothard, the tomb of King John was opened; the exterior figure as far as could be determined from appearances, had been formed as nearly as possible in all respects like the body of the deceased in its funereal state. It is therefore, probable that the Fontevrault effigies afford faithful representations of the vesture in which these kings and queens were buried. It would be scarcely credible that these monuments could have passed through the crises which they have survived without a certain amount of mutilation. Compared with some of our own, they will be pronounced in bad condition. The dress of the two kings consists of a mantle, a dalmatic or long tunic, gloves, boots, and gold spurs; a crown and sceptre complete the state equipment. In the reign of Henry II. long hair was not worn as in the times of Rufus, Henry I., and Stephen; but there was a return to the Norman fashion of close cropping and shaving. The original colour of the mantle of Henry II. was, according to Stothard, a reddish chocolate; the dalmatic was crimson, flowered with gold; the boots were green, and the straps of the spurs red. The gloves are jewelled at the back—a privilege and distinction of royalty. The personal style of Richard differs but little from that of his father. The mantle of the latter is fastened with a fibula on the right shoulder, whereas that of the former is fastened in front. Both Richard and John are represented in their effigies (that of the latter at Worcester) as having worn moustachios and cropped beards. The royal abbey of Fontevrault, or what remains of it, is situated near Saumur, in the Department of the Maine-et-Loire. In 1804, like those of Clairvaux, Gaillon, Mont St. Michel, and others, it was transformed into a central house of detention.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRATED PICTURES.*

It has been left to photography to reproduce a selection of the most precious contents of certain great Art-collections, in such wise as not only to place within reach of the public cheap and accurate representations of the finest pictures the world has ever seen, but also to help the artist and amateur to a revision of painting from its rise to its present condition. That the materials may be understood to be sufficiently ample to admit of a review from an early period, it is well to explain that the different series comprehend nearly eleven hundred prints, beginning with the Giotteschi, and even somewhat earlier. The "plates" which have yielded these copies exemplify the perfection of manipulation; they have been very skilfully worked; and the beautifully uniform colour of the prints is a purplish grey admirably suited to photographs of fine-art.

In looking through the series, we find that many are taken from engravings; others may have been from copies, in oil, of the pictures themselves. It would be next to impossible for any collector within any reasonable term, and even at a very great expense, to form an assemblage of prints which should present to him transcripts of so many of the most famous works of all the schools of Art. These copies are small, yet so exquisite in detail, and clear in all their lower tones, that no passage of the composition is ever indistinct. The works which are so well represented by these photographs are contained in the Vatican, the Farnese Palace in Rome, and the collections of the Pitti Palace, the Palazzo Vecchio, and other palaces in Florence; also the SS. Annunziata, S. M. Novella, the Churches of the Carmine and S. Croce, in the same city; the Campo Santo, at Pisa; and Galleries in Dresden, Munich, Milan, Turin, Parma, Naples, &c.

Looking at this series with a view to follow the progress of design from an early period, we are assisted by the works of Giotto, Benozzo Gozzoli, Taddeo Gaddi, Buffalmacco, Simone Memmi, Spinello Aretino, Masaccio, Masalino da Panicale, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Perugino, Bellini, Giorgione, Francia, Leonardo, Fra Bartolommeo, Raffaelle, and of all the most distinguished painters of later times.

The collection of Madonnas is very numerous and varied. Among them not fewer than twenty-four by Raffaelle, of which some are the most lovely conceptions of the subject that have ever been painted. These alone would entitle the painter, had he done nothing else, to be called Raffaelle delle Madonne. There is the famous Seggiola picture, one of the gems of the Pitti; and the Granducal, the Orleans, the Pearl at Madrid, the Foligno at Rome, that with the veil at Milan, the Impannata, the Cardellino, the San Sisto at Dresden, the Belle Jardinière at Paris, the Tenda at Munich, the Divino Amore at Naples, &c.: these excite at once admiration of the variety of the aggroupments, sweetness of character and expression, and also surprise at the endless resource which could devise such diversity of situation. Wherever these works are found, they are very justly regarded as national and family heirlooms, with a jealousy arising from conviction that they can never be again equalled. The collection presents so many reminiscences of the pictorial treasures of Florence, that attention is especially pointed to that city. For the study of ancient art, we have always considered that Florence offered facilities beyond those of any other city—that is, in the time of the Grand Dukes; whether such facilities still exist under the new *régime* we scarcely yet know; but when it is remembered that the Tribune and all the larger saloons in the Palazzo Vecchio were destined to verify the term "Uffizj," it can scarcely be expected that such indulgences as were formerly granted can be continued under the new state of things. Time was when, with scarcely a question asked, any of the pictures that were hung at all high were taken down, and placed on an easel before the student who wished to copy; and the value of such works as were sometimes seen removed to easels in the galleries is thousands of pounds. As the number of the copyists increased the regulations became more stringent, and poor English students began to be asked, by the *custodi* in the glass cases, for references to their bankers. These officials, on some occasions, were met by the question, "And have all these gentlemen bankers?" meaning certain copyists whose bread depends on feeble imitations of great works. Some of the pictures in the Uffizj and the Pitti are so much admired by visitors that, in the memory of the oldest Florentine, they have been ever surrounded by easels. The Madonna della Seggiola is of course one; there is also the Magdalen of Carlo Dolce, the Flora of Titian, the Fornarina in the Tribune, and some others. The copies go principally to England, America, and Russia. Their distribution must indeed be wide, for they are not very frequently thrown upon the market, considering that, for the half century last past, they have been manufactured at a large ratio per annum.

As so many of these photographs refer us to Florence, we are content to confine ourselves to the galleries and churches of that city; and the more especially as we have before us prints of frescoes and pictures not commonly seen by tourists, and but imperfectly known even to the non-artistic Florentines themselves. Every one is interested in the Art of the periods subsequent to Perugino; but it will take more than the dry philosophy and severe eloquence of that which is called in these days pre-Raffaellitism to win the love of the public to works which it cannot look upon in any other light than as the curiosities of painting. But these are the bases on which the development was effected—they are not generally attractive, but they are the roots whence have grown up the splendours of the Uffizj and the Pitti—and if we desire to see the first blush of these glories we must visit quarters not often explored by the visitor to the (now) capital of Italy, which, as Firenze la Bella, offers to the stranger so many potent attractions. The Chiesa del Carmine is not situated in what may be called a fashionable quarter, but thither went Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, and, after them, a galaxy of minor stars, to learn from the works left by Masolino da Panicale, and his famous pupil, Masaccio. And Raffaelle was not ashamed to adopt the St. Paul from their frescoes; and that which is not his own is perhaps the grandest figure in his numerous works. The history of the Florentine school branches forth into the story of European Art, and the beginning and early progress of painting is curiously recorded in quarters sometimes obscure, which tempt only the earnest student to penetrate them. Besides the Carmine, there is the Church and Convent of St. Mark; the Church and Convent of S. M. degli Angeli; the Church of S. Remigio, one of the chapels of which is said to have belonged to Dante; the Church of Or San Michele; that of St. Stephen, of which Charlemagne is said to have been the founder; the Church and Convent of S. Spirito; the Church of S. Niccolo; the Ognissanti, and others. The magnificent SS. Annunziata is a school in itself, preserving, as it does, in such bright relief, the names of Andrea del Sarto Il Rosso, Jacopo da Pontormo, Francia, Bigio, Baldovinetti, Casimo Roselli, Andrea di Cosimo, Gian Bologna, and many others of minor reputation. The Church and Convent also of S. M. Novella represents a school of Art for the history of which a volume were not too much. We see in the great galleries the best works of the best men; but to judge of them and their school, we must also see their worst productions and the tendencies of others who have laboured in the school without making reputations.

These photographs call up memories so fresh, and are so suggestive that they send us back with renewed enthusiasm to the cradle of the Renaissance, of which we take leave with a conviction, long since confirmed, that the history of Art has yet to be written, and that the study and research of a lifetime will not be too much for the enterprise.

* The Gallery of Photographs, a Collection of Photographic Reproductions of celebrated Paintings, Drawings, &c. Published by A. Mansell and Son, Gloucester.

DAVID RAMSAY HAY, THE MATHEMATICIAN OF TASTE.*

But we are somewhat anticipating the order of Mr. Hay's inquiry, which, though varied not only by the consideration of harmony in form, but by those of harmony in colour and harmony in sound (which he rather curiously endeavoured to identify), are to be regarded as involving only the enunciation of one general theory of harmony in all things. The analogy betwixt the ratios of proportion in the harmony of colour and in that of sound, hazarded by Mr. Hay prior to 1843, was probably much more liable to be controverted then than now. Since that time new facts have almost hourly furnished their quota towards a harmony of all the sciences, and the pile seems accumulating into a pyramid, which not unlikely may culminate in a point, and give us an isomerism at last. However this may be, Mr. Hay, on advancing a little further, was able to relieve us of this controversy; and whether he had purposed to allege an identity betwixt the numerical proportions found in the prismatic divisions of colour (in regard to which Sir David Brewster will, we hope, admit Mr. Hay to have been the first to eliminate the three primaries from the seven primary and complimentaries) and those that characterise the scale of musical notation; or whether he merely wished to notice a parallelism indicating a curious natural coincidence betwixt them; without abandoning his tenets in regard to this matter, he shortly placed his theory of harmonic ratios upon its own merits as respected the various branches of his general inquiry. It was in his "Principles of Beauty in Colouring" that he observed—

"In a former treatise on colour I confined this part of the subject to an attempt to point out the analogy that exists between the harmony of colour and that of sound; and I did so from an idea that in this country a knowledge of the first principles of the science of music bore some proportion to the extent to which that art is taught and practised, and that in consequence I should more readily lead to an understanding of the one species of harmony by comparing it to the other. But I am now convinced that this was a mistaken idea, and that instead of a knowledge of the first principles of harmony being general, it is so limited that but a few of the professors of painting, sculpture, or architecture, to whom they ought to be familiar, have paid any attention to the subject. Even among teachers of music there are few who are sufficiently acquainted with the philosophy of their art. This is much to be regretted, for the general principles of harmony are uniform throughout the whole science of æsthetics; and as in no department of that science have their efforts been more clearly developed than in music, there can be no better method of pointing out their peculiar nature than by reference to the first principles of that art. I shall, therefore, still refer to it, and in doing so show that the harmony addressed to the eye, like that addressed to the ear is of an exclusively mathematical nature."—Page 9.

Another of his views—that respecting the proportions of the portico of the Parthenon—was fruitful of discussion, but maintained tenaciously by Mr. Hay, and ably vindicated in one of his ablest treatises, "The Orthographic Beauty of the Parthenon." As the highest example in nature of his harmonic ratios, he constantly pointed out their existence in the proportions of the human body; "and as the best evidence of their application in Art, a close adherence to them in the proportions of the portico of the Parthenon." Both of these illustrations are discussed so early as in his "Essay on Geometrical Design." This work, originally commenced in monthly numbers, was suddenly completed *en masse* (such was the characteristic zeal of the author in regard to whatever he might be engaged on), so that when the work was thought but half way through the press the concluding part was forthcoming. It comprised the development of the author's principles of ornamental design as applicable to the decorative arts, and embraced an illustration of the harmonic ratios and the manner in which they might be applied, the nature and genesis of lines, angles, and figures in geometrical harmony, and their combination in the production of beauty in diaper designs, in the leaves of plants, in the petals of flowers, in the figures of animals, and vases, and in architecture. The author had not at this time ascended higher, and appears to have first adopted his conceptions of the proportions embodied in the human

* Continued from page 332.

frame from the vague notion of Vitruvius that the proportions of the ancient Grecian temples were practically deduced from those discovered in the figure of man. This supposition Mr. Hay, in one of his early writings, conceives to be "very natural, inasmuch as the human figure is the most truly beautiful work of creation, and the Grecian temple the most scientific specimen of Art. But," he adds, "a little investigation will show us that this quality is more likely to have been imparted to the works of the ancient Grecians through the knowledge of a universal mathematical principle of harmony inherent in the human mind, producing a response to every development of its laws presented to the senses, whether in sound, form, or colour." This "Essay on Geometrical Design," it is stated, owed its birth to an observation importing that the publication of a series of diagrams upon the principles of linear harmony, with the diaper designs resulting from them, might be productive of much improvement in the decorative arts. There is more novelty and originality than those unacquainted with the matter might be apt to imagine in the production of geometric diaper designs. Whatever designs our diaper fabrics had hitherto boasted had been nothing better than transcripts from former periods. The most beautiful specimens, exhausted and familiarised by protracted repetition in various manufactures, and even deteriorated and deformed by ignorant copyists, have proceeded from the beautiful damascene arabesques of the Alhambra. Mr. Hay was, therefore, pronounced worthy of attention when he proposed to originate new designs to supplant those forms which were felt to be hackneyed, and were known to be borrowed—more especially as he proposed to originate them upon principles founded on the unerring laws of nature.

The French, according to testimony submitted to our legislature, have paid great attention to the production of designs in silk, cotton, and worsted manufactures; whilst we have principally done little but borrow from them. Nothing excited greater astonishment amongst the members of the Social Science Congress, on their recent visit to the Manchester warehouses, than to learn the rates at which special talent was rewarded in the great calico-printing establishments, where £1,000, £1,500, £2,000 a-year, are something like the sums occasionally paid to the heads of departments. Above all, however, the amount of money annually paid to France for designs appeared astounding; for it was stated that £30,000 a-year is sent out of the country by Manchester alone on this account. We incline, however, to regard designs of French origin rather as industrious compilations than inventive novelties. It is perfectly well known that the French designer is ever on the watch to pick up all that is new, and that an original pattern has seldom reached Europe from Cashmere or elsewhere but it has somehow fallen into the hands of French designers. Nor have the ingenious Gauls always confined themselves to this. Instances are not wanting to show that the very few attractive novelties of the British loom, whether in the shawls of Paisley or the laces of Nottingham, are speedily reproduced in France. French excellence, then, has, after all, consisted in superior copying dexterity, together, perhaps, with better taste and judgment in selecting and harmonising new combinations. The introduction of an art of design proceeding upon first principles was, therefore, a desideratum—doubly so if it should place at the command of the designer that originality which the poet, the artist, and the composer covet, when, spurning the trammels of ambition, they soar into regions more inspired.

The styles known as the Grotesque, Arabesque, Moresque, Persian, Byzantine, Hindostanee, Chinese, Pompeian, Elizabethan, Louis Quatorze, &c., Mr. Hay held in veneration neither for their periodic nor their national characteristics, far less as models of perfection fitted to supersede the first principles of linear and chromatic beauty in our schools of design; although he owned to a sneaking kindness for "the Watteau style," grotesque as it is, and probably established upon no known principle; yet of all comparatively modern styles it is perhaps the most graceful as well as original. He looked upon it as the production of intuitive good sense and inventive genius. As for some of the other styles of ornament above enumerated, he justly denounced them as discordant, gross, and unmeaning in their profusion, amenable to no principle of harmony in their absurd, incongruous combinations; evincing alike a degraded condition of public taste during their temporary popularity, and exciting grave astonishment at every modern attempt to revive them.

The laudable character, then, of an effort to systematise the art of design in our age and country on principles of harmony and of mathematical certainty, can scarcely be overrated. It would occupy too much space to relate all that Mr. Hay has done towards the attainment of this object. Suffice it that throughout a succession of fifty-seven huge oblong sheets of illustration the author appears triumphant in his endeavours. Mere geometrical outline is by no means the bourne of his attempts. Numerous combinations of elliptical arcs enable him to produce sensible and natural forms of geometric symmetry. Thus every line in Albinus's configuration of the muscles of the human leg is rendered from the author's second ellipse: and thence he predicates that a continuation of the process would show the same curve pervading not only the outline of the other muscles of the human frame, but of the bones themselves, as indeed he lived to prove in his subsequent treatises. Buonaparte's Arab horse is in like manner subjected to elliptical outline. And the cuckoo and the blackbird, the turbot and the salmon, of Sir William Jardine's "Naturalist's Library" are added as familiar instances, "simply to show the universal prevalence of this curve in the configuration of the lower class of inhabitants of the earth, the air, and the water." Greatly to the credit of the author's theory, he incidentally points out that the more perfectly these correspond in their general outline to a harmonious combination of the circumference of the ellipse, the more are they generally esteemed beautiful specimens of their respective kinds.

It is due to the memory of Mr. Hay to state that even amongst practical artists he did not stand alone in his feeling—we should rather say his creed—that the ruling principles of beauty and harmony subsist amongst curved forms. To the great names of Flaxman and Hogarth he well knew how to appeal for confirmation, they having selected and adopted the elliptic curve as the line of grace and beauty, and indeed having applied it in the high arts of painting and sculpture, although it seems never to have struck them to inquire into the geometry of the subject. This is important, for it is true. Flaxman, in his "Lectures on Sculpture," speaks thus of opposition and harmony in lines and quantities:—"Two equal curves, set either with their concave or their convex faces to each other, produce opposition; but unite two curves of opposite size and segment, and they will produce that harmonious line termed graceful in the human figure." Mr. Hay used to suggest that Flaxman's mind, being imbued with every principle of beauty, he must have meant by this not very intelligible definition of two curves of different size and segment, such a line as may be produced by two quadrants of an ellipse; for Mr. Hay had studied the elliptical curve in every possible combination, and it is well known that he went the length of inventing a mechanical drawing-table for the production and combination of ellipses of every form, from curvatures almost coincident in a straight line to those expanded nearly to the form of the circle. His silver tea-service, which he had constructed under his own eye, was entirely a combination of composite ellipses. Hogarth's "line of beauty" he declared to be evidently this same combination of elliptical curves, and he thought it probable that from Hogarth's "Analysis of Beauty" Flaxman had taken his analysis of harmony.

To show how this elliptical principle may be made to elevate by its application the humbler arts of design, eight outlines of beautiful vases are given by Mr. Hay, as produced simply by systematic combinations of the elliptical curve. These figures are not copied from ancient vases, yet they are typical of all we possess of those much admired productions of ancient Greece. One of them, in fact, is palpably the combination of two ellipses upon an angle of 45°, with two others upon a horizontal line forming the neck. Another is a similar combination upon an angle of 60°. A third is also a similar combination, the body an angle of 72°, the neck on an angle of 18°, with two ellipses added as handles, united at one of their foci upon the same angle as the body. The form of every domestic object or article might by this means be varied to an infinitude; and thus the way is laid open to embellish with all that elegance which contributes so much to human felicity the most familiar objects of daily use. A fine test of this is afforded by one of Mr. Hay's illustrations. He carefully traces from an etching of Tatham's, representing the best examples of Grecian and Roman architectural ornament, the outline of a Grecian vase of Parian marble, and of the finest workmanship in the collection of the Villa Albano at Rome, applies to it his elliptical rule, and the diagram certainly evinces the most striking correspondency of curves.

And yet to do our philosopher of Art justice with artists, his experience of an acquisition and a knowledge of the rules of Art forbade him to imply that genius is indebted to mathematics or has great affinity for rigid conformations. It was the opinion of Hazlitt that an intimate acquaintance with the works of celebrated masters may indeed add to the indolent refinements of taste, but will never produce one work of genius. Mr. Hay remarked that we have Academies and Schools of Design in which copying the highest works of Art is practised with the understanding that if, after some years of this mode of study, any of the pupils do not show sufficient genius to become professors of high Art, they will, at all events, be capable of producing ornamental designs. "But this," he was wont to add, "is a great mistake, for it has been proved to me by forty years' experience, that youths of ordinary capacity who have never had a previous lesson are more easily instructed in the precise rules of ornamental Art than those who have had years of such practice as our Academies of Art and Schools of Design afford."

Having exhibited these and such like reasons for going back to elementary principles in Art Mr. Hay adopted Aristotle's definition of harmony, that it is "the union of contrary principles having a ratio to each other." He adopted likewise the application of harmony to form advanced by Vitruvius, who described it as "the commensuration of the various constituent parts of the whole." In *this* symmetry is found therefore to consist. Aristotle's "contrary principles" are "uniformity" and "variety," acknowledged by almost every writer as the essentials of beauty—the predominance of uniformity augmenting symmetrical beauty—that of variety the picturesque. The symmetrical beauty of the human figure bears to its picturesque beauty an apparently equal ratio.

We could not, without transgressing the limits and characteristics of a popular miscellany, detail the nature of the ratios or proportions from which the beauty of the human figure is eliminated by Mr. D. R. Hay. But we may perhaps have generally indicated the grounds on which he stands at the head of a modern school of exact Art attempting to recall and apply the lost principles of Pythagoras to the practical reconstruction of the ideal statuesque. To this effort we know of no visible impediment. At all events Mr. Hay, in his lifetime, found no difficulty in surmounting all the obstacles and difficulties of captious tastes and fastidious critics. If his labours in any department of Art, or even of manufactures, shall be found available for varying and improving the character of ornamental design, he cannot but deserve a niche in the Temple of Fame, for it is superiority in this respect that distinguishes an age of civilisation from an era of barbarism: and we are humbly of opinion that Mr. Hay has left his mark upon his period as an artist and an author.

W. Wallace Fyfe.

OBITUARY.

BENJAMIN E. SPENCE.

NOT a year has elapsed since it was our sad duty to record the death, at a ripe old age, of John Gibson, one of the most distinguished sculptors of our school. It now devolves upon us to notice the decease of another sculptor, Benjamin E. Spence, the intimate friend of Gibson, who always regarded him in the light of a son. Mr. Spence died, in the very prime of manhood, at the residence of G. H. Gower, Esq., Leghorn, on the 28th of October, and in the forty-fourth year of his age.

He was born in Liverpool, where his father, who had been a fellow-student with Gibson, practised as a sculptor, and acquired considerable reputation in that locality. At the age of sixteen, young Spence modelled a bust of William Roscoe, which has always been regarded as the best statuary portrait in existence of that most worthy man. After Gibson had settled in Rome, he maintained a constant correspondence with his early associate, and learning from him that he had a son who showed great talent for the art, he prevailed on the father to send his son to Italy. Thither, accordingly, Benjamin went, when about twenty-three years old, and, of course, received much assistance from his father's friend, though he entered the studio of the late R. J. Wyatt, which, by the way, he occupied after the death of the latter sculptor in 1850, having made up his mind soon after his arrival in Rome to settle there. Before leaving England, however, he modelled a group representing the 'Death of the Duke of York at Agincourt,' for which he received a prize at the Manchester Exhibition.

Several of Mr. Spence's most notable sculptures have been engraved at various times for our Journal; and the comments which have accompanied the introduction of the prints have so far testified to our opinion of his talents, as to render much further remark almost unnecessary. The works to which we have given place are, 'Lavinia' (1849); 'Highland Mary' (1852); 'Innocence' (1853); 'Spring' (1856); 'The Angel's Whisper' (1863); and 'The Finding of Moses' (1864). With the exception of the 'Lavinia' statue, an early work, exhibited in 1848, none of these were publicly exhibited in England; but Mr. Spence sent to the Royal Academy in 1849 a bust of Dr. Holland; in 1850, 'Ophelia,' executed for Mr. T. Brassey, M.P., the eminent railway contractor; 'Venus and Cupid,' in 1856; 'Hippolytus,' in 1861; and 'The Parting of Hector and Andromache,' in the present year. In the International Exhibition of 1862 were his 'Finding of Moses,' and 'Jeannie Deans before Queen Caroline.' His 'Highland Mary' was in the French International Exhibition of 1855.

Mr. Spence, though not a great sculptor, maintained a highly honourable position among the artists of our time. His works are characterised by great purity of feeling and general elegance of expression, rather than by much originality of design, or vigorous treatment. These last are not the qualities for which those among whom he was educated, and with whom he cast in his lot, as regards professional practice, were distinguished; neither are they the qualities which, as Art-patronage now commonly shows itself, are sought after. The highest regions of intellectual Art, whether in sculpture or painting, are, as a rule, shunned, because they *are not wanted*. Flaxman's 'Archangel Michael vanquishing Satan,' or his 'Mercury and Pandora,' would not attract a tenth part of the number of visitors which a 'Veiled Vestal,' or a 'Reading Girl' would gather round it.

Of the little coteries which long preeminently represented British Art in Rome, Gibson, Spence, and Penry Williams the painter, the last only survives; and sorely will he miss those who were for many years his intimate friends and companions. The two former frequently came to London during the exhibition season, and invariably afforded us the pleasure of a gossip with them about the Art-doings in Rome. The visits of Mr. Williams to London have been but seldom of late years. A man of gentle bearing, affable, and of kindly heart, was Benjamin Spence; and it grieves us to think that when the "season" again comes round, it cannot bring with it one whom it was a pleasure to greet. He has left a widow to mourn his loss—a lady who, with another, Miss Lloyd, gave the venerable Gibson, during his last illness, such attentions as woman only can give in the double capacity of friend and nurse.

THOMAS MORTEN.

We much regret to record the premature death, in October last, of this clever and rising young artist. He commenced his professional studies at the long-established Art-school in Newman Street, conducted by the late Mr. Leigh, and soon began to show particular aptitude for drawing on wood. During his brief career his pencil was engaged in contributing drawings for nearly every illustrated periodical, and other works, many of which have had favourable notice in our columns; especially we may notice his illustrations of "Gulliver's Travels," not a few of which remind us much of Gustave Doré in their wild grotesqueness. The pages of *London Society*, *Fun*, and *Once a Week*, are enriched by many subjects from his fertile imagination. Mr. Morten not only excelled as a draughtsman, but an excellent picture by him, 'Pleading to see the Prisoner,' in the Royal Academy Exhibition of this year, indicated that his eye for colour was as correct as his appreciation of truth of line.

Mr. Morten was born at Uxbridge in 1836, and was therefore little more than thirty years of age when he died.

The "Savage Club," of which he was a member, is preparing a *Christmas Book* for the benefit of the widow, who, we are sorry to learn, is left utterly destitute. It is to be called "The Savage Club Papers," and will consist of numerous poems, tales, and sketches, by Arthur A'Beckett, J. C. Brough, Byron, Gilbert, A. Halliday, Tom Hood, H. S. Leigh, Millward, W. J. Prowse, C. W. Quin, T. W. Robertson, A. Sketchley, Strauss, Tegetmeier, Artemus Ward, and several others. The illustrations are to be contributed by F. Barnard, E. C. Barnes, C. H. Bennett, W. Brunton, George Cruickshank, Du Maurier, W. S. Gilbert, the late Paul Gray, L. Henley, A. B. Houghton, E. Hull, Lawson, Palmer, Sandercock, W. Harry Rogers, A. Thompson, G. Thompson, Weedon, and Harrison Weir. The woodcuts will be engraved, gratuitously, by Dalziel Brothers, E. Evans, Ferrier, Greenaway, Harril, W. H. Hooper, Knight, Orrin Smith, and Swain. With such an array of literary and artistic "rank and file," the volume will assuredly find public favour, independent of the sympathy felt in its success, on account of the object to which it is devoted.

SELECTED PICTURES.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

Sir D. Wilkie, Painter, R.A. T. W. Knight, Engraver.

WILKIE died at an age—he had not reached his fifty-sixth year—when a man, and especially an artist, is considered to be in the full vigour of his intellect and experience. It has, however, been asserted that he lived too long for his reputation; perhaps it might with more propriety be said that he rather travelled too far and wide, for, certainly, his journey to Spain produced results that effected more in the way of detracting from his fame than of adding to it. Yet had these latter works been produced before, instead of after, the world had taken knowledge of 'The Rent Day,' 'The Village Festival,' 'Distraining for Rent,' 'The Reading of the Will,' and all the other pictures which belong to his earlier period, his Spanish subjects would undoubtedly have placed the painter in the front ranks of his profession. It was only by comparing Wilkie with himself that he fell from the highest point in public favour. Those early works not only demonstrate the capability, but they exemplify the best mode of uniting dramatic invention—such as Hogarth's, only more refined—with the rich colouring and delicate handling of Ostade and Teniers. Looking at the manner in which he told his stories of familiar life, the invention and admirable composition they display, it was a matter of universal regret that he should have exchanged these for such subjects even as 'The Maid of Saragossa,' 'John Knox preaching,' 'The Discovery of the Body of Tippoo Saib,' &c. &c. The self-training of his boyhood, and the thoughts of his maturer years, were identified with the people and the scenes, the representation of which gave him a lofty name in the school of British Art.

Yet, as we have intimated, his Spanish pictures—and in them are included, of course, those painted by him in the so-called Spanish manner, though not subjects identified with the country—have great merit of themselves, their defects being principally those of colour, and sometimes indifferent execution. 'The Confessional,' for example, which we have engraved, was evidently painted with a full brush and rapidly; portions of it have become almost black, from the lavish use of asphaltum—the employment of which is unfortunately but too apparent in the majority of his works of the later period. But the scene is graphically and forcibly rendered; a young Capuchin monk, whose agony of mind is depicted on his countenance and in the firm grasp he has of the other's arm, pours out the burden of his grief in the ear of an aged priest. The modelling of the two heads is remarkably fine, and the disposition of the figures is pictorial; at the same time they are brought into powerful relief by the strong light thrown upon the heads against the dark wall of the apartment. The subject is altogether one which—in the present day especially when the practice of the confessional is occupying the minds of many—will supply "food for thought."

Wilkie must have painted a duplicate of this picture, for in the gallery of the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Bowood, we saw and described in the Journal, many years ago, the same subject, with, however, some slight variations in the architectural details, &c.



DAVID WILKIE R.A.PI

T W KNIGHT

VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

X.

THE CORRUPTED RAPHAEL OF THE PURISTS. THE TRAMPLED ONE. THE FALLEN ANGEL OF ART UNDER THE SPEAR OF THE ANGEL OF THE IRVINGITES. RAPHAEL'S GRAVE IN THE PANTHEON, AND A FEW MEDITATIONS THERE PERTINENT TO OUR ÆSTHETICAL NEEDS.

In the later half of his career Raphael's greatness appears in invention more than in execution; his designs, most vigorously dramatic and poetical, in spirit number and variety matchless, being painted chiefly by his heavy-handed scholars. And so the exquisite heavenly beauty shines forth less often; his aim seeming chiefly to be the representation of character and passion in their wider varieties; and in religious subjects, a *reformed* mode of conception, a pure and manly interpretation of the Gospels, freed from the old superstitions. Here our purists deserted him outright, talking most coolly of his "fallen period," impatient at anything distinctively human from his pencil, assuming that he should have been throughout an exclusively religious painter of their own sort, and misinterpreting his sweet serious Ausonian graces with a truly Scottish moroseness. The Cartoons, and the 'Madonna di San Sisto,' among the divinest of his works, belong to this "fallen period," further degraded in such eyes by the production of the Farnesina Frescoes of the wrath of Venus against the gentle Psyche, a series of unrivalled grace and sprightliness of fancy. Tamely, heavily elegant seems Guido's famous 'Aurora' after them. Here are designs which the antique poets would have hailed with clapping of hands, with immense jubilation, with running into the garden for bays with which to decorate the graphic poet's brows, or with the discrowning of themselves for that purpose; for here, surely, is something in advance of the art of the ancients in picturesque variety, dramatic fulness, and pliant grace. Surely Milton, whose Puritanism was a colour reflected from his times, a superficial dark excrescence on his "Paradise Lost" (the elements combined in Eve being all the while deep in his heart), would here have been charmed, rejuvenised, with wishes to compose another masque worthy to couple with "Comus." Such delightfully natural inventions are these of Raphael's; the most ordinary and familiar postures (quite in his characteristic way) forming the most picturesque and gracefully expressive combinations, resulting in the very life and spirit of the highest poetic art. And let those who have been weakly or unwarily prejudiced against all representations of Pagan gods and goddesses, have the goodness to bear in mind that, after all, these are simply beautiful idealisms of men and women, possessing an interest quite independent of mythology, and likely, therefore, to be contemned only by those who are dully deficient in the genial human sympathies. And whatever judgments Drummondian or Any-other-inian purism may prefer, *I* should say that the true Raphaelesque modesty shines through and gently tempers all. It is, surely, the boldness of Innocence, ere Prudery was born, the rosy spring-time of Nature, before she was degraded by the corrupt fancies of Licence and Austerity, which, with their own grossness, blur and stain her.

The interest of the Pavilion of the Farnesina, a villa beyond the Tiber, is nearly confined to the ceiling, of a painted architecture of bands of fruit and flowers, with interspaces of azure representing the sky, where the story of Psyche is told by figures of fine-women goddesses principally; the lesser compartments being spirited with little Cupids flying off with the emblems of the twelve great gods, with a vivacity that says visibly, "*Amor vincit omnia.*" The festive and classical times of Leo X. have a far finer and more poetical memorial than they merited, here, in a solitude where the scholarship and wit (such as they were) of those days assembled. For here it was that Chigi, the Rothschild of that age, supped that most companionable abomination of a pope, and threw the plate into the Tiber to save it from lower service afterwards; and really without employing secret divers to bring it up again, we may perhaps believe. The void of the hall below all the more incites the fancy to spread the table anew, and place around it the cardinals, and their handsome enigmatical nieces from the country, with scholars, wits, and epigrammatists in prose and verse. And Raphael himself is there (scarce worthily companioned), with manners winningly mild and gentle, yet ardent of feeling, quick, clear of insight, with all the sympathies of his androgynous nature, which were as conversant with the delicacy of one sex, as with the power and fire of the other. The cozy pontiff, laying his jewelled hand on his, in his wonted affable way, would fain educe his artistic principles, on which, however, he may have very little to say, simply declaring that he does so and so, because so the subject occurs to him, and no otherwise; and after a little altering and fitting, to suit the requirements of composition, seems to come well. But for anything profound they should refer to their eminent lordships, who always enlighten him with their beautiful language and learned discourse, which, even in a moment —in a flash, as it were, suggest about his own work a profusion of invaluable thoughts and fancies altogether beyond his own capacity or conception. Their Eminences are a little surprised at this shallowness; and the Pope himself begins to think his own hunting or fishing parties at Viterbo or Bolsena, or something significant and unctuous in Petronius or Martial, a better topic; or how they tossed the monk in the blanket when they found him out in the buttery, where they sheltered on that hawking excursion. Or perhaps he was impatient to sit down to cards (*primiero*), for which the sale of benefices, and sacraments, and pardons for unregretted crimes, had just plumped out his purse to a canonical portliness. For, after all, he little cared for art, and was by no means the patron of it that Roscoe styled him, but rather the patron of cooks, buffoons, and singers; every noble work begun by the really æsthetically great Julius flagging under him; Michael Angelo caballed away to the marble quarries; and Raphael himself not properly backed. His holiness, however, sang beautifully, and never sent an artistic singer away unducatted; and his genial festive accomplishments were such that men could not thoroughly believe him so profound, so heartless, and, on occasion, even so cruel an adept in the great Medicean accomplishment of wickedness.

But all this is mere parenthesis of fancy; for the hall was utterly empty, and so deadly cold, that after the broiling sunshine outside, I was fain to button up my very cheeks, and worship the goddesses for a while, rapidly walking up and down, for fear of that dreadful chill which so often brings on malaria fever.

Raphael treats the beautiful Apuleian fable with variations of his own, so that the jealousy, pride, and other moods of Venus, become the main subject. Her arts and airs, her pride, her assumption of the ways of injured innocence and of girlish simplicity (she shrugs up her shoulders in appealing to Jupiter, plainly alluding to the wrongs inflicted by artfulness on "poor little me"), bring the conceptions somewhat within the limits of poetical comedy, hinting the gift of humour charmingly. With all its high beauty, of this kind seems to me the old Jupiter doting on Cupid, holding him by the cheek till he looks tired of the confidential communications thus closely breathed, and longs to fly off. With what glee the little winged infant darts across the sky with the Pan's pipes he has stolen! With what an airy grace Venus, self-wafted, handles her team of doves; and Psyche ascends, shoots up, buoyed by her innocence, which sweetens her countenance religiously, divinely. Never by modern art has the ancient mythology been endued with so spirited and fresh a life, the humorous element in which, added to his other endowments, hints that the painter's genius was indeed universal.

And all along the middle of the ceiling is pourtrayed the Banquet of the Gods. But with such beings around the table, who could attend much to anything on it! Where those charming Graces are standing behind, that double face of Janus's is certainly enviable, a privilege of preciousness. Here, with but a simple and even spare dessert before their obviously genial divinities, is reversed the feeling which now-a-days assails us, when, in our present wearisome and often disastrous race of expense, we sit down to the wonderfully tasteful luxury and magnificence of our newly-prosperous city friend, and internally exclaim, "Oh, that the things around the table were more worthy of the things on it." Seems not, on such occasions, simplest fare, with open out feelings in their talk, a delightful festive ideal?

And yet these works, being executed by the clumsy hand of Giulio Romano, can be but a coarse likeness of the original conceptions. What Raphael's own hand might have made them appears from the wall fresco of 'The Triumph of Galatea,' chiefly wrought by himself as an example for the rest. Here the light subtlety of the execution is a very contrast to the mere *paint* which encumbers the Psyche series; in this the head of Galatea being perhaps matchless, unique. She is most graceful and lovely, with a fine impassioned spirit in her upturned eyes which the engravings miss—something of an *Ætnean* fervour, which her wonderful little winged page at her feet (Raphael alone could have put him there) fully shares. The very dolphins are obviously roguishly delighted to draw so sweet a lass across the waves: and well she merits to be pavilioned in a side bower by the Madonna di San Sisto, to display the painter's unequalled excellence in diversities of expressive beauty. Inestimable preciousness of a few inches of mouldering plaster and paint! What are your diamonds, ye duchesses, and newer ladies perhaps scarce less splendid, compared with *these*, thus frailly composing one of the loveliest ornaments of the world, whose loss would leave nothing else of the same kind and order!

Turn from hence to the 'Cartoons,' the only Christian historical pictures worthy of

the subject for majesty and narrative power, with their dramatic insight and fulness, paralleled alone by Hogarth's comic genius. Turn to the Last of the Madonnas and heavenly Empress of them all, and there seems a second dayspring, "a new morn risen on mid-day." Raphael's genius seems issuing forth with a more penetrating, widely-embracing splendour. The fresh genial invention, filling every ideal theme with lovely human life and nature (see, for instance, his Personifications of the Zodiac in mosaic, around the sepulchral dome of his friend Chigi), is such that, summing what he did, and excepting Michael Angelo, it may be said that in variety and number of original creations of typical value, *he surpasses all the other Italian painters put together*. But, alas! the end was not far off; and even now, are signs of exhaustion. The easel pictures of his last period mostly betray a lapse of his finer spirit. In execution they approach the academical, in colour darken into a brick-dusty, mahogany-coloured heaviness, and even in conception decline towards a vapid, artificial elegance, in many instances. These demerits are doubtless much increased by his assistants, to whom he overmuch committed the execution of his designs at this period; but in his own unquestionable handiwork (the portrait of Pope Leo, for instance), the manner has become hard, laboured, of less vitality; and when we hear that the 'Transfiguration,' his last picture, was painted chiefly by his own hand to retrieve his reputation suffering from the bad work of his pupils, and find academical faults in the very principles of that work, it does seem, indeed, as if Raphael were something different from his former self.

Certain I feel that I approached this picture self-distrustfully enough, that, remembering many things are so much above us, time and modesty alone can reach them, I had long sittings before it, in a line with others seemingly labouring under the same difficulties; but all would not do. Compared with the frescoes, it seemed constrained, so imperfectly harmonised and brightened by the former spirit of the beautiful, as to convince me that for the three centuries it remained the general theme of transcendent praise, the *cognoscenti* can have had little feeling for the painter's real gifts and graces. The pre-Westish colours, (prevalent bad reds and greens), and heavy lampblack shadows (aggravated, no doubt, by Giulio Romano), I anticipated. Even the composition of the lower part to one's left always seemed forced and awkward, and the monotony of excessively artificial draperies throughout disagreeable. But in the heads, the expressions, I expected to find the painter had rallied. Cases of expression of this order are, no doubt, beset with subtle difficulties: the deeper the expression, the more delicate it may be, retiring into heights beyond the following of ordinary spirits. And so here I sat till I could hardly distinguish between what I saw, and what I ethereally imagined. But ultimately the Saviour's head (which has been so praised) did seem, clearly, *common-place*, somewhat weak. Had the Apostles' heads been equal to those of the painter's former days, then, indeed, inferring from *them*, I might more have questioned this conclusion; but it did seem unlikely that having sunk in these to an altogether inferior type, he should succeed in the most elevated part of all only. In the company beneath, some are, surely, not free from *face-making;* and, for the most part, they are an ill-favoured sort one cannot take to, uninteresting persons. In that how contrary to every figure in the *Stanze* frescoes, how inferior to those of the Cartoons! productions designed in a style so much more full and harmoniously majestic as to seem the work of some other mind. The two women even, fine as they are, one has to admire with a certain degree of alloy, as somewhat hard and academical. Other parts are powerfully conceived; and, of course, the whole, whatever its faults, would add honour to any other painter. But in one or two of the figures above alone, and especially in the dazzled and overawed figure of St. John, is, perhaps, Raphael's own peculiar highest inspiration to be found. In hazarding unfavourable remarks on a work which has exhausted with eulogy nearly every critic during three centuries, much diffidence and deference are but decent. Still, I cannot avoid the conviction that, on the whole, there is, in the constrained spirit and manner, the beginning of a decline towards the level of Domenichino and the Caracci, an eclectic tendency, symptomatic of one who, in the exhaustion of higher powers, has recourse to empirical precepts, lifeless rules; and that hence, having been taken as a great model, the 'Transfiguration' has had an injurious effect on Art.

In the main, in Raphael's latest period, though inventive power greatly remained, it looks most as if his wearied eye and hand had lost their freshness and cunning, and as if even his taste and judgment in matters of colour and effect had become sophisticated. Yet perhaps, O anti-Raphaelite critic, it was only the *overworked*, not the *unredeemably* weakened Raphael; for are there not instances, even amongst your own favourites, of clouded periods through which great minds have passed to shine forth again more brightly than before? Could he but have been snatched away awhile from the physical and moral malaria of Rome—have made a *villeggiatura*, or *vendemmia*, two whole years long, in some favourite spot of health, beauty, and quietness, what might not the imagination which had but recently sketched out the Cartoons and the Psyche series have fully accomplished, with spirit and power rejuvenised! Playfully, yet inexorably, should Leo X. have banished him to wild flowers overlooking azure seas, to *contadini* health and happiness for two years. To the Isle of Capri should he have sent him, with bounds including the Baian and Sorrentine heights, and, if need were, with a liberal supply of those gold ducats for which his Holiness had sold the sacraments away from his own dying hour, and which, as it was, he lost all at cards. Fresh "Vesuvian winds" would surely then have blown away from Raphael's mind all academical heaviness, from hand and feeling weariness, and to maturest depths of thought brought back his early graces, his wisest memory most treasuring *them;* so that even our own recent follies in criticism and Art might have been prevented by the great harmonies fully established.

That period of Art-criticism and Art should not, however, be forgotten, but for future warning recorded distinctly, with its plausibilities, in moral, religious, and scientific style, so that we may not be absurdly caught in them again. For so would posterity see with smiling wonder that the lowest period of anti-Shaksperean criticism was only the other day paralleled by our anti-Raphaelesque; the dictum of Voltaire, that "Hamlet" was the work of a drunken savage, being fully matched by a stigma on the Prince of Painters put forth by the leading authority of that time, and the pettier pedantries rivalled elsewhere. Our *dilettanti* in asceticism of those days were especially severe against the later half of Raphael's career; it being their favourite invective to style it debased, sensual, and corrupt. The gifted author of "Modern Painters" termed his conceptions in one of the Cartoons "lies," where they are truthful and scriptural, and the notions substituted a most unfortunate mass of mistakes and oversights. On the same occasion, too, he announced to the world that Raphael had been "trampled under foot at once by every believing and advancing Christian of his own and subsequent times," for his impious, soulless levities.—But does not the *at-onceness* of this trampling suggest some suspicion of but slight acquaintance with the down-trodden? Nay, Oliver Cromwell, great champion of Puritanism (by the only æsthetical act of his life), preserved for us Raphael's Cartoons; William III., great champion of our Reformed Church, built for them a gallery. Curiously significant of general trampling! and not one of these tramplers can I discover. Pity that the writer gave not a list of a few of them! It is evidently Raphael's "gracefulness" that chiefly raises the indignation of the author of "Modern Painters," being assumed too hastily to be a sign of feelingless frivolity. But this is wholly mistaken. It is certain that so far from associating vain and trivial ideas with this "*gracefulness*," as his critic does, Raphael seriously considered it an element of heavenly beauty. A temperament of another mould and climate does not here duly estimate that natural softness and beauty of the Italian mind which are perfectly in harmony with its reverent emotions.

And to the same tune, thus, Mr. Drummond, some years previously, wrote in a letter, often quoted in those days:—

> "Raphael succeeded in the expression of sanctity, modesty, and purity, beyond all others, so long as he was pure and holy himself; but, when he ceased to be so, he produced pictures more beautiful in the mechanical parts of his Art, but lost the faculty of rendering them proper to excite the devotion of beholders. After he became the slave of lust, and the baker's wife supplied in his affections the place which sanctity had held before, he painted, indeed, his Madonna della Sedia, exceeding all others in grace of composition and harmony of colouring; but it was merely the lively representation of a very pretty young mother delighting in the possession of a lovely boy. He was shorn of his glory by her in whose lap he reposed," &c. &c.

In this gross piece of purism, the worthy angel of the Irvingites displayed his eagerness of fancy, ignorance of Art, and carelessness of facts alike. It is but superannuated academical criticism to say, that the Madonna della Sedia excels the earlier Madonnas, even in those qualities referred to. And in *morally* judging Raphael's works, it is surely enough to say, that they were *innocent*, and *in intention* more and more purely Christian to the last; and that he produced the Madonna di San Sisto, and the 'Cartoons,' at the very period when he is declared as degraded and lost. With regard to the much superciliousness lavished here and elsewhere on the 'Madonna of the Chair,' may it not well be, that, having represented the Virgin in the old way so very often, he thought it no sin or shame to show her simply as "Blessed amongst women," enjoying purely human affection, having, indeed, as his mind expanded, a higher opinion of that than it occurred to our recent æsthetæ to entertain, and, not like them, necessarily attach-

ing to simple maternal love frivolous and irreligious associations?

The artistic mind of a man is sometimes so distinct from the rest of him, that, in estimating his pictures, allusions to his moral character may be very little to the purpose. Nevertheless, a stigma on Raphael having been cited, it may be as well to add, that, in the opinion of the best informed inquirers, the charges brought vaguely against him are not well founded, or probable enough, to warrant the taking up of those stones which we are warned against using too eagerly. The name of Fornarina, with which Mr. Drummond pointed his invective, is merely mythical, not traceable beyond a frivolous little romance, written long after the painter's death; and the worst known distinctly of Raphael is, that some unnamed mistress lived with him. But the few things told of them are touches of singly devoted affection; and it nowhere appears that she was any one's wife. It is said that Raphael's work at the Farnesina proceeded but slowly, till Chigi sent for this beloved one to bear him company; and not till on his death-bed did he send her away—provided for—at the instance of his ghostly advisers. Trying him, in common justice (and, indeed, in common sense), by the current notions and habits of his own times, rather than by the purest standard of ours, we will venture to style this a somewhat mild case of immorality, on which Mr. Drummond drummed with inapposite asperity.

A picture, elsewhere cited, as justifying odious epithets, is a portrait of an undraped female, to which we made pilgrimage in the Barberini Palace, supposed to represent Raphael's mistress, almost his only work of that voluptuous, Titianesque kind. Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose charming "Transformation" is disfigured by a weak and stale asceticism in his Art-notions, falls foul of this "brazen trollop" (painted, probably, as a mere exercise in emulation of the Venetian *morbidezza* in flesh-painting), thinking that she throws doubts on the sincerity of the painter's Madonnas; and yet his own heroine Hilda's purity, he carefully insists, was such that she could even copy *that* without contamination. Well, then, could not Raphael conceivably do the same in copying *nature?* But thus to ignore the inconsistency and twofold character of human nature is almost childish.

These votarists of the ascetic fallacy evidently took it for granted that in his youth, before "his fall," Raphael was a most demure young personage, with an eye that never raised its white to aught not unequivocally saintly. Yet, apart from the work itself, what were his musings during the composition of that picture which they pronounced, and justly, the most exalted of his early period of religious purity, and the greatest work of all Christian Art? Four sonnets of Raphael's, his only surviving verses, are written on the sketches for the 'Theology;' and they are—what?—actually warmly tumultuous love-poems. And we bring forward the fact with due gravity, as furnishing what critics would call the *typical proof* of the compatibility of the "merely human" emotions with the highest spiritualities of the imagination. All these little poems, which are much blotted and interlined, have the same object, passionate remembrance of one whom he scarcely hopes to meet again. "Was it," speculates Herr Grimm with a geniality delightful to meet with in an æsthete in these days, "was it a noble lady who once, as he recalls, came to him at midnight, like another sun, then rising? She disappeared, and he must needs give utterance to his pangs, though fain would he be silent, *as St. Paul was of the heavenly mysteries.*" Here mounting passion confuses his very brain, or he introduces inexcusably sacred things in a manner which would certainly have prevented Mr. Drummond from admiring even his earlier period ever again. "She vanished, did that mysterious" (perhaps anonymous?) "lady; and his sole comfort is that the renewal of those moments might have been fatally disastrous. Yet still he imagines her tender arms about his neck, and feels what thrilled him, as, disengaging herself, she left him alone, like a starless mariner far out midst the waves."—We hear no more of the lady, very evidently the aggressor; he being passive rather, and solacing his spirit with imaginative depicturings, instead of resolves for a perilous re-greeting. And something so were probably his other love affairs. If, as Vasari says, such were his fascinations that the very animals would follow him, *à fortiori* fair damsels (sweetly, familiarly, flattered by his pencil, perhaps) *may*, almost perforce, have sometimes done so too; and he, poor man, with the example of popes and cardinals all about him, instead of the teachings of our highly-advanced moralists, may not have been inexorable, or seen so clearly why he should be so, as we, who dwell in all this fine, clear, cold, Boreal light of the nineteenth century—a light which should make us meekly thankful, not censoriously proud. In point of morals, probably, he was throughout much the same. At any rate, those studies for the sonnets at the back of the studies for the saints, hint that an imaginative work must by no means be accepted as a complete picture of the mind of its author, and that our recent æsthetical essayists were very voluminously out in so regarding it, and founding on their inferences eloquent moralisings, with splendid personal denunciations (Dantesque damnings) infinitely beyond the depths of all precedent criticism, for the indulgence of their literary moods. A soul Shaksperean in its diversity (though, it *may* be, not much better than Davidian and Solomonian in passions and weaknesses), was measured by the standard of monkish asceticism, and crude, lifeless scholarship, and called low names because it was inapplicable. Lastly, to these invectives may be opposed the whole tenor of his biographer's account of him, mainly an act of homage to such extraordinary goodness as won all hearts. "When artists unknown to him begged a design, or other aid, he would turn from his work to serve them; and envy and jealousy, the artist's bane, could not live near him. All who worked with him, or approached him, being brought into unwonted harmony by the influence of a gracious nature, so perfect in all the charities, that not only was he honoured by men, but even by the animals, who would follow him about lovingly." And these are the words of the Florentine devoted rather to his so-styled rival, and not likely to be biassed in his favour.

A probable account of the cause of Raphael's death is, that the Pope, sending for him urgently, and his litter not being at hand, he hastened on foot through the glare of the Roman sun in obedience to the summons; and having to wait in a heated condition in one of the cold halls of the Vatican, took a chill, which brought on the fever of which he died. The grave in the Pantheon of this divine painter—whom, indeed, Romanism has no deep cause for liking—but expresses, with its surroundings, a barbarous disregard of him, and of ancient art also. Pasteboard imitations of statues of saints fill the arches of the sublime dome of Agrippa, which, although the original of the dome of St. Peter's, has been ungratefully despoiled of its bronze decorations to furnish materials for the baldacchino there. And on the heads of the marble Madonna and Child which Raphael bespoke from his friend Lotto for his tomb, they have popped (not quite straight) exceedingly queer silver crowns, like claret bottles, and the undraped Infant prudishly petticoated. In cruel mockery, the Son was crowned with thorns; and here, with a deeper, subtler ignominy, to her shame and immeasurable mortification, doubtless, if blessedness can be so touched, the Mother is crowned as savages crown their grossest idols. The whole spot was neglected, dreary, even squalid. The rain came drifting to a broken uneven pavement through the round opening above, which looks down like the eye of heaven. A cloacine choleraic perfume warned one away with that profound friendliness for which we are not usually sufficiently grateful; stenches, as well as pains, being alarum-bells to declare some insidious foe else mortally undermining. But to these natural sources of annoyance was added yet another mockery in the wretchedest taste. Immediately over Raphael's remains were hung two childish paintings of a woman kneeling beside the beds of a poor-house with invalids in them, to whom the Madonna and Bambino appear, up to her waist in a neat tidy little palliass of clouds. Is this to impress the superiority of the meeker charities to the utmost splendour of Art? If so, as we suspect, it is mere stupid disparagement of the heavenly blessing of Beauty, an ostentation (here most misplaced) of that which in excess is but a pauperising virtue, and when in a meek disguise of self-conceit, exclusive, deserving to be noted as only the hospital department of charity. Such charity as can comprehend and feel only for the universal needs of our nature, has yet to learn, not merely the great lesson of consideration for its weaker instruments (whose fine delicacy it often burdens destructively), not merely due respect for the contrary temperaments and gifts of those who may be maddened by too much imposed in the name of Christian love, but has to be instructed that besides poverty, irreligion, and bodily disease, there are other evils in life, namely, rigid, abject, life-wasting conceptions, arising from a low, uncultivated state of the imagination. The charity honoured on Raphael's grave should rather be that subtler but no less necessary kind emanating from the Divine love, which cares for paupers and lazars not only, and has vouchsafed to the human imagination—ever liable to mean decline and death-bearing corruption—so sweet and benign a guide and minister as the dear painter who lies there.

"Dear!" For is not warm affection justified for him who has made one's very world more beautiful: his spirit, at least, would not think the epithet presumptuous. Here, by his grave, that spirit occurs to the mind more solemnly as a great moral and intellectual power *for us* as yet latent, yet strongest, most persuasive in those high things in which we are most deficient. For so have we sunk, though countrymen of Flaxman and Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Stothard! Nay, the patronage of our Art, unhappily left by the most educated and refined class (in general

terms represented by the aristocracy) to Leeds and Manchester, has become subjected to commercial and manufacturing principles, not only in its traffic, but in its tastes. Mere wealth-patronage (no blame to it), instead of raising, lowers it to the level of inevitably superficial, unrefined, hurried perceptions, which find complacency in little but the most commonly and showily *real*, or that which the uppermost critic lards with his fine phrases. To deepen the evil (Spirit of Raphael!) picture-dealers now monopolise, farm, and rent the pencils of our uppermost painters with sums unprecedented, tempting them to paint hastily, in the manner just in vogue, and of course seeking not so much the sublime, the beautiful, the harmonious, as simply the *vendible*, discountenancing that unintelligible thing originality, and, in cases within my knowledge, successfully tempting the artist to violate his æsthetic conscience for their pecuniary purposes. A painter of rare endowments, induced for a long period by considerations of family prudence to dispose of all his pictures to one firm, obviously falling off from his most charming qualities, I ventured to ask him why his tones grew less and less refined, so as to verge, indeed, on the lifelessly gaudy. He replied, "Messrs. So-and-So require brilliant pictures: the tones you and I like are not up to their gallery pitch. They put on the screw of vividness and particularity dreadfully; and it is hard work to keep up with the wonderful things that are being done in that way." "Dreadful vividness, indeed!" I exclaimed; "and particularity pricking the very eyeballs, ignoring the visual elections of sentiment and feeling, for the sake of things no one would waste a look at, in objects either natural or artificial. How, by-the-by, that capital humorist, Mr. Nicol, nearly spoilt his pictures of this year by over-painting of that kind, which bids fair to make his delicious faces mask-like.—But (pardon my frankness) why in landscapes expressing the soul of tranquillity, is your water so opaque, so unsentimentally, dully, incognisant of all the sweet things above it? when I really believe you are the very man to have the feeling, as well as power, to represent its pure transparency—surely the final charm of such lovely scenes; not only repeating the mountains and the vales, but imaging the tenderest reflections of the mind itself." The answer again was that Messrs. So-and-So dislike transparency in water: do very decidedly and inexorably set their faces against it.

In such an atmosphere of bespoken Art, it were word-wasting foolishness to obtrude any references to the old principles. To discuss æsthetics with Mammon, and with Mammon Britishly burly, with the self-confidence and resolution of the manufacturing districts (so admirable in their proper sphere) to back him, were as futile as for the Roman to argue with the master of thirty legions. Yet it is peculiarly unfortunate that the tastes of that liberal and worthy class to which Art chiefly now ministers should, from local impediments, be almost inevitably withheld from æsthetical delicacy and brightness. Only the other day, I passed through Leeds and Stockport, and I honestly declare that amidst the smoky factories, the dirt, gloom, and burring of the machinery, the commonest agreeableness of objects seemed raised in my mind to a high beauty, and the ideal into something too flimsy for a sane imagination. Is it, it occurred at the time, refining too much to attribute the wearisome preponderance in our pictures of the objects of haberdashery to the inductive, guiding tastes of those manufacturers of the stuffs, now our principal Art-patrons?

One would turn to our critical literature to remedy these things, but there, *in the main*, the mischief is dogmatised. The subject has been taken up principally by those who have indeed the power of describing and moralising very readably any subject taken up by a painter, but, in the absence of Art-perceptions proper, do not know good painting from bad. Hence the finest theories are misapplied wholly. It is capable of easy proof, in the case of our highest and most imposing authorities on this subject, that a writer may be a sagacious analyst of the objects of nature with the theories, history, and critical principles of Art at his fingers' ends, and yet be powerless to distinguish a wretched style from a fine one, and consequently unable to write anything of practical use in the matter—anything that may not, from the compatibility of philosophical acuteness and æsthetic dulness, leave us, between words and things, in a profounder confusion than before.

Of such confusion, the most notable instance arose from the delusive assertion, often repeated, that our Art having sunk into a vague, weak conventionality, was redeemed from it by Pre-Raphaelitism, whose achievements, therefore, in the attainment of definite truth, however alloyed by eccentricities, are highly valuable as a foundation for progress. But the simple truth is that with regard to such objects as those selected for Pre-Raphaelite display, our best artists had already carried minute accuracy far enough on sound artistic principles, and that what Pre-Raphaelitism added was excessive, unartistic, and essentially untrue; so that this graphic sect has been *in every respect* detrimental. Can it be maintained that Landseer, Leslie, Wilkie, Turner, in his prime, William Hunt, and our water-colour artists were wanting in definite truthfulness? It may, indeed, be admitted that, after a wonderful spring-tide of genius, there was just then a languid ebb, as if from the very exhaustion of nature, and that the new men did not display the old gifts; but the principles of our best artists remained; and the only true course was to advance on their foundations, instead of attempting a revolution into cramped crude elements, galvanised by morbid phantasies. That they should have had credit for even objective physical truth is really marvellous. A most curious passage in the æsthetical History of England will it be which records that this sort of thing, false in nearly every element, and omitting freedom, beauty, life, nay, the very stamp of humanity, was lauded by our foremost eloquence as a kind of truth that heaped shame on the older masters. Thackeray sentimentally accepting Mr. Millais' Nancy the Barmaid self-drowned because of John the Hostler as Shakspere's Ophelia, and the most eloquent of critics mistaking mere morbid *Imitation* for *Art*—nay, for the dawning of some brighter day in Art than ever shone before—are circumstances which amazed intelligent foreigners exceedingly, and prove for future instruction how little advance is made towards the truth of Nature by cleverness and partial keenness of sight, without the sense of beauty and of harmony and sympathies and views far more enlarged than those which prevailed just then.

But the worst was, that other artists who knew better than to adopt this false manner, responding to the cry for minute exactness, vied with it in that respect, and degraded their art into a preponderance of mindless details, which in such excess are not only dead encumbrances to noble subjects, but in the dedication of so much time to them, tend inevitably to the decay of the neglected imagination and finer sensibilities. A self-dedication to the barbaric accoutrements of all ages appears, everywhere in our Art, with a common-place conception of human nature *as an accessory*. Mr. Armitage adopts everything of Khorsabad and Kouyunjik rather than the admirable kingliness of their bas-reliefs. Mr. Phillip is profound in the striped blankets, mule trappings, and mantillas of Spain; but are the *senoritas* really for the most part so coarse in their physique, so beneath the mark of a tasteful gentleman? Mr. Frith this year refines the Widow Wadman into a Belle of the Book of Beauty kind, lavishing his gusto most on her *gros de Naples* dress; and for my Uncle Toby, paints the back of a coat and a well-curled wig, which indicate not a touch of his character and humour. Shades of Sterne and admirable Leslie, are we come to this! For this is indeed a "typical picture" of our present time, a fond reminiscence (as it seems) of Lewis and Allonby, painted, one cannot help imagining, for some great rich silk manufacturer.

Such pictures as Mr. Calderon's and Mr. Pettie's this year, and Mr. Nicol's (if only he will simplify his details and accessories, and not overpaint so), sometimes fill me with hopes of something in which the more interesting characteristics of our nature may be again delineated. And sometimes I trust that the admirable productions of the new schools of foreign Art may shame us. But I know not. Our present showy materialism, so agreeable to its wealthy patrons, and to the middle-men and painters consequently enriched by it, is a powerful influence. And under its potency (and that of gas, to whose exhaustive glare the certain and immense remuneration of the system, I have heard, much tempts our painters) I see, in strong fanciful conception, the eminent hired ones in a row, collapsing in spirit more and more. So that, on the whole, my hopes of a higher taste and feeling are centred rather in the next generation, to whose parental guides I would fain turn with a few serious words for the promotion of the desirable object.

Surround children early with beautiful and noble imagery. Every one acknowledges the vital importance of good books, and yet few perceive a parallel value in fine objects for the beautifying and raising of the imagination. Tolerate not those periodical illustrations of our present novelists, in which the fopperies and drearier vanities of the present day are flattered in an ugly, false, wooden style that slanders life and nature. Let children become well acquainted with the objects of Natural History by prints untainted with bad Art. And, where it *may* be, let the engravings from the great old English and Italian Masters (guides to the beauty, and greatness, and soul and heart of Nature) be about them, till, by and by (all in good time), they are led up to Raphael, who, if there really *is* anything touching in the noblest and most spirited and beautiful delineations of our nature, will surely refine, not merely the taste, but the moral perceptions, with his benign and lovely impersonations.

W. P. Bayley.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

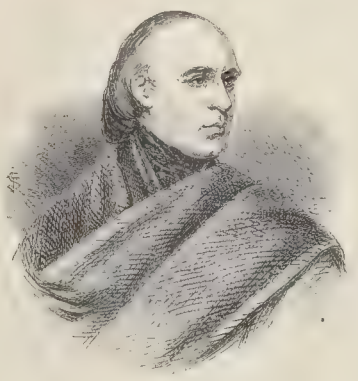
A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR JOHNSON.

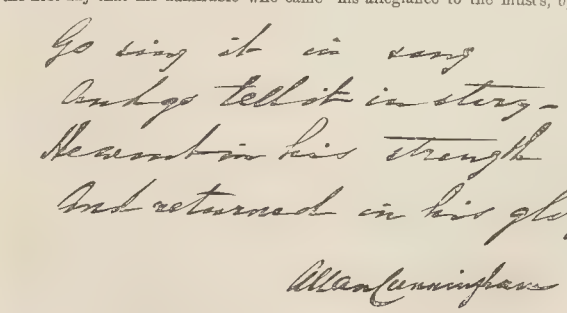
"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: HERO WORSHIP.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was born at Blackwood, near Dumfries, on the 7th of December, 1784; and died in London, on the 29th October, 1842. He was, therefore, not aged, when called from earth; yet his was a giant frame, and a constitution singularly robust; all his habits were healthy; he had, during the later years of his life, perfect tranquillity of mind, without any dread of the future; he derived much comfort from the prospects of his children, and his home had been a happy home from the first day that his admirable wife came from her Scottish dwelling to share it—to share also in the honourable fame he obtained, "all his own," to be the friend of the many friends he had acquired by the exercise of high and wholesome intellect, and by social qualities, without any drawback, that made his society a perpetual charm. Miss Landon once gave me his character in a sentence—"A few words of Allan Cunningham strengthen me like a dose of Peruvian bark!"

In his youthhood, he followed the comparatively humble calling of a stone-mason; not, however, without a thought that he might become a builder; and he was sorely tempted that way when, embarking for England at the port of Leith, an acquaintance sought to seduce him from his allegiance to the muses, by offering to become his partner in a scheme which might have led to fortune.



His forefathers were stout Scottish men of the border, and of good blood; one of them having fought, as an officer, under the banner of the great Montrose at Kilsythe and Philiphaugh. His elder brother was a mason before him, and so a mason Allan became. Of another brother, Thomas, Hogg tells us he "had great poetical power which he hid under lock and key." But the heart of Allan was not in "manual" labour, although he rapidly became a skilful workman; he loved better to pore over old books, listen to old songs and tales, and roam among his native hills and glens, for neighbouring Nithside was a place of much natural beauty. Hogg describes Allan when young, as "a dark ungainly youth, with a burdly frame, and strongly marked manly features—the very model of Burns, and exactly such a man." He adds, "He is all heart together, without reserve either of expression or manner. You at once see the unaffected benevolence, warmth of feeling, and firm independence of a man conscious of his own rectitude and mental energies." A thirst for knowledge came early; but a love of writing, as I have heard him say, came late; he had gathered much before he gave out any; some of his lyrics, however, having made their way into print, he found it comparatively easy to climb the steep that leads to

"Fame's eternal temple."

He had his struggles certainly, but they were neither heavy nor prolonged; and, although, for a time, a wanderer in London, trusting to the precarious chances of gain as a contributor to the public press, a fortunate circumstance placed him in a position where all peril of want was happily averted.

So early as 1809, Cromek, the engraver, accompanied by the artist Stothard, had visited Dumfries, to collect materials for an illustrated edition of the poems of Robert Burns: they were introduced to Allan Cunningham, who read to them some of his verses; these were pooh-poohed by Cromek, but when Allan repeated some snatches of old ballads, the idea occurred to the speculative publisher that to gather and print them, in the manner of Percy's Reliques, would be a good scheme. The hint suggested to Allan, that he might palm off upon the publisher some imitations as genuine—the bait took. Cromek, who had no relish for Allan's original compositions, was delighted with the "imitations." It is understood that the fraud was never guessed to be a fraud by Cromek, until after the publication of the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song."

In order to see this book through the press, Allan accepted the invitation of Cromek to visit London; and in London he arrived on the 9th of April, 1810—a memorable day, for it was the day on which Sir Francis Burdett was sent to the Tower.*

The "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" became popular; it was regarded as a veritable collection of old

* From a slight autobiography which Allan left, I am permitted to make a few interesting extracts. The poet records his departure from Scotland, and his advent in London:—"The hour of fame and distinction seemed, in my sight, at hand. I turned my eyes on London, and closed them on all places else. In vain, my friends urged me to study architecture, and apply the talent, &c. &c.

* * * * *

"On my way to the Pier of Leith, I met one of my old Edinburgh comrades, Charlie Stevenson by name, who was rejoiced to see me, and tried over 'a pint of the best o't,' to persuade me to become his partner in the erection of two houses in the New Town, by which he showed me we should clear, by the end of the season, a hundred pounds each. I declined his kind offer. 'If,' I said, 'undertakings of that nature could have influenced me, I need not have left Dumfries, where, with certainty of success, I might either have begun business for myself, or been admitted into partnership with my masters, who would have been glad both of my skill and my connection.' So I parted with worthy Charlie Stevenson, and committed myself to the waves in one of the Leith smacks, bound for London. Several of my comrades from the Vale of Nith, then at the University, waved me from the pier, and away I went, with groves of laurels rustling green before me, and fame and independence, I nothing doubted, ready to welcome me to that great city which annually swallows up so many high hopes and enthusiastic spirits."

fragments; "no one suspected a cheat;" none of the mere public, that is to say, for Bishop Percy at once pronounced them too good to be old; and Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, and Professor Wilson, did not for a moment hesitate as to the true authorship. They, as Hogg says, "laid the saddle on the right horse;" and although there may have been, as there ought to have been, doubts as to the morality of the transaction, the book gave Allan fame—nothing else—for Cromek presented to him a bound copy, alleging that it had been a costly work to produce, but promising "something handsome" when it reached a second edition.

After he had been two months in London, and had found that Cromek was unable to procure him the "situation" he expected, he engaged himself for twenty-five shillings (subsequently increased to thirty-two) a week "to an indifferent sculptor of the name of Bubb, in Carmarthen Street," where he found he had much spare evening time on his hands; and he goes on to say in the autobiography to which I have referred,—

"I now thought of Eugenius Roche and the 'Literary Recreations,' a work which I never could persuade myself died for want of the breath of genius.* I found him in Carey Street, a husband, and a father, and as warm-hearted and kind as his correspondence had led me to imagine. He was well acquainted with foreign, as well as with English literature; wrote prose with fluency, and verse with ease and elegance, and was in looks and manners, and in all things, a gentleman—tall too, spoke with a slight lisp, and was of a fair complexion. He had in other days expressed a desire to serve me, and pointed out the newspapers as a source of emolument to an able and ready writer. As he was now conductor of a paper called the *Day*, he told me he would give me a permanent situation upon it as a Reporter, as soon as the Parliamentary sessions began, and in the meantime he would allow me a guinea per week for any little poetic contributions which I liked to make. What the duties required of me were, I could form no opinion, but as I concluded that Roche must know I was fit to fulfil them, I was easy on that point. I was now well off as to money matters, and in a position to indulge a wish dear to my heart, namely, to bring my Lass of Preston Mill to London, and let her try her skill as a wife and a housekeeper."

In 1814, Allan, bearing in mind the saying of his great countryman, that literature, though a good staff, is a bad crutch, entered the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, as the general superintendent of his works; and there he remained until his death, residing in a house adjacent, in Lower Belgrave Place, Pimlico.

That, like all men who are the architects of their own fortunes, he had to wrestle for his, is very certain. In a letter to Professor Wilson, dated September, 1828, he says, "My life has been one continued struggle to maintain my independence, and support wife and children; and I have, when the labour of the day is closed, endeavoured to use the little talent which my country allows me to possess as easily and as profitably as I can. The pen thus adds a little to the profit of the chisel, and I keep my head above water, and on occasion, take the middle of the causeway with an independent step."

It was while living upon chances, so to speak, and while yet in early youth, he ventured on the bold step of marriage: from the lassie to whom he had pledged his troth, in his native village, his heart had never wandered; neither the lures of the metropolis, nor the dreams of distinction—that had been dreary as well as dim—had wiled his affection from his first and only love.

On this subject, I borrow a passage from Allan's autobiography:—

"In the summer of 1812, I was a husband and a father. I was married on the 1st of July, 1811, in the church of St. Saviour, Southwark, and did not fail, even in that hour of joy, to remark, that James I., the poet-king of Scotland, had been married there also; and that we joined hands nigh the monument of Gower, and not far from the grave of Massinger. I had persuaded my lass of Preston Mill to come to London, nor did she reach me without finding good friends by the way. In the house of Gray, master of the High school of Edinburgh, she met the attention due to a daughter, was introduced to Dr. Anderson, and had the pleasure of hearing a letter read from Bishop Percy, in which he spoke well of the talents of her future husband. In James Hogg, also, and his comrade, Grieve, she met with attentive friends, who showed her the beauties of Edinburgh, conveyed her to the Pier of Leith, and saw her safely embarked on the waves. Of her and my sister Jean, who accompanied her, Hogg thus wrote to my eldest brother James: 'I had the pleasure of waiting on your two sisters for a few days, and I am sure there never was a brother took the charge of sisters more pleasantly than I did. But one of them, at least, needs nobody to take care of her—I mean the beauteous mermaid of Galloway, who is certainly a most extraordinary young woman. I introduced her to some gentlemen and ladies of my acquaintance, who were not only delighted, but astonished at her.' Jean Walker was then twenty years of age; her complexion was fine, and her eyes bright, and her prudence equalled her looks."

Mrs. Cunningham survived Allan many years, dying in September, 1864. She was a charming woman in her prime, and must have been very lovely as a girl. I have never known a better example of what natural grace and purity can do to produce refinement. Though peasant-born, she was, in society, a lady—thoroughly so. There was not only no shadow of vulgarity in her manners; there was not even rusticity; while there was a total absence of assumption and pretence; and she was entirely at ease in the "grand" society—men and women of rank as well as those eminent in Art, in Science, and in Letters—I have met as guests at her home.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Not long after he entered the studio of Chantrey, Cunningham published a dramatic poem, "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," commemorating one of the heroes of his native district. It was praised by the critics, and Sir Walter Scott generously

"Handed the rustic stranger up to Fame,"

by a few laudatory words in the introductory epistle which prefaces the "Fortunes of Nigel."*

Thenceforward, his career in literature was easy and prosperous; his collection of "the Songs of Scotland" is a text-book for all after writers; and his novels, although pushed aside by more "sensational" works, retain an ample share of popularity.

The work, however, by which he did most good, is the six volumes of "Lives of British Painters and Sculptors." It has been objected to as less enthusiastic than the subject demanded; but the memoirs are earnest and true; they manifest sufficient research, and bear strong evidence of thorough knowledge; while they are the productions of a graceful pen, discharging a pleasant task with critical nicety and sound discretion. Southey wrote him, "Your 'British Painters' will live as long as any records of British Art remain. It is the best book of its kind that has ever fallen in my way." And Leslie, who was to follow him as a biographer of Reynolds, in thanking him for one of the volumes, says,—"I cannot but set a high value on a compliment from one with

* Allan had contributed from Dumfries two or three poems to the "Literary Recreations"—a work edited by Eugenius Roche, in 1807; they were signed "Hidallan." In one of the monthly parts I find this passage among the notices to correspondents: "We really feel proud in having the pleasure of ushering to public notice, through the medium of our publication, the effusions of such a self-taught genius as Hidallan." I knew Eugenius Roche, somewhat intimately, in 1825. He was an Irish gentleman, of a singularly kindly and genial nature. At that time he was editor of the *Morning Post*, and had, all his life, been a labourer for the press. He was proud of the small share he had in advancing the fortunes of Cunningham; and long before I became acquainted with Allan described to me the surprise he had felt on the discovery that so young and so apparently rough a specimen of the "north countrie," was the writer of the poems he had read with so much delight. Roche still lived in Carey Street when I knew him, and there, I believe, he died about the year 1830. He is worthy of a better tribute than my limited information enables me to give; few men more amiable and excellent have existed in my time.

* "There is my friend, Allan, has written just such a play as I might write myself on a very sunny day, and with one of Bramah's extra patent pens. . . . . So much animation in particular passages, and such a vein of poetry through the whole. . . . . Honest Allan, you are a credit to Caledonia. . . . There are some lyrical effusions of his, too, which you would do well to read. 'It's hame and it's hame,' is equal to Burns."

whose published opinions on the characters of our deceased artists, if on a very few points I differ, in the main I entirely agree." *

Few men have received finer compliments from their contemporaries; that of Southey is well-known:—

"Allan, true child of Scotland; thou who art
So oft in spirit on thy native hills
And yonder Solway shores, a poet thou!"

Those of Scott, of Hogg, and of Wilson I have quoted. "Stalwart of form and stout of heart and verse—a ruder Burns," writes Talfourd. When he edited "The Anniversary," one of the Annuals, he obtained the aid of Wilson, and many other writers, tempted by friendship, whom no money would have tempted. It was at his house—honoured guests, receiving honour—I met some of the greatest men of the age, among them Scott and Southey, and there was no man of any rank in England or in Scotland, who would not have considered it a privilege to be classed among his friends.

It is our happiness so to class ourselves; and I am tempted to print one of his letters to Mrs. Hall among the few of his I have preserved:—

"Belgrave Place, 3rd August, 1836.

"My dear Mrs. Hall,

"I will do anything for you, but my muse, poor lassie, has lost much of her early readiness and spirit, and finds more difficulty in making words clink and lines keep time; but she will work for you, and as she loves you, who knows but some of her earlier inspiration may come to her again? for you must know I think her strains have lost much of their free wild nature since we came from the land of the yellow broom, and the blossomed heather.

"Yours ever and ever,

"Allan Cunningham."

I shall, I hope, be pardoned for extracting a passage from a letter I received from him soon after the issue of the first volume of my "Book of Gems":—

"Your 'Book of Gems' was welcome for your sake, painting's sake, poetry's sake, and my own sake. I have done nothing but look at it since it came, and admire the good taste of the selections, and the happy language—clear too, and discriminating—of the biographies. It will do good both to the living and the dead—



THE GRAVE OF ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

directing and animating the former, and giving a fresh lustre to the latter; if it obtains but half the success which it deserves, both your publisher and yourself ought to be satisfied. I have made the characters of our poets my study—studied them both as men and as bards, looking at them through the eyes of nature, and I am fully warranted in saying that our notions very seldom differ, and that you come nearer my feelings on the whole than any other person, save one, whom I have ever met. You will see this, when my Lives of the Poets are published, and that will be soon, for the first volume is all but ready."

An interesting anecdote is recorded by Lockhart in his Life of Scott:—

"Breakfasting one morning with Allan Cunningham, and commending one of his publications, Scott looked round the table, and said, 'What are you going to make of all these boys, Allan?' 'I ask that question often at my own heart,' said Allan, 'and I cannot answer it.' 'What does the eldest point to?' 'The callant would fain be a soldier, Sir Walter, and I have a half promise of a commission in the king's army for him, but I wish rather he could go to India, for there the pay is a maintenance, and one does not need interest at every step to get on.' Scott dropped the subject, but went an hour afterwards to Lord Melville (who was then President of the Board of Control), and begged a cadetship for young Cunningham. Lord Melville promised to inquire if he had one at his disposal, in which case he would gladly serve the son of honest Allan; but the point being thus left doubtful, Scott meeting Mr. John Loch, one of the East India Directors, at dinner the same evening at Lord Stafford's, applied to him, and received an immediate assent. On reaching home at night, he found a note from Lord Melville intimating that he had inquired, and was happy in complying with his request. Next morning, Sir Walter appeared at Sir Francis Chantrey's breakfast table, and greeted the sculptor (who is a brother of the angle) with 'I suppose it has sometimes happened to you to catch one trout (which was all you thought of) with the fly and another with the bobber. I have done so, and I think I shall land them both. Don't you think Cunningham would like very well to have cadetships for two of those fine lads?' 'To be sure he would,' said Chantrey, 'and if you'll secure the commissions, I'll make the outfit easy.' Great was the joy in Allan's household on this double good news, but I should add that before the thing was done, he had to thank another benefactor. Lord Melville, after all, went out of the Board of Control before he had been able to fulfil his promise. But his successor, Lord Ellenborough, on hearing the circumstances of the case, desired Cunningham to set his mind at rest, and both his young men are now prospering in the Indian service." *

In one of her earlier sketches, Mrs. Hall thus pictures Allan Cunningham:—"I can clearly recall the first interview I had with him; it was before I had been much in literary society, and when I was but little acquainted with those whose works had found places in my heart. I remember how my cheek flushed, and how pleased and proud I was of the few words of praise he gave to one of the first efforts of my pen. He was then a stout man, somewhat high shouldered, broad chested, and altogether strongly proportioned; his head was firm and erect, his mouth close yet full, the lips large, his nose thick and broad, his eyes of intense darkness (I could never define their colour) beneath shaggy and flexible eyebrows, and were, I think, as powerful, yet as soft and winning, as any eyes I ever saw. His brow was expansive, indicating by its breadth, not only imagination and observation; but by its height, the veneration and benevolence so conspicuous in his character. His accent was strongly Scotch, and when warmed into a subject, he expressed himself with eloquence and feeling; but generally, his manner was quiet and reserved; quiet less from a habit of observing than from a dislike to conversation. . . . . In after years, when it was my privilege to meet him frequently, it was a pleasure to note the respect he commanded from all who were distinguished in Art and in Letters. He had a sovereign contempt for anything that approached affectation—literary affectation especially; and certainly lashed it, even in society, by words and looks of contempt, that could not be easily forgotten. 'Wherever,' I have heard him say, 'there is nature, wherever a person is not ashamed to show a heart, there is the germ of excellence. I love nature!' His dark eyes would often glisten over a child or a flower; and a ballad, one of the songs of his native land, would move him to tears (I have seen it do so more than once), that is to say, if it were sung 'according to nature,' with no extra 'flourish,' no encumbering drapery of form to disturb the 'natural' melody."

Allan, as I have said, was a man of stalwart form; it was well knit, and, apparently, the health that had been garnered in childhood and in youth was his blessing when in manhood; certainly to all outward seeming, he had ample security for a long life; his brow was large and lofty; his face of the Scottish type, high cheek-bones and well rounded; his mouth flexible and expressive, yet indicative of strong resolution; his eyes were likened, by persons who knew them both, to those of Burns, and no doubt they were so; they were deeply seated, and almost black, surrounded by a dark rim, and shadowed by somewhat heavy dark eyebrows. His manners conveyed conviction of sincerity; they were not refined, neither were they rugged,

* Cunningham wrote for the *Art-Journal* a series of papers on "Our Public Statues," which were published in that work, in 1839—40.

* The elder of these two sons, named Joseph Davy, after one of his father's old comrades of the *Day* newspaper, rose high in the Indian political service, and was the author of a very able work, the "History of the Sikhs." He died in 1851. The other, Alexander, has retired from the service as a general officer, having recently resigned the appointment of Archæological Investigator to the Government of India. He has published several works on antiquarian subjects. The third son, Peter, has established a high position in literature. The fourth, and youngest son, Francis Chantrey, also entered the army, and after being, for many years, First Assistant and Secretary to the Commission for the Government of Mysore, has now retired as a Colonel. His only daughter, Mary, still resides in the house in which her mother died.

and the very opposite of coarse. It was plain that for all his advantages, he was indebted to nature; for although he mixed much in what is called "polite society," and was a gentleman whose companionship was courted by the highest—statesmen and peers—up to the last he had "a smack of the heather."

Nothing seemed to irritate him so much as affectation, either with the pen or pencil, or in word, or look, or manner. I have seen him exasperated by a lisp in a woman, and by a mincing gait in a man; any pretence to be what was not, made him, so to say, furious. I would close this memory, so as I think may convey an idea of his peculiar character and worth, by quoting a favourite phrase of his own—

"Love him, for he loved Nature."

Allan is buried at Kensal Green, under a monument of granite, and his admirable wife now rests by his side.

I have wished they were sleeping in some green graveyard in Nithsdale.*

THE FALCONER.

FROM THE STATUE BY JOHN EDWARD CAREW.

THIS is the work of a sculptor whose productions—though he has reached the age of eighty, or more—are but little known, except the bas-relief of the 'Death of Nelson,' on the column in Trafalgar Square. Like several of the most eminent sculptors of our time, Mr. Carew is, if not an Irishman by actual birth, of Irish extraction, and was born about the year 1785. He studied in the *atelier* of the late Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., by whom, as well as by Chantrey, his talents were highly appreciated.

With the exception of one or two busts now and then, Mr. Carew has very rarely made an appearance at the annual gatherings of our national school. We find him, however, exhibiting at the Royal Academy, in 1830, a plaster model of a Gladiator and a Bear contending in the Arena; and also a group, Theseus and the Minotaur. In 1839 he sent a very clever bas-relief, in marble, representing the parable of the Good Samaritan. In 1842 he exhibited what was described in the catalogue as an 'Unfinished figure in marble of a Girl Trapping a Bird,' good in design, but being incomplete, seen to disadvantage. A far more satisfactory work was that contributed in the following year, 'A Sleeping Falconer.' Mr. Carew's last appearance at the Academy was in 1846, when he sent busts of Lady Georgiana Fane and of the late General Sir Robert Sale. His 'Arethusa,' executed for Lord Egremont, was engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1848.

The statue of 'The Falconer' is among the best single figures executed by Mr. Carew; it is that of a man lithe of limb, and active, as one accustomed to field sports afoot. His attitude is easy and graceful, as with arm upraised, he directs the attention of the hawk to some further prey.

* I have heard it said that when Chantrey was building a mausoleum to receive his remains, and offered to leave space for his friend and associate, he received from Allan this answer, "No! I would far rather rest where the daisies will grow over my grave!" I quote in application to Allan some lines from the grand and touching poem of Theodore Martin, on the burial of Thomas Campbell.

"Thou, like me, hast seen another grave would suit our Poet well,
Greenly banded by the breckan in a lonely Highland dell,
Looking on the solemn waters of a mighty inland sea,
In the shadow of a mountain, where the lonely eagles be.
* * * * *
Better aftertimes should find him—to his rest in homage bound,
Lying in the land that bore him, with its glories piled around."

AMONG THE FAIRIES.*

NEARLY twenty years have elapsed since the first appearance of Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Midsummer Eve" in the pages of the *Art-Journal*. Its subsequent publication as a distinct volume proved amply sufficient to tempt her to follow it soon with another fairy tale; but though her



pen has not been idle during this long period, it has found other subjects to occupy it till now.

It will be obvious enough to the majority of our readers that we can do little more than announce the publication of "The Prince of the Fair Family." The scene of the former story is laid in Ireland, this is laid in Wales—Tenby and its neighbourhood. Ivor, the Prince of the Fair Family, heir-apparent to the pigmy throne of Tenby, but banished from court by his mother, Queen Foam, who rules both the king and his subjects, because he refuses to marry the Princess Gossamer, daughter and heiress of Bulbul, King of Pembroke,—this Ivor, with a certain Davy Jones, "a link between the elves of Fairyland and our own world," keep the good folks of Tenby in a perpetual atmosphere of wonderment and excitability by their extraordinary doings. It is in this combined action of the



visible and invisible worlds that influences more or less all the characters that appear on the stage, and involves consequences which must be left to the readers of the volume to discover.

Mrs. Hall has been fortunate in securing the assistance of some of our most distinguished artists to illustrate her story; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward have given their valuable aid; so also has Mr. Noel Paton, whose pencil is always "at home" among the fairies; Mr. Kenny Meadows shows that he has lost none of that



humorous imagination allied with delicacy of feeling which long years ago rendered him so popular as a book illustrator; Mr. W. J. Allen and Mr. Coleman are also able contributors. The designs for the title-page, &c., are by M. Chéret, a French artist of great ability. Numerous views of Tenby and its neighbourhood are introduced. Three examples of the figure illustrations appear on this page; the lower one, a portrait of Queen Foam chiding her recusant son, is by Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A.

* THE PRINCE OF THE FAIR FAMILY. A Fairy Tale, by Mrs. S. C. Hall. With numerous Illustrations by E. M. Ward, R.A., Mrs. E. M. Ward, Noel Paton, R.S.A., Kenny Meadows, W. J. Allen, W. J. Coleman, M. Chéret, &c. Published by Chapman and Hall, London.



THE FALCONER

ENGRAVED BY W T FRY FROM THE SCULPTURE BY CAREW

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

WINTER exhibitions have grown almost as abundant as spring exhibitions. The experiment, tried but a few years ago, has proved so successful, that imitators of the good example seem to have no end. On a single day, the 5th of November, no fewer than five galleries were opened, containing an aggregate of more than sixteen hundred works. If kept within reasonable bounds, if maintained even at a moderate standard of merit, if not permitted to degenerate into mere auction marts, both the public and the profession are likely to profit by such enterprises. The flat season of the year, the months when Englishmen are supposed to betake themselves to suicide, may gain from these galleries some enlivenment. The fair and open field there enjoyed, and the absence of serious competition in other quarters, are alone elements of success. A winter exhibition in itself may seem to imply some apology, the public are disposed to look leniently on minor efforts which may be viewed as preludes to the coming spring produce; and what is of no less moment, purchasers are amiably inclined to spend on cabinet pictures and portfolio drawings any surplus cash which winter months may find idle in the pocket. These winter exhibitions, then, court favour on varied grounds, and plead patronage by diversified merits. Sometimes well-known pictures are again placed on view, and seek a purchaser at a premium. Often works altogether new, by young and rising artists, prefer to make a quiet *début* where merit, and not prescriptive position, has a chance of fair appreciation and reward. And again, products of the distinctive order of sketches and preliminary studies, give to some of these winter exhibitions a specific character and value. Such, in short, are the several merits and claims of the six collections we now proceed to pass in review.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES.

The Institute, led on by the example of the elder society, opens its gallery for the first time to sketches made by its members and associates. The exhibition is just what might have been anticipated; for the degrees of artistic merit being known of the sixty-five artists who constitute the Institute, it is not difficult to predicate the quality of a winter exhibition of sketches and studies. Such a collection can scarcely fail of interest. Yet the cases in which an artist has surpassed his former self form the exception. There is evidently a reluctance to open portfolios and confess to unpremeditative thoughts, a misgiving that a morning's sketch may not be quite presentable to the public eye. Hence upon these walls are evident signs of dressing up, manifest efforts to make a thing pretty and fine, which, indeed, are the weaknesses that beset this gallery in the spring-time. And so it happens that, with some favourable exceptions forthwith to be pointed out, the collection is not strong in outdoor sketches, in untouched studies from the life, or in first suggestive jottings for deliberate compositions. Nevertheless we need scarcely say that a collection of no less than five hundred and twenty-eight works cannot wholly lack mastery in execution and brilliant flashes of thought.

Neither sketches nor finished drawings of the Institute are apt to fail for want of ambition. But naturally there is often stouter stuff in first studies than in over-elaborated works. This is certainly specially true of the clever contributions of E. H. Corbould, such as 'Joseph making himself known to his Brethren' (sketch for picture painted by command of her Majesty) and 'Anne Boleyn conducted by Sir Thomas Wyat to Windsor Castle.' The slight handling and the transparent tinting of these studies compare favourably with the overloaded opaque pigments in previous finished drawings. Yet whatever comes from Mr. Corbould's easel shows mastery and command of material. It cannot be said that these drawings have much nature in the ordinary sense of the term, yet certainly they have the life which projects itself into action. The story of Joseph and his brethren is a little over much after the style that might be expected of an Old Testament translation made for drawing-room use. It were too much to suppose that any sensible persons would comport themselves just as do the characters who play the heroic and the picturesque in Mr. Corbould's off-hand designs. Still there is no denying the fact that these compositions show a firm hand, no ordinary power of seizing points and telling a story, with utmost facility in extempore composition. In short, Mr. Corbould's compositions are not wanting in the qualities we are accustomed to prize in the first *abbozzi* of the Italian masters.—Mr. Absolon's works are in great abundance and diversity; they seem to declare the full, the ready, and versatile man. The greater portion of the fourteen sketches are slight and off-hand; studies of single figures gracefully posed against a landscape background, with here and there indications, as in 'The First of May,' of an easy flow in graceful composition, and a ready linking and interlacing of figures into labyrinthine chains. But Mr. Absolon gives signs of a higher aim in such studies as that of 'Prince Charles Edward' and 'The Nun,' both carried out as completed drawings. We observe a certain historic simplicity and dignity, a breadth and repose, which rise above mere pretty picturesqueness, and approach the higher walks of Art. These sketches, indeed, are so satisfactory as sketches, and sufficient as suggestions, that it were hard for the elaborated drawing to realise the promise held out. Herein, indeed, is often the charm belonging to sketches and first ideas; they shadow forth thoughts and feelings which the artist dotes over but in dreams.—Henry Warren, the venerable President, asserts his position in clever performances that range, as usual, over themes sacred and secular, and cover two or three quarters of the globe. It is not easy now-a-days to get apostles to sit for pictures, so lay figures, that is, men of straw and wood, are pressed into the service. Yet Mr. Warren's study for a group in the picture of 'Rebekah at the Well' is at least good in intention, and the drapery on the broad back of Nahor has been finely cast. Indeed, Mr. Warren combines Raphaelesque and Bedouin costume with a skill and effect which serve at once sufficiently well for nature and sacred Art.

Guido Bach, who made effective *début* last spring, now declares himself more fully and freely. He will be wise to show greater reticence, for surely some among the present contributions are scarcely worthy of his better self. 'Hylas' and 'The Fisher' who caught a mermaid, are in spirit somewhat false and dubious. Greek and other legends demand pure form and chaste colour. Yet these performances receive some justification in beauty of line and balance of composition; but they show more of the Academy than of nature on out-door sketching ground. Bach's best study, 'Italian Peasants kneeling at the approach of a Church Procession,' is fortunately more simply naturalistic. This work is, indeed, most praiseworthy, literal in actual incident, balanced as a picture, and stopping short, as a sketch ought to do, at the point where indication passes into realisation.—J. M. Jopling turns out the stores of a full portfolio, and gives pledges of versatility and resource. Several of his sketches, as that of a peasant 'Girl,' are studies of costume, such as most artists have made in the course of a tour through Italy. These studies are certainly somewhat above the average of like gleanings from travel. Mr. Jopling, however, is an artist who could not long rest satisfied with mere prosaic transcripts; in turn he borrows and imparts ideas. This time he is indebted to Tennyson's lines—

> "Mystery of mysteries,
> Faintly smiling Adeline,
> Scarce of earth nor all divine,"

for a half-ideal and half-actual head of "shadowy, dreaming Adeline." The type of features in this crayon drawing is lovely, and the execution delicate.—Augustus Bouvier has a pretty sentiment, a dainty sweetness, and he puts on his paper the smooth surface of ivory. It is a pity that in his most highly-wrought faces he does not place the features where they have a prescriptive right to repose. His figure 'Contadinella,' however, has winning grace; and really two little sketches, 'No. 1, On the Beach,' 'No. 2, A Bit of Old Hastings,' show how much this artist might gain in form, colour, and detail, would he but take to nature.—Mr. Tidey exhibits figures and landscapes of accustomed refinement, sicklied over with a pale, hectic cast of colour. We should like to have seen some studies for his historic and imaginative works exhibited in former years within these walls. One of the uses of a collection such as this is to furnish data for the analysis of more complex compositions, whereby may be discovered the successive steps through which an artist has reached his final results. This it is which gives value to the original sketches of the old masters. Studies by our modern artists, however, are seldom so thorough as those made by men of the olden time.

Artists who deal in the figure on a small scale are seen to advantage. At all events, the more modest the size, the less immoderate will be faults and blemishes. The men, however, who in this gallery are content with simple subjects in the small, stand in need of no apology; they are, in fact, for the most part better trained than their brethren.—The drawings by Luson Thomas invariably show an artist who knows well what he is about. Precision, character, and smart telling of a story, mark this painter's works. In the drawing of the girl who at "Christmas time" is dressing a mirror with holly, there is also a sense of beauty.—Charles Cattermole, too, is an artist destined to distinction if he will but throw into the drawing of the figure closer study. 'A Drummer Boy' would certainly be better for more firm-set anatomy; loaded drapery cannot wholly disguise want of proportion in the figure. We gladly, however, recognise the gradual correction of these faults, and observe a growing maturity of manner with increased power of carrying out a subject in needful detail and consistent completeness. 'The Duke's Choristers' is capital both in composition and colour; it shows steadiness of hand and sobriety of manner, and is evenly wrought throughout. 'Blessing the Poor,' a full composition in miniature, is brilliant as a gem.—Charles Green, the associate, has some capital little studies. 'Fairlight,' a landscape, is lucid as the day; it is brimfull of outdoor atmosphere. 'Dorsetshire Boatmen' is one of this artist's rustic sketches, true to the life; and the 'Study of a Horse' has just the individual character which a keen eye and a faithful pencil secure. Mr. Green is a disciple of nature.—G. G. Kilburne, another comparatively new associate, also paints with praiseworthy care and graphic character, as seen in 'The Cup that Cheers.' 'Making Acquaintance,' too, is capital and charming. 'Excelsior,' however, is a mistake. A head so leaden and dense was made to sink, not to rise. When may we hope to see the last of this hacknied theme? Longfellow would never have written the poem could he have foretold the awful pictures which glory in the name 'Excelsior.' Mr. Kilburne, however, may be excused, for the head is small, and would be just as good under any other title.—E. H. Wehnert's 'Study of a Hastings Fisherman' has clever character and individual truth.—Charles Weigall's 'Study from Nature' is a good rustic figure.—Miss Farmer contributes two heads, as usual clean and smooth in the painting.—Miss Setchel is seen in many interesting studies, specially those for her celebrated work, 'The Momentous Question.'

The landscape sketches in no material respect differ from the finished drawings which the spring exhibition has long made familiar. These winter products may be a little smaller in scale and somewhat more slight, but that is the only change which can be discovered. The present practice, indeed, of working out of doors goes far to obliterate the distinction which once marked the sketch from the picture. There are, too, in this exhibition not a few drawings which have never seen nature face to face; some that have known less of the sun and the day than of midnight oil. The landscape portion of the gallery is indeed less "sketchy" than the figure department. This doubtless arises from the necessity of making preliminary studies

for figure pictures; a practice which does not equally prevail at least in landscapes small in dimensions, and simple and suggestive in composition and execution. But surely it must have been the habit of some members of the Institute to make careful studies of foregrounds, weeds, heather, stones, rocks, fallen timber, &c. More of such "bits" would have added character and interest to these walls. It may be artists keep these stores safe in their portfolios for future use. So far they are wise. We come, however, here and there upon a stout piece of pictorial stuff, as, for example, an anchor, a 'Study on the Deal Beach,' made by T. L. Rowbotham ten years ago, worth whole cartloads of impalpable romance. Mr. Rowbotham, however, never tires of making imaginative tours to Italy, and surely 'The Bay of Naples,' whether in reality or on paper, is lovely to look on. In this drawing there is poetry, colour, and that eternal repose which, like the style of the artist, knows little or no change. Mr. Rowbotham, we are sure, will never be guilty of a shipwreck.—W. L. Leitch has also several pretty, romantic drawings, put together with knowledge of effect and an eye for balanced composition. The well-known 'View of Isola Bella' has colour and poetry; and six 'Small Sketches,' in two frames, are dainty little vignettes.—The landscapes of E. Richardson have pleasing harmony.—W. W. Deane's 'Boat, Venice,' is rich in colour and brilliant in effect; there is not unfrequently the sign of original talent in this artist.—Aaron Penley is present in ten works, some of which, such as 'Buttermere Lake,' have neutral colours, and a detail and accuracy for which the artist has not always obtained credit. The catalogue takes care to tell the public that this drawing was actually "painted on the spot." Certain drawings, however, by other artists, smooth in surface, carefully graduated in tone, abstinent of foreground material, and impressive in transient effects of sunset or twilight—which last at longest but for *un petit quart-d'heure*—carry persuasion to the contrary. Surely there are many such would-be sketches which could not by any possibility have been done on "the spot."—Charles Vacher not unfrequently exhibits emotional landscapes that indulge in warm sentiments little dependent on literal facts. It is fortunate when the scene happens to be several hundred miles distant; Italy or Egypt serve admirably well. And the drawings which Mr. Vacher has from time to time exhibited from southern climes have not only beauty but truth of local colour. But up in North Wales, at 'Llyn-y-Ddinas,' the artist is not in his element; the atmosphere he has given belongs to Lake Nemi.—William Telbin's 'Toledo' is all on fire; nothing can save it. There is here something more than the glare of stage-foot lights: no less than the conflagration and explosion of a transformation scene. The work, however, is surpassingly clever of its kind.

Mr. Bennett is never seen to better advantage than in Windsor Forest; no one paints the rude rugged bole of an old tree with more truth and vigour.—Edmund Warren's chief effort, 'Bringing Home the Yule Log,' is not a success; the snow wants delicate half tones; it is lumped and loaded upon the branches as a clever plasterer might use trowel and mortar; and the holly painted on the frame is bad as decorative Art, the scale is too large and the colour killing.—G. Shalders exhibits another flock of prize sheep, round in the back and thick in fleece: his landscape studies have the advantage of more than usual colour.—J. G. Philp is gradually softening down the ruggedness of his touch, and suffusing his scenes of coast and ocean with warm mellow light.—H. G. Hine and J. Mogford also exhibit drawings of beauty, specially where harmony of tone has been sought and gained.

The birds and beasts of Harrison Weir are true to the life; his drawing always had purpose, his painting now gains pleasantness.—Certain flowers show that Mrs. Duffield observes how plants grow, hang, and droop, as, for instance, the Devoniensis rose, which never learns how to hold up its head. This artist has a true sense of the spontaneous growth and the wild grace of nature.—Skinner Prout is at home among buildings of olden character, and time-worn surface.

We conclude this notice by the emphatic commendation due to two members of the Institute. Carl Werner again is seen in Eastern studies, marvellous for photographic exactitude. Perhaps the ever-recurrent substratum of brown becomes monotonous.—Louis Haghe has seldom put forth more force and realistic truth than in two interiors of a painter's studio. These drawings are masterly; they may be taken as the summary and consummation of the artist's life.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY BRITISH ARTISTS—FRENCH GALLERY.

This exhibition is out of the common track, and has points of exceptional interest both to patrons and students. Artists are here represented who have been seldom seen elsewhere to the same advantage; and rising painters of the modern school, once identified with the name "Pre-Raphaelite," show in considerable force. Several members and associates of the Royal Academy have also given sanction and value to a collection which, if comparatively small, is proportionably choice. It may be worthy of remark that no picture in this gallery has been before exhibited. Without further prelude we will proceed to the review of works, for which we have barely space commensurate with their merits.

A post of honour is reserved for Mr. Goodall's 'Hagar and Ishmael,' which may be taken as a sequel to the artist's picture in last Academy. In the desert at eventide lies the boy Ishmael, worn and parched after the heat and toil of the journey. Hagar brings water from a well, but the lad has barely strength to raise himself and drink. The treatment is what previous works by Mr. Goodall lead us to look for. The canvas is flushed in twilight, and over the wide expanse of the desert reigns solitude and unbroken silence. Not a living creature stirs save the forsaken Hagar and her son. Thus the composition tends to sentiment and expression; unity and extreme simplicity have not distraction, not even an episode.—E. M. Ward is another Academician who brings force and brilliancy to these walls. His picture is taken from Foster's "Life of Goldsmith." Oliver once upon a time had prescribed medicine for a friend, and his fair and languishing patient, supported on cushions, becomes, in the picture before us, the innocent cause of a quarrel. On the one side is the professional apothecary, seated with bottle in hand; in opposition rises, in high dudgeon, Oliver, as he was accustomed to strut, cane in hand, "with his queer little figure stuck through as with a huge pin by his wandering sword." The eye is attracted to the little hero by contrast of colour, and the utmost force of the pallet. The story is told with point, the characters are forcibly drawn, and the entire composition will form one of Mr. Ward's many apt illustrations to the English classics.—Mr. Elmore's 'En déshabille,' if small, is sufficiently striking. He has seldom put out a figure better in execution; the handling has vigour and free fling, the colour and *chiar-oscuro* have both harmony and opposition; in fact, the whole work is eminently artistic.—Thomas Faed sends one more scene from humble life at the cottage door. The title, 'Music hath charms,' is attested by a dog, who sits spell-bound by a penny whistle. Boy, girl, dog, with sundry accessories, are all put upon canvas readily and vigorously. The picture is a downright piece of realistic painting.—P. H. Calderon makes out of trivial incidents two *piquant* pictures; in fact, it would appear as if the interior of a couple of rooms had been first painted as studies, and then a figure or two added to tell a tale and impart human interest. The clever way in which vacant space is filled by these figures shows tact and a power of turning scant materials to utmost account. The pictures are slight; the better of the two is dexterously made up of little more than a lady, a letter, a cup of coffee, and a bed. In painting, as in the art of writing, brevity is often, as here, the soul of wit.—W. C. T. Dobson has painted a gentle, innocent child, 'The Mushroom Gatherer.' Sidney Cooper contributes 'A Flock of Sheep,' soft in the fleece but slatey in the landscape; and the venerable Clarkson Stanfield is pleasantly present in a picture of 'Newhaven.' It will be thus seen that Mr. Gambart's winter exhibition has received no slight favour from the Academy.

Two poets preside over the gallery, Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning, noble heads painted by G. F. Watts. These portraits are two of a series of illustrious men that Mr. Watts may one day bequeath to the nation. In style and character they are equal to any ever painted by the artist, and that is saying a great deal. The technical methods adopted approach to those used by the old masters, especially the Venetians. A scale somewhat above life-size has been tried, whereby dignity and grandeur are gained, such as is supposed to pertain to heroic personages. The heads are made to stand broadly and simply out of the backgrounds, each, as it were, in a solitude apart. The value of this treatment may be seen by its opposite in Mr. Sandy's portrait of Mrs. Rose blooming in the midst of roses! Mr. Watts has been more abstinent and reticent; yet the background to Tennyson reveals through the darkness laurel leaves, which suggest a wreath woven as it were by Nature's hand. The system of painting has so little in common with that of the present day, that a few notes may be taken with advantage. The mode, as we have said, is allied to the Venetian school, of which Titian was the master—a method about which some doubt and mystery have attached. Great artists, however, are usually the simplest, and have fewest secrets. We may observe, in the first place, that these portraits of Tennyson and Browning are unusually low in tone; they have few high lights; colour is veiled, and of a shadowed lustre. Yet the canvas is literally loaded with colour, which, be it noted, has a rough texture; the lights stand in solid relief, and the shadows sink into transparency. Colours, in fact, are painted again and again over colours; the dry are softened by the liquid, the opaque glazed into by the transparent. And so are produced the depth and the force which distinguish the Italian portrait-painters. The modern practice lies more on the surface, and relies on white paint, which often remains chalky and crude.—Mr. Sandys, whose 'Gentle Spring' will scarcely be forgotten, reverts to his first success in the painting of portraits. The head of Mrs. Rose, the wife of Alderman Rose, set by a kind of pictorial pun in the midst of roses, makes, it must be confessed, a remarkable picture. The flesh tints may not be altogether satisfactory; enamel, indeed, would seem to be suggested; and there is a thinness and want of richness in tone and texture. Still the canvas shows some admirable painting, especially in the lace and the glass flower-vase.

Surely wonders never cease. The gallery contains a miracle. In other words, a picture spasmodic, sensational, and Pre-Raphaelite. Yet though eccentric and abnormal, that 'Coat of many Colours,' by Madox Brown, is a work which bears incontestable marks of genius. We might scarcely desire to see the whole of British Art given over to such strange ways; that, indeed, might be a little too much of a good thing. Yet Mr. Madox Brown is strong in character, realism, and deep-toned harmonies: and his work, when once seen, rivets attention as by a spell. The coat, seamless, and woven in many colours, is torn and blood-stained; the brethren of Joseph stand apart, observant of their father Jacob, who is seated on a tressel stool beneath a patriarchal tree. The afflicted parent rends his garment, and two semi-nude boys contort themselves into uncomfortable attitudes. The painter seems to have a dread of daylight, blue sky, and an open horizon; accordingly the obvious expedient is taken of filling the background with a big hill, on the sides of which something like sheep are browsing. We cannot deny genius to this work. Yet why it should be quite so peculiar and repellent we cannot pretend to say. The picture is just one of those performances about which artists and *dilettanti* are likely to be intense one way or the other, either in the extreme of love or hate. As for the multitude,

we shall gratify the painter when we say that his picture is beyond them.

Talent has free course within these walls. All that Legros has elsewhere done has arrested attention; his style cares not to be winning, and is, indeed, often forbidding, but of its power there can be little question. His two pictures here exhibited, 'Interior of a Spanish Church' and 'The Tribunal of the Inquisition,' possess many of the qualities which have been supposed to belong to historic schools. The faces have features set in state and solemnity, the draperies are cast with breadth, the colour and accessories are the reverse of decorative. This may be, and indeed is, all in the right direction. Yet perhaps the quality is scarcely sufficiently choice of its kind, and more of refinement might add a wanting charm. Few artists, indeed, can afford to make primary appeal to posterity, and we cannot but think that Mr. Legros will be wise to bring his talents a little more down to the level of ordinary tastes. His works will not suffer but gain. The Italian and the Spanish masters whom, to his praise, he seeks to emulate, did not deny themselves those amenities he seems to despise.

J. D. Watson, here as in the old Water-colour Gallery, displays a ready ability to turn his hand to any subject. 'The Barber's Shop' and 'The Tailor' are of the nature of quiet satires on certain weak points in humanity. The figures are well placed, and cleverly put in action, and the whole composition is set smartly, as a dialogue in an acting drama. It is evident Mr. Watson has acquired equal command over the medium of water and oil, and the practice he has obtained in the illustration of popular volumes gives him facility and perspicuity of composition. Manifestly his pencil is prolific, it remains to be seen to what pitch of excellence he can push any one master-work. The public probably has yet to see greater things of this artist; but that must depend on the painter himself. H. S. Marks has long found his niche in the history of contemporary art; he might indeed stand side by side with many a mediæval statue found in Gothic structures. His type is quaint and severe; he throws himself into the midst of a bygone age, and seems scarcely part and parcel of the world that now lives. The small frame which encloses 'The Sacristy' is full of silent satire. Another canvas contains 'The Garden at Olney,' where the poet Cowper and his tame hares "think down hours to moments." "Learning," doubtless, "wiser grows without his books," yet the picture, merely as a picture, might have been both wiser and better if "meditation" had mitigated the opacity of the green sward and the density of the ungainly foliage. Cowper himself is painted as a "guy." The picture may perhaps wear the garb of truth unadorned, yet, however clever, it is but a parody on the poet who penned "The Task" and lines on his "Mother's Portrait."—J. E. Hodgson's 'Strange Fish' is not so strange a picture as the school to which the painter belongs has ofttimes produced. On the contrary, it is an unmistakable advance on the artist's previous works. The colours have greater purity, and the execution more precision. It is, notwithstanding that monster, "the strange fish" just brought to land, a picture which merits commendation.—'The Dove,' by Arthur Hughes, has more firmness and power than we usually expect from this delicate and gentle painter.—'The Gardener's Daughter,' by T. Brooks, composes into a pretty picture which would engrave well.—'The Mother's Love,' by J. E. Hicks, is more showy than true, yet does it evince considerable manipulative readiness. 'Enoch Arden,' number two, by this artist is to be commended for the management of light and colour, and as a faithful study of an interior.—We presume that Mr. Simeon Solomon intends a small picture which he is pleased to call 'During the Gloria' for a satire. We cannot find for it the excuse of any signal Art-merit, and therefore we suppose Mr. Solomon thinks he does truth some service in bringing ridicule on three priests seated as wooden dolls, during Church functions.

Two ladies have come out with unusual strength, Miss R. Solomon and Mrs. Anderson; the former we have seldom seen to such advantage as in 'Love's Disguise.' The story is easily read. A lover steals an interview with his lady under feint and disguise as the vendor of trinkets. While the old mother is lost in shrewd scrutiny of lace, the young gentleman takes occasion to press the girl's hand tenderly. The picture has composition, character, colour, and more than usual evenness of execution.—Mrs. Anderson's 'Tip-toe of Expectation' is so forcible in contrast of light and colour that the picture catches the eye from points of furthest distance. This brilliancy or surprise, which is almost in excess, has been obtained by opposition between the child's coloured dress, and a wide expanse of white tablecloth. The success of the picture primarily depends on this well-known expedient of placing the deepest dark and highest light in immediate contact. The execution lags little behind the excellence of the conception.—Miss Osborne's 'God's Acre,' notwithstanding the red umbrella, deserves praise. There is something touching in those two little orphans trudging through the snow-storm to place an offering on a parent's grave. The execution, too, is good. Among works answering to four artists of the name of Swift, may be commended 'Gedenik der Arnen' by Miss Kate Swift. The handling is careful, smooth and delicate, but colour still is lacking.

The pictures by W. B. Scott generally imply thought and fancy, and move out of the beaten track. 'Water Babies' are pretty in sport and 'The Poet in Arcadia' is impelled by rhapsody. The pictures have colour and imagination.—David Wilkie Wynfield evidently has faith in the once formidable school of so-called Pre-Raphaelites. In his two pictures, which really possess great merit, we have an impending suicide, a brick-wall, a purple distance, and a pale, gold, and green sky, all symptoms of the school; so mitigated, however, as to lose fatal force.—Figures by Valentine Prinsep, such as 'Marguerite,' have usually something good in intention, but there lack cleanness of brush and purity of colour.—Spencer Stanhope has the merit of arresting attention by eccentricity. 'Angelina' is mediæval, quaint, and repulsive. The style allies itself with the old school of Germany and Mantegna in Italy. A landscape on the Yorkshire Moors, by the same artist, is a study of colour, low in tone and of texture like tapestry.—R. W. Ridley seems a disciple of Leighton. 'Love's Messenger' is refined, sensitive, and pearly. 'Lilies,' by A. Moore, are allied less to correct Grecian than to corrupt Pompeian styles. The merit of the work would be greater if the drawing and execution were more careful. Why does Mr. Walker still follow on in the line of his failures rather than of his early successes? His present picture, 'The Wayfarers,' gains the distinction of being unlike anything ever seen in nature or Art. The landscape looks French—of the dusky, dirty sort; but the legs of the unhappy "Wayfarer" are certainly not of that country. It is fortunate they will not long remain visible—shanks, trousers, boots, and all are in rapid decomposition; they must soon be resolved into mud and mist or something worse.—The landscapes of Mr. Oakes are in a fair way for improvement. And the pastoral, 'Shepherd Boys,' by J. T. Linnell, has colour, detail, and light luminous as the day.—'Early Morning, near Cairo,' by Frank Dillon, is poetic; 'Ivy Bridge,' by H. Jutsum, is prettily handled; 'Beech Trees,' by J. Knight, are commendable studies; 'Langland Bay,' is broadly treated by George Sant. Finally, no small praise must be reserved for that admirable 'Study of a Landscape,' by H. W. B. Davis. A simple transcript from nature so truthful and beautiful it has seldom been our fortune to see. Mr. Davis evidently wins the success which has latterly awaited him by going to work in a downright right way.

MR. WALLIS'S EXHIBITION.

This is a remarkable exhibition. The spacious rooms in Suffolk Street have never been better furnished. It were too much to say that there is not a single poor picture in a collection numbering nearly five hundred works, and among the many good paintings here brought together, some have been previously known in other galleries. Still, after making all fair deductions, it must be conceded that seldom have been massed together works which, in the aggregate, make so imposing a show. The exhibition is both foreign and British, and from the extended space at disposal, it has been possible to do impartial justice, not only to all schools, but even to each individual master. There is not an instance of a picture being thrust to the ceiling, and even works which may scarcely bear scrutiny, have been placed in full and fair view. The decorative aspect of the rooms has been further enhanced by the disposition of pendent draperies which here and there canopy the pictures. Altogether these rooms, both in their contents and by their hanging, go far to realise the conditions indicated by those who have written and spoken on the *desiderata* needful for a perfect picture gallery.

Gérôme occupies the place of honour over two fire-places, and Meissonier over a third, and from this it may be inferred that foreign schools obtain unwonted prominence. But when masters of this high quality gain distinction, there can be little cause for complaint. Seldom has the great painter, Gérôme, been seen, at least on a minor scale, to more advantage than in 'Le Marchand d'Habits.'—Terburg rarely went further in the exquisite disposition and manipulation of textile fabrics, and the Frenchman gives to humanity even when engrossed in merchandise an elevation beyond the reach of a Dutchman. Gérôme has the exceptional and enviable talent of being able to shine equally in *genre* and history. His greatness is independent of scale, he is exquisite in miniature, and grand in subjects which rise to life-size.—Two pictures, 'The Lost Game,' and 'The Finishing Touch,' by Meissonier, will scarcely stand in need of encomium. The English public is never weary of these works wrought to the highest pitch, and the merits of the painter have been so long known, and firmly established, that the critic may here rest from his labours.—Edward Frère has all but secured for himself a like unassailable position. Of late, however, may have been noted some slight signs of decadence, especially when the painter travels beyond the confines of the cottage. 'The Young Student' is certainly not within the sphere of the artist's strength.—There are other foreign works which swell beyond miniature or cabinet size to true historic proportions, among which is conspicuous, not merely by scale, but still more by merit a true master-work, 'St. Vincent de Paul taking the place of the Galley Slave.' The painter is L. Bonnat, a French artist, native of Bayonne, and pupil of Cogniet. The fame which Bonnat has already acquired in historic Art is fortified by this manly work so strongly pronounced as alone sufficient to define the artist's position in French Art. There is in M. Bonnat's style nothing of the David school of last century, and just about as little of the manner of Ingres, Delaroche, or Ary Scheffer. This picture of St. Vincent de Paul is, on the contrary, allied rather to the Neapolitan school of the Naturalists, whereof Caravaggio and Spagnoletto reigned chiefs. The lights are shadowed, the darks are vehement, the colour is tertiary and subdued, the handling broad and robust, the forms are stalwart, and the anatomy is strongly pronounced. That the artist is not absolutely wedded to one manner becomes apparent through another picture, 'Neapolitan Peasants before the Farnese Palace, Rome.' There occurs in this strongly emphasised canvas an iron barred window with architectural surroundings, admirable as a piece of sketchy and bold realistic painting.

F. Pauwels bears a family name well known in Flanders. He is a pupil of Wappers and De Keyser; his style shows too some points of contact with both Leys and Gallait. F. Pauwels, the painter of the picture which bears the unintelligible name of 'Lierven Pyn,' was, it appears, born near Antwerp, in the year 1830. He has made himself known in *genre*, portrait, and history, and holds the appointment of Director of Historic Painting in the Academy of Weimar. There is much of the

state and circumstances pertaining to historic Art in this picture, and the treatment has a largeness which befits themes of high import. The scene is laid at the altar of a church: the family of the victim of an unjust sentence are on their knees before a priest, who proclaims in the audience of the people the innocence of the father of a house sent wrongfully to his last account. The picture is not very evenly painted or carried out; some of the figures want substance and relief. Yet have the leading characters sufficient individuality, the composition is duly balanced, and a dignity is maintained, comporting well with historic themes.—We can scarcely speak in like terms of praise of Jalabert's picture of 'Christ Walking on the Sea.' The idea is in itself grand, but little credit is due to the mode in which the artist has carried out the conception. The disciples in the ship, together with the crew, are fortunately all but hidden in shade. As in pictures by Correggio, the Saviour is made the source of emanating light; and so far the work contains an element of the Divine. It is said the composition has been engraved, and the mere *chiaro-scuro* is certainly impressive.—C. Bisschop, a name known in the past history of the Dutch school, has, at all events, chosen a happy subject, 'Rembrandt going to the Lectures on Anatomy.' The theme may have been suggested by that great picture by Rembrandt in the Hague, the dissection of a dead body by Nicholas Tulp, the celebrated anatomist. The treatment of light and shade, in the use of black opposed to white, also finds evident analogy in the pictures of Rembrandt. Bisschop's painting has gained great force by virtue of this Rembrandt principle of contrast, and contact of light with dark.

Bouguerean's 'Invocation to the Virgin' has the nature artists gain from models, and the devotion which is deemed appropriate to such subjects. The favour it has gained in obtaining a purchaser is not undeserved.—Dubuffe's 'Charity' possesses that order of merit usually found in this artist. The surface of the canvas is smooth, the colour pale, and accordingly a certain refinement is not lacking to the figures.—To somewhat the same order of Art, though in higher manifestation, is the picture of 'Marguerite trying on the Jewels,' by H. Merle. There is great beauty and unsullied purity in this impersonation of Goethe's heroine at the moment when unconsciously beguiled to ruin. The composition has concentration; the head of Marguerite is sweet, that of Martha shrewd and worldly, that of Mephistophiles fiendish in cunning. Altogether the subject has scarcely received more striking illustration since the time when Ary Scheffer made the drama specially his own.—Several clever pictures by Tourrier are after his usual style.—'Returning Home,' by Auguste Bonheur, is scarcely worthy of the artist's name. There are works by De Jonghe, in his well-known style, such as 'The Playmates' and 'The Confessional,' careful in cast of drapery, and broad and effective in execution.—'The Writing Lesson,' by A. Anker, a picture of two little girls intent on their copy, is simple, quiet, and child-like; the heads have much expression, and are nicely painted.

Among ablest pictures, of the landscape sort, brought of late from the Continent, must be ranked 'The First Appearance of Snow in the Tyrol,' by Otto Weber. This artist has for some years acquired a position in Germany by the skilful grouping and conscientious study of landscapes and figures. Many of his works are extensively known through lithographs executed by the artist himself, and the composition now in Suffolk Street, will, we are told, also be engraved, probably, we presume, by the same friendly hand. The work being well drawn and composed, and carefully modulated in light and shade, will certainly translate, without loss of its chief merits, into black and white. The picture is admirable for relative truth; the relation between sky, snow on the mountain, middle distance, and foreground, has been carefully kept. The whole composition preserves breadth, and the results are reached readily, so that the effect of finish is gained without the usual attendant elaboration. Certainly at due distance the whole picture comes completely together. The cattle, driven down from the mountain heights at the first approach of snow, have character in keeping with the situation. They are uneasy and ruffled in temper, as if their life had been unpleasantly broken in its routine. This picture is interesting and instructive as a fair example of the German school of landscape, of which we have received in England not a few specimens, especially from that section of the school which has its seat in Dusseldorf.

The most famous contribution from the Continent is 'The Summons of the Condemned in the French Revolution,' a reduced *replica* of the great picture in the gallery of the Luxemburg painted by Charles Muller. The scene has been laid in a lower room in the prison of the Bastille, and the time chosen is the last days of "the reign of terror." Among the groups of condemned the painter has distinguished the poets André Chénier and Roucher, the Marquis de Montalembert, the Princess de Monaco, Madmoiselle Leroy, of the Comédie Francaise, M. de Saint-Simon, Bishop d'Agde, the Countess of Périgord, and other noble victims of the Revolution. The moment seized is when the *Commune* of Paris calls the condemned to the guillotine. A work which has so long acquired a European reputation, stands in little need of criticism. As for this *replica* it seems to represent faithfully the original, and though comparatively small, it preserves the largeness which comports with the historic style.

Certain of the English pictures here exhibited have been seen before, and on their first appearance received in these pages appreciative notice. There is, however, in these rooms no lack of new material, and the new is not less good than the old. The names of Goodall, R.A., Poole, R.A., Linnell, sen., Creswick, R.A., Cooke, R.A., Nicol, A.R.A., and Cooper, A.R.A., are all present in the gallery, and younger and less tried men also enter the field and show to advantage. The works of the members and associates of the Academy, if minor in scale, are not otherwise than choice in quality. Indeed 'An Italian Family,' that is, a composition of peasants and landscape, recalls the best manner of Mr. Poole. 'The Harvest Home,' too, is in the pleasant and picturesque style to which Mr. Goodall was given before he aspired to sacred and historic subjects on a large scale. So likewise a grand subject in small, 'Abraham entertaining the Angels,' reverts to the earlier manner of J. Linnell, sen. This, indeed, though in miniature, has the largeness of thought which alone makes any work noble. The colour is that of Titian, and there is in the design a purpose and spirit akin to Blake.

Some of the recently risen, and, let us hope, still rising, men put forth power. Of Mr. Nicol, indeed, it must be said that he displays more pertinacity than versatility. At any rate, if only for variety, he might sometimes change his model. Here we have again, in a picture called 'Kept In,' the same figure, even the same breeches, the same boots, the same mud we have more than once seen in the Academy. It is Mr. Nicol's painting we care for, not his properties. We are sure he would be none the less himself were he to take to a new idea, or hire a fresh model.—Mr. Pettie seems likely to justify the choice of the Academy. It is, however, amusing to see the identical witch that gained him election at the last Academy exhibition, serve equally well in the present exhibition for 'Old Mother Hubbard!' His principal work, 'Sir Hudibras and Ralpho in the Stocks,' maintains the reputation already won, and shows the painter not scanty in material. The style is peculiar, in other words it may be said to have originality; whether it be absolutely new, or whether it appears new only because the method has been brought from a far distance, is a point concerning which people may hold different opinions. It is, however, easy to recognise a certain mediæval quaintness and an unconscious grotesqueness which are quite unlike the agreeable drawing-room manner habitual to modern Art. Painters given to this style seem to say, "If you don't like it, you may leave it; we are independent, we paint not for popular applause. The world may come round to us, we will not budge one inch from our path to meet shallow, surface people half way." There is certainly something dogged and determined in the eccentric cleverness of some of our painters, such as Marks, Pettie, and Orchardson, and success is likely to confirm them in their ways. Mr. Pettie's picture is low in tone, dusky in colour, pronounced in character, and downright, though a little rude and ragged in execution.—Another amazingly clever work is 'Royalists seeking Refuge in the Home of a Puritan.' If Mr. Marcus Stone goes on like this, six months must see him in the Academy. In this picture the system of composition is similar to that of 'Stealing the Keys,' in last Academy; the figure which takes the chief action, connects the two opposite sides of the canvas. The characters tell out with force and colour against a light background, a treatment that, of late, has obtained growing favour. As for the execution, it is sketchy and indicative; and really if an artist can get what he wants thus easily, he is saved much trouble and weariness.—Miss Osborne's picture, 'Betzinger Peasants driving to the Fair,' retains marks of a talent which never forsakes the lady. This is a work, however, which must be received as a whole, because it cannot be justified by its several parts. For display, it is even more than could be desired, but for completeness in the carrying out, we may suppose the painter has lacked time.—'The Message,' by Miss M. E. Edwards, has much of the motive and quality which made 'The Last Kiss' admirable. Refinement in sentiment, and grace in line, are not likely to be lacking to this artist.—'Amy Robsart,' and some other heads, are in the usual waxy and dainty style of Mr. Dicksee.—'The King's Camp,' by John Ritchie, if a little black and hard, is worthy of note for its firm hand and original intent.—What can we say of the works of E. Long? Pray reader, go and judge for yourself. So well satisfied does the artist appear to be with his performance, that he will scarcely dread the verdict you may give. At any rate, 'Columbus' will, from mere gratitude, speak up for the painter who has signalised his "return" by such flying colours. May we suggest that a few fireworks would render the gala still more complete? It really is a pity that an artist of the brilliant ability of Mr. Long should not do himself justice, and allow the talents with which nature has gifted him a fair chance. If he would but school himself so as to paint a single figure moderately well, the time might not be so distant as it now is when he could venture on covering canvases by the square acre.

We have already mentioned with praise the contributions of some few well-known landscape painters; to these we must now make a few noteworthy additions. 'A Path across the Common,' by Vicat Cole, is highly to be commended as a study; and 'Morning' and 'Evening' on the Lledr, by B. W. Leader, have literal detail with the grey of opening day and the glow of sunset respectively.—'Evening in the Meadows,' by W. Luker, has actual truth, and sparkling light.—Few artists surpass F. W. Hulme in a 'Country Lane;' he brings out the individuality of a tree, and draws its branches, and paints its foliage with more than ordinary fidelity.—We were interested to observe a spirited study for P. Graham's 'Spate in the Highlands,' the landscape which, perhaps of all others, in last Academy, had most claims to originality and genius. Two small landscapes by G. F. Teniswood have much merit. The entrance-room contains a fair collection of water-colour drawings, among which are recognised some well-known names and works.

MR. McLEAN'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

This, though a small, is an exceedingly choice collection. Mr. McLean's aim seems to be threefold—to exhibit fine works of the leading water-colour painters of the day, to bring into notice praiseworthy drawings by young and rising artists, and to take a retrospective glance over

the early history of an art in which our country has been long pre-eminent. The plan implies that some works may find a place in the room with which the public have already made acquaintance in other galleries. And certainly when the picture is good there can be nothing unpleasant in seeing it a second time. We recognise as old favourites, drawings by E. K. Johnson, J. D. Watson, W. W. Deane, W. Lucas, and H. Tidey. Some artists have painted expressly for this exhibition, and Frederick Tayler, among the number, contributes a dashing composition, 'Hawking: a Gallop over Sand Hills,' remarkable for the action, motion, and free touch we were wont to admire in the painter.—'The Disobedient Prophet' is one of the grandest conceptions of J. Linnell, sen.—Also for colour, two drawings by Mr. Andrews are of subtle and high-wrought beauty.—Mr. Lundgren seems in danger of producing too much; at any rate, he will do well not to repeat so often lumpy drapery, undefined in form. Yet the artist always puts power into his heads, and his management of interiors is singularly large and suggestive. The interior of a chapel, a drawing we see for the first time, is admirable both in surprise of light and in tone and half shadow. There is much independence and originality in this artist's treatment generally.—'The Guard-room' is thoroughly after the clever pen-and-ink and *blotesque* manner of G. Cattermole; 'The Landlord's Levee' has more than the artist's usual care.—'Spring' gives C. Davidson again occasion for making a skeleton study of a tree, wonderful for the interlacing network of its branches. There is no artist who can track his way so neatly and adroitly through perplexing labyrinths of foliage.—E. Duncan has drawings dashing in storm-driven waves, and of course among the number a 'Wreck.'—Our catalogue, too, shows a special mark against 'Reverie' by R. Burton—a figure leaning against a window and lost in thought; it is capital in relative keeping both of figure and background, and the drapery is specially well cast and modulated in light and shade.—We also have noted a couple of pretty little landscapes of the fine colour and true English sentiment peculiar to George Fripp.—Among artists of the past generation the public will be glad to revive pleasing recollections of Copley Fielding, William Hunt, David Cox, William Muller, S. Prout, and P. De Wint. Of the latter there are one or two drawings grandly suggestive through breadth of shadow. We were specially struck, too, with a masterly sketch by W. Muller for the picture of 'The Slave Market,' a composition which in colour and style suggests noble pictures well known of Tintoret.—Among drawings of promise which this exhibition may serve to bring into notice we would mention those by J. D. Linton. Altogether this gallery claims favourable consideration by the comparatively high Art-merit it maintains. Of commercial considerations it is not our province to take account; we can only wish success may favour all enterprises which look primarily to Art-excellence.

The German Gallery opens a second winter exhibition of water-colour drawings. It seems primarily designed for the encouragement of young and rising artists who may not readily find a place in other galleries. The collection contains some proved names, also drawings of promise by painters who may not unreasonably hope to produce a favourable impression on the public. The German Gallery remains still open to the reception of works which seek to make their merits known. And from week to week during the season there may be ground to conjecture that the number and merit of pictures on view will be enhanced.

Mr. Flatou's Collection of oil paintings forms also one of the many exhibitions open in these winter months. The artists brought together are formidable in number and professional rank. And that the works exhibited are thoroughly known, may be taken as a testimony to their accredited merit.

"WRIGHT OF DERBY."*

One of Wright's original water-colour sketches of the eruption of Vesuvius, belonging to myself, was shown at the Derby Exhibition, as was also one† of his large paintings of 'Vesuvius from the Shore of Posilippo,' belonging to his grandson, Mr. T. C. Cade. With reference to this picture a curious story is told. An Irish bishop, it is said, gave Wright a commission to paint him a 'Vesuvius,' and on passing through Derby some time afterwards, called to see what progress he was making with the picture. The mountain and the burning lava were at this time nearly finished, while the foreground was only slightly laid in, and the whole picture wanted the darker parts to give it its proper effect. The prelate, thinking to secure the painting for but a small sum, began to depreciate the work, telling Wright that he had completely mistaken the branch of Art on which he ought to employ himself, and that he did not understand the colour of fire or its proper effect. Wright was so exasperated at this insult, that he refused to let the bishop have the picture, and he never parted with it. The painting hung in his own dining-room during life, and at his death passed from his hands to those of his daughter (Mrs. Cade), and so into those of her son, its present possessor. This circumstance being told to Wright's intimate friend, Hayley the poet, he wrote, and sent to Wright, the following severe lines, which first appeared in the *Reliquary* for 1864:—

"A bishop who wish'd to be rank'd with a few
Who are cried up by fashion as men of *vertu*,
Most wisely conjectur'd 'twould aid his desire
To purchase from Wright a picture of fire;
But his spirit more mean than his *gusto* was nice,
Tried a singular trick for reducing the price.
And his bargain to make either cheaper or void,
He thus preach'd to the artist his pride had employ'd:
'Indeed, Mr. Wright, you mistake or neglect
The true tint of fire and its proper effect,
I wonder you think of employing your hand
On a branch of your art that you don't understand.'
'Hold, meanness and pride, tho' you're mantled in lawn,
Ye shall meet due contempt, and your masque be withdrawn,
You never shall wound unrepaid with disgrace
A genius so modest, with insult so base.
You black dilettante! hence learn to your shame,
No mortal can give more expression to flame!
If in flashes more brilliant your eyes wish to dwell,
Your lordship must go for your picture to ——:
From the plan I propose, tho' not much to your heart,
I think there might rise some advantage to Art,
Your lordship by going those flames to inspect,
Might learn more of fire and its proper effect.
And the devil, who often creates himself mirth
By caricaturing odd beings from earth,
Would find proper hints for his pencil to sketch
In a mitre bestow'd on so sordid a wretch.'"

In 1775 Wright returned to England, and again, as usual, took up his residence in the place of his birth—Derby. Here he exhibited his pictures, and here the use of the Town-hall was occasionally granted him for that purpose. Soon afterwards, Gainsborough having left Bath, Wright was strongly advised to remove to that fashionable city, which he and his family did. Here, however, he met with many disappointments, and much jealousy from other artists, and soon returned to Derby. In one of his letters, dated "Bath, February, 1776," he says:—

"I have now passed one season, the biggest of the two, without any advantage. The Duchess of Cumberland is the only sitter I have had, and her order for a full-length dwindled to a head only, which has cost me so much anxiety, that I had rather have been without it—the great people are so fantastical and whining, they create a world of trouble, tho' I have but the same fate as Sr Jos. Reynolds, who has painted two pictures of her Highness, and neither please. I am confident I have some enemies in this place, who propagate a report that I paint fire-pieces admirably, but they never heard of my painting portraits—such a report as this was mentioned to her Royal Highness, after she had given me the commission for a full-length, as I was told by one of her domestics. This is a scheme of some artists here (who, to our shame be it said, seldom behave liberally to one another) to work me out, and certainly it proves at present very injurious to me, and I know not whether it will be worth my while (considering how little business is done here, and has been done these four or five years past) to stay to confute 'm. I have heard from London and by several gentlemen here, that the want of business was the reason of Gainsborough leaving Bath. Wou'd I had but known this sooner, for I much repent coming here. The want of encouragement of the Arts I fear is not only felt here but in town also, and artists are become so numerous that the share which falls to each is small. I wish I had tried London first, and if it had not suited me, I would then have retired to my native place, where, tho' upon smaller gains, I could have lived free from the strife and envy of illiberal and mean-spirited artists. What I have seen since I have been here, has so wounded my feelings, so disturbed my peace, as to injure my health, but I will endeavour to shake it off."

Wright was afterwards frequently urged to remove to London, but Derby, the place of his birth, where his family had resided for generations, had charms for him which London could never offer; and he remained there to the time of his death, attached to the place, and fondly attached to his family, beyond whom he had but little society.

Wright exhibited at the Royal Academy from its foundation until 1782, in which year he had only two paintings. These, being very improperly placed upon the ground, were so much injured by the feet of the company, as to render it necessary for the frames to be repaired and regilded. In the Royal Academy catalogue of that year, "Associate Elect" was added to his name. This narrow jealousy, "added to the circumstance of his being rejected as an R.A. at the time Mr. Garvey was a successful candidate, did not tend to increase his opinion of the liberality of his brethren in the profession. The Academy, however, being afterwards made aware of the impropriety of thus insulting a man of his abilities, deputed their secretary, Newton, to Derby, to solicit his acceptance of a diploma, which he indignantly rejected, knowing how little the institution could serve *him*, and feeling perhaps a satisfaction that his friend Mortimer and himself were both deemed equally *unqualified* to enjoy the honours attached to that royal establishment." This circumstance gave rise to the celebrated "Ode to Joseph Wright, Esq., of Derby," by Hayley, which was published at Chichester in 1780, in 4to form, and in which the first nine verses are in praise of Wright's picture of the 'Siege of Gibraltar,' and the last three to his rejection by the Royal Academy. In 1785 Wright exhibited 'The Siege of Gibraltar;' 'The Lady in Milton's "Comus;"' 'The Indian Widow;' 'William and Margaret;' 'A View of the Cascade of Terni, Italy;' 'Virgil's Tomb—Moonlight;' 'The Lake of Nemi—Sunset;' 'The Empress Julia in the Cave at Salerno;' 'Meeting of Hero and Leander;' 'Companion to ditto;' 'A Landscape—Morning;' 'A Seashore—Evening;' 'Matlock High Tor—Moonlight;' 'The Maid of Corinth;' 'Penelope unravelling her Web, by Lamplight;' 'Portrait of an Artist (himself);' 'Guy de Lusignan in Prison;' 'Portraits of Three Children;' and 'Portrait of John Whitehurst,' and seven landscapes, at the rooms of George Robins, the celebrated auctioneer in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden. This exhibition was thus spoken of in one of the papers of the day (1785):—

"Yesterday, Mr. Wright's Exhibition was opened at the above rooms. It consists of twenty-five paintings, and considering the variety of subjects, and the effect of different lights, coming from one master, it is universally acknowledged, by artists and amateurs, to be the noblest spectacle of the kind ever shown in this kingdom: to endeavour at enumerating the beauties of these performances would, upon a *coup d'œil*, be precipitate, and by far exceed the limits of our paper. We shall, however, at different periods lay before our readers a particular account of these noble productions as they stand in the catalogue: except that grand scene of the destruction of the Floating Batteries off Gibraltar, which we cannot resist the present impulse of mentioning out of its turn. In this picture, Mr. Wright has represented a view of the extensive scenery, combined with the action on the 13th September, 1782, in which his design is sublime, and his colouring natural and brilliant beyond description. We never remember to have seen shadow painted so little like substance as those in the foreground, which gain great strength and richness from the prodigious brightness of the grand explosion at a distance; but we feel ourselves inadequate to the task of pointing out the various merits of this phenomenon in the imitative arts, which proves the painter is unique in the extraordinary line of the charming study he has so happily pursued."

In 1779 Wright removed to St. Helen's House, Derby, and continued to reside there to the time of his death. Here a little circumstance occurred which—as Wright himself observed, "if any one should ever write his 'Life,' its relation would form a prominent incident"—I introduce in the words of the Rev. H. N. Bousfield, in his poem on the Chauntry House, Newark. He says:—

"The banqueting or dining-room of the Chauntry contains a strong, but delicately-handled lengthened portrait of Joseph Sikes, Esq., by the celebrated Mr. Wright, of

---

* Continued from page 353.

† Wright painted several pictures of Vesuvius. The one here spoken of was sold to the Empress of Russia for 300 guineas.

St. Helen's, in Derby, the ancient residence of the Sikes family, at an early period of whose minority that venerable edifice was, to his deep regret, taken down, and which contained among other characteristics of the 'olden time,' a compact chapel, part of which had a curiously-wrought cedar wainscot. A remarkable proof of the success of the artist in giving to 'canvas face and figure,' was afforded by a favourite little terrier dog of the late Mr. Sikes's unconsciously accompanying him into the apartment at St. Helen's, upon the *floor* of which, in a very *unfinished* state, were arranged, with many others, this Portrait and that of his first Lady, the delightful sagacity of that interesting class of animals quickly displaying itself by an attentive survey of the picture, and by the most lively emotions of gratification, to the extent even of actually *licking* the canvas. The alarm and astonishment, however, so naturally felt by Mr. Sikes from this honest though uncourteous intruder, was strongly reproved by Mr. Wright, as the most unprecedented and unflattering respect he could have received; adding, that if the *finish* of the painting was as perfect as the compliment of the dog, his highest ambition must be exceeded, and if any one took the trouble to write his life, that anecdote would necessarily form a prominent place. It has been aptly observed, that it more than rivals the celebrated and well-known story of Xerxes and Apelles."

Of historical pictures and landscapes painted by Wright subsequent to the year 1776, I have a list of nearly two hundred, which is surely sufficient evidence of his industry and of his rapidity of execution. This, it must also be remembered, is exclusive of portraits, of which he also painted a large number during the same period. Two oil pictures of the historical class were produced for Boydell's "Shakspere Gallery"—viz., 'Prospero' and 'The Storm.' In 1794 his last 'Vesuvius' was painted; this, with two other pictures, constituting his latest contributions to the Royal Academy, he considered his best. His later paintings were chiefly landscapes from sketches in Derbyshire and the English lakes, as well as from sketches taken while he was in Italy. In landscapes he and Wilson were said to be so equal, that if "a procession of landscape painters was to be formed, they must walk side by side, but that still both would have an equal right to the right-hand side."

In 1790, on the 17th August, Wright lost his wife, at the early age of forty-one; and in 1793, in consequence of his failing health, he went with his family to Bootle, near Liverpool—then a fashionable watering-place on the sea-coast—for a change of air. Here his dear friend, Mr. T. M. Tate,* of Liverpool, spent all his available time with him. From Bootle, Wright and Tate went to the lakes, to join the Rev. J. Gisborne, the poet, and there spent a very agreeable week together making sketches. After a two months' stay at Bootle, Wright returned to Derby, and continued to paint until within a short time of his death, which took place at his house, St. Helen's, Derby, on the 29th of August, 1797. In the May of that year, his health and strength having failed him, he took to his bed. He bled so much from the nose that he could not lie down, and was so feeble that he had not power to hold up his head. A broad ribbon was therefore tied to each side of the head of the bed, and upon this the great artist rested his chin, and obtained relief. He was attended night and day by his family, more especially his daughter Harriet; and in the afternoon of the 29th of August he had just strength enough left to express his thankfulness that he had those around him whom he always loved. Later in that afternoon his friend Mr. Tate came from Liverpool to see him, and on being admitted to his room, Wright, with his last strength, expressed his pleasure at seeing him—not in words, for he could scarcely articulate, but by drawing with his finger on the bedclothes, to express the pleasure they had formerly enjoyed in sketching and painting together. And thus the mind that had produced so many exquisite paintings worked to the last moment of his life, and he passed away soon after his last expiring effort to make his love of Art understood.

Joseph Wright was buried in St. Alkmund's Church, Derby, where a tablet, bearing the following inscription, was placed to his memory:—

"In the middle aisle, opposite to this pillar, are deposited the remains of Joseph Wright, Esq., painter. He died August 29th, 1797, aged 62.

'His well-earned merits in his works are shown,
Where taste and genius mark him for their own.'

Here are also likewise interred Anne, wife of the said Joseph Wright, who died August 17, 1790, aged 41; John, their son, who died March 22, 1798; and Joseph, who died in his infancy."

The genius of "Wright of Derby" has so often been "said or sung," and is so generally admitted, that I shall content myself with a very brief extract from a writer in 1797—the year of his death—when his works were fresh in the minds and memories of all:—

"These works, going far beyond what had hitherto been produced, procured him the highest reputation in fire-light subjects, in the painting of which he contrived an apparatus purposely for illuminating the objects with artificial lights, whereby he was enabled to imitate the real tints of nature more accurately than, perhaps, any other painter in that line had hitherto done. In moonlight, too, his pictures are allowed to hold the highest rank; and it cannot be deemed an exaggeration to assert, that they remain unrivalled." . . . . . "If the portraits which he painted fell short of the grandeur and brilliance of Sir Joshua's best works, they may justly lay claim to the merit of truth and correctness, and of giving what he always aimed to arrest, the true character of nature." . . . . . "The historical pictures which he painted since his return from Italy have proved how equal he was to compositions of that nature, and that, as a colourist, he may rank with the greatest masters." . . . . . "His style of landscape painting is more varied, and consists of a greater diversity of subjects, than that of any other artist whose works we are acquainted with. Sometimes he excited the sublimest ideas by his wonderful representations of stupendous caverns, under the various effects of day, fire, or moon light; at other times we are soothed with the calm and still scenery of Italy, in which he introduces the clear and brilliant skies peculiar to that climate; he again, in his last pictures, exhibits the most playful execution and charming effects, which constitute the principal beauty of our own mountain scenery in Westmoreland and Cumberland."

The following is a list of Wright's productions brought together at the Derby Exhibition—an exhibition that reflects great credit on the town, and which it is pleasant to learn is only the forerunner of another and much more extensive assemblage of paintings by the same artist, which is intended to be held at, it is to be hoped, no distant date:—

SUBJECT.	CONTRIBUTOR.
Indian Chief's Widow watching the Arms of her Husband*	E. Hoskins.
Portrait—Mrs. French	J. G. Crompton.
" Rev. N. French	Ditto.
" — Abney, Esq.	Rev. E. H. Abney.
" Late J. Harrison, Esq.†	Mrs. Curzon.
" Rev G. Pickering	C. Sandars.
" Thomas Bainbrigge, Esq., as High-Sheriff of the County of Derby, 1760	T. P. Bainbrigge.
" Mrs. Bainbrigge, wife of the above	T. P. Bainbrigge.
The High Tor	Ll. Jewitt, F.S.A.
Vesuvius, from the shore of Posilippo	T. C. Cade.
Farrier's Shop‡	A. Buchanan.
Portrait—James Cade	T. C. Cade.
" A Lady, supposed to be a member of the artist's family	W. Bemrose, jun.
" Charles Hurt, born 1758	Albert F. Hurt.
" Lady Wilmot	Sir H. S. Wilmot.
Moonlight	T. C. Cade.
Portrait—Cheslyn	J. Barber.
Old Man and Death, from Æsop's Fables	Sir H. S. Wilmot.
Grotto in the Gulf of Salerno, with the figure of Julia	J. G. Crompton.
Landscape	T. C. Cade.
Two Children	Mrs. Curzon.
Wright's first Indian Ink Drawing	T. C. Cade.
Portrait of himself§	W. Bemrose, jun.
Wright of Derby‖	T. C. Cade.
Small Moonlight picture	Lord Denman.
Ulleswater—Morning Effect	W. Bemrose, jun.
Portrait	Rev. C. Buckwell.
" Christopher Heath, banker, Derby	J. Hudson.
Girl and Doves	T. W. Walton.
Vesuvius, Original Water-colour Sketch by Wright	Ll. Jewitt, F.S.A.
Portrait—Mrs. Charles Hurt and Daughter	Albert T. Hurt.
" Sir Richard Arkwright¶	Ditto.
Rocks near Matlock (In progress at the time of the artist's death.)	J. G. Crompton.
Landscape	W. Bemrose, jun.
Portrait—Daughter of the artist, afterwards Mrs. James Cade	T. C. Cade.
Moonlight on the Coast of Naples	W. Bemrose, jun.
Margaret and William, from Mallet's celebrated ballad**	T. C. Cade.
Study—Two figures	W. Bemrose, jun.
Portrait—Richard Wright	T. C. Cade.

* Engraved by J. R. Smith. ‡ Engraved by Pether.
† Engraved by J. R. Smith.
§ Engraved in the *Reliquary* for 1864.
‖ This is the portrait with the large hat, so well known as being engraved by James Ward.
¶ Engraved by J. R. Smith.
** Engraved by J. R. Smith.

SUBJECT.	CONTRIBUTOR.
Upper Falls, at Rydal	T. C. Cade.
Lighthouse on Fire in the Mediterranean	S. H. Mason.
Portrait—Francis Fox	Rev. S. Fox.
" Mr. Bennett	Mrs. Bennett.
" W. Fox	Rev. S. Fox.
" Mrs. Fox	Ditto.
" S. Crompton	J. G. Crompton.
" U. Hall	Ditto.
" Mrs. S. Crompton	Ditto.
" T. C. Tate	Ll. Jewitt, F.S.A.
" Dr. Newton, Surgeon of *Royal George*	A. G. Greaves.
Spinstress, with Colin singing	S. H. Mason.
Portrait—Sir Robert Burdett	W. Mundy.
" J. Whitehurst, F.R.S., of Derby*	W. Bemrose, jun.
Mrs. J. Cade, daughter of Wright	T. C. Cade.
Sketch of Nice, with autograph letter at back	Ll. Jewitt, F.S.A.

The maulstick used by Wright was also exhibited by myself, and his palette by Mr. W. Bemrose. LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.

* Of his friend Mr. Tate a remarkably fine portrait by Wright, belonging to myself, was shown at the Derby Exhibition. He holds in his hand a roll of paper bearing one of Wright's sketches of Vesuvius, and one of the figures from Rome, and the signature, "J. Wright."

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE decorations in the Houses of Parliament may be said to be all but in abeyance; at least at the rate at which the paintings are advancing, half a century must elapse before any very considerable proportion of the subjects proposed can be executed. The room in which the late Mr. Dyce was working remains as he left it. It was proposed to paper the unappropriated spaces, and perhaps this has been done. For some time after the death of this artist the continuation of the works by another hand was in contemplation; but among those of our painters who might have the power to continue these decorations, we know not who there is that would fall into the same vein of feeling and description. Six or eight months, perhaps more, have elapsed since Mr. Maclise perfected his great work, 'The Death of Nelson,' in the Royal Gallery; and although it may be said that, even with the two grand pictures which it contains, the embellishments are only half completed, there is no sign of continuation. Three sketches were made with a view to fill three panels at one end of the room, but nothing is as yet done towards the realisation of the subjects, which were Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort, a scene from the life of Marlborough, and another from the life of Drake. Mr. Herbert's grand subject, 'Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law,' has been finished so long, it might be apprehended that the room also in which that picture is, was to be left with blank panels; but Mr. Herbert has, we believe, completed his composition of the 'Judgment of Daniel,' which is intended to fill a principal side panel. This room is better adapted for lighting paintings than any other in either of the Houses, as the light descends from the roof through unobscured glass. To either of the series in the corridors of the Lords and Commons no addition has been made for some time. Mr. Cope, however, has nearly completed two works, which will shortly be placed. Of Mr. Ward's series three are still wanting. In the "Poets' Hall" the dissolution of the frescoes advances, and there is no means of checking it. Mr. Herbert not very long since repainted one of the heads in his work, 'The Disinheritance of Cordelia,' and now the head of Regan calls for restoration. The mischief is most conspicuous in Mr. Watts's fresco. He offered, we think, some time since to repaint the subject; but a second painting could not have escaped the fate of the first. Much chemical acumen has been expended in order to discover what was *not* the cause of the evil, but no satisfactory theory has been propounded. From the first appearance of these discolorations years ago, we stated the cause to be damp, and this is, we believe, now admitted. Every winter the walls are streaming with wet, and there never has yet been a fresco with a constitution sufficiently strong to resist that. In the corridor of the Lords and Commons it is gratifying to see the light has been much improved by the enlargement of the windows and the substitution of glass of a pale tint for that with which the spaces were formerly filled. But

* Engraved by J. Hall.

much yet remains to be effected in this direction. With the exception of that chamber in which Mr. Herbert is working, there is scarcely a room in either House fitted for the display of mural paintings. The light that is admitted through stained glass is fatal to the effect of any pictures.

When the decoration of the Houses of Parliament was first propounded, the design was received with universal acclamation as the opportunity long waited for of forming a school of what is called High Art. But the times have left the Houses behind them; the remuneration which painters obtain for their private works is now three times the amount that could be gained in the public service. Artists, therefore, of competent power will not accept these commissions, and thus, as to their embellishments, the Houses of Parliament will remind posterity of many similarly magnificent enterprises, begun centuries ago but never terminated.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The National Gallery was re-opened after the recess on the 5th of November. The large Rembrandt, which has been already noticed, is placed; and besides this, there are four new Italian pictures, of which the most important are attributed to the school of Melozzo da Forli, who was born in 1438, and died in 1494. Among his contemporaries, therefore, of different schools, were Perugino, Bellini, Mantegna, Benozzo Gozzoli, Filippo Lippi, and others who exercised more or less influence on the Art of their time. Masaccio was dead, but his precepts lived in his works. The two pictures associated with the name of Melozzo are called respectively 'Music' and 'Rhetoric,' of which the impersonations are enthroned in ornate marble niches, approached by steps covered with a green fabric, richly damasked. In that called 'Music,' are two persons, whose dress is of the era of the painter. The principal, a woman very richly attired, points to a set of organ pipes, while discoursing to a youth who kneels reverently before her. In the other picture, 'Rhetoric,' there are also two figures, one of which, as in the former case, enthroned, instructs a youth also kneeling before her. The former composition is full of colour, and in comparison with it, the latter is remarkably sober. If these studies are not portraits, it is probable that such phenomena amid the universality of religious painting in the middle of the fifteenth century were suggested by, and painted for, a wealthy patron. Both pictures appear, in being backed or remounted, to have been reduced a little in size. They were purchased for £600 from Mr. Spence, of Florence, and are supposed (one at least) to have been in the Sacristy of the Cathedral of Urbino, although they are not of a character ever likely to have been painted for ecclesiastical adornments.

In the 'Madonna' by Dalmasio is little to recommend it to notice, save that it is by the hand of a man who, in his day, enjoyed a high reputation, and was warmly eulogised by Guido; but it is probable that the latter was influenced more by Dalmasio's frescoes than his easel pictures. As Dalmasio's works are rare, he is not extensively known. He was a pupil of Vitale da Bologna, and from the many Madonnas he painted, was called Dalmasio delle Madonne. There is a sentiment in some of his works which interested Guido so much, that he said he was never tired of studying them. Malvasia says he was gifted far beyond his contemporaries, or predecessors, with the faculty of depicting the character of "the Mother of God." The same writer tells he made a series of drawings illustrative of the life of Elijah. His works were so much esteemed as examples of early Bolognese Art, that some were cut out of walls, and placed in the public collection at Bologna.

The fourth Italian work is by Piero della Francesca, of the Umbrian school, who was living in 1445, and died in 1494. It is a profile portrait of a lady, telling very sharply against a background which looks as if it had been repainted. The texture of the face has all the dryness of a *guazzo* surface. The expression is life-like and agreeable, and the complexion—a pale yellow—may have been that of the sitter. The hair is drawn back and confined by a white band, with three large pearls on the crown of the head. The face looks very flat for the want of shade to round the features, being a study in that manner which was introduced into England by foreign artists in the sixteenth century, of which we see examples in portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, &c.

The large Rembrandt we have already described. Seven thousand pounds seems extravagant for such a picture; but large compositions by Rembrandt are rare, and it is rather the scarcity of works of this class by the master, than the individual merit of this picture, that has commanded the price.

MUSGRAVE LEWTHWAITE WATSON.*

Every one who takes an interest in British sculpture will thank Dr. Lonsdale for a book which throws a pleasant light upon the history of an artist of whom, and also of his works, very little is comparatively known; yet one whose memory fully deserves the recognition which, after many years, it now receives. Watson's life was too short to leave a distinctive mark on the character of the Art of his time; his opportunities for distinguishing himself were too few, and came, when they did come, too late to attract much public notice; but all who have made the acquaintance of his works, and have the mind to appreciate true nobility of sculpture, acknowledge that the art lost a great man by his death in the prime of manhood.

Watson was a native of Cumberland, born of a family of yeomen, tillers of the soil and lovers of the vale, of independent means and stirring action, and not devoid of family pride. Probably to this last innate quality it was owing that the parents of the boy Musgrave, who had received a good education, and who at school had distinguished himself in his studies, especially of the classics, insisted upon his entering an attorney's office in Carlisle rather than follow the art for which, even as a boy, he showed an inalienable predilection. "It was a sore day," says his biographer, "when he entered the office;" but he managed to relieve the monotony of copying legal documents by sketching stealthily whatever took his fancy, and after office hours practising wood carving and engraving on metal; and "in a few months it seemed to be understood that Art with Watson was a primary pursuit, and law but a secondary following, that served to keep up appearance and to satisfy the parental predilections and wishes."

Of course this state of things could have but one result; Watson worked out his term of indenture in the lawyer's office, and then left it and Carlisle almost at the same time—in 1824—and came up to London, finding that the hostility of his friends to his following the art he loved, and the impossibility of procuring such instruction as he needed, combined to render Cumberland no fit place of residence for him. In London he introduced himself to Flaxman, who received him kindly, advised him as to the schools of the Royal Academy, and gave him free access to his own studio whenever he felt disposed. His first step was to place himself for a few months with Sievier, to acquire a more perfect knowledge of modelling; but the schooling was not to his mind, so he left his preceptor before the expiration of the term agreed upon. Here, however, he met with Mr. Woodington, and it is somewhat singular that these two sculptors should afterwards have been engaged, each on one of the bas-reliefs for the Nelson Column, out of 167 competitors for the work, though Watson did not live to complete his portion, 'The Battle of St. Vincent.'

Very soon after quitting the studio of Sievier, he went to Paris and to Italy, staying about two years in Rome. On his return to England he went down to his native place, where he executed several works—busts, monuments, and figures—for Cumberland patrons. In 1829 Watson was once more in London, and set up his studio, first in Rathbone Place, and afterwards in Museum Street. He got no commissions, however, of any consequence, and was too independent to work as an assistant to any more fortunate sculptor, till stern necessity compelled him to apply to Chantrey, who, on the recommendation of Allan Cunningham, admitted him into his atelier as a modeller; and soon after he received an offer from Sir Richard Westmacott, and accepted it, devoting a portion of the day to each sculptor. Somewhat later he was engaged by Behnes, for whom he modelled, with the exception of the head, the fine statue of Dr. Babington, erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. Dr. Lonsdale says that the statue of 'The Girl and Lizard,' for which Behnes received a medal at the Great Exhibition of 1851, was designed and modelled by Watson, but executed in marble by Behnes after the death of his assistant, whose latest engagements were with Mr. E. H. Baily, R.A., and at Coade's Artificial Stone Works, in Lambeth, where he remained two years, "the ruling mind of the establishment, and reaping large remuneration. He laboured at friezes and figures, and various works for the decoration of private mansions and public edifices. Some of his friezes for the Wyndham family are very beautiful, and his works were distributed over many parts of England—statues of Esculapius and Hygeia for a hall in Liverpool, and groups for Dublin."

There was much in Watson's character and disposition that stood in the way of his obtaining popularity either with his patrons or his acquaintances: "Wanting in equanimity, to-day he was the victim of doubts, depression, and despondency; to-morrow he rose with hopes and lofty aspirations: and so the wheel went round—its movements in no small degree influenced by dyspepsia and impaired health. He could pen the keenest satire on one page, whilst kindly feeling marked the next—an antithesis in himself of hard words and hate with generosity and good feeling. When pleasantly encouraged in his work he was at home with everybody; but if he had to encounter currents of stupidity and ignorance, then woe betide the offending mortals who came between the wind and his nobility." Moreover, his domestic arrangements were not of a nature to give him a place in society. When he first came to London from Carlisle, he was accompanied by a young female, the daughter of a publican in the latter city, to whom he was attached; they lived together as man and wife, but were never married. "Afraid," says his biographer, "of acknowledging his conjugal position, he had not the full benefit of Helen's devotion, nor was her influence equal to the situation of softening asperities or stimulating ambition. He saw but little of society, where he would have shone most creditably, and, though calculated to fascinate the sex, saw nothing of the refined intercourse of woman; hence he enjoyed few of the amenities of life, and little of the *solatium domi*. Art and a kind of intellectual cloistering absorbed him almost entirely; and incessant anxiety about his profession, without an attendant success, tended greatly to sour him." It was this natural irritability, added to that brought on by his last and fatal illness, which induced him to have all his models brought into the sick chamber, and, as each was placed be-

* The Life and Works of Musgrave Lewthwaite Watson, Sculptor. By Henry Lonsdale, M.D. With Illustrations. Published by Routledge and Sons, London.

fore him for inspection, he passed sentence on the old friends and companions of his studio. with but little mercy, and leaving them no appeal. And thus the thoughts and the labours of years were doomed in a few hours to heaps of fragments; works which his friends and others would have been only too pleased to have in possession, both for their intrinsic merit and as a memento of the sculptor. The determination to leave no trace of blemish on the Watsonian Art-shield gave rampancy to his iconoclastic feeling, and the morning's sacrifice —rash and ruthless in all verity—reduced the building of years to dust and *débris*.

If suitable opportunities had been afforded him for exercising his genius to its fullest extent, Watson, even during the comparatively short period of his life, would have accomplished much to elevate the character of the English school of sculpture. His mind was rich in idea, and his taste in accordance with the best examples of Greek Art, matured, as it had been, by the influence of Flaxman, of whom he would have proved himself a most worthy follower. His noble bas-relief, 'Sleep and Death bearing off the dead Body of Sarpedon,' of which an engraving appeared in the *Art-Journal* for 1851, about three years after his death, is a work that Flaxman himself would have been proud to own, so graceful is it in its simplicity, and so dignified in its expressive character. Of a different order of design, but not less elevated in conception, is the extended bas-belief on what was till very recently the Hall of Commerce, but is now the Consolidated Bank, in Threadneedle Street. The subject of this frieze, which extends to the length of more than seventy feet, and shows figures of upwards of five feet in height, represents the advantages and beneficial influence of Commerce, and, as a specimen of archeotonic sculpture, is not excelled by any similar work of native origin in London.

One of Watson's finest statues is that of Flaxman, in the London University; and with this may be ranked those of the brothers Lords Eldon and Stowell, placed side by side in the library of University College, Oxford: all three figures are seated. Dr. Lonsdale records the following characteristic anecdote of Samuel Rogers with regard to the statues of the distinguished lawyers. Rogers was well acquainted with Watson, and had proved a kind friend to him.

"Mr. Rogers, the poet, invariably spoke of the Eldon group as the finest statues in England. With the zeal of an enthusiast, and all the pleasure that could mark the feelings of a coadjutor in the work, he had traced the development of the design in Watson's hands." We must here observe that, though the entire design of both figures was Watson's, both being modelled by him, he only executed in marble a portion of the statue of Lord Stowell, which his friend and assistant, Mr. George Nelson, completed after his death, as he did also the whole of the Eldon figure. "When the group was done in the marble, and his friend the sculptor was no more, he stood in front of the work, and, pointing steadfastly to the figures of the two brothers, thus apostrophised them:—'Ah, John Eldon! you liked that grand old port of mine: and' (after a slight pause) 'so did you, William Stowell, and right well you punished it, both of you.' Then the aged bard, assuming a graver tone, as if influenced by a solemn regret for the loss of him who had designed so noble a work, and been carried to his grave before he could receive the homage due to his genius, said to his friend close by,—'Ah, sir, I have been preaching to the people for years that they had a great man amongst them. They will find it out now that he is gone. Poor Watson!' With these touching words on his lips Rogers withdrew, as if unable to say more."

Dr. Lonsdale has done good service to artistic biography by the simple narrative he has given of one who may be called his fellow-townsman. The task, we know, has not proved an easy one to collect and arrange such scattered materials as are here got together; but a sincere regard for the memory of the man, and an appreciative reverence for his works, urged him onwards in his labours, and have enabled him to bring them to a successful termination. It is thus we often find individual enthusiasm in the pursuit of an object conducing to an end which would not otherwise be accomplished, and raising up a monument to those whom the rest of the world would allow to depart out of it unhonoured. "This biography," the author says, "should have fallen into more experienced hands than mine;" it could not, certainly, have fallen into more honest hands, for failings and merits are alike brought to light. "But as no one seemed disposed to undertake it," he continues, "I felt for the honour of Cumberland that the greatest sculptor born within its boundaries, and the most remarkable man in his own line after Flaxman, should not pass away without some notice, however imperfect, of his character and works."

The story of Watson's life is agreeably written, his art is reviewed in a spirit and in language that evidence a cultivated mind and a knowledge of the subject discussed; while the character and actions of the man—the one too often open to animadversion, the other wayward and intemperate—are touched upon with a delicacy and tenderness of feeling that do credit to the author's heart, though, doubtless, occasionally at the expense of his judgment. Watson's career is not without its moral—one of instruction and warning: he began life wrongly, in a false position; entering London with a companion whose association, true and faithful to him as she appears to have been, was, so long as it lasted—for "Helen" died some years before her friend—a barrier to his moral reputation, and therefore, to some extent at least, a hindrance to his professional advancement, his marriage *de convenance* excluded him from such society as might have been a help to his progress. And his life had a premature ending. How far the seeds of the disease, consumption, which terminated it were the fruit of his general habits, and of his inattention to regular dieting, may be a question; but, beyond all doubt, the recourse he had to stimulants during his later years, to nerve him, but only for a time, for the performance of his work, contributed in no small measure to accelerate his death. When the end came it brought with it, we may feel assured, though his biographer does not say so, no trustful hope concerning the future. In one of his letters written to his friend Robert Abraham, in 1827, that is, when he was about twenty-three years of age, he says,—"I laughed at your letter advising me about religion, &c.; I know nothing of it, and care as little." Dr. Lonsdale finds but a sorry excuse for this practical and avowed unbelief when he remarks,—"Though Watson made no demonstration of church-going, he was not devoid of religious feeling. Probably he felt, as many have done (and still do), the impossibility of subscribing to the ideal and dogmatic standards, or of listening to the sermonising of Scribes and the denunciations of Pharisees, and so withdrew from the gatherings of the 'self-elect.'" What Watson's "religious feeling" may have been one cannot rightly understand, but unquestionably it had little or nothing in common with that which induced a great English sculptor, John Bacon, to pen the following inscription for his own monument, erected after his death, in the burial-ground attached to Whitfield's Chapel in Tottenham Court Road:—"What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I was as a believer in Jesus Christ is the only thing of importance to me now." Neither was his faith akin to that which sustained and kept in perfect peace to the last a greater than Bacon, Watson's early friend, John Flaxman, of whom it has been said,—"In all his best productions, those which are really to be regarded as the spontaneous offspring of his own mind and feelings, the workings of a good, a pure, and a benevolent spirit, are as discernible as those of a great one. . . . . He rendered his art more poetic, taught it to address itself to the heart, to touch the noblest feelings of our nature; and, while it touched, to elevate them to that sphere of holiness where his own affections constantly abided."

The volume is illustrated with photographs of several of Watson's best works.

SELECTED PICTURES.

THE POST-BOY.

F. Goodall, R.A., Painter. E. Goodall, Engraver.

WERE it not for the single figure which gives the title to this picture, it would simply pass for a pleasant representation of an English pastoral scene, an old farmhouse of scanty accommodation, with its ordinary accompaniments of domestic fowl, &c.; but the lad with the post-bag flung across his shoulder, his top-boots, and long horn, gives to the subject a kind of speciality, and serves to draw away the thoughts from the quietude of rural life to the noisy world beyond, between which two he is the ever moving medium of communication. It will not do to criticise the composition according to the canons that are accepted as guides to estimate truth of representation with reference to the immediate occupation of the characters introduced on the canvas; for even in those days when steam and railways were unknown, and men were unaccustomed to move about at the speed they now do, the village postboy would scarcely have ventured to perform his duties in this leisurely manner. His letter-bag appears too heavy to lead to the conclusion that he has duly delivered all its contents, and yet he stands watching his nag at the trough of the pump as if his day's work were over. It may be he has some anxiety or curiosity, though neither is shown, to know something of the contents of the epistle of which he has been the bearer to the young girl who is reading it most attentively, while her juvenile sister stands by in a listening attitude, as if she too would hear the import of the communication. There is another individual present not unobservant of what goes on elsewhere; the old lady, a little in the background, is scanning the whole proceedings very suspiciously, and as it may be taken for granted that she is a relative of the maiden, though too aged to be the mother, she will, doubtless, require some explanation of what that letter contains.

Turner was sometimes accustomed to remark that the critics of his works would frequently give him credit for thoughts and ideas which had never entered into his mind when painting his pictures, or, in other words, that they gave to them a descriptive character greatly differing from his own intention, and which he did not himself purpose in the composition and treatment of the subject, though it might bear the construction put upon it. Perhaps we are doing the same with Mr. Goodall's 'Post-boy;' if so, it is to be hoped he will pardon us. One who attempts to read a picture can only do so by the light of his own understanding revealing what he sees on the canvas; but inasmuch as the artist and the critic may see with different eyes, or, as one possesses the certainty of knowledge while the other's opinion is founded on circumstantial evidence only, it is not surprising if the two should occasionally disagree in judgment. Whether we are right or wrong in our version of the 'Post-boy,' we shall not err in complimenting the painter on the ability he has shown in the treatment of this homely but truly picturesque episode of country life. Such scenes are always welcome to a community many of whose pleasures and recreations are associated with the country: pictures of this class are certainly not the least attractive in our annual exhibitions.



ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—The bronze statue of the late Earl of Eglinton and Winton, by P. Mac Dowell, R.A., has been placed on its granite pedestal, on the north side of St. Stephen's Green. It represents his lordship in the robes of the Order of St. Patrick, and may be regarded as a work worthy of the reputation of the sculptor who designed it.—We regret to learn that the amount to be distributed by the Dublin Art-Union in prizes this year reaches no more than the sum of £250, and this, too, only after the most strenuous exertions of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Michael Angelo Hayes, R.H.A., whose efforts to extend to Art and artists the benefits of such associations deserve all praise. On such a scale of patronage we cannot wonder that Irish artists seek for employment in other fields than the capital of their own land.—The Royal Hibernian Academy has recently elected Sir Thomas Deane as President, in the room of Mr. Catterson Smith, whose term of office has just expired. Mr. Macmanus succeeds Mr. Kendrick as Keeper; the post of Secretary being still held by Mr. Michael Angelo Hayes, whose good services in that capacity are universally acknowledged.—The statue of Sir Henry Marsh, M.D., by Mr. Foley, R.A., noticed in our last, was formally presented on the 7th ult., to the King and Queen's College, Dublin, by the Committee on behalf of the subscribers. A large gathering of professors and *literati* assembled at the ceremony, when, to their gratification of possessing this momento of their former colleague and president, was expressed their high estimate of its value as a work of Art.—At a meeting of the committee appointed to select an artist for the execution of the National O'Connell Memorial, held in the City Hall, Dublin, on the 18th October, the resolution that the entire work be placed in the hands of Mr. Foley, R.A., was carried, by a large majority. We congratulate the committee on having thus far accomplished their labours in an undertaking which may be anticipated to rank among the most important works of modern ages.

BRADFORD.—The first annual meeting of the School of Art has been held. The object of the meeting was to transact the ordinary business of the institution, and also to distribute the prizes to the successful competitors to the national competition. The report states that since the examination, the school has progressed favourably: it now numbers—61 attending the evening classes; 19 attending the ladies' classes; total, 78.

CAMBRIDGE.—Mr. Woolner has completed his marble statue of Lord Macaulay, to be erected in Trinity College. The figure is seated, and is draped in academic robes.

LEAMINGTON.—A School of Art, in connection with the Department at South Kensington, was opened in this town on November 15th, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Ryan, formerly head-master of the Leeds and Halifax schools. The committee confidently looks forward to the institution of this school as supplying a want long felt in Leamington, where a museum is also about to be established, which is expected to be of great service to Mr. Ryan's pupils.

MANCHESTER.—The exhibition of modern pictures, &c., opened, in the month of October, at the Royal Manchester Institute, was remarkably good. Many of the wealthy collectors of the neighbourhood contributed valuable works.—The Manchester *Albert Memorial* is fast approaching completion; it shows a considerable amount of carving, well executed by Messrs. T. R. & E. Williams, of Manchester; the designs being modelled on the spot by Mr. Evan Williams. Heraldic decoration to a great extent is introduced in the panels of the basement and the main piers. These exhibit the armorial bearings of the late Prince Consort, together with the different crests of the dominions held by his Royal Highness in Saxony. There are figures representing Art, science, commerce, and agriculture, supported in the middle stage by minor figures illustrative of painting, architecture, sculpture, music, astronomy, chemistry, geometry, mechánics, and literature. Among the names remarkable in science and the arts, which are here figured in stone medallions from portraits, are Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Sir Christopher Wren, Goethe, Schiller, Inigo Jones, Milton, Shakspere, Raffaelle, Tasso, and Dante.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The Fine-Art Exhibition in this town, to which reference was made in our last number, realised a surplus sum of £400, which is to be given to the Mechanics' Institute.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The annual distribution of prizes to the successful competitors in the Southampton School of Art took place on the 6th of November, in the hall of the Hartley Institution. The occasion did not attract a large attendance, considering that the town numbers about 50,000 inhabitants, the great body of whom, we can only suppose from the fact just stated, feels little or no interest in the school. The chair was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry James, and the prizes were distributed by Viscount Gort. The total number of students of all classes, including public and private schools, under instruction during the past sessional year was 1,155. The report of the committee refers at some length to the recent Loan Exhibition at Southampton, which appears to have originated in the joint action of the council of the Hartley Institution and of the committee of the School of Art. A series of the best works executed at the school since its foundation, several of which had received rewards from the Department of Art, was exhibited in the Hartley gallery, but for the reason that prizes had already been given to them, they were excluded—by the regulations which the jurors of awards at the Loan Exhibition had laid down for their guidance—from the honorary distinction they would otherwise have received. The report animadverts in strong terms on the wretched accommodation afforded to the pupils of the school, in apartments under the ball-room at the Victoria Assembly Rooms—where there is no suitable space for the display of the casts and other Art-examples belonging to the school—and which is actually not watertight. We remember visiting this "place of study" some two or three years ago, and felt surprised that the inhabitants of the town should permit the school to be so located. Three times, the report says, have the inspectors of the Science and Art Department expressed their opinion on the unsuitability of the rooms for the purposes to which they are assigned, yet no action has been taken in the matter. But what else can be expected from those who, from inquiries we have made, do not contribute a single annual subscriber, out of such a population as Southampton contains, to the support of a school whose head-master is, if we have not been misinformed, almost entirely dependent on private teaching for a livelihood? These facts are far from creditable to the inhabitants, a large number of whom have ample means to aid an institution which has now been in existence for twelve years. We were always under the impression that apartments in the Hartley Institution were to be allotted to the School of Art, but this does not seem to be the case.

YORK.—The Yorkshire Fine-Art and Industrial Exhibition, which closed recently, proved eminently successful. It was visited by 337,881 persons, the amount received from all sources was £13,520 11*s.* 10*d.*; this does not include commissions on sales of pictures, nor the receipts from sale of fixtures, &c. The balance in favour of the committee is £4,000; various suggestions have been made with regard to the disposal of this sum, such as contributions to local charities, the erection of some edifice that may be both useful and ornamental to the city—for example, a picture gallery or a museum of Fine-Art—and also some efficient aid to the York School of Art.—The annual meeting of the York School of Art took place in the month of October, in the presence of a large number of its supporters; Mr. Beresford-Hope presided. The report of the committee stated that the attendance of pupils at the central school had been 72 compared with 100 of the previous year; the receipts from school fees were equal to those of former years.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

BERLIN.—The forty-fifth Exhibition of Living Artists was opened on the 2nd of September. The catalogue contains 931 works of Art, of which 788 are oil paintings. Although the German war had greatly interfered with the prospects of the exhibition this year, there are more works of Art exhibited than in the last year of the exhibition (1864). Many of them deserve explicit notice, especially a very fine picture by Andreas Achenbach—'View of Ostend' (purchased for the Berlin National Gallery; two by the artist's brother, Oswald Achenbach, and two by Ludwig Hermann; also a well-finished picture by Graeb and Charles Hoguet, which reminds an Englishman of C. Stanfield. In *genre*, Carl Becker, Vautier, Knaus, Jordan, and Lusch are conspicuous. Paul Meyerheim is a promising young painter of animal and still-life. In the Academy is also a picture of the Coronation of their Majesties the King and Queen of Prussia in 1861, by Menzel. As a historical painter the artist has his admirers; but this picture cannot be called a successful one, especially in the portraits of the Royal Family and the distinguished personages meant to be represented.

BRUSSELS.—The *Exposition des Beaux Arts* in this city closed on the 18th of October. Ten gold medals were awarded by the jury, all to Belgian artists with the exception of one, which was given to M. Carrier Belleuse, the French sculptor. The King has conferred a number of decorations on artists. M. Ingres is made Commander of the Order of Leopold, MM. Thomas and J. Stevens, of Paris, M. Robert, of Brussels, and M. Charles Verlat, of Antwerp, Officers; and the following artists Chevaliers of the same order: Messrs. Frith and Stanfield, of London; MM. Daubigny, Charles Jalabert, and Schreyer, painters, M. Maillet, sculptor, and M. Anguste Blanchard, engraver, all French artists; MM. Alma Tadema, De Haas, Keelhof, painters; Gustave Simonau, water-colour artist and lithographer, and Jacques Wiener, medal engraver, Belgians; and M. Van Muyden, painter, of Geneva.—The Royal Palace had, a short time since, a narrow escape from entire destruction by fire: the damage done is estimated at the sum of 400,000 francs; at least, it is so stated, but the amount seems enormous. A picture by Rubens, and various objects of Art brought by the present King of Belgium, were destroyed.

FLORENCE.—Hiram Powers, the distinguished American sculptor, but long resident in this city, has recently completed a figure representing 'Eve after the Fall,' which, report says, surpasses his famous 'Greek Slave,' of which an engraving was published some years ago in the *Art-Journal*.

PARIS.—At the annual sitting of the Academy of Fine Arts at Paris, the Lambert prize, of the value of 1,300 francs, was adjudged to M. Nanteuil, painter. The Deschaumes prize of 1,500 francs is divided between two young architects, MM. Marcel Boisvert and M. Méquer. The prize founded by M. Achille Leclere in the architectural section, the subject of which is "A monument commemorative of the excursion of their Majesties in Algeria," was assigned to M. Ferdinand Dutert.—Since the reorganisation of the Paris School of Fine Arts, improvements have been made in the course of studies. According to the *Society of Arts' Journal*, there will be thirteen lectures a week: two of these are addressed especially to pupils in the class of painting, and two to those in the architectural class; the remainder apply to all the classes. M. Chevillard lectures on perspective, once a week for the painters, and once for architects; M. Ossian Bonnet treats twice a week on descriptive geometry; M. Baude also twice a week on practical construction, administration, and accounts. The studios of the school are directed by the painters Cabanel, Pils, and Gérôme; the sculptors Dumont, Jouffroy, and Guillaume; the architects Constant Dufaux, Paccard, and Laisné Charles; the engravers Henriquel Dupont and Farachon; the greater portion of whom are members of the Academy of the Fine Arts in the Institute of France.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—We announced some time ago the probability of Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A., resigning the secretaryship of the Academy, an office he has held for about twenty years, as successor of Mr. Henry Howard, R.A. The resignation has now, it is stated, taken place, Mr. Knight finding that his health will not permit attention to the duties he has so long discharged.—The *Athenæum* says that the "hangers" of the exhibition next year will be Messrs. S. Hart, J. F. Lewis, and G. Richmond.—The Annual Lectures are now in course of delivery, Professor Partridge having opened the season by his Demonstrations on Anatomy. During the present winter Mr. Cope, now the occupant of the chair formerly held by Fuseli, Howard, and more recently by Leslie, will make his *congé* as Professor of Painting.—Mr. Abraham Cooper, the veteran Royal Academician, has, it is stated, tendered his resignation as, what our French neighbours would call, *un membre effectif*, and henceforth will be classed with Mr. E. H. Baily, the sculptor, as Honorary Retired Academician. Mr. Cooper's resignation creates another vacancy in the Academy.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—The three landscapes in the collection which have been cleaned during the recess have, we believe, been subjected to the old process of depuration, and we doubt not that the operator has proceeded as far as he could go with safety. Some time since certain pictures of the collection had their varnish surfaces revived or refreshed, according to the Pettenkofer method; but it is to be hoped that the principle will not be applied to others, as it does not remove the ingrained dust, but will probably render cleaning extremely difficult should that process be hereafter determined on. The surfaces of the pictures that were thus refreshed are, as might be expected, saddening down to their former dulness. It would be obviously absurd to say that the three landscapes—the Poussin, the Salvator, and the Rubens—are again as bright as when they left the easel of the respective painters; but they are much improved, and the rubbing, be it wet or dry, seems to have been stopped at a very safe point. The sky of the Salvator looks so cold that it will perhaps be said the glaze has been cleaned off; but upon that sky there never was a glaze. The masses of foliage still look opaque, but no cleaning could give them transparency. The Rubens, which in comparison with the two others may be called a light picture, has none of those dark masses which become heavy with age, but its light breadths stand out full of detail. It is, we believe, in contemplation to clean the Sebastian del Piombo: of all pictures in the gallery none require such a process more than this. Mr. Boxall, it is said, declines to assume the responsibility, but has called the attention of the trustees to the condition of the picture, in order that the cleaning may be authorised by them. It was painted on panel, but in 1771 was, in Paris, transferred to canvas. Sir Charles Eastlake did not recommend many pictures to be cleaned, and, compared with the condition of the works in foreign galleries, but few of those in our collection seem to require it. There is not anywhere, in one apartment (save, perhaps, in the Pitti Palace) a display so valuable and brilliant as that contained in the Italian Room of the National Gallery.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The recent exhibition of copies will, perhaps, be the last held in this well-known gallery. The extinction of what is called the *School* will not be felt, but the loss of the other exhibitions, especially of one of them, will be irreparable. If we review the copying even from that time when Haydon worked with his pupils from the Cartoons, it will not be found that English painting has profited much by such a course of study. Admirable pictures have, however, been generously left for imitation, with the hope that they would profit those who worked from them. Many charming examples of Reynolds were this season selected, as Kitty Fisher; the Duchess of Rutland when a child, a charming picture; the Duchess of Rutland (an adult figure), that which suggested to Newton his 'Solitude;' Lady Crewe as a shepherdess, and others by Rembrandt, Wilkie, Roberts, Guido, Both, Wouvermans, Canaletto, &c.; a selection, indeed, of such variety that every taste could be gratified. Those most in favour among students were two of Reynolds'—the Duchess of Rutland in childhood, and Kitty Fisher. Of the former twenty-two copies were made, of which the most fortunate are by Mrs. Charretie and Mr. Paul. Of Kitty Fisher were sixteen copies of many grades of merit, but generally they were tame and raw. The authenticity of this picture has been questioned from the existence of a print which bears the name of Cosway as the painter, and Dawe as the engraver; but a comparison of the print with the picture, establishes at once the fact that it is not a transcript of Reynolds' portrait. The hair is not identical, the features are different, the head of the principal dove is not turned in the same direction as that in the picture, the arrangement of the dress varies materially, and there are other points of difference more than enough to prove that Sir Joshua painted one portrait with doves, and Cosway produced a similar one. The elaborate manner in which many of these copies are made shows that the artists need rather practice in drawing than in painting. These exhibitions of so-called ancient pictures have been a source of infinite pleasure, and profitable also, to young artists; but those who are in a condition to benefit by them have no need to make painful copies; a memorandum of colour, form, or composition is enough, and this may be accomplished in an hour.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—The Council of this institution has secured a site for the erection of the projected new building, near Westminster Abbey, and which will have an approach from Great Smith Street. It is assumed that though this locality may not prove in some respects the most eligible, its proximity to a quarter of the metropolis in which Art-workmen abound, is an advantage of the highest importance. Moreover, the land, upwards of 5,000 superficial feet, is held on very liberal conditions. The cost of erecting the building is estimated at about £2,000, towards which various members of the society have voluntarily offered to subscribe £10 each, and assistance from any other quarter is asked. Mr. J. Clarke and Mr. Ewan Christian have undertaken to act as honorary architects, the former of whom, and Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., will receive any subscriptions or donations that may be forwarded to them. Payments may also be made to Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph and Co., 43, Charing Cross, to the "Architectural Museum Building Fund Account."

ART-SCHOOLS.—The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have determined to increase the payments on account of satisfactory elementary works executed during the year by an artisan, which will be in future 15*s.* instead of 10*s.*; and on account of satisfactory advanced works 20*s.* instead of 15*s.* After the annual examination for Art-certificates in February next, there will be from four to six vacancies in the list of masters in training, to whom an allowance of £1 per week is made, for which students of local schools who hold the 1st certificate may compete.

CIVIL PENSION LIST.—The Queen, on the recommendation of Lord Derby, has been pleased to grant a pension of £75 to the widow of the late Mr. Godfrey Sykes, formerly a pupil and master of the Sheffield School of Art, and architectural decorator of the South Kensington Museum; and a pension of £100 per annum to Mrs. Carpenter, widow of the late Mr. W. Carpenter, Keeper of the Print-room of the British Museum: Mrs. Carpenter, as our readers generally are aware, is an excellent portrait-painter.

ASSOCIATED ARTS' INSTITUTE.—The members of this society—which has for its object the promotion of social intercourse among young artists, and the improvement of their tastes by various means, as the delivery of lectures, exhibition of paintings, sketches, &c.—held its first meeting of the season on the 27th of October, under the presidency of Mr. R. Westmacott, R.A., F.R.S., who delivered an address. The great attraction of the evening was a series of drawings by Mr. R. Phéné Spiers, travelling architectural student of the Royal Academy. These drawings were made by him during a somewhat recent journey into the East, Italy, and Germany. Mr. Spiers, who gave some account of his visit, was highly complimented by the president on the beauty and fidelity of his sketches.

THE METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL WORKING CLASSES' EXHIBITION, recently held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was closed, with considerable ceremony, in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, on the evening of November 12th. Lord John Manners, M.P., presided, and spoke at considerable length and to good purpose on the undertaking and its unqualified success. It appears from the statement of the Executive Council, read by the active and intelligent secretary of the Exhibition, Mr. W. J. Watts, that about 550,000 persons visited the Hall during the Exhibition, besides some thousands of children belonging to Sunday, parochial, and other schools, admitted gratuitously; and that out of 550,000 visitors, more than half a million paid the entrance money. The awards made by the adjudicators consisted of special money prizes to a considerable amount offered by private individuals, 81 silver medals, 175 bronze medals, and 185 certificates of honourable mention, making a total of 441 exhibitors receiving marks of merit out of 1,455 contributors. The Jurors sum up their Report in these words:—"We feel bound to state that, with certain honourable exceptions, the objects exhibited do not attain to great excellence. The chief deficiencies are in those important qualities which result from well-directed study, and in originality of design, the offspring of independent thought. At the same time there are abundant evidences of patient, laborious perseverance, of earnest assiduity, and particularly of technical skill and manual dexterity, which give promise of more decided excellence in

future 'Industrial Exhibitions.' Both pecuniarily and in its general results the undertaking has proved a decided success."

MICHAEL ANGELO.—Mr. Woodward, the Queen's Librarian, is, it is stated, engaged, by command of her Majesty, upon a collection of everything that illustrates or bears upon the life and works of the great Florentine painter, sculptor, architect, and engineer, a subject in which the late Prince Consort took much interest.

STATUE OF JOHN FIELDEN, ESQ., M.P.—The labours of this gentleman some years since in furtherance of the Ten-hours' Bill were so warmly appreciated in the factory districts of the North, that on his decease it was determined to raise by public subscription in the locality associated with his career, a memorial of the gratitude of those classes in whose behalf he had long and untiringly worked. That memorial, a bronze statue by Mr. Foley, R.A., completed some three or four years since, is now to be placed near the Town Hall, about to be built in Todmorden, in anticipation of which appropriate site its erection has been deferred. The figure, highly characteristic, is attired in the ordinary costume of the day, and represents Mr. Fielden speaking on the Ten-hours' Bill, which he holds in his left hand, the right being sustained by the thumb resting in the arm-hole of the waistcoat, a position peculiar to the original; without any effort at *pose* or action it arrests attention by its simplicity and earnestness.

DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.—The "Life" of this distinguished artist, by Mr. James Ballantine, has been published by Messrs. A. and C. Black; but we received it too late for notice in the present month's number.

THE STATUE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, by Mr. Noble, erected near the *Athenæum* Club House, Pall Mall, was uncovered last month, in the presence of a distinguished assembly. The figure is easy and dignified in posture, and the likeness is pronounced by Lady Franklin to be excellent. Sir John is represented as speaking to his ship's company; in his hand he grasps a telescope, chart, and a pair of compasses. In front of the pedestal is a beautiful bas-relief of Franklin's funeral; and on the sides are recorded the names of the officers, men, and boys composing the crews of the two vessels, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, that formed the Arctic expedition; not one of whom returned to England to tell the story of their sufferings. The work, viewed either artistically or as a testimony of the living to the honour of the dead, is worthy of all respect.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS will open its annual exhibition early next year at the gallery of the Architectural Institute, Conduit Street. All works intended for exhibition must be sent in on the 1st and 2nd of January. An Academy for the study of the living model in costume will be opened twice a week at the gallery, in connection with the society. The school will be conducted by Mrs. Lee Bridell, with Mr. Cave Thomas for "visitor:" it could not be in better hands.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The winter session of this society opened in the month of November with an inaugural address from the President, Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, M.P. We regret our limited space this month prevents our reporting even a portion of the statements made by the chairman on the subjects he brought before the notice of the members, such, for example, as the proposed edifices for the National Gallery and the Royal Academy, and the competition of architects for the new Palace of Justice. With regard to the prospects of British architecture at the forthcoming International Exhibition in Paris, Mr. Beresford-Hope remarked that the drawings and designs to be sent were comparatively few; but he informed the meeting that the South Kensington authorities have undertaken to arrange preliminary exhibitions in London during this month.

THE STATUETTE OF "THE SMITH," by F. M. MILLER, which many will recall with pleasure as one of the "objects of mark" at the Royal Academy, is now placed in the gallery of the dealers, Croxford & Co., in Regent Street. It is a fine illustration of "the nobility of labour," of which Longfellow eloquently writes. The design of the artist is to portray mental and physical power, accompanied by strong will—a combination that has wrought the principal marvels of our age. In this effort Miller has had great success. It is a thoughtful work—indeed, a work of genius. We trust it may attract the notice of some great "iron-master" of the North, who may be gratified to find his art thus dignified. This is the passage from Carlile which the sculptor has studied to illustrate:—"All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of Divineness. Labour, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven—sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart."

MR. RIMMEL'S ALMANACK has again appeared. It is, as heretofore, in chromo-lithography, and, of course, perfumed. For "the small sum of sixpence," a really beautiful series of coloured prints may be obtained, drawn by one of the most accomplished artists of France—Elsé de Beaumont. The little book is made for the waistcoat pocket. It is full of dates, being a miniature guide to the year of our Lord 1867. The drawings are charming; rich in character, although the actors in the several pictured scenes are children. It would be impossible to issue such a production at the price demanded for it; but no doubt it is to be accepted as one of the modes that Mr. Rimmel takes to advertise his perfumes, which are found and valued in every country of the world.

FOOT-LIGHTS IN THEATRES.—The patented invention of Messrs. Defries (the eminent manufacturers of glass chandeliers) has been practically applied at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Liverpool, achieving entire success. It will therefore, probably, be ere long introduced generally into theatres and other places of public resort where footlights are needed. From the Liverpool papers we learn its manifold advantages. It prevents all hazard of fire, and averts the evils that arise from heated air, while giving increased and improved light to the stage.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS IN WARWICKSHIRE.—Some stereoscopic slides have been submitted to us of singular merit, obviously taken under the most favourable circumstances, and by an artist who fully comprehends the picturesque. They comprise views of Kenilworth, Guy's Cliff, Stratford Church, Warwick Castle, and the Beauchamp Chapel, and are the productions of Mr. Alexander Wilson, of Leamington.

MESSRS. DELARUE have issued their annual supply of pocket-books, diaries, &c.; and, as heretofore, they are at once the safest guides, and the most graceful companions; "got up" with taste and arranged with sound judgment; giving, indeed, an immense amount of useful information.

REVIEWS.

THE ART OF ILLUMINATING as practised in Europe from the Earliest Times. Illustrated by Borders, Initial Letters, and Alphabets Selected and Chromolithographed by W. R. TYMMS. With an Essay and Instruction by M. D. Wyatt, Architect. Published by DAY AND SON (Limited), London.

If the art of illuminating does not legitimately come within the ranks of the Fine Arts it follows so closely in their rear, and sometimes assumes so much of their character, that it might not inappropriately be classed with them. Books, manuscripts, and missals which have come down to us, show what toil and ingenuity, what time and study, were devoted to the production of these sumptuous and elaborately-ornamented documents and pages; while the moneys paid for some of these ancient monuments of decorative Art are known to be equal to the cost of erecting a church or a mansion. "Men of the profoundest learning," says Mr. Digby Wyatt, "have devoted, some whole lives, and many of them long years, to the study of those precious pages, in the decoration of which the highest efforts of the illuminists of old were lavished; and have yet, one and all, confessed the partial and incomplete mastery of the subject which they, with all their labour, have been enabled to acquire, or in elaborate disquisitions to record for the benefit of posterity."

But it is not alone to the ornamentation of books, and vellums, and parchments that illumination has been found applicable. The architect of past ages enlisted it in his service, and it has been revived by the builder of our own day. The church and the monastery, the palace, and the mansion of olden time, were enriched with the colours and the gold of the decorative artist; while the worker in metal gave, and now gives, additional splendour to his polished brass in the vermillion and azure tints he lays upon it.

England, especially in the fourteenth century, occupied a high position in the extent and beauty of its illuminations. Dr. Waagen, who made a special study of the illuminated manuscripts of Europe, says, with reference to some specimens executed in our own country during that century, that "they excel those of all other nations of the time, with the exception of the Italian, and are not inferior even to these." And again, in describing some of the pictures in Queen Mary's Psalter, which are unquestionably English, he remarks:—"Upon the whole, I am acquainted with no miniatures, either Netherlandish, German, or French, of this time," still the fourteenth century, "which can compare in artistic value with the pictures executed by the best hand in this manuscript."

Since the introduction of chromo-lithographic printing the public has had opportunities of becoming acquainted, at least, with the style and manner of the old book-illuminators; and it has been the means of reviving a taste for, and the practice of, an art which had long lain dormant. In some respects the printing-press has superseded hand labour, but there is still a wide field open for the artist who desires to turn his talents to profitable account as well as for those whose object is only to employ a portion of their time in some agreeable and elegant amusement. It was for both of these classes that Mr. Tymms published a few years since a large and costly work, which now makes its appearance again, considerably reduced in size and in price; thus bringing it within the reach of thousands whose means would not permit the purchase of the larger volume. For all practical purposes the one will be found as useful as the other; differing only in their dimensions the illuminated examples appear to be identically the same in accuracy of drawing and in richness of colour. Mr. Wyatt's valuable essay and voluminous code of instructions are also given without curtailment, so far as we remember. A more complete manual for the study and practice of the Art, one altogether more comprehensive and intelligent, could scarcely have been projected and carried out.

THE LEGEND OF CROQUEMITAINE, AND THE CHIVALRIC TIMES OF CHARLEMAGNE. Freely translated from the French of L'Epine, by TOM HOOD. Illustrated with one hundred and seventy-seven Designs by Gustave Doré. Published by CASSELL & Co., London.

If the genius of Gustave Doré be not as widely known in England as in his own country, it will not be for any lack of introduction here through the enterprising firm in Belle Sauvage Yard. Messrs. Cassell seem to have obtained a monopoly in the publication of the works illustrated by the pencil of this extraordinarily prolific young artist; and certainly great credit is due to these publishers for the manner in which they reproduce his designs and the accompanying text. But it is a matter worthy of their consideration whether the British public may not grow weary of feeding on such delicacies; *toujours perdrix* is as applicable to a class of literary or artistic works as it is to a dish on the dinner-table, and the appetite does not grow with what it feeds upon, but rather becomes satiated by constant repetition. A picture-gallery containing only the examples of one master, however distinguished he may be, would soon exhaust the interest of a frequent visitor, unless he went there as a vigilant student; and Doré's drawings are very much in the same position, even admitting all their acknowledged excellence. The abundance of the work required of him is opposed to much thought, and, consequently, to much variety of character in what he puts forth; it leaves him no time to reflect upon the advantages to be derived from novelty in manner as well as in matter—from new ideas no less than the method of expressing them.

We are led to these remarks by examining his illustrations of "The Legend of Croquemitaine" and comparing those of his "Don Quixote" and "Baron Munchausen;" allowing for a certain diversity of subject, the three works have a uniform appearance—they are, so to speak, almost of one type. The Knight of La Mancha and the Knight Roland of Blaves, are *Arcades ambo*, each may stand in place of the other, artistically; and Sancho Panza may fraternise with Ganelon, Count of Mayence, so far as personality is concerned. That Doré is as clever among the chivalry of Charlemagne's time as among the Spanish knights and dames of a later period, is what no one will deny; but we seem to have seen everything before—the puppet *fantoccini* reflected on the canvas are old acquaintances. Doubtless there are hundreds of Doré's admirers who may not object to this, and they will turn over the leaves of this handsome and amusing volume with renewed pleasure.

Mr. Tom Hood has translated the original text very humorously and faithfully; the stories, combined with the pictures, will enliven many a fire-side at the forthcoming Christmas: of this there cannot be a question, notwithstanding the opinion we have felt bound to express.

POEMS. By JEAN INGELOW. With Illustrations by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by LONGMANS & Co., London.

Miss Ingelow's poems have achieved a success that has carried them through several editions on their own merits alone. A much greater share of popular favour assuredly awaits them with the additional attractions of a large number of very beautiful woodcuts from the pencils of Messrs. Pinwell, Poynter, North, Wolf, E. and T. Dalziel, Houghton, and Small;—illustrations which, of their kind, are as charming as ever graced a "gift-book." We say "of their kind," because the majority of them are examples of the Pre-Raffaellite school in a somewhat modified form, both figure and landscape subjects. The whole of the cuts—eleven in number—illustrating the poem "Divided," are by Mr. T. Dalziel, and there is scarcely one of them which is not a little gem: the same artist has designed several others scattered among the remaining poems. Mr. Wolf's contributions amount to seven: in all, his well-practised hand as a delineator of natural scenery is skilfully manifested. Mr. North is the designer of twenty-four, landscapes and figures; some of them excellent, but there are others inferior, we think, to what his pencil has produced on former occasions. He is too apt to get stiff and affected; nature is so frequently, but that is not a reason why such forms should be introduced into a picture where we want grace and freedom of lines. Mr. Small judiciously avoids these errors; his four designs of figures are among the best in the volume. Mr. Houghton supplies a considerable number of clever drawings—about fifteen—principally for the "Songs of Seven." Mr. Pinwell's contributions are rather above this number; they include the whole of the illustrations of "Strife and Peace" and of "Winstanley." In the majority of instances, he is more of a pre-Raffaellite than any of his associates; but there is evidence in all of mature thought and vigorous execution. Mr. Poynter is seen only once, in a very striking drawing of "Persephone;" and Mr. E. Dalziel thrice—a small sea-side landscape, a group of tall poplars by a river (a twilight-scene beautiful in effect), and a group of sheep very carefully drawn.

This series of illustrations will not detract from Messrs. Dalziel's well-merited reputation as wood-engravers, nor from their typographical skill as printers of the volume, which issues from the "Camden Press." More than ordinary taste is displayed in the binding, the design of which is most chaste, yet rich; the colours used in the ornament are deep blue, black, and gold, with a central medallion of cream-coloured vellum, on which the title of the book is printed in gold.

WAYSIDE POSIES: ORIGINAL POEMS OF THE COUNTRY LIFE. Edited by ROBERT BUCHANAN. Pictures by G. J. PINWELL, J. W. NORTH, and F. WALKER. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, London.

This is another book from the printing-press of Messrs. Dalziel, and from their hands as engravers. So far as our observation of the "gift-books" of the season has hitherto extended, this, perhaps, takes precedence of all others in the beauty of its illustrations, upwards of forty in number. To point out one half of those that most please us would occupy greater space in our columns than we can find room for this busy time of publishing, but we must mention Pinwell's 'The Shadow,' North's 'At the Grindstone,' and 'The Swallows'—we are taking them as they appear in the volume—Pinwell's 'The Journey's End,' North's 'Reaping,' 'Glen-Oona,' and 'A Vesper Hymn;' Pinwell's 'Norlan Farm,' North's 'Vagrant's Song,' and 'The Heath.' These are selected almost at random, for it is not easy to make a choice where there is so much to call forth meritorious recognition. The poems, it may be presumed, have not appeared in print before, for Mr. Buchanan says, in his prefatory paragraph, that when requested to undertake the task of selecting, he "had no idea that good verses were so scarce; but I have gathered together the best submitted to me by men of letters, both known and unknown, and (while including some little pieces of my own) have made all alike anonymous, that the unknown men might meet unprejudiced judgments." The poems, with one or two exceptions, as "The Reaper," "A Vagrant's Song," and "Hope," are of the average fugitive pieces we are accustomed to see in periodical publications of the best class. Those we have specified are above the average.

GRISET'S GROTESQUES; OR, JOKES DRAWN ON WOOD. With Rhymes by TOM HOOD. One Hundred Quaint Designs by ERNEST GRISET. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, London.

A book whose acknowledged aim is "nonsense," is beyond the pale of criticism—at least, of *serious* criticism. Griset is certainly a most humorous artist, and his free-hand sketches are as clever as they are grotesque and laughable. We have no doubt Mr. Hood found it no easy matter to "write up to" them; but he has certainly produced a budget of nonsensical verses, in which he shows as much ingenuity as absurdity. The latter quality could scarcely go further. It may be questioned whether even "young England" will take to a muse whose outpourings are sometimes almost unintelligible through their very preposterousness of ideas.

THE MAGIC LANTERN. How to buy, and how to use it. Also, How to raise a Ghost. By A MERE PHANTOM. Published by HOULSTON AND WRIGHT, London.

The words "Tenth Thousand" on the title-page indicate the *magical* effects of this guide to the mysteries of the scientific lantern. Its object explains itself; and as the magic lantern itself may be employed, and often is employed, to instruct as well as to amuse, we commend this manual to the consideration of all who may desire to learn how best to apply the optical apparatus to practical purposes. Its value, however, would be considerably augmented if the author had appended some rules and directions for the colouring of slides. He only gives a list of the materials and colours required, but not a word as to their application.

COTTAGE AND VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE. Parts 6 to 7. Published by BLACKIE AND SON, London, &c.

The continuation of this work fully sustains the favourable notice we gave to the earlier numbers a few months since. The houses engraved in the parts before us are—"Craig Ailey Villa, near Kilcreggan," erected from the designs of Messrs. A. and G. Thomson, Glasgow; "Double Villas at Derby," designed by Messrs. Hine and Evans, Nottingham; "Cottage at Lundin Links, Forfarshire," by J. C. Walker, Edinburgh; "Villa at Grange, near Edinburgh," by Messrs. Paterson and Shiells, of that city; "Cottage Orné, at Mill Green, Essex," two designs, both of great elegance, but differing in some of their details, by H. E. Kendall, jun., London; and "Kingsmuir Cottage, near Peebles," by D. Cousin, Edinburgh. Such a publication as this cannot but be most suggestive to all who are directly or indirectly connected with domestic architecture. The plates are excellently engraved.

FINIS.

VIRTUE AND CO., PRINTERS, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

GETTY CENTER LIBRARY
3 3125 00618 7377